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The Confederate Veteran Magazine

1902

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Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1902 No. 1

Confederate Veteran

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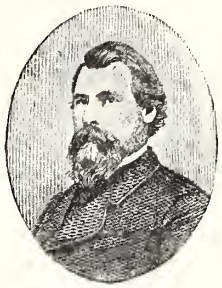
GEN. SAMUEL COOPER.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRES.

ALEX H. STEPHENS, V. PRES.


GEN. JOHN H. REAGAN, P. M.

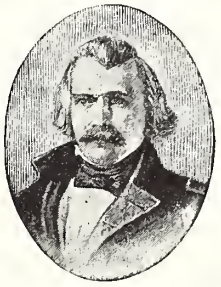
GEN. R. E. LEE.

GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

Chorirs of angels sing of peace
On earth, good will to men;
New Year greetings bid increase
For truth, for right; that sin
Ensnare no more those temples
Divinely wrought, wherein
Each morn new light may dawn—
Renewing lofty thought, making eager to begin
A multitude of kindnesses,
That warmth may enter in,
E'en where life is callowest, where virtue hath not been,
Vouchsafe to Thy children all,
Enduring God of Hosts,
The strength to rise from every fall;
Enrich the heart that boasts
Raiment of the flesh, nor craves
Anchorage 'gainst the heavenly coasts
Near to the Love that saves.


GEN. ALBERT S. JOHNSTON.

GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

GEN. ALEX P. STEWART.

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

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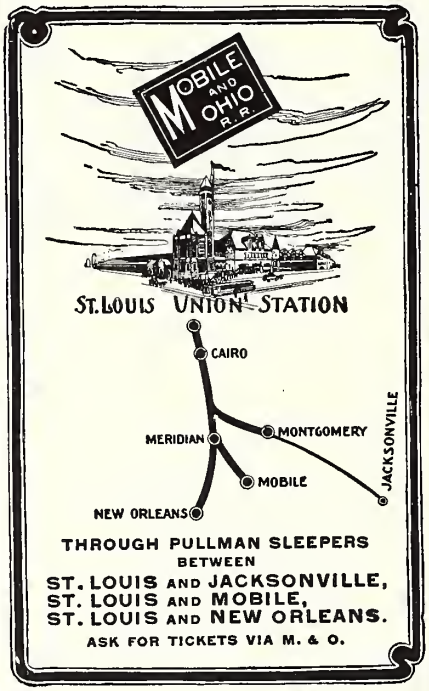
FRANK LOGAN

A Story of the Civil War.

By Mrs. John M. Clay.

The Abbey Press, Publishers, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1902. No. 1. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

CHARLIE KANE.

ALBERT GREENWOOD, NEWPORT, IND.

When the sun went down we lay
In our uniforms of gray,
Where the fight had been the fiercest on the plain;
By my side, with glazing eyes,
Like a lion when he dies,
Was my fallen, wounded comrade, Charlie Kane.

He was such a gallant lad,
All the chum I ever had;
And when round shot through our column cut their lane,
He was always by my side,
My encouragement and guide,
And my loyal, daring comrade, Charlie Kane.

He was out when iron hailed,
And when all but heroes quailed,
From the sound of Sumter's guns upon the air,
And of all the glory won,
Since the awful war begun,
A Spottsylvania grave must be his share.

With his head upon my knee,
By the camp fire I could see
That the season of our comradeship was o'er;
And the Chattahoochie banks,
And his comrades in the ranks
Would know his measured footsteps never more.

He'd a sister in the West,
Where the daylight goes to rest;
She was all the friend his childhood ever knew;
And he said: "My dear old boy,
It would fill my heart with joy
Could I leave the care of Marjorie to you."

There we laid him in his grave,
In the mantle of the brave,
The blanket that grew ragged through the years
We had followed after Lee
In our struggle to be free,
And the pale moon in the heavens saw our tears.

Now forty years have passed,
Since the bullet's deadly blast
Swept the wilderness, the mountain, and the plain;
And with Marjorie I wait
For the opening of the gate,
And the footfall of my comrade, Charlie Kane.

DALLAS REUNION, APRIL 22-25, 1902.

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General, sets forth in Order No. 267 that: "The General Commanding announces, under the custom established by the Association, leaving the dates of the reunions to the General Commanding and the Department Commanders by unanimous agreement, and at the desire and acquiescence in by "Our Host," the next reunion will be held at Dallas, Tex., on April 22, 23, 24, 25, 1902, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

He also directs that four days be designated for the reunion on account of the rapid growth of the Association, and the immense accumulation of business which demands urgent attention at the coming session, unless the business is sooner disposed of by the delegates.

He adds: With pride the General Commanding also announces that 1,390 camps have now joined the Association, and applications received at these headquarters for many more, and he urges veterans everywhere to send for organization papers, for camps at once, and join this Association so as to assist in carrying out its benevolent and patriotic objects.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY CRITICISED.

The dying throbs of sectionalism are conspicuous in the progress of good will that has been engendered by the proven patriotism of the Southern people—a patriotism that has not increased but which was demonstrated by the Spanish war.

Southern women have exhibited the spirit of good will at their meetings in conventions as United Daughters of the Confederacy, and they have animated dormant spirits to realize that men who dare imperil life for principle, as they understand it, are to be honored living and dead.

A Rip Van Winkle, who is as of water to oil, who incidently came South as a missionary of the M. E. Church, without the spirit of the Master, has distin-

guished himself by being the first to condemn these noble women in a published editorial against their organization. It is given in full as copied by another paper, that the spirit of it may be fully understood:

There is an organization in this country known as the "Daughters of the Confederacy." We have regarded it as a harmless affair, affording an opportunity for some little entertainment in the line of mutual admiration. But such it does not seem to be. It takes itself quite seriously, or thinks it does, and emphasizes its self-assumed mission by misrepresenting the heroes and principles of the American Union. One essayist read a paper glorifying the Confederacy and asserting that its principles were right. Now if this sort of treason is permissable why not allow Emma Goldman, the high priestess, nay, the "Daughter of Anarchy," to address audiences also and declare the principles of anarchy to be right? Lincoln was assassinated by a man inspired by the Confederacy idea, McKinley was assassinated by Gzolgosz inspired by anarchy, and if Emma Goldman is to be refused free speech, and Herr Most is to be put in prison for publishing anarchistic literature, has the "Daughters of the Confederacy" any right to be glorifying the Confederacy which cost the blood of a nation to suppress?

The N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., the membership of which is noted for its conversatism in sectional matters, at its recent meeting passed resolutions condemning said article and its author as follows:

Whereas, The foregoing article was taken from the columns of the *Methodist Advocate Journal,* the organ of the Northern Methodist Church in this locality, which is edited by one R. J. Cooke, who is also the head of Grant University at Athens, Tenn., one branch of said university being located at Chattanooga, and

Whereas, In the law department of said university, located in this city, every one of the instructors, except one, are Southern men, and some of them were in the Confederate army, and

Whereas, In view of the previous history of this university, the fact that our lawyers, who are Southern men, are gratuitously serving as instructors in this institution, lending it their aid, influence, and services, should be evidence of the fact that they, in common with the people of the South, believed that sectionalism was dead, and that all good citizens are willing to enter heart, head, and substance into the development of true Americanism, and the upbuilding of everything that tends to benefit the whole country, blot out sectional differences and develop the highest type of American citizenship; and

Whereas, During the past few years, when the government was in need of soldiers, the whole South, with a patriotism unequaled by any other section of the country, rallied around the flag of their country, and freely contributed their blood and treasure in defense of a common country, is further evidence of the maliciousness of this article. Therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That our self-respect demands that we call upon the people of the South to withhold from Grant University (or any other institution) all aid, patronage, encouragement, or sympathy so long as its officials indulge in such unwarranted misrepresentation of a noble organization, as was indulged in by this fellow, and the publication of such vile slander of our noble women.

2. That the vicious attack made upon the Daughters of the Confederacy in the foregoing article is unwarranted, malicious, coarse, slanderous, and beneath the dignity of a gentleman, and demands to be resented by every true gentleman, old and young.

3. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the camp, and a copy furnished the city papers for publication.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Mrs. W. J. Behan sends out an appeal as President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in which she states that that Association and the United Daughters of the Confederacy are coöperating in the work entrusted to the women of the South by the United Confederate Veterans—namely, the erection of a monument to President Jefferson Davis. When we assumed this great responsibility, it was with the firm belief that the men of the South would give us their generous assistance. Veterans, do not delay, let us erect this monument while you, the living heroes of that incomparable army, are here to bear testimony that Jefferson Davis was an unselfish patriot, that he served his people faithfully, that he was a noble, Christian gentleman, and that he suffered imprisonment and was manacled and put in irons, for the simple reason that he was your representative and chosen leader, in your struggle for Southern rights. We feel confident that every man, woman, and child will consider it an honor and a privilege to contribute to this fund. United Sons of Confederate Veterans, we ask your earnest coöperation in this work—remember, that in honoring the memory of Jefferson Davis, you honor every man who wore the gray. In accordance, therefore, with Article III. of General Order No. 263, herein inclosed, you are requested to contribute one dollar ($1.00) either individually, or collectively by Camps, and all Division Commanders and Commanders of U. C. V. Camps, and Camps of United Sons of Confederate Veterans are urged to bring this matter before their respective commands.

Additional signatures to the appeal are Mesdames Martha Dandridge Bibb, Montgomery Ala.; Junius Jordan, Fayetteville, Ark.; W. D. Chipley, Pensacola, Fla.; S. H. Melone, Atlanta, Ga.; Rosa Lobrano, New Orleans, La.; Charles Gascoigne Wright, Vicksburg, Miss.; LeRoy B. Valliant, St. Louis, Mo.; Garland Jones, Raliegh, N. C.; Alice A. Gaillard Palmer, Charleston, S. C.; Letitia Frazer, Memphis, Tenn.; D. C. Richardson, Richmond, Va.

Let us all help this worthy cause. Remittances should be made to Mrs. Randolph, Chairman of Central Committee, or to Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, Treasurer. All Confederate organizations should coöperate speedily, and do what they intend to for this cause, so the Association may know what amount they can use in the design, which should be selected soon.

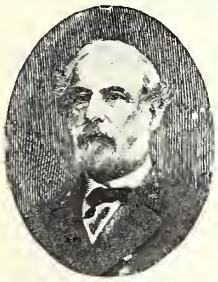
Confederate Calendars.—The Confederate Calendar which is being sold for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund is indeed a beauty; with its first page showing in brilliant colors the four flags and the many superb engravings representing typical scenes in different states with bits of valuable information regarding the Confederacy. Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman of the Central Committee, for the Monument Fund has charge of its sale. It is sent for the modest sum of twenty-five cents, and should bring thousands

of purchasers. Remit to Mrs. Randolph, Richmond, Va. Let four club together and send a dollar bill.

Since the above is ready for press the following comes from Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Chairman Confederate Calendar Committee, Richmond: "We had to have an extra thousand calendars, making 6,000 sold for 1901. I have turned over to the Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, $492.04 cleared on the sale of calendars. This year I had 10,000 printed (for 1902), and hope to sell every one." Money remitted to either of the ladies will have prompt attention.

LEE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.

January 19 is an important date in the Confederacy; nay, in the broad world, for on that day, with the veil of years softening all discord, wherever the name of Robert E. Lee is known, tribute is paid to his transcendent virtue and ability. Celebrations of the date of his birth take place in many Southern States, and in Virginia much attention is being paid to it. A programme for children in the public schools, prepared by Miss J. N. Forbes, of Virginia Beach, suggests the study of historic periods in his life—his birth, youth, early manhood, and later history. Forty-two questions are suggested, such as, "For what profession was he educated?" "What of his life at West Point?" "How did he come into possession of the White House, and When of Arlington?" Following the many questions in which close research is desirable, are suggestive recitations, such as "The Sword of Lee," "Lee to the Rear,' etc.



Mr. Rixey, of Virginia, in discussing appropriations for the pension bill in Congress the other day, offered a resolution providing that United States Soldiers' Homes be opened for the Confederates. The Associated Press reported two notable speeches upon the subject—one by Mr. Gardner (Republican), of Michigan, and the other by De Armond, of Virginia. To this matter other notice is intended.

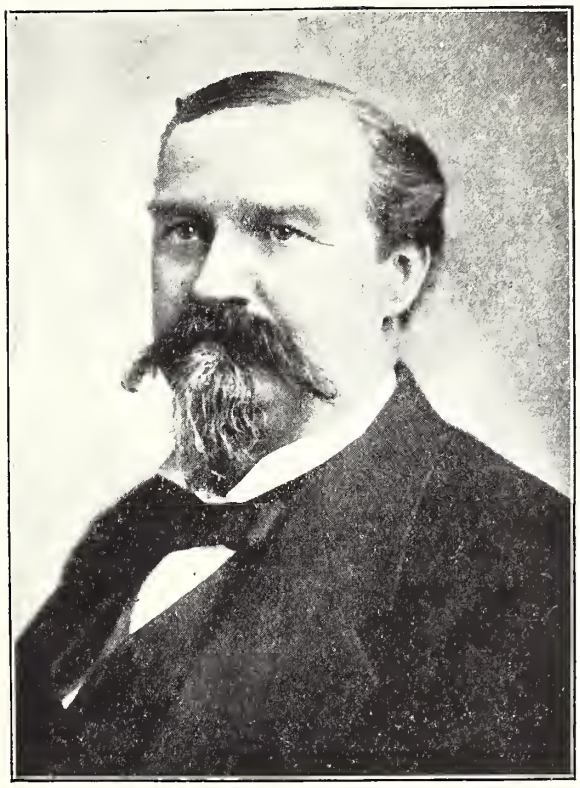
Mr. De Armond's speech referred to Gen. R. E. Lee: "I believe that in all the Christian era there has not arisen a leader of men with all the better elements of manhood, a nobler and more magnificant specimen of the best that manhood can do in its proudest and most glorious and successful moments, than Gen. Robert E. Lee." (Applause.)

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES—THEIR IMPORTANCE.

The importance of regimental histories is such that it behooves every veteran soldier to contribute thereto. Commanders of regiments, if living, should be diligent to prepare a record. The surviving officer of highest rank, if only a captain, might secure the cooperation of officers and men from the various companies and divide the work so a history might be secured which would be of inestimable value to the future.

The inspiration to this duty would come to many a veteran if he could read the diary of Col. J. P. McGuire, of the Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment. He deferred the work for many years, but was spared to write at his convenience from diary and other data the history of his regiment from the beginning to the end. It is a valuable heritage to his children—Mrs. Neil and Mrs. Corson—and will ever be, when published, an interesting story for those who served in that command, and a credit to Tennessee.

This record shows that Col. McGuire was promoted from major over Lieut. Col. W. P. O'Neal, one of the finest men in all history, who had been in ill health, and wrote the Secretary of War that he waived his seniority of rank, and requested that Maj. McGuire be advanced to colonel of the regiment. A pleasant recollection of the editor of the VETERAN is that of being with these two officers at their last meeting on earth, and just before Col. O'Neal's death.



COL. J. P. M'GUIRE.

The record referred to, made by Col. McGuire, contains the letter from the Secretary of War, James A. Seddon, notifying him that President Davis had appointed him colonel. Then there is other correspondence in his behalf at the reorganization of the army by Gens. J. B. Palmer, John C. Brown, W. B. Bate, C. L. Stevenson, S. D. Lee, D. H. Hill, W. J. Hardee, and J. E. Johnston, all in high praise. The testimony is that of Gen. Palmer approved by the others, which is, in part, as follows: He commanded one of the largest regiments in Palmer's Brigade; that in a number of severe battles heavy skirmishes, and in remarkably trying marches he evinced the highest qualities of the man, officer, and soldier. In the drill discipline and general management of troops he had few equals and no superiors. Gen. Brown regarded his as "one of the very best officers in our army." Gen. S. D. Lee mentioned him as one of the most gallant and efficient

officers in the army. Gen. D. H. Hill mentions that he led the skirmishes of Lee's Corps temporarily in his command in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., and "was distinguished on that occasion for gallantry and efficiency." Gen. Bate stated: "No colonel in our army has a better reputation for gallantry and efficeincy." Gen. Hardee cordially indorsed all the foregoing concerning his gallantry and efficiency as a soldier, and Gen. J. E. Johnston wrote, in conclusion: "Col. McGuire has won a very high reputation in the Army of Tennessee, which fully justifies the preceding reputations, which fully indorse."

Col. McGuire was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., January 23, 1833. After the war he engaged in merchandizing for some years at Pulaski, and later he established a wholesale business at Nashville, and speedily became one of the most prominent merchants in his State. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and active in Y. M. C. A. enterprises. He died at Nashville, October 12, 1888.

ENLISTMENTS FOR THE WAR.

Graham Daves writes from Newbern, N. C.:

From time to time there are notices in the columns of the VETERAN, with comments of just approval, of the "reënlistment for the war," in the war between the States, of volunteer organizations whose term of original enlistment was about to expire. Such action on the part of the volunteers was in the highest degree patriotic and praiseworthy, and, in what is said in this connection, I would not be understood as undervaluing or depreciating it in any respect.

But if it was commendable, as it certainly was, to reenlist for the war, I respectfully submit that it was even more so to enlist for the war originally at the outset. The first ten regiments of North Carolina troops as numbered, called State troops, were enlisted for the war at their organization. Eight of these regiments were infantry, one, the Ninth, cavalry, and one, the Tenth, was artillery. Two other regiments were enlisted in the same way, and also for the war—viz., the Nineteenth or Second Cavalry, and the Thirty-Third Infantry. It is said that many other commands, especially those in the artillery, enlisted for the whole term of the war at the beginning. This I doubt not is true, but I have no personal knowledge of the fact except from hearsay.

If, therefore, praises be awarded to men for reenlistment, as is most justly due, still more should it be accorded to our North Carolina troops who required no reënlistment, but were in for the war from the first.

Comrade Daves may be surprised at the suggestion, but the VETERAN feels that it was more creditable to reënlist after it was demonstrated that the war was no "frolic." It vies with him, however, in giving praise to the men of the "Old North State," and believes that no men could have reënlisted more patriotically than the "Tar Heels."

Those who are interested in the VETERAN and decline to accept commissions can easily procure some of the book premiums, or nearly any other that have been advertised in its history. Write for sample copies to be sent to such friends as would like the VETERAN.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Commander-in-Chief, R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, announces standing and other committees:

The Historical Committee is as follows: William F. Jones, Chairman, Elberton, Ga.; Prof. P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala.; Hon. Roy D. Campbell, Little Rock, Ark.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; W. W. Davies, Esq., Louisville, Ky.; Hon. Monroe McClurg, Jackson, Miss.; Frank B. Williams, Esq., Springfield, Mo.; Prof. Charles L. Coon, Salisbury, N. C.; James A. Hoyt, Columbia, S. C.; J. M. Harle, Morristown, Tenn.; Brant H. Kirk, Esq., Waco, Tex.; Judson S. Bosher, Richmond, Va.; Fontaine Broun, Esq., Charleston, W. Va.; William M. Franklin, Ardmore, I. T.; C. L. Brown, Washington, D. C.

Chairmen of the other committees are:

Relief, Robert G. Pillow, Little Rock, Ark.

Monumental, D. A. Spivey, Conway, S. C.

Finance, W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Women's Memorial, Jas. Mann, Esq., Nottoway, Va.

The Constitutional Committee is comprised of Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, (Chairman), Atlanta, Ga.; Judge R. W. Nicholls, Helena, Ark.; and Edwin P. Cox, Esq., Richmond, Va.

Suggestions as to changes in the constitution should be sent to the chairman of the Constitutional Committee, for report at the General Reunion, to be held in Dallas, Tex., in April, 1902.

J. C. Graham, of Ardmore, is the commander of the Indian Territory Division.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 6, ISSUED BY THE SONS.

Comrades: The most striking thing in connection with the war of the secession was the conduct of the women of the South. But for their loyalty, devotion, and inspiration, the armies of the Confederacy would have made no such brilliant record as they did. The records of their courage, arduous labors, and self-sacrifice are the brightest pages of its history.

Since the close of the war, they have cared for needy old soldiers, have built monuments to commemorate the glories of the Confederacy and of its people and have, year after year, with loving and gentle hands, strewn with fair flowers the graves of its soldiers who had answered to the last roll; and it has been largely their unceasing demand that has caused the organization of Southern societies to right the wrongs that histories had recorded against the Southern people.

As a partial return for their constancy, devotion, and heroism, our organization has pledged itself to commemorate them in an enduring form. Had we not already done this, every sense of duty would impel us to it; but having taken up the task, we will complete it fully, conscientiously, and promptly.

A great many camps made liberal subscriptions for this fund at the last reunion. If any of these have not yet remitted, they are urged to raise the money—the full amount—and remit it at once.

Camps which have not subscribed are asked to make a subscription, and pay it as soon as possible. No member of our organization can afford to be found missing from the roll of contributors to this grand cause. The commander-in-chief believes that we have not a single member who is not only willing but

anxious to do so. No cause was ever presented to the sons of Southern men that should more strongly appeal to them; and we should show, at once, in this, that we still have the chivalric spirit of our fathers.

The chairman of the committee on Women's Memorial is James Mann, Esq., Nottoway, Va. Subscriptions and remittances should be sent to him, or to the committeeman of the division from which sent.

We should have $10,000 reported in hand at the next reunion. Every member of our organization should contribute at least one dollar to the fund. Many camps have averaged more than double that amount, and several individual comrades have given fron $10 to $100 each.

Against Unearned Titles.

During the past few years, a custom has grown up among our members of addressing our Division and Department Commanders as "Major-General" and "Lieutenant-General," respectively, and the Commander-in-chief as "General," and of giving various military titles to subordinate officers. This has been encouraged, unintentionally perhaps, by many of the veterans who have used such titles in addressing our officers. While those of our members who have attained official position are entitled to be honored by an appropriate title, we should be careful not to adopt designations that will do injustice to others. There are still living among us (we are happy to remember) a great many heroic men who have earned the right to high military title by service in actual warfare. Any appropriation by us of the titles properly belonging to them necessarily deprives them to that extent of the honor attaching to these titles. There are other reasons why we should discontinue this custom, which will readily suggest themselves. For these reasons, the Commander-in-chief announces that in future he will carefully abstain from the use of such titles in addressing our officers, and he requests that other members adopt the same course. Until our constitution shall be changed, if a change is desired, providing short and distinctive titles for our officers, we should use those designated in the present constitution. The fact that a great many of the veterans object to this custom will, without doubt, cause all of our members to discontinue it, were other reasons insufficient. It may be added that many of our comrades have expressed a similar objection.

Arrangements have been perfected for having badges very handsomely made, and they can be secured from headquarters.

Every officer of our organization who is not already provided, should apply to headquarters for his official commission. Blank forms, in colors, on handsome bond paper, have recently been provided for these and they will be issued promptly. This applies to all officers, whether general staff, subordinate staff, department, division, brigade, camp, elected, appointed, or of whatever nature. The charge is $1 each; if engrossed in old English letters, $1.25 each. Each member, whether an officer or not, is entitled to an official certificate of membership upon application. The charge for this is $1.

Upon the suggestion of comrades feeling the lack of this, the Commander-in-chief requests that all the officers of our organization and as many of the other members as may desire to endeavor to keep in touch with each other by means of the interchange of letters, general orders, circulars, newspaper articles, etc. Let all in each division try to become as well acquainted with each other as possible, and also cultivate a closer acquaintance with those in other divisions. A free interchange of ideas will help all and will strengthen our general organization. The Commander-in-chief will be glad to hear from any comrade who may have suggestions to offer.

A suggestion is made that some plan be devised by which opportunity will be given for the veterans and our members to see more of each other and of the proceedings of both organizations at general reunions. The Commander-in-chief desires ideas on this line.

Comrade George H. Packwood, who so loyally served his State, Louisiana, as Major General U. C. V., sent sometime ago interesting data concerning Comrade Walter Stewart, of Woodland, East Feliciano Parish, who at the outbreak of the war of the sixties, promptly enlisted in Company E., of the First Louisiana Cavalry Regiment, commanded by the gallant Col. John S. Scott. By his quiet unassuming manner yet readiness for every peril, Comrade Stewart won the esteem of the command with which he was connected throughout the war. He served largely in Tennessee and Kentucky during the time. Returning to Louisiana, after the war, he engaged in planting, which occupation he has since followed.

MISS MINA STEWART.

The S. E. Hunter Camp elected Miss Mina Stewart the sponsor for the State reunion at Baton Rouge, and she chose as her maid of honor, Miss May Horton, of Clinton.

Albert Pike Camp, U. C. V., Hot Springs, Ark.

Nothing unsatisfactory led up to the adoption of the resolution copied below, which I am directed as adjutant of the Camp to request you to publish in the Veteran:

"Be it resolved by this Camp that annual reports of all moneys received and disbursed by the Adjutant General be furnished by him to each Camp, as well as to the General commanding. And if not a constitutional requirement, that our delegates to the next (Dallas) reunion be instructed to urge it as a requirement and proper duty for the guidance of the Camps."

C. W. Fry, Commander.

J. M. Harrell, Adjutant.

List of officers of D. T. Beall Camp No. 1,327, of Rienzi, Miss.: Commander, W. H. Rees; Lieutenant Commanders, B. M. Savage and Jesse T. Churvse; Adjutant, C. B. Culere; Chaplain, W. W. Edge.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The tenth year of the VETERAN is begun under auspicious circumstances. The first issue, in January, 1893, was with anxious concern for the favorable regard of the Southern people, but soon the magnetism of the name stirred many a heart that has ceased to beat. The succeeding years brought increased strength, and high hopes for universal zeal of Confederates were indulged from year to year, and although thousands who worked and prayed for its success have Crossed over the River, the list has been maintained and strongest evidence of approval continues.

The new year begins with unusual interest of friends in remote sections of "Dixie's Land." No more important matter can concern the Southern people than proper interest in the VETERAN. It should be a common cause.

Some unhappy things occur frequently. A comrade may die in arrears, and the family, after waiting a year or two, will write of the death, and that they cannot pay what is due. Every friend of the principles advocated by the VETERAN ought to see to it that not a cent is lost on their account. Dear old comrade, won't you admonish your family not to overlook the importance of this thing, and ask your wife and children to send some account of you for record when you are dead? Then, good friends, do not be discouraged with the idea that you can do but little. If you can send one new subscriber, the aggregate will be a great deal in the end. To send one dollar for the VETERAN is good, but it is so much better to get some friend to join in with you, as it will not cost any more to include that subscription with yours.

An important help to the VETERAN is to give attention to advertisements in it. No business can secure insertion in its pages unless there is faith that it has genuine merit. The firms using it are referred to with gratitude, and generally with pride. Take, for instance, the B. H. Stief Jewelry Company of Nashville using *four pages* in the November VETERAN. If you want anything in their line, order as indicated, and you may be sure of getting the article exactly as represented. Then refer to the Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Company for anything in their line, assured that they are thoroughly responsible and reliable. When you order anything from any other source that you find advertised in the VETERAN, mention that it is the medium that induced you to order it. Other advertisers are just as reliable, and if any misrepresentation ever comes through your orders, be sure to let the VETERAN know wherein it occurs.

Contributors are requested to be patient for their articles to appear. There seems to be nearly as much good material in type now as in this issue, and it is not always the best that is first used. When articles have been held over beyond a reasonable time, please call attention; it is a rare thing that contributions are discarded, but some of the best are occasionally "sidetracked" too long.

The editor of the VETERAN stands alone in responsibility. For nine years he has done his best, and intends to continue zealously. He realizes more than the average Confederate, perhaps, how much good might be accomplished if the coöperation pleaded for was exercised by all who believe in the cause. He will do his own duty, and with that should be content, except that he feels obliged to urge eternal diligence. A valiant officer in the war called at the office some time since very feeble, and as he entered, leaning on the arm of a stalwart son, said: "Have the VETERAN come on. My dying won't make any difference."

HONOR TO ADMIRAL AND MRS. SCHLEY.—The Nashville Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, join with other patriotic orders of Nashville, in an elegant reception given in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Schley on February 1. The entertainment will be held in the beautiful drawing rooms of the Maxwell House. Prominent members of the Chapter will serve on the reception committee. The officers are: Mrs. W. J. McMurray, President; Mrs. W. L. Hardison, Mrs. Isabella Clark, Vice Presidents; Mrs. William Hume, Historian; Miss Martha Hill, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. T. Young, Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. Lizzie Merrill, Treasurer; Mrs. John P. Hickman, National Recording Secretary, will also be in the receiving party.

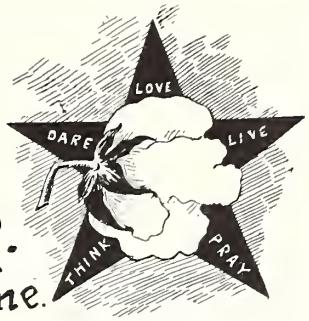
On Sunday the Hermitage Association will entertain the gallant hero and his wife at "The Hermitage," and they will attend services in the little chapel there, occupying Gen. Jackson's pew.

HONOR TO GEN. FRENCH AT HIS HOME.

A letter from Pensacola contains the following:

An event occurred in this city one day in December last that deserves notice in the VETERAN. It was a delightful dinner given as a compliment to Gen. S. G. French by William H. Knowles, who was too young to be a veteran, but native to the soil. The desire to do honor to Gen. French was inspired by reading his book, "Two Wars." Mr. Knowles is a great admirer of Gen. French. He had a jolly company of twelve old vets to meet the General. It would be impossible to describe this elegant dinner and the joy of the veterans at meeting in a social way the distinguished soldier and author. About ten courses were served, consisting of most delicious viands, prepared under the supervision of the host's sister. Plenty of wine of the finest quality helped to make lively the old soldiers, who could not help comparing this with many dinners eaten in the dark days of the sixties. The participants can never forget the host for this high compliment, not so much to the individual as to the representative of those grand heroes who fought and died for constitutional rights. Let us hope that the young men of the South will read to advantage true history of the great war and its causes, such as Gen. French writes, and be led, as Mr. Knowles, to honor the old Confederate soldiers. The writer said to the sister of Mr. Knowles, a few days after: "The only thing lacking at the feast was the presence of the ladies." Her reply was that it did her heart good to peep in and see us enjoy ourselves.

Daughters of the Confederacy.



Conducted by Nancy Lewis Greene.

The heart is uplifted with hopes of good gifts in the hands of the new born year, and the mistakes of the past serve as stepping stones to higher undertaking.

For the Daughters of the Confederacy I hope an especially pleasant and profitable future is in store. We have done and are doing noble work, and its sacredness should keep us from all danger of internal jealousy and strife.

Standing on the threshold of 1902, let us drop the curtain completely upon any part of 1901 which tended to cause the least ill feeling or friction. Let us accept our world as a perfectly white and fresh one, to be filled only with what the good in us may dictate; then it will indeed be a Happy New Year to all!

Texas Division U. D. C. in Convention.

It has been said that Texas is a country of itself, so large is its territory and so individual a part has it always taken in American affairs; and if this be true generally, it is also true regarding its importance in U. D. C. work. The State convention held last month in San Antonio, covered so much in a business way, and has representation from so many large chapters, that it warrants almost as much space herein as if it had been a general convention.

No Division in the Union has more loyal hearts, more energetic workers, or truer patriots in the cause than that of Texas. It had the largest representation at the last General Convention, and when Miss Daffan, the State Secretary, read her report, its excellence and contents elicited the greatest enthusiasm.

The address of the President, Mrs. Cone Johnson, at the San Antonio Convention gave a clear insight into the State's importance in the following paragraph:

"At Wilmington, Texas led all the States in number and in good work. We had 159 votes, with Georgia following us with 88. Our organization, numbering 25,000 members, is now the largest organization of women in the United States, and Texas has 4,933 of these members."

Dallas is to have the next annual convention of the Confederate Veterans, and for this reason, also, interest centers upon Texas. The Daughters of the Confederacy discussed means of helping the city to extend a hospitable welcome to all visitors upon the occasion, feeling a personal pride in the success of the coming event.

San Antonio's Welcome.

The beautiful and hospitable city of San Antonio gave welcome to the U. D. C. at their sixth annual convention, with fair warm weather and bright skies, donning the red and white with hospitable intent and making elaborate preparations. Appropriate decorations adorned the interior of the church in which the sessions were held; bunting and greenery, palms and cut flowers adding beauty to the scene, and above all the flags—State and Confederate flags of rich hues and texture. The flag of Texas hung at its points with that of the Confederacy. A portrait of Gen. Barnard E. Bee, for whom the San Antonio Chapter was named, and who was killed at the battle of Mannassas, occupied a conspicuous place. Upon the wall hung another banner, tattered and old, made by Texas women and carried throughout the war by soldiers under Gen. Hamilton P. Bee. Across the flag of Texas hung the silken emblem of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, United Confederate Veterans and on each side flags of the Union. Right royally did the San Antonio women entertain the delegates. District Attorney Carlos Bee delivered an address of welcome, and Mrs. Lee Cotton, of the local chapter, responded.

One paragraph of her speech deals with the following important question: For what purpose do we meet and why this organization of the U. D. C.? She said: "This question is often asked even by our own people, and a moment's reflection would bring a ready answer. We have formed these organizations and hold annual meetings not to rebel at fate and stir up a feeling of bitterness and enmity, as some seem to think, but rather to keep alive that feeling of love for and loyalty to those who sacrificed everything for principle, and suffered untold hardships for a cause which they believed to be right; a cause which meant to them liberty, justice, honor, all! We meet to perpetuate the memory of brave and heroic deeds of those noble sons of the South, our ancestors. Were we to do less, we must surely have the scorn and derision of the civilized world, for although others may not have been in sympathy with us, they must admire and reverence the great generalship, heroism, and ennobling sacrifices made at the altar of principle. In defeat these gallant souls were heroes still, and shall remain so until history shall have recorded its last period of time. That we do honor to our fallen heroes, and care for and comfort those still spared us, does not make us the less good citizens, rather better, for if we are unjust and ungrateful to the one we will surely be to the other. Who responded more promptly and with more patriotic zeal to their country's call in our late war with Spain than the heroes of the South and their descendants? We all rejoice

that we are once more a reunited country." Mrs. Cotton added: "Hospitality is the corner stone of Southern tradition. It is said that the latch strings of our doors hang ever out; we have taken our doors off their hinges this time, and receive you with open doors, open arms, and open hearts."

An Hour of Sadness.

The only cloud that shadowed the proceedings hung for a time over all when tender memorial services to the dead took place upon the second day. Honor was paid to the memory of Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin, the late State President, and of other loyal daughters who died during the year. Among those who paid tribute to the dead were Mrs. Hallie M. Dunklin, Mrs. Ella Hutchins Sydnor, Rev. John M. Moore, and Miss Dunovant, who delivered an original ode to the memory of Mrs. Tobin. Previous to this, several fine reports were read, among them the historian's able conception, dealing with the principles which actuated the South in its efforts to secede. Reasonable and logical, and sustained by the greatest Southern Statesmen were her arguments, which proved conclusively that the South acted within the Constitution and that force, not right, was the cause of defeat.

One of the most important actions of the business session was the selection for the next place of meeting. The Fort Worth delegation, under the leadership of Mrs. W. P. Lane and Miss M. K. Melton, gave a most gracious invitation indorsed by all the officials of that city which was chosen without a dissenting voice.

Mrs. Lane, the efficient registrar of the division, read a report which made a splendid showing for Texas in growth of the organization.

For Chickamauga Park.

A letter from Judge W. C. Kroeger, of Company G., Terry's Texas Rangers, was read before the convention, which shows how much the veterans need the coöperation of the Daughters, and in which he stated: "The United States Government bought the territory on which the battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and Mission Ridge were fought, and has dedicated the same to all future generations of the United States as a public park to be used by each State that furnished troops, to perpetuate the acts and deeds of their soldiers and to commemorate the heroism of their sons. The park was so dedicated in 1895. All the Northern and most of the Southern States have come up to the same level of those patriots who originated this movement to have a more cemented and better union of states. The different States had monuments erected on the spots on which their troops fought and suffered the most, had the battle lines surveyed and tablets erected where their sons fought and suffered and died. But our great and rich state of Texas, although she was represented on those sanguinary battlefields by six different commands—to-wit: Grandbury's, Ector's, and Hood's brigades of Infantry, Ross's and Harris's brigade of cavalry, and Douglass's Battery, has done nothing to commemorate the heroic Texans who fell in those battles. Owing to no appropriations, our then Governor, C. A. Culberson, appointed ten gentlemen as commissioners to represent this State, and he appointed such as could pay their own expenses.

Ex-Senator R. Q. Mills told me three years ago that he was present as one of the commissioners of the National Park and that he had some stakes driven, designating the lines where his brigade (Grandbury's) fought the hardest and suffered the most.

Now, members of the Division of Texas, United Daughters of the Confederacy, this is not as it should be. The Texas subdivisions of the Army of Tennessee did their full duty. They crimsoned with their blood that hotly contested field of battle, and their heroism, devotion, and sacrifices should be recognized and appreciated by this and future generations of Texans.

I have personally and by writing appealed to your Legislature time and again, but to no avail. For this reason I come to you, my good Southern women, for help, and for you to undertake and to bring to a successful issue what I have failed to accomplish, and ask you to pass resolutions this year and next to request the next Legislature and all subsequent Legislatures to accomplish this result by appropriating sufficient funds to erect monuments where Ross's brigade fought, where Grandbury and Douglass made that glorious charge on the noon of September 20, where Hood's Brigade broke the center of the enemy's lines, and where Harrison's Brigade started in on the morning of the 19th; and, not only this, but that each of you personally appeal to each Senator and Legislator for this appropriation and such help as loyal Southerners should grant.

Mrs. A. V. Winkler moved that the division take up the work suggested by Judge Kroeger during the coming year, and the motion carried unanimously.

Annual Election of Officers.

Officers elected for the coming year were: President, Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, Houston; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Fannie J. Halbert, Corsicana; Mrs. A. R. Howard, Palestine; Mrs. W. R. Banks, Bryan; and Mrs. Mary J. Lane, Marshall; Secretary, Mrs. B. F. Eads, Marshall; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Mayrant Smith, Belton; Registrar, Miss Mollie Connor, Eagle Pass; Historian, Mrs. S. H. Watson, Waxahachie. Miss Dunovant and Mrs. Cone Johnson were both very popular and warmly-supported candidates for the Presidency. Miss Dunovant is one of the ablest women in the whole organization, logical and brainy, and full of ability. Mrs. Johnson, the retiring president, is popular and influential, and has been a faithful worker in the cause. An Austin paper says of her: "It is not generally known that it was chiefly through the noble work and fine executive ability of Mrs. Cone Johnson, of Tyler, State President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, that an appropriation of $10,000 was made by the second called session of the twenty-seventh legislature for the erection of a monument to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. When it became apparent that the Governor would call a special session of the legislature, Mrs. Johnson went to work in a quiet way and wrote almost every newspaper in Texas for their support of the movement to secure an appropriation for the monument, and as is well known, her efforts were rewarded with success."

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Mrs. M. L. Hardy, of San Marcos, moved that a vote of sympathy be extended the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN on the death of his noble son. Mrs. Winkler, of Corsicana, is devoting much time and energy to the Texas room in the Confederate museum at Richmond, for which she is State regent, being reelected for six years at the annual meetings of the Confederate Memorial and Literary Society of Virginia. She presented an interesting report of her work. It included a list of the relics of the Confederacy to be placed in the Texas room at the museum. She also exhibited to the delegates a splendid design of the Gen. John B. Hood memorial window to be placed in the Texas room, and reported that Maj. Littlefield, of Austin, had offered to supply the money necessary to secure the Terry Ranger's window. It is now proposed to provide a window in memory of Dick Dowling and his men. This announcement was greeted with great applause. Mrs. Winkler urgently recommended that the division place a portrait of Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin in the Texas room. A subscription was started at once for this purpose, and the sum of sixty-seven dollars was subscribed in a few minutes.

MISS KATIE DAFFAN.

Reports of good work done in North and South Carolina will appear in subsequent issues. An interesting account of contributions made in South Carolina to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund has been contributed.

SATCHEL THAT CONTAINED THE CONFEDERATE SEAL.—Among the interesting relics shown at the San Antonio Convention U. D. C., was a satchel in which the great seal of the Confederacy was carried from England; a gift from Capt. R. T. Chapman, C. S. A. Navy, Wharton, Tex., to the museum at Richmond. Mrs. Sally Sawyer Ayers presented duplicates to the State Historical Association to the University, and to each State Division U. D. C. One of the pulleys used for the grappling hook of the "Harriet Lane," which boat was sunk at Galveston, was also exhibited.

THE NEW YORK CHAPTER.

United Daughters of the Confederacy feel a just pride in the New York Chapter, and particular interest in it was shown at the Wilmington convention. One reason for this interest was the fact that New York being so northernly situated, and having such a large, live Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy serves to show how really strong and general the organization is, and how true and loyal the sentiment which Southern hearts inspire wherever they go. From New York to Texas, the writer goes in this New Year's report, finding women as responsive to Confederate work in the one as in the other. What a vast country lies between, and yet how firmly united it is in this bond of fellowship! Another reason why New York occupied a distinct place in the hearts of delegates was because of the graciousness, beauty, and tact of its President, Mrs. James Henry Parker. At the business meetings or at the receptions her stateliness and loveliness shone supreme. Adorned in simple yet rich attire and showing that kindly responsiveness which is so large a part of a Southern woman's charm, remembering her quickness at repartee, her aptitude to give up all personal interest—pride in her as a type of fair women of the old South is rekindled. A typical colonial dame she was, wearing many patriotic orders with unconscious grace; among these the jeweled badges of the D. A. R., the U. D. C., the Colonial Dames, and the latest patriotic organization called the Order of the Crown, which consists of women whose ancestors took part in making the Constitution of the United States. As Miss Jones, of Charleston, she was a reigning belle in the most exclusive society; as mistress of her northern home she is still the Southern woman in heart and interests. Her report of the New York Chapte is given below:

MRS. PARKER'S REPORT.

It is with pleasure and pride that I stand before this large gathering of women of our beloved Southland in convention assembled, to extend the greetings of the New York Chapter, which I have the honor of representing, and to make a brief report of its work during the past year. We number now one hundred and sixty-four members and fifty associates, and these latter, ladies, I believe to be original with the New York Chapter. They are Southern men of good standing, largely members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York. They pay their annual dues, and are invited to all social functions of the Chapter. The clause concerning them in our by-laws is as follows:

ASSOCIATES OF THE CHAPTER.—Any member may present, through the Corresponding Secretary for the consideration of the Executive Council, names of Southern men who will promote the objects of this Chapter, and upon the unanimous vote of the Executive Council, may invite said men to become Associates. The acceptance of the invitation and the yearly payment of two dollars as annual dues, shall constitute them "Associates of the Chapter."

I commend the consideration of the admittance of associates to all chapters. It brings men and women together in their work and keeps camp and chapter in close touch; and it is well for our men to know what our women are doing.

Since I had the honor to be elected to the President's chair last March, thirty-one associates have joined us and thirty-one full members have been added to our roll, a showing extremely gratifying to me. I am happy to report the chapter more prosperous than ever before. It numbers many of the most prominent Southerners of New York among its members, and is animated with a spirit of harmony and union as lovely as it is unusual in so large a body of women.

MRS. JAMES HENRY PARKER.

The meetings are fully attended and the deepest interest in our work evinced.

The first object to which I gave very earnest thought and attention on becoming President was the revision of our Constitution and By-Laws, which was sorely needed, the Chapter having entirely outgrown the original Constitution and By-Laws with which it started some six years ago. Although feeling our needs at that time it failed to meet our present requirements. An exceptionally able revision committee have given us now a constitution and by-laws which we may well be proud of. The matter was turned over to Miss Fielde, of New York, the Parliamentarian and legal maker of constitutions, to arrange and classify correctly, and she paid it high tribute by saying it was the ablest matter ever subjected to her. We sent fifty dollars to Jacksonville sufferers, and contributed one hundred dollars to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Fund, besides carrying on our work when appeals were made to us within our gates. and without as well, but in every case of this kind, from a Southerner, of course. In May of this year I had the pleasure of entertaining our President-General, Mrs. Weed, beneath my own roof with the officers of the chapter and your corresponding secretary, Miss Mary Mears (of Wilmington), and Mrs. Cooley, of Jacksonville. In May the Southern Crosses of Honor were presented to the members of the Confederate Veteran Camp with appropriate ceremonies at the Mt. Hope Cemetery, and a touching incident occurred that day which illustrates the kindly feeling of the old soldiers who wore the blue toward those who wore the gray. A beautiful floral offering was sent by the commander of the LaFayette Post, Grand Army of the Republic, to decorate the graves of our heroes, and our decorating committee, finding the lonely grave of a Union soldier nearby, tenderly laid some of our blossoms upon it, so that Northerner and Southerner united in acts of love and remembrance that afternoon in honor of those whose labors were ended.

The members of the camp have evinced the keenest appreciation of the Crosses of Honor which they wear, as a rule over their loyal hearts, and the Commander Colonel Owen, conferred with me recently as to the desirability of calling a special meeting of the chapter for the purpose of reading to it the beautiful and tender-worded resolutions which they wished presented to the U. D. C. at this convention. This was accomplished on October 31, a large number of the Chapter responding to the summons and a number of delegates from the camp being present, and the Hon. J. S. Wise giving an elegant oration. In conclusion, I have the honor of reading the resolutions and presenting them to you, Madame President, as representing the body general of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

CHRISTMAS WITH LOUISIANA VETERANS.

The following beautiful description of the Louisiana Daughters' loving work for Christmas to their soldier veterans is from the *New Orleans Picayune:*

Out upon the beautiful banks of the bayou St. John, with sunlight and shadow playing hide and seek in the trees and shrubbery that skirt the placid waters, stands the Soldiers' Home, where over one hundred and thirty old Veterans are spending their last days on earth, honored and cared for by a grateful State and their brother comrades and the devoted women of Louisiana.

Every year, at Christmas time, the old Veterans look forward to a great treat. The Home is invaded by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the devotion and attention of these noble women seeking to bring a little Christmas cheer into the lives of the soldiers is beautiful to witness. Each chapter of the Louisiana State Division, of which Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith is president, sends some offering to the Christmas fête. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught is the chairman of the relief committee of the Soldiers' Home, and never did woman so faithfully perform her duties as does this earnest and zealous daughter of a brave Confederate father—this devoted wife of a brave Confederate soldier. For several weeks past she has been at work corresponding with all the State chapters in reference to the soldiers' Christmas. Right nobly did they reply, both to her appeal and that sent out by the president of the State division.

Every chapter sent its offering, and there were loads of turkeys and chickens and hams, cooked and un-

cooked; all manner of dainty home-made preserves, jams and marmalades, cake and bonbons, and with these came fruits galore. One chapter sent any amount of tobacco and pipes for the old soldiers, another sent pincushions for those who did not smoke, and still a third hallowed the day by sending a beautiful memorial bed, dedicated to the memory of Gen. Sparrow, by the chapter that bears his name. This touching offering, on which hung a wreath of Christmas holly, was placed in the infirmary. Not an old soldier was confined to bed on Christmas day. All were able to be up and partake of the good cheer.

Early in the morning Mrs. Vaught and her committee of ladies were at the home. Later many of the Daughters of the Confederacy came and lent their aid in setting the tables, in making them bright with flowers, and in placing all the good things that kind friends had sent for the old soldiers.

And the beautiful part was that they got everything that was sent. There were no "rations" yesterday. What had come were gifts and the soldiers had them all. Their plates were bountifully supplied, and the table groaned, and when the noonday bell rang the old veterans filed in in military style and saluted the fair gathering of Southern women who had come to serve them with loving hearts and hands.

The feast began promptly at noon. A pipe and pack of tobacco were laid at each plate. Those who did not smoke, and there were only a very few of these, got a nice little pincushion as a token of Christmas. The ladies of Chapter 76, New Orleans, did the serving. It was a beautiful and touching sight and will not soon be forgotten. Col. Andrew Blakely, the genial host of the St. Charles Hotel, and one of the bravest and truest Confederate soldiers, was there to cheer the veterans by the thought of the comrades who were still strong and hearty, and whose love and care went out to their old brothers in arms.

After the dining, the ladies and many of the old veterans adjourned to the infirmary, where a beautiful white enameled bed, draped with snowy bars and spotless coverlet, stood. It bore the inscription, "Donated by the Edward Sparrow Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Lake Providence, La." A wreath of holly tied with red ribbon was suspended from the canopy.

Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, in a few appropriate words, referred to the eminent and conspicuous services of Gen. Sparrow, who was the colleague with Hon. Thomas J. Semmes in the Confederate Senate as the representative from Louisiana; she then presented the bed to the board of managers for the infirmary in the name of the Edward Sparrow Chapter.

It was accepted by Comrade Carnahan, and Comrade Legendre gave a few interesting reminiscences of the Sparrow family. Mrs. Nora Lewis Howard sang very sweetly a verse of the beautiful old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Then the old soldiers and the ladies adjourned to the library, where a great deal of merry making was indulged in. Mrs. Howard led in many beautiful old songs, and the veteran soldiers joined in. Mrs. Howard accompanied on the piano, while Comrade Matthews played on the violin a sweet obligato that touched the heart. Dan Keegan, the famous old bugler, who played the last reveille for Gen. Lee's army the day of the surrender, and has in his possession the proud document signed by the great Confederate leader himself, played sweetly on his fife "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Dixie," and one or two of his own Southern compositions; then he played the last air he played at Appomattox, and tears were in the eyes of all.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OBJECTED TO IN KY.

The Lexington Ky., Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy created a sensation recently by requesting the manager of the local opera house "never again" to book "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as an attraction. The petition was indorsed by the whole chapter representing the most influential and exclusive circles of the blue grass region. The women of the South are very much in earnest about having a just representation in history, and rightfully object to the portrayal of an exaggerated and sensational coloring of events as found in Mrs. Stowe's book. The Lexington Chapter is to be commended for its decisive, fearless, and earnest action in demanding the suppression of such misleading productions and have won the admiration of their associates in every state.

The manager's reply that "the war had been over thirty-six years," serves as a forcible reason that it should no longer be kept up in such plays. The true purpose for producing this drama—for it has degenerated into such a purpose—is to catch the hard-earned wages of the negro, for few besides now patronize it, especially in the South. They are excited and embittered by it, and for this reason alone, if for no other, it should be suppressed.

The Lexington Daughters of the Confederacy in asking that it should be excluded entirely in the future give as good reasons that the best citizens and old families living in and about the city were once slave owners, as a heritage, not of their own choosing. That the incidents of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are not typical of slave life in the South, but of isolated cases, that the production of the play and its being advertised with bloodhounds and pictures of an old negro in chains and a slave owner with a whip in his hand, give a false idea of the history of the times to the children of the city, and is disrespectful to Southern gentlemen and good citizens.

Worthy Praise to Mrs. Sexton.—The Mecklenburg Camp, No. 382, Confederate Veterans, of Charlotte, N. C., recently presented Mrs. J. L. Sexton with a handsome canteen in appreciation of her aid and interest in the organization. A little surprise had been arranged, and the veterans in full uniform, wearing their medals of honor, went to her home bearing the gift of love and acknowledgement, which Dr. J. B. Alexander presented, addressing his words to "the patron saint of Mecklenburg Camp, No. 382." He said: "For the last four years Mrs. Margaret Branch Sexton has only breathed love for Mecklenburg Confederate soldiers. She has taken care of the poor that are unable to provide the necessities of life. There is a warm place in our hearts for our patron saint, and we hope that this canteen may be a token of that refreshing pleasure that a soldier often drew from it in the hours of weary march or the shock of

battle." Mrs. Sexton returned her thanks feelingly, and did not let the veterans depart without dainty refreshment.

A PLEA FOR PRACTICAL SERVICE TO OUR DEAD.

Mrs. M. M. Jouvenant, Sherman, Tex., writes of it:

There is a practical view to even the most sentimental situation. The material things of life must cater to its loftiest effort. While "man does not live by bread alone," yet he cannot live without it. In the history of our organized work there was at one time a decision rendered in the interest of sentiment which I believe to have been essentially a mistake.

With this prelude I crave your thouhtful attention to an argument in favor of a reconsideration of that step. The step or decision referred to being the repudiation of a proposed material appropriation for the proper care and keeping of our Confederate dead. The noble and patriotic words of our late lamented President recommending the adoption of such a measure, did more to smooth away and obliterate the acrid sense of division between the North and South than any other expression of policy could ever have done; and while in the generous pride of the moment the suggestion was declined both by the Veterans and their auxiliaries, yet it seems but reasonable that a second thought should be given to this subject; while the opportunity is ripe and before time shall have set his inevitable seal upon the question of "who is entitled to a perpetual memorial of national reverence." It is conceded that the issues for which these heroes suffered were correct in principle, and as President McKinley said, the glorious record of sacrifice and valor made by the Southern soldier is the mutual heritage of the whole people, and should receive equal recognition, both historic and monumental. Now it seems to me the proper and dignified course for us to pursue is to accept our share of what is our own. We are not stepchildren of this great country, but equal citizens paying our pro rata of taxes, upholding her laws, fighting her battles, and in every way occupying an unquestioned place as sovereign citizens. And since the revenue that has been appropriated to beautify and maintain special cemeteries for the nation's dead is equally our own, why should we decline to not only accept, but claim our reasonable share, using it to collect the scattered remains of our loved ones, and to establish a memorial to them as permanent as the government which claims and receives our duty?

If we are to transmit to posterity a vindicated memory of our struggle we must have some basis of permanency in our work. Now a very large endowment, indeed, would be required to continue the memorial work after the last survivor of that glorious epoch has passed away. Even if the work were satisfactorily accomplished in the present, we would have the future to provide for; and alas for human mutability, you have but to ask any Camp or Chapter how easy it is to enlist any considerable amount of interest in their routine of memorial work. Enthusiasm lags in the absence of those object lessons, while we have not means to secure beautiful cemeteries, sustained by a sufficient and permanent fund. Can an organization like ours afford to risk the consequences of a contrast growing sharper every day in its educational tendency? Even if history were impartial thousands will have books on their dusty shelves while they and our children daily witness the honor paid to our conquerors, and the neglect of our own heroes.

In days to come, strangers from other lands will become American citizens, adopting the traditions of our fathers, and will not fail to espouse the only visible guide to truth. They will find on the one hand, amid waving trees, the green shaven sward, the winding walks, the gleaming shafts of marble that bear the record of patriotic deeds; on the other hand, sunken leaf-covered mounds, broken fences, insufficient or utterly absent records of a pathetic and glorious endeavor whose simple recital would forever ennoble and inspire whatever people might inherit these traditions. In this view the verdict of posterity is easy to foretell, for education will proceed according to visible evidence, and to all outward seeming "we will have forfeited our privilege of immortal fame; have retained citizenship by concession and sufferance alone, and our past is better forgotten."

The hand of brotherly conciliation is extended toward us. Let us not be less magnanimous. Remember that cherished resentment is tacit confession of error. Why yield our rights to those already enjoying a plethora? Do Southern people disclaim a share of the monied aid provided for river and harbor or other improvements? Then why stand stubbornly in the way of our only possible method of success? We know that all human effort is like the flight of a bird dependent on action. When the motion ceases the bird or motive falls. It therefore becomes our policy to anchor our memorial work to a basis of national permanency. The present generation, with its altogether inadequate sentiment, will soon pass. But accepting our rightful place and enjoying national recognition, which is the surest vindication, we can establish forever that living and perpetual memorial which our martyred heroes dumbly claim at our hands.

Concerning the Execution of Capt. J. Yeates Beall.—John H. Graybill Woodstock, of Virginia, wrote to H. B. Baylor, of Cumberland, Md., some months ago, stating: "The February Veteran, of this year, contains a brief account of 'Why Booth Killed Lincoln.' I have two articles upon this subject, one of which is simply credited to an old scrapbook, the other is from the Charleston *News and Courier*. It is stated that Senator Hale, Washington McLean, and Booth, together, visited Mr. Lincoln to make an appeal in behalf of Beall. I wrote to John R. McLean, inquiring whether the report was true. He replied: 'That my father tried to save Beall is true; that I remember well. He also had many interviews with President Lincoln, and brought every influence he could to bear. I don't know who went with him to see the President. . . . Am sorry that I cannot give you more information. . . . I was a prisoner at Johnson's Island, and was a member of a sworn organization, whose object was the capture of the island and the release of all the prisoners. I probably know more of the inside history of that organization than any one living to-day. Beall was coöperating with us, and I well remember the day when he captured the 'Philo Parsons' and the 'Island Queen.'"

WARNING AGAINST "JOHNNY'S GAME."

Miss Kate Mason Roland, Richmond, Va.

I wish to call attention, through the VETERAN, to a children's card game, in which false history is taught, a game which is being sold for ten cents here in Virginia, and I suppose throughout the South generally. It has been bought as a Christmas gift by unsuspecting Southern parents. It does not deal exclusively with the war between the States, and some of the information given has an appearance of fairness. It is published by Parker Brothers, Salem, Mass.

Questions about the Revolution are mixed up with those about the war against the South, and there are some few questions on other points in American history. But the children are told that "50,000 Union soldiers were confined in Andersonville without shelter and proper food," and no word is spoken of the real causes of the hardships of Andersonville, whatever they were, and of the inexcusable privations and sufferings inflicted upon Confederates in Northern prisons. The children are taught that the "Monitor" defeated the "Merrimac," when it was the "Virginia" (formerly "Merrimac") that defeated the "Monitor," and revolutionized the naval architecture of the world. The children are taught that Sheridan was "the leading cavalry general of the civil war, with his famous ride," and Sherman who "marched three hundred miles through a hostile country," is held up for their admiration. Two of the most ——— names in the history of civilized warfare are here set down as those of heroes. Though the war is spoken of in general as the "civil war," in one place it is designated by that insolent term "rebellion," and Andrew Jackson's achievements are summed up by these words "who put down secession in South Carolina in 1832." Here is as flagrant an historical falsehood as can be found anywhere. But it is now taught in the popular Northern "histories" of Andrew Jackson.

Is there no prospect of getting the "Game of Confederate Heroes" reduced in price so that it can compete with this cheap Yankee game? I am sure many Southern mothers would like to buy it for their children, and would give twenty-five cents for it rather than pay ten cents for the Yankee game, but they cannot afford to pay fifty cents.

The "Game of Confederate Heroes" is about as nearly perfect as was ever seen. The price is high, but the first edition is too expensive for reduction. Besides, the author contributed her work entirely and bought many packages at the full price in order that every cent of profit be a contribution to the Sam Davis Monument Fund. The supply is now quite low, and there may not be another edition.

PRACTICAL UTILITY OF A MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.—Earnest and practical are the ideas set forth in this letter written by a Southern woman: "With characteristic gallantry the Confederate soldiers have agitated the subject of erecting a monument to the women of the South. While this is entirely laudable and praiseworthy, I would like to suggest a monument which I believe Southern women would appreciate more than any creation of marble or bronze, and which is vastly more enduring. It is this—the erection of an industrial school in the central South for the children of ex-Confederates who have never regained their lost means and are unable to educate and fit their children for positions in life.

"Southern mothers would thus be honored and their children benefited and a crying need of the South be filled. If we want our children educated, we must certainly furnish or help to furnish the means, and those whose purses are filled and whose families have every advantage, should remember the many less fortunate, and there can be no more enduring monument erected than fitting the 'young South' for battles of life. I believe if left to a vote, the women would vote unanimously for the school.

"A recent issue of the VETERAN suggests several monuments, or rather that each state erect its own monument. Why not decide upon some central location, and each state contribute a room or a wing and let the industrial school be a reality." C. M.

FUND FOR THE CHILDREN OF GEN. J. B. HOOD.—Capt. W. R. Lyman, now President of the Lincoln Parish Bank, at Ruston, La., and who was formerly President of the Crescent Insurance Company, New Orleans, was asked for some data of his career, and especially his connection with the fund raised for the children of Gen. Hood, soon after both parents were fatally stricken with yellow fever. In reply he wrote: "I simply tried to do my full duty as a soldier in the glorious old army of Northern Virginia; was captain of infantry in the Thirty-First Virginia Regiment, and toward the end acted as adjutant for Maj. Jim Breathed, and finally was made captain in the Stuart Horse Artillery. As Chairman of the fund raised for Gen. Hood's children I can say that about $20,000 was donated originally to that fund, and that by investment and reinvestment it was increased to something over $34,000, which sum was equally divided among the children surviving about five years ago.

CAPT. W. R. LYMAN.

GLADE SPRING RIFLES.—A notable reunion occurred on June 14, 1901, at Liberty Hall, Va., the occasion being the first gathering of Company F, Glade Spring Rifles, Thirty-Seventh Virginia Infantry. The address of the day was made by P. S. Hagy, and the combination of tears and cheers that followed the speaker attested his power to arouse old memories from their sleep. His words of counsel and loving greeting to the descendants of his old comrades were couched in terms of purest sentiment, and they rested on the assembled crowd of Veterans, matrons, and Sons and Daughters like the benediction that follows prayer.

BATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU, MISSISSIPPI.

H. H. Hockersmith writes from South Union, Ky.:

Of all the genuine, clean-cut victories, save, perhaps, that of Bull Run, Chickasaw Bayou is in the lead. Gen. Sherman's corps was in search of a Christmas gift, but being a little behind time (this battle was fought on December 27th and 29th), only arrived in time to receive a holiday present of hot lead. The onslaught was directed against the Third and Thirtieth Tennessee, the enemy, four lines deep, making three successive charges, which were gallantly repulsed, and the enemy driven, with heavy loss, entirely from the field. Capt. Bledsoe's Missouri Battery held a full hand in this battle, and with lightning speed, poured bomb and cannister into their ranks, mowing them down upon all sides. December 28 was given to the enemy in order to bury their dead and remove the wounded. On December 29 the order was given to "forward!" and Sherman's army was driven to their fleet of transports, and had it not have been for the terrible and incessant shelling from their gunboats, thus preventing the planting of a battery, the greater part of the army would have found a stopping place at the bottom of the Yazoo river.

The Second Texas, deployed as skirmishers, advanced to the bank of the river and shot quite a number from off the top of the boats, notwithstanding a perfect hail of bombshells were hurled at them from those river monsters.

It was here that Lieutenant Colonel of that regiment was wounded, but he stayed with his men to the last. All honor to these brave Texans!

A note was left upon the field stating that they would see us again. Well, we again met them face to face at Chickamauga, and the second drubbing they received was equal to the first, for they were driven at every point. After the battle of Chickasaw, Capt. S. R. Simpson, of Gallatin, gathered up the spoils, consisting of guns, pistols, and sabers, and turned them over to the quartermaster at Vicksburg, and now holds the receipt for same. I have Gen. Sherman's report of his killed, wounded, and missing before me, in which nine regiments lost in killed, 162; wounded, 762; missing, 528. Total, 1,452. Strange as it may seem, our loss in the two regiments was only three killed, Sergt. Dickey, of the Thirtieth, and Maj. Tucker and a private, of the Third Tennessee. Dickey had just captured seven prisoners and was bringing them in, when a shell burst in their midst, killing the entire party. Well, the odds in this fight was at least seven to one, and the brave Dickey was only gathering in his quota.

Other troops took part in this battle, as indicated, but the Third and Thirtieth Tennessee received the main shock and met it as they did scores of times afterwards. There were plentv of troops as good as these, but there were none who were better soldiers.

Valuable Relics for Family of a Confederate Colonel.—Gen. Stephen D. Lee sends the following letter to the Veteran, received by him while the writer was on a visit to old battlefields in the South:

"Gen. S. D. Lee: Dear Sir.—During the day of April 7, 1862, I found a Confederate colonel lying dead in a ditch under his horse, which was also killed, near Shiloh church. The Colonel had on his body a fine gold-mounted officer's sword and field glass, also an ivory-handled six shooter, which I took from his body. I have the articles in my possession yet, at my home in Oklahoma. I wish to return these things to the Colonel's friends if they can be found. I have written of the articles and how I obtained them in the *National Tribune* several times, but have received no response. I examined his body trying to find who he was and to what regiment he belonged, but failed."

Address Jospeh H. Gilpilan, Perry, Oklahoma Ter.

This generous Union soldier served as quartermaster sergeant, Company K, Second Indiana Cavalry.

MONUMENT TO CARNES' BATTERY.

The above illustrates the only Confederate monument on the Chickamauga battlefield to a single command. It is suggested that other commands do likewise, as the states are not likely to do more in that way. This monument was erected by private subscriptions. It marks the spot where the battery fought on Saturday with Cheatham's Division.

A fine Camp, U. C. V., has been organized at Woodlawn, Ala., fifty charter members being enrolled. Officers elected are as follows: W. H. Reynolds, Commander; Dr. Felix Wood, Dr. R. D. Jackson, J. L. Johnson, Lieutenant Commanders; A. W. Key, Adjutant; Rev. J. L. Gilbert, Chaplain.

A Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy and a Camp of Sons have been organized here.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT WAR.

In an address by Hon. L. J. Storey, Railroad Commissioner of Texas, delivered at the San Antonio International Fair, October 23, 1901, he said:

It is meet that on all proper occasions the remnant of Confederate soldiers still left in the land of the living should assemble themselves together, and in the presence of a new generation discuss the issues of the past, to the end that history may be vindicated and that posterity may not be deceived and taught to believe a lie.

My Comrades, nearly forty-one years ago the tocsin of war was sounded throughout the length and breadth of this once happy land of ours. The ordinary pursuits of life were abandoned, the wheels of commerce for a time ceased to roll, the streets of the towns and cities were crowded with anxious inquirers for the latest news from political centers and official circles. To the forum and the press the people looked for news and for advice. War and rumors of war were almost the only topics of conversation. Secession from the Union on one side was threatened as the only means of preserving constitutional rights. On the other side war seemed to be welcomed, and coercion of sovereign States, for the first time in the history of the government, seemed to be seriously contemplated. The Southern people believed that the constitutional rights of the South were held for naught by a number of the Northern States, while the laws of Congress, passed in strict accordance with a plain provision of the Constitution, were nullified and publicly denounced by the press, pulpit, and statesmen of the North.

The excitement ran high. The military arm of the general government began to move; while in the South military companies, regiments, and brigades rapidly formed, and soon the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the tread of armies declared that the day of compromise had passed, and that the struggle of the South to maintain its constitutional rights had been transferred from the halls of Congress to the field of carnage, where the sword was to be the only arbiter; and for four long and weary years two of the grandest armies that ever trod the earth marched under their respective flags, and on many fields of blood those mighty men of war fought, bled, and died as only heroes can fight, bleed, and die.

The first hostile gun was fired at the bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, and the last battle was fought at Palmetto Ranch, Tex., May 13, 1865, where the soil of Texas was once again bathed in the blood of her gallant sons in defense of her constitutional rights as a sovereign State, and to drive from her soil a hostile invading foe.

But why, we are asked by the misinformed of this day and time, did the South rebel and bring on that cruel and disastrous war? The story is a long one, and yet the truth, without details, can be told in few words. I would that I had the attentive ear to-day of the sons and daughters of every Confederate soldier in the land, for I have no apologies to make for the South or for the manner in which I shall deal with this subject. No true son of the South should treat the case with sugar-coated pills. History has been so grievously perverted that every true man must, on this subject, dare to speak the truth, "though the heavens fall." We owe it to ourselves, to posterity, to truth, and to justice to "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

A few days ago in the capital city of Texas I stood, with uncovered head, at the base of a splendid monument being erected to the memory of the Confederate dead, and upon its most prominent front I read this inscription:

"Died, for State Rights, guaranteed under the Constitution. The people of the South, animated by the spirit of 1776 to preserve their rights, withdrew from the Federal compact in 1861. The North resorted to coercion. The South, against overwhelming numbers and resources, fought until exhausted. During the war there were 2,257 engagements. Number of men enlisted: Confederate armies, 700,000; Federal armies, 2,859,132. Losses from all causes: Confederates, 437,000; Federals, 485,216."

That monument, my countrymen, quotes history. No well-informed patriot of this day and time will deny the doctrine of State rights under the constitution of the United States as it was from the foundation of the government down to the close of the war. If this doctrine was not supported by the constitution and laws of the United States, then the people of the South were rebels and traitors to their country; but if, as the South has always contended, the doctrine of State rights was supported by the constitution, the people of the South were true patriots, devoted to the constitution and laws of the land, and to maintain them in 1861, like their patriot fathers of 1776, "pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," and for four long and bloody years they did sustain their cause against overwhelming numbers and boundless resources.

Our armies were made up of resident citizens of the Southland, the best Anglo-Saxon blood that ever traced through human veins. Without a navy and our ports all blockaded, our intercourse with the outside world was meager indeed. For new recruits, army supplies, and munitions of war we had to look, almost entirely, to our own people and territory; while the Federal government, with her free and unrestricted intercourse with every nation on earth, from all of whom she drew supplies, munitions of war, and new recruits for her armies at thirteen dollars a month, the conflict, indeed, was an unequal one. And again, the policy of the South was to withdraw from the Union, peaceably if possible, and stand on the defensive on her own soil with no thought of invading the North, while the policy of the North was to invade and coerce the South. Thus the policy of both governments, from the beginning to the close of the war, was to make of the South the battle grounds, where the tread of mighty contending armies and booming cannon shook the very earth, and where devastation, rapine, and murder inevitably follow where such vast contending hostile armies march.

I have to some extent recently reviewed that part of our history which relates to the cause of the war, and I commend to you the facts as recorded by Hon. J. L. M. Curry in his new book, "The Southern States of the American Union Considered in Their Relations to the Constitution of the United States and to the Resulting Union."

Let me remind you in the outset that this question of State rights, over which the war was fought, is no new question. It began at the formation of the government, and upon the adoption of the constitution was, by the then contending parties, considered settled. The great Alexander Hamilton and followers, on one side, opposed the doctrine of State rights and contended for a strong Federal government, centralizing all power in the general government and making the States mere dependencies. He believed that a monarchy such as old England was the best form of government, "the happiest device of human ingenuity."

Thomas Jefferson led the State rights party, and in that conflict the Jeffersonian doctrine of State right prevailed, adopting that form of government, and submitted the constitution, which was in due time adopted by the States, and it thus became the organic law of the United States. Hamilton admitted his defeat in the convention, and advocated the adoption of the constitution by the States, expressing, however, his "doubts as to the success of the *experiment*," as he called it; and later, in 1791, he said: "I own it is my opinion, though I do not publish it in Dan or Beersheba, that the present government is not that which answers the ends of society by giving stability and protection to its rights, and that it will probably be found expedient to go to the British form."

The doctrine of State rights thus recognized of course carried with it the right of each State to regulate its domestic affairs in its own way, and Congress possessed no power not delegated to it by the constitution, or in the language of the constitution itself: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people." The domestic affairs of a State could not therefore be interfered with by Congress, nor by the act of any other State. To illustrate: It will be admitted by every intelligent, honest man that each State had the constitutional right, for itself, and by its own laws prior to the war, to determine whether or not the institution of slavery should exist within its borders. This has never been denied by any one, except by the fanatic who appealed to a "higher law" doctrine, declaring that the constitution was a "league with hell," and should not be obeyed. A provision of the constitution of the United States, then and still in force, reads as follows: "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." Seeking to enforce this plain provision of the constitution of the United States, Congress enacted what is known as the Fugitive Slave law. The State of Pennsylvania, as did fourteen other Northern States, sought to nullify this clause of the constitution and law of Congress, and passed laws forbidding the execution thereof in their respective States, and in the celebrated case of Prigg vs. the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (16 Peters's Reports, pages 611, 612), the Supreme Court of the United States, by a unanimous opinion, upholding the constitution and laws of Congress, said: "Historically it is well known that the object of this clause was to secure to the citizens of the slaveholding States the complete right and title of ownership in their slaves as property in every State of the Union into which they might escape from the State wherein they were held in servitude. . . . The full recognition of this right and title was indispensable to the security of this species of property in all the slaveholding States, and, indeed, was so vital to the preservation of their interest and institutions *that it cannot be doubted that it constituted a fundamental article without the adoption of which the Union would not have been formed.* Its true design was to guard against the doctrines and principles prevalent in the nonslaveholding States by preventing them from interfering with or restricting or abolishing the rights of the owners of the slaves. . . . This clause was therefore of the last importance to the safety and security of the Southern States, and could not be surrendered by them without endangering their whole property in slaves. The clause was therefore adopted in the convention by the unanimous consent of the framers of it, a proof at once of its intrinsic and practical necessity. . . . The clause manifestly contemplates the existence of a positive, unqualified right on the part of the owner of the slave which no State law or regulation can in any manner regulate, control, qualify, or restrain."

Thus spake the Supreme Court of the United States. Human language could not have more emphatically declared the true intent and meaning of the constitution. Daniel Webster, the greatest lawyer and statesman that Massachusetts or New England ever produced, is quoted as saying: "I do not hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse, willfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides."

Again, in 1851, he said: "In the North the purpose of overturning the government shows itself more clearly in resolutions agreed to in voluntary assemblies of individuals, denouncing the laws of the land, and declaring a fixed intent to disobey them. I notice in one of these meetings held lately in the very heart of New England, and said to have been numerously attended, the members unanimously resolved, 'That as God is our helper, we will not suffer any person charged with being a fugitive from labor to be taken from among us, and to this resolution we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

And Mr. Webster proceeds: "These persons do not seem to have been aware that the purpose thus avowed by them is distinctly treasonable. If any law of the land be resisted by force of arms or by force of numbers, with a declared intention to resist the application of that law, in all cases this is levying war against the government within the meaning of the constitution, and is an act of treason drawing after it all the consequences of that offense."

From the foundation of the government down to 1861 the State rights doctrine was recognized by the party in power, by the Supreme Court of the United States, in fact by statesmen of all parties, as con-

stitutional. The difficulty was not in the construction of the constitution, but whether or not it was binding and should be obeyed or held for naught. It was perfectly natural that every Federalist, being opposed to the State rights doctrine and favoring a strong centralized government, should gradually fall into line with the abolition party, that claimed the right in Congress and in other States to nullify the constitution and laws that sustained the doctrine, and as that party grew in numbers it became fanatical and more defiant of the constitution and laws of the land.

Mr. Edward Quincey said: "For our part we have no particular desire to see the present law repealed or modified. What we preach is not repeal, not modification, but disobedience."

Another said: "The citizens of a government tainted with slave institutions may combine with foreigners to put down the government."

The constitution and laws to which we have referred were denounced by such leaders as Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison as "a covenant with death, an agreement with hell." And as early as 1848 Mr. Seward declared that there was an "irrepressible conflict" between the sections on the question of slavery, and that the government could not exist in peace "half slave and half free," an expression so often used by Mr. Lincoln in his memorable canvass with Mr. Douglas in the State of Illinois in 1858. And when it became apparent that no honest judge of the Supreme Court could ever be found to declare that the constitution of the United States did not protect the rights of the people of the States in their local and property rights, many of them became so fanatical as to appeal to the higher law doctrine, and Mr. Seward himself is quoted as saying: "There is a higher law than the constitution which regulates our authority over the domain. Slavery must be abolished, and we must do it." Here was one of their political idols, who afterwards became Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln. He here advocated the abolition of slavery, not by the States where slavery existed, the only constitutional way it could be done, and the way it was finally done, but in obedience to the higher law—that is, in spite of the constitution and the rights of the States thereunder. And then follows the demands of one of those "more-holy-than-thou" creatures, who was not satisfied with Almighty God. He said: "The times demand and we must have an antislavery constitution, an antislavery Bible, and an antislavery God." They had neither then, and wanted a change. Such language, if used to-day in denunciation of the government, the constitution and laws, would be justly and vehemently denounced as the utterances of crazy anarchists, and yet at the time used they were the utterances of beloved and honored leaders in social, political, and religious circles of the North, and whose memory is still cherished throughout that section of the country. As one of the many evil fruits of such teachings the sovereign State of Virginia was invaded in October, 1859, by an armed band of cutthroats, murderers, and conspirators, led by John Brown, a Northern fanatic, against the government of Virginia and the constitutional rights of her people. Such an open and deliberate act of treason, rapine, and murder ought to have received the emphatic and unanimous condemnation of the people of the North as it did in the South. But not so. Appeals were made for the remission of the punishment prescribed by the laws of Virginia, and at the North this ungodly traitor, this foul murderer, has been canonized (declared a saint), and Mr. Curry said that "Hughes, in his 'Manliness of Christ,' places John Brown almost on a level with the Son of God."

Well, the time did come when this nullifying sectional party secured an antislavery candidate for President, who had himself declared that "this government could not endure half slave and half free," because he said, in substance, that there was an irrepressible conflict between the sections upon this question of slavery; that both slavery and the Union could not exist, and that the Union must be preserved. And it was too true. There was an irrepressible conflict waged by a sectional party against the constitution and laws of the land and the rights guaranteed by the constitution to the people of the South.

I have thus quoted from speeches, letters, utterances, laws, the constitution, and decisions of the court of last resort, not for the purpose of reviving prejudices or sectional bitterness—far be it from me—but for the purpose of recalling to the minds of my hearers the signs of the times immediately preceding the war, showing the provocation to the South, the purity of her motives, and to justify her in the efforts she made to peaceably secede from the Union and form a government that would protect her in her constitutional rights.

And now, my comrades, since more than forty years have passed away since the clash of arms in that cruel war began, when the smoke of battle has cleared away, and when the mental vision is no longer obscured by prejudice, and when reason is once again enthroned, let me say that when we remember the long years of struggle in and out of Congress to uphold the rights of the States, guaranteed under plain and unmistakable provisions of the Constitution; and when we remember that many of the State Legislatures of the North denounced the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States sustaining the State rights doctrine as an arbitrary power, and therefore null and void; and when we remember that honored leaders of that rapidly growing sectional party, ever opposing State rights, were denouncing the constitution thus upheld by the Supreme Court as a "covenant with death and league with hell;" and when we remember that "the voice of the law was no longer in the land," but that the Federal government, which prior to 1861 had administered the government in accordance with the requirements of the constitution and laws, was now "browbeaten and defeated;" and then when this sectional party, thus pledged to the destruction of the rights of the South and the centralization of the government, was about to seize the reins of government, *what*, I ask, *was the South to do?* She was thoroughly convinced that the constitution and laws of the United States were so despised and denounced by the leaders of the party coming into power that they would no longer be enforced, and knowing that she had the legal and constitutional right to withdraw from the Union when necessary to preserve her rights, no alternative was left her, as a free and sovereign State, but to withdraw from the Union, or to submit to what she believed would be

an utter destruction of her rights, and to do so without a struggle was impossible for a brave and noble people through whose veins the blood of patriots and lovers of constitutional liberty flowed. She therefore seceded, and the war of coercion followed.

The last almost of the great statesmen and generals who took active part in that struggle have passed away, and the last of the rank and file of those great armies will have soon crossed over the river to "rest under the shade." The Presidents of both governments and the last of their cabinet officers save one are dead. The Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, survives them all. An honest man, a true patriot, a wise counselor, and a great statesman, after an active and most eventful life of more than eighty-three years, he stands erect like a giant oak of the forest which has withstood the storms of a century, firmly rooted in the confidence, love, and affection of a great and noble people.

But, my comrades, the war was not fought in vain. It is true that the sacred cause for which we fought went down in gloom. The flag and government we sought to maintain we lost forever. With the hallowed dust of our patriot heroes, and the sacred memories of the past, we laid them away with an abiding faith that posterity will yet see and admit what we know to be true—that is, that the South sought to secede for no other purpose than to protect her people in the enjoyment of a plain constitutional right, which the party coming into power had assailed for more than a generation with the avowed purpose of destroying it; that the methods used and threatened to be used up to that time were an open violation of those rights by nullification of the constitution and laws that protected them; that no people up to that time had been more devoted to the constitution and Union than the people of the South; that no people had spent so much blood and treasure for the country's cause as her people; that they had ever been ready to uphold the laws and defend the flag whenever and wherever assailed; that no cause was ever more just than our efforts to peaceably secede from the Union to preserve a constitutional right.

No sacrifices so great, no people ever sustained a cause so long against such overwhelming odds and resources. No country so devastated: the resources of no country so completely exhausted, and no victor ever paid so dear for what he won. The flag of no country or cause ever went down in defeat crowned with such a halo of glory. No cause ever had a more devoted, self-sacrificing people to sustain it; while the bravery, the devotion, the energy, the unselfishness, and heroism of the noble women of the South, throughout the entire struggle, is unparalleled in the history of the world. No armies were ever led to battle by greater generals, and no generals ever commanded better, braver, or more patriotic soldiers. And last, but not least, no brighter intellect or purer statesman, no patriot with clearer conscience, purer heart, or more lofty purposes ever wielded power or guided the ship of State than Jefferson Davis, the gifted and noble President of the Confederate States.

The war being over, the remnant of the Confederate army, the best that ever trod the earth, disarmed and poorly clad, sought the desolated homes of their loved ones, and began anew the battle of life, little dreaming that the horrors of reconstruction were yet to be endured. I pass over this uncalled for and disgraceful period in the history of our country, except to note as one of the results that at the close of the war the aggregate debt of the Southern States was $87,193,933.33, and at the close of that period of robbery their aggregated indebtedness had increased to the enormous sum of $380,160,575.13. But finally rid of the oppressors, and her local affairs once again intrusted to her own keeping, she rose from the ashes, Phœnixlike, and is now challenging the admiration of the world. Her climate, her soil, her recuperative powers, her patriotism, her statesmanship, her devotion to justice, and her lofty ambition are forcing her to the front rank of every laudable enterprise, and he is blind indeed who cannot see that the time will come when she will, in the future, as she did prior to 1861, become the ruling power in what will then be recognized as the best government the world has ever seen. And then who can say, judging the future by the past, that New England will not again, as she did on one occasion when she thought the South was gaining in power, threaten to secede from the Union; for, as it has been said by the distinguished Republican statesman, ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, in discussing the late amendments to the constitution, that "the right of secession, if it ever existed, exists now, so far as any declaration in our organic law is concerned. It has not been renounced, nor is the supremacy of the nation affirmed in its charter." And it is true, but God grant that a cause for secession may never again occur.

For the honor that you, my comrades, have conferred upon me, in extending the invitation to address you, I return my grateful acknowledgments.

Who Shot Gen. Hooker at Antietam, Md.?—C. Malone writes from Waldron, Ark.: "I was in hearing of first Manassas, and was 'in it all' at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, and in the seven days' troubles around Richmond, also in the second Manassas, and helped take Harper's Ferry. We got in line on the battlefield of Antietam about noon on September 17, 1862. I was a private in Company F, Ninth Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Alabama Brigade. We formed in a cornfield, and were ordered to lay down, although I stood up and saw a Federal general and staff of four men in our front on horseback. They came from behind a hill. I said: 'Boys, there is a Yankee general; pick him off!' About twelve fired; and at fire of our arms the general and staff turned and got behind the hill. I wonder if that was Gen. Hooker? We were on our (Gen. Lee's) right, and they were about four hundred yards from us. A column of United States troops were lying down about halfway between us. As soon we fired a Federal battery opened on us, and I was severely wounded.

Francis L. Galt, of Welbourne P. O., Loudoun County, Va., who was surgeon of the Confederate States steamer Alabama, writes of "armor plate:"

In an article in the Veteran of January of this year is a statement from Gen. F. S. Ferguson as to Miss Rowland's article in the Veteran of December last mentioning the disputed point as to Capt. Semmes's

knowledge of the Kearsarge having been armor or chain-clad previous to the engagement with the Alabama off Cherbourg. In reference to this matter I will say that there was a rumor to that effect on board the ship as well as on shore, but there was no positive fact known on the subject. Neither Semmes nor Kell were on shore while we were there, and the matter was merely a gossip, to which the Captain and his executive of course paid no attention. After the challenge had been sent and accepted there was nothing to be done except take the consequences. Certainly no one on board found any fault with Semmes or Kell in any way.

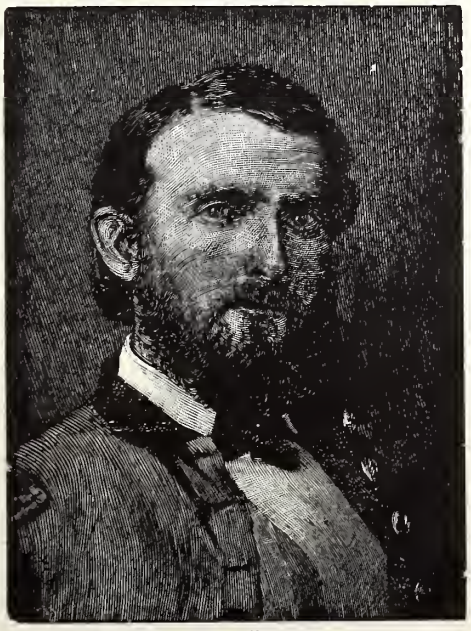
SPEECH OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

His Tribute to Stonewall Jackson.

Rev. Dr. J. William Jones favors the VETERAN from time to time with valuable historic manuscripts. The following is one of these papers and his own introduction supplementing the address of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee:

At the unveiling of the monument to Stonewall Jackson by the Army of Northern Virginia Association in New Orleans, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, made an eloquent oration, at the close of which the vast crowd present vociferously called for President Jefferson Davis, who was on the platform. He came forward, was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and as soon as the enthusiastic cheering subsided spoke, in clear and ringing voice, and with graceful gesture:

"*Friends, Countrymen, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* I am thrice happy in the circumstances under which you have called upon me. The eloquent and beautiful address to which you have listened has been so full in its recital as to require no addition. Again, the speaker saw all, and was a large part of that which he described, giving a life and vigor to his narration, which could not be attained by one who only, at second-hand, knew of the events. Your honored guest and orator, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, rode with Stuart in his perilous campaigns, shared his toils and dangers, took part in his victories, and became the worthy successor of that immortal chieftain. When the army of Northern Virginia made its last march to Appomattox C. H., a numerous foe hovering on his flanks and rear, "little Fitz" was there with the remnant of his cavalry to do and dare, and, if need be, die for Dixie. How vain it would be for any one to add to what has been said by such a witness.



"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

"Again, and lastly, Jackson's character and conduct so filled the measure of his glory that no encomium could increase or adorn it. When he came from the academic shades of the Virginia Military Institute who could have foreseen the height of military fame to which the quiet professor would reach? He rose with the brilliancy of a meteor over the blood-stained fields of the Potomac, but shone with the steady light of the orb of day, a light around which no evening shadows gathered, but grew brighter and brighter the longer it shone. It is not alone by us that his merit has been recognized.

"In Europe, so far as I had opportunity to learn, he was regarded as the great hero of our war, and appreciative men in England have contributed a bronze statue to him, the first and only one which they have given to one of our soldiers. The column which stands before me, crowned with a statue of enduring stone, which you have reared to commemorate his services and virtues, is a fit tribute from you, and teaches a useful lesson to posterity, because it is erected not to perpetuate the story of his military prowess merely, but also, and perhaps even more, to record his pure patriotism, his piety, and private worth.

"No place could have been more appropriate than this for such a testimonial, for the fame of Jackson is closely identified with the heroic history of Louisiana. In the beginning of the war the Confederate States were wanting in all the material needful for its prosecution, and there was nothing which it was more difficult to supply than field batteries. Then the Washington Artilllery came full-armed to fill that want. From the first battle of Manassas, where Jackson won his sobriquet of "Stonewall," in the East and in the West, the guns of the Washington Artillery were heard wherever battles were fought. In the ever-memorable campaign of the Shenandoah, where Jackson, with the swoop of the eagle, attacked the divided columns of the enemy, and, beating them in succession, drove his vast host from our soil, the sons of Louisiana were a staff on which he securely leaned. At Port Republic a battle as noticeable for the strategy which preceded it as for the daring and resolution by which it was characterized, Jackson, in making the disposition of his forces, assigned an important duty to the Louisiana Brigade commanded by Gen. Dick Taylor. This was to gain a position on the mountain side above the enemy's most effective battery, and descend to attack him in flank and reverse. After Taylor had put his troops in motion he went to receive from Jackson his final orders. He found him in front of his line of battle, which had just been forced back. Shot and shell were hissing and bursting around him, and there he sat motionless on his old campaigner, a horse as steady under fire as his master. The bridle reins were hanging loosely, and Jackson was wrapped in prayer. He had done all which his human foresight could de-

vise, and now was confiding himself, his compatriots, and his cause to the God of the righteous.

"Taylor's Brigade was marching in the rear of the column; and Jackson, seeing the enemy advance in force where there was none to check him, directed Taylor to form line of battle for resistance. Taylor said this was done, though at fearful cost, and added: 'This brigade would, if ordered, have formed line to stop a herd of elephants.'

"I shall not, at this late hour, longer detain you. Jackson died confident of the righteousness of his country's cause, and never doubting its final success. With the same conviction I live to-day, and, reverently bowing to the wisdom of Him whose decrees I may not understand, I still feel that the Confederacy ought to have succeeded because it was founded in truth and justice. In one sentence may be comprised the substance of all I could say: Jackson gave his whole heart to his country, and his country gave its whole heart to Jackson."

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

Hon. John H. Traylor, who has served in both Houses of the Texas Legislature, and is ex-Mayor of Dallas, Tex., writes:

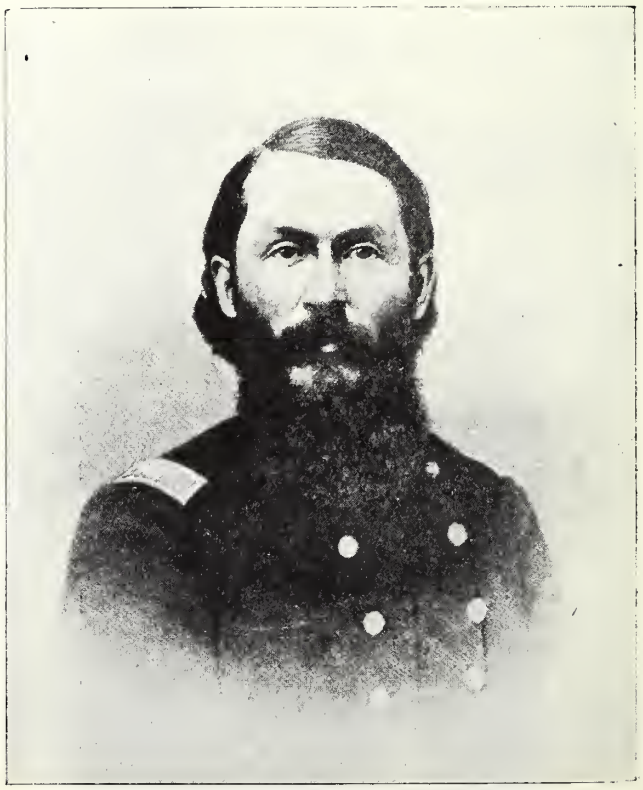
In the August number of the VETERAN a correspondent from North Carolina requests some one to write an account of the battle of Cedar Creek, which took place near Strasburg, Va., October 19, 1864. This I have often thought of doing in order to give the cause, as I saw it, of the rout of the Confederate army in the evening after the brilliant victory of the morning of that day, and at the same time to suggest that, notwithstanding the Federals outnumbered the Confederates four to one, had the army under Gen. Early been in the same condition of efficiency and morale it was one or two years prior to the date of this battle, Gen. Sheridan might have met a similar fate to that of several of his predecessors who had met these soldiers in sanguinary combat, and the battle of Cedar Creek would have resulted in a great reverse instead of the crowning victory of his military career. Gen. Sheridan's military record was given more splendor by this single victory than in all his previous and subsequent history. The flank movement and early morning attack by Gen. Early, for boldness and strategy, was doubtless unsurpassed during the war. The plan and execution was grand up to the cessation of the pursuit of the flying enemy in the morning.

My conclusions were, and are, that had Gen. Early continued to press his victory after the rout of the Eighth and Nineteenth Federal Army Corps in the early morning instead of discontinuing the pursuit and giving the enemy time to re-form their broken columns and bring up a corps of fresh troops, greater in number than his entire army, he would have achieved a glorious victory instead of the unprecedented disaster of the evening. Gen. Early should have known, and evidently did know, that the morale of his army was not good; that it had an apprehension of being flanked or attacked in the rear, and would not repel an attack with the same heroism as formerly.

THE LEE BIRTHDAY DINNER BY NEW YORK CAMP.—Commander Edward Owen, 280 Broadway, sends notice: "The New York Camp will hold its twelfth annual dinner, in honor of the memory of Robert E. Lee, and other heroes of 1861-65, in the Grand Banquet Hall, at the Waldorf-Astoria, on Monday, the 20th of January next. Again, the interesting feature is that ladies can be invited to dine with us and join in the festivities and songs. The price of the tickets will be $5, exclusive of wine. The boxes, holding six chairs each, will be $6; and single chairs, $1. It is desired that Southerners in this city and vicinity join us on this occasion in paying tribute to the memory of our heroes."

GEN. LYTYE'S BODY ON BATTLEFIELD.

Dr. W. H. Bramblitt, who was surgeon of the Sixty-Third Virginia Regiment, writes from Pulaski, Va.: "In the September VETERAN appears an article from B. L. Archer, of Gadsden, Ala., which must be erroneous in some minor particulars. On Saturday afternoon of the battle of Chickamauga, having nothing to do at the field hospital, no wounded coming in, I was riding out in the direction that I thought my brigade was located some half a mile in rear of the troops then engaged, when I saw lying on his back, to all appearances dead, a Federal officer, evidently of high rank, with a Confederate sergeant guarding the body, and he said it was Gen. Lytle.



GEN. WILLIAM LYTLE.

Being anxious to know the character of the wound that he had received — as it was my business to deal with wounds—I so stated to the sergeant, when he replied that he had orders not to permit any one to touch the body. He then said that he thought he was shot in the mouth. Sitting on my horse, I viewed the body, which to all appearances was life-

less. I saw no side arms on the body, but his clothing had evidently not been disturbed. He had on a dark overcoat, with braid on the sleeves and kid gloves on his hands. Everything about his clothing seemed to be in order, and I am satisfied that he was dead. In view of what has been written in regard to the death, etc., of Gen. Lytle, I make this statement for publication."

MISSISSIPPIANS IN THE VIRGINIA ARMY.

J. T. Eason writes from Fayetteville, Ark.:

In the September VETERAN, page 410, there is a very inaccurate and misleading account of the battle of Leesburg or Ball's Bluff. While the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment performed gallant service here and in numerous other battles from Gettysburg to Chickamauga, or from Bull Run to Appomattox, yet from this account, as given by your correspondent, no other commands were engaged. I was a member of Company I, Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, and present at this battle. Just forty years ago to-day the battle began about daylight. Ball's Bluff is two miles above Leesburg on the Potomac River. Ball's Company of Virginia Cavalry were guarding this point. The brigade was camped near Leesburg, commanded by Gen. Evans, and was composed of the Eighth Virginia Infantry, Col. Epper Hunton; Thirteenth Mississippi, Col. William Barksdale; Seventeenth Mississippi, Col. W. S. Featherstone; and the Eighteenth Mississippi, Col. E. R. Burt.

On the 20th our pickets reported the enemy moving up the river. That evening Col. Ball requested reënforcements, that the enemy were crossing to an island near Ball's Bluff. Company K of the Seventeenth Mississippi, Capt. W. L. Duff commanding, was sent. Early next morning the fight began, and the enemy with superior force was driving this very small detachment. The Eighth Virginia was sent to their relief, fighting great odds for several hours; then Col. Hunton asked for more troops, and the Eighteenth Mississippi was sent, and soon again the Seventeenth Mississippi was sent at a fast double-quick. Company I was detached with orders to form on the right of the Eighth Virginia and Company K, Col. Featherstone forming the remainder of his regiment to the left of the Eighteenth Mississippi in a thick forrest, and in thunderous tones, for which he was always noted, ordered the entire line forward, and to "drive the Yankees into h—— or the Potomac!" and better fighting was never during the war.

My recollection is that Col. Burt was mortally wounded about the time of our arrival. Col. Baker was in command of this detachment of six regiments. The Federal general then had also crossed the river wtih his brigade at Edwards's Ferry, three miles below Ball's Bluff, and was confronted by Col. Barksdale's Thirteenth Mississippi, and a battery of the Richmond Howitzers. Col. Barksdale was very much disappointed that Gen. Evans would not allow him to attack Gen. Stone. Baker's command had crossed over in pontoon boats, and in their eagerness to escape many were drowned, over sixteen hundred captured, and seven to eight hundred were killed and wounded—in truth they were practically annihilated. We also captured four pieces of artillery, and over twenty-five hundred small arms, of all of which we were greatly in need. A Federal colonel, Adjutant Baker, was killed by John Fitzgerald, an Irishman of my company, while carrying a dispatch from Gen. Stone, asking him if he needed more troops. Fitzgerald picked up the large envelope containing this inquiry, and after the battle gave it to me, and I, thinking it might be of importance, handed it to Col. Featherstone. Now, when the United States Congress began the investigation of this "disaster" Gen. Stone was under arrest, and this dispatch, I was informed, was sent by Gen. Beaureguard under flag of truce to the Federal Commander.

Soon after this we retired to Goose Creek, and the Twenty-First Mississippi was sent to our brigade to take the place of the Eighth Virginia, and we remained together until the surrender.

The Eighteenth Mississippi was composed of as fine men as ever wore the gray, yet I don't think any member of this gallant regiment will claim superiority over their comrade regiments. I had never heard of Col. Burt's personal encounter with Col. Baker on the battlefield, and as Col. Luce, afterwards commander of this regiment, is yet living, I think in Holmes County, Miss., and Comrade O'Hara, Madison County, Miss., and others of these grand old heroes, I should be glad for their verification or correction of my statements as here given. I was with them until the close at Appomattox. Their faithful service and valorous deeds are a glory to Mississippi and the whole South. Col. Burt was much loved and highly esteemed by his State; and, if he had been spared, would doubtless have been promoted, as Cols. Hunton, Featherstone, and Barksdale were. The latter, Barksdale, our brigade commander, sealed his devotion to the cause he loved with his life's blood at Gettysburg, on July 2, 1863. The memory of these men is precious to us all, and we delight to honor them.

MAJ. H. D. D. TWIGGS AT BATTERY WAGNER.

Col. Henry D. Capers, who commanded the Twelfth Battalion Georgia Artillery:

The memorable siege and defense of Charleston, S. C., from its commencement in June, 1863, to the evacuation of that city by the Confederate forces in February, 1865, presents one of the most interesting records in the annals of war. In all the details of this heroic defense, in all that fully illustrates the devotion of the patriot garrison, in the many incidents of superb courage, heroic discharge of duty, manly endurance, and personal gallantry, there can be found no record superior to that made in the defense of Forts Wagner and Sumter, the outposts of the devoted city. Permit me to describe a single incident which will, in a measure, give some idea of the endurance, courage, and soldierly bearing which made every day and every hour of the siege of Fort Wagner one of the most brilliant, as it certainly was one of the most terrific, experiences of the "war between the States."

In the month of August I received orders at my camp, near Savannah, Ga., to report without delay to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston with my gallant com-

rades of the Twelfth Georgia Battalion of Artillery. On reaching the city we were ordered to report to the officer commanding at Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, the extreme outpost on the sea front of the city and six miles therefrom.

The incident referred to will illustrate the ordeal the garrison at Fort Wagner passed through and endured for more than a year. At the time of this occurrence the fort was in command of Brig. Gen. W. B. Taliaferro, a typical Virginia knight "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*" July 18, 1863, will long be remembered as one of the most noted and terrible bombardments known to history. It was followed by an assault at sunset, unsurpassed for its gallantry and fury. With the first dawn of day the large fleet of the enemy's monitors, battle ships, and their Ajax of floating batteries, the renowned Ironsides, steamed close in and took position in the sea front of Wagner. Before the sun had sent one cheering beam to brighten the gloom of this foggy morning, there came an eleven-inch shell from the Ironsides, the signal shot for the terrific bombardments referred to. Think of the guns from five monitors, guns of the heaviest caliber, whose fifteen-inch shells were exploding every few seconds over, against, and within the parapet walls of a bastioned earthwork that did not occupy the area of two acres; add to this the steady fire of the Ironsides, with her immense batteries of eleven-inch guns, six on each side, and one each in the bow and stern; to this add the accurate fire from two sloops, carrying batteries of two hundred pound rifle guns, and of five land batteries constructed on the island, with the heaviest modern armaments, within seventeen hundred yards of Wagner, and the reader may have some idea of the infernal rain of death-dealing shot and shell that fell upon the fort on that long and memorable day. There were some vivid illustrations. A small redbird was found at the close of the bombardment with a wing torn from its body as it flew across the terreplein of the fort, and again three men who volunteered to draw a bucket of water from a shallow well, not more than twenty feet distant from the entrance of the bombproof of the fort, were all killed before they reached the well. Late in the afternoon, in the midst of this terrific fire, it became necessary to ascertain the movement of the Federal troops in front of the fort and within the enemy's fortifications. A large body of their infantry, who were known to be formed behind the hills, had been ordered to assault Wagner as soon as the bombardment ceased, and, as the Federal general supposed, the fort would be practically dismantled, and what was left of the garrison demoralized by the bombardment. As it was growing late, and the critical time approaching for the deadly assault, which was afterwards made, it became necessary (for the safety of the garrison) to learn whether the forward movement on the part of the assaulting column had commenced. Gen. Taliaferro communicated his anxiety to the members of his staff grouped about him in the bombproof, but hesitated to designate an officer to discharge this perilous duty.

Maj. H. D. D. Twiggs, then attached to the general's staff as inspector general (afterwards lieutenant colonel of his regiment, and now Judge Twiggs, of Savannah), a handsome and gallant representative of a chivalrous family, quietly stepped in front of his chief, volunteered to leave the bombproof, to ascend the parapet, and make the necessary observation. I saw him when he left us, and I felt then, as did others, that it would be the last service that Twiggs would render for his country. I noticed Gen. Taliaferro standing near the entrance of the bombproof with the greatest solicitude depicted on his face, and could see from the movement of his lips that he was asking the intervention of Divine Providence in behalf of his gallant staff officer. With the utmost coolness Maj. Twiggs passed out into the exposed and open area, heedless of the storm of death falling all around him, reached the parapet of the fort, ascended it to its very summit, and standing there midst the bursting shells, flashing and thundering above and around him, he deliberately raised his field glasses and surveyed the enemy's batteries and surrounding sand hills, with apparently as much self-possession as if he were in an opera house and looking at the form and features of a *prima donna.* He had not remained in that position more than one minute when a fifteen-inch shell descended almost vertically, striking the parapet within two feet in front of him, and, burying itself in the earth, exploded with terrific force. Instantly, with a great cloud of earth and sand, Maj. Twiggs was thrown up into the air six or eight feet, and fell back from the parapet down upon the terreplein of the fort, completely covered with sand, and to all appearances dead. Several of us watching him immediately rushed to where he was lying, and bore his apparently lifeless body into the bombproof. To our surprise he opened his eyes and made his report to Gen. Taliaferro. "General," he said, "the enemy are moving to the assault." He then became unconscious, but after the application of such restoratives as were at command the surgeon exclaimed: "He is not dead, General!" The next day Maj. Twiggs was fast recovering from a severe concussion of the brain, and in a short time rejoined his regiment in Virginia, from which he had been temporarily detached for staff duty. While I was an eyewitness to many "close calls" during the civil war, and had a few myself, I have always regarded the heroism of Maj. Twiggs as not only unsurpassed during the war, but his escape from death at Fort Wagner was most remarkable.

Vigilant Regard for His Commander.—Capt. S. D. Buck writes from Baltimore: "In my heart I thank you for the editorial note under article on page 390 of September Veteran. How any soldier who followed Gen. Early in the Valley campaign can speak ill of or censure him I cannot see. With the odds he had to contend with, Gen. Early kept fully 40,000 men from Lee's front while he had only one-fourth of that number. He killed 1,948, wounded 11,890, and captured 3,121; total, 16,952. This is the report of Maj. Pond, U. S. A., in his 'History of the Valley Campaign,' pages 267 and 269. By the same author we find that Sheridan had, on September 30, 1864, 35,489; Early, 10,015. Every old Confederate who sees that book will think better of Early."

ANNUAL MEETING ALA. VETERANS AND SONS.

On November 14 Montgomery, Ala., gave over the keys of the historic "Cradle of the Confederacy" to a host of Veterans and Sons of Veterans, both organizations meeting there in joint reunion. The latter perfected a State Division of the different Camps, and elected Warwick H. Payne as Commander, who had so served under appointment. Many interesting speeches were made. While the Veterans were in convention a pleasing incident gave proof of the love and veneration of the Sons. It was announced that a State delegation of the latter was present, and the Veterans arose to receive them. They were invited to participate in all the proceedings except the voting, and their spokesman, Hon. Tennent Lomax, was cheered with enthusiasm when he said that he had come to tell them that the Sons had that day perfected a State organization. "They bid me tell you," said Hon. Lomax; "that they know the brilliant victories you have won; the splendid charges which you have made; to tell you that when, from disease and death, your ranks become extinct, we intend to keep up the honor of the Confederacy. I desire to tell you that the time will never arrive when they will become unworthy of the task. The fame of the Confedrate soldier is too well known to need eulogy from any man. The cause you fought for is historic. It was born in this capital city."

This popular speaker also delivered the address of welcome before the convention of Sons upon the opening day in a historical and forceful discourse.

Address of Mr. Lomax.

Comrades: I care not where they meet or whose sons they may be, there cannot be an assembly of the Sons of Confederate Veterans who have inherited a higher estate of honor and of glory than the Sons of the Confederate Veterans of Alabama.

With a population of a little over 600,000 white people in 1861, from that time to 1865 Alabama sent forth 120,000 men to die in glory with Sidney Johnston or to live in immortality with Robert Lee. Of this number, 35,000 never returned to the State whose colors they had heroically carried on a hundred ensanguined fields.

In the thirty-six years that have elpased since the close of the war between the States—the greatest war in the history of mankind—there has arisen no historian who has had the courage and the manhood to tell the whole truth about the struggle for life of the "Storm-Cradled Nation that fell." This fact gave rise to the organization of which we are members, because the young men of the South resolved that, whatever might come in the future, one thing must come, and that was that history should, at last and finally, tell the truth, the eternal truth, about their fathers who had died in battle and about their mothers, who in spirit had died in grief and sorrow, even though their lives had been spared. If I understand our organization, its aims and purposes, this is its essential claim for life. The proudest title I own to-day is that I am the son of a Confederate soldier who died in battle for his country, and no honor has come, or can come, to you or to me which would eclipse the splendid glory of such a heritage. That heritage were useless, though, unless you can protect the memory of your fathers from the ruthless efforts of those who have, for a third of a century, sought to brand them as traitors, and who have written it in some of the very school books used in Southern schools. In ancient mythology it was taught that the Goddess of War sprang full-armed from the brain of Jove. In all the history of the world the nearest approach to such a miracle took place in this historic city in 1861, because, within three short months after the Southern Confederacy was born here "grim-visaged war" was organized on such gigantic scale as to eclipse all history in its strength and power and death and carnage, and to be the model of the world for all wars that are to follow in the future of mankind. This city, the cradle of that war, of the Southern Confederacy, with that great record, desires through me to extend to the sons of the men who went to the top of Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, who took Snodgrass Hill at Chickamauga, who defended the Bloody Angle in the wilderness, who charged over the breastworks at Franklin, who held the trenches at Petersburg, who, in very fact, made the "name and fame of the Confederate soldier so vivid and widespread" that they shine resplendent over the soldiers of all the years that are gone, and made him the model and exemplar for the soldier in all the years that are to come, a most cordial and chivalric welcome, both because they are worthy descendants of their noble sires and because they are united for the exalted purpose of securing, for all after time, a record, pure and undefiled, of the deeds of their heroic and godlike ancestors.

Assembled as you are for such unselfiesh and holy purposes, you commend yourselves to every man, woman, and child in this historic city.

When the applause which followed the eloquent address had subsided Mr. Owen called forward Commander of the State Division, Warwick H. Payne, Esq., who delivered a response full of feeling, as well as noble and devoted thought. Mr. Payne's was well received, and was delivered with ease and much force On concluding his remarks, he formally assumed charge of the convention, and Mr. Owen retired to the floor.

Alabama Division Organized.

Mr. Owen then introduced the resolution, declaring the Alabama Division formally organized, which was unanimously adopted.

R. P. Grigg, of Camp Lomax, Montgomery, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved,* That the United Confederate Veterans in reunion assembled, appreciating the patriotism of the ladies of the White House Association in endeavoring to preserve the first White House of the Confederate States, hereby indorse them in their work."

Other important matters taken up by the Sons in convention were: They resolved to aid the movement to buy a silver service for the battleship Alabama. and commended historical work. Mr. Thomas M. Owen, who presided at the meetings as late Division Commander of Alabama, in his speech to the Sons, touched largely upon this subject, referring to the significant fact that the State was in the forefront with historical work in the South, and stating that in a few years a full and accurate record of its annals would be published. Mr. Owen, who is a good writer, di-

rects a "Department of Archives and History of Alabama" in the Montgomery *Advertiser*.

The Sons also pledged support to the Woman's Memorial Committee, and discussed the question of abolishing undeserved military titles.

THE VETERANS.

At the convention of Veterans Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander of the Alabama Division, made a plea for State reunions and paid a high tribute to the Confederate cause. He said that it afforded him great pleasure to look into the faces of the Confederates, their mothers, daughters, and sons. When elected Commander of the Alabama Division in Charleston two years ago, he felt the necessity of holding a reunion in Alabama, where more of the comrades should meet. He was gratified at such a result, and at the reception extended the Veterans.

He spoke of the city of Montgomery, where the first capital of the Confederacy was located. He took occasion to thank the women and the local comrades for their reception, and the people of Montgomery who furnished "the material aid." He wisely said: "My experience as a Confederate is that at all times we should stand shoulder to shoulder."

Gen. Harrison read extracts from the constitution. He told of the benefits of the State reunions. He said that it was more to the Confederate soldier than the reunions in Memphis, Louisville, or Dallas; for many of those who carried the musket have not the money to attend these big reunions, so they are for the favored few. He also said that the reason Alabama had not erected more Confederate monuments was through the lack of their assembling more frequently, and that State reunions would relieve that misfortune.

RE-ENLISTMENT OF SECOND FLORIDA REGIMENT.

Mrs. M. W. Maxwell, of Jacksonville, Fla., refers to a mention of reënlistment for the war of some troops in the army of the West, as published in the VETERAN for December, 1900, in connection with which she states that the following may be of interest to some of the VETERAN readers:

At camp near Rapidan Station, Va., on the 28th of January, 1864, a meeting was held by the Second Florida Infantry for the purpose of considering the subject of reënlisting. Resolutions were adopted, and the next day the greater part of the regiment was mustered in for the war by Capt. C. Seaton Fleming, Chairman. The Richmond *Enquirer* says: "They come! they come! Gallant little Florida has the floor. We learn that the Second Florida Regiment on the 28th enlisted for the war. This regiment came to Richmond in July, 1861, as one-year volunteers, at the expiration of which time they reënlisted for two years. The other regiments, the Eighth and Fifth, were already mustered in for the war, rendering any further action unnecessary. The followng joint resolution was passed by the Confederate Congress, showing their appreciation of the patriotic spirit manifested by the Second Florida Regiment: '*Resolved*, That the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to the officers and men of the Second Florida Regiment, who, after a service of distinguished gallantry and heroic suffering for nearly three years, did, on the 28th ult., at a meeting held near Rapidan Station, Va., resolve to reënlist for the war!"

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ALBANY, GA.

Mrs. W. L. Davis, the Secretary, writes of it:

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Albany, Ga., unveiled a beautiful monument to the Confederate dead on the afternoon of November 13. The monument is rock and granite base surmounted by a life-size figure of a Confederate soldier. The figure was carved in Italy of finest white marble, pronounced by connoisseurs a very beautiful work and most expressive face. Thirteen young ladies, daughters and granddaughters of Veterans, representing the seceding States, dressed in white and red, held the thirteen cords which removed the veil at a salute from the local military company. After a short but graceful speech from Veteran Capt. J. T. Hester, representing the city, the speaker of the day, the Hon. Joseph E Pottle, of Milledgeville, Ga., was presented, and delivered one of the strongest and most sensible addresses recently made in the South. Before beginning his oration proper Mr. Pottle paid a fitting tribute to the following ladies, noted for their heroic work in the early sixties: Mrs. Robert Carter, of Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. Winship, of Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Samuel Hall, of Macon County, Ga.; and also three surviving members of the Wayside Home of Albany. Mrs. A. H. Wohlum, Mrs. L. P. D. Warren, and Mrs. L. S. Talbot, who made the first Confederate flag used in Georgia. From a platform built around the monument Mr. Pottle addressed over fifteen hundred people, the stores being closed, and the citizens of Albany turning out *en masse*. The address was as follows:

"The partial favor of the Ladies' Memorial Association of this typical Southern city has imposed upon me a responsibility not to be lightly assumed. Their choice is complete assurance that these good women do not esteem of supreme importance on an occasion so sacred as this the mere ability to set to music sentences which strike the ear. Claiming for myself no unusual power to make radiant phrases pleasing to the fancy, I do claim, with the earnestness of birth and training and the conscious dignity of history and the truth, the power at least to feel the influence of the splendid story whose unrivaled beauty is the heritage alike of the son of the South, whose daily toil makes to laugh her fruitful soil, and of him who dictates the destinies of State. And however halting and uncouth your complimented speaker of to-day may be, you will, I trust, sympathize with my purpose to tell the old, old story with truthfulness if not with eloquence, and with sincerity if not with beauty, for

I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.

For we all know the reason we love it now so well: the old, old story is true.

"The awful holocaust which shook the very centers of the civilized world, which brought ruin and devastation to the remotest confines of this great republic, and which for four long and bloody years wrenched the chain which made a union of these sovereign States, cannot be justified by an appeal to sentiment on the one hand or by the united voice of fanatic zeal on the other. With whatever passion or calmness, with whatever forgiveness or regret we may review the questions involved in that stupendous struggle, an eternal fact remains: that on the one side or on the other, Truth, pale-faced and earnest, sits in ceaseless vigil. And while the echoes of the past are fast receding in the distance, it is well that we of the South on occasions like this shall not only pay homage to those whose death has testified their devotion, but that we shall also recall the facts of history which justify that supreme testimonial and which make doubly glorious the sacrificial sufferings of those who have survived the tempest and the storm.

"From the very brink of the grave, with the zephyrs of eternity fanning his silver locks, with the consciousness that his life was in the buried past, and his hope in the limitless future, Jefferson Davis said with trembling pathos: "Had I known all that was to come to pass, had I known what was to be inflicted upon me, all that my country was to suffer, all that our posterity was to endure, I would do it all over again." In these words, so gentle yet so stern, so pathetic yet so courageous, the head of our loved Confederacy beautifully epitomized the spirit of the South. It is the same spirit which ignored and despised the tremendous power of numbers, and which forgot the force of unlimited wealth, and organized army, and a powerful navy. It is the spirit which laughed to scorn the proposition that promised gold for our slaves, for an abandonment of principles which had carried men smiling as their feet crimsoned with blood the ice of the Deleware and the snows of Valley Forge. It is the spirit which glowed in the superb sentences of Toombs, as he hurled in the teeth of the wild fanatics of the North this sentence of defiance to the death: 'Refuse to let us depart in peace, and you present us war. We accept it, and, inscribing upon our banners the glorious words "liberty" and "quality," we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquillity.' It is the same spirit which inspired the phalanx to follow Pickett and others up those heights with the calm and splendid courage of the Light Brigade at the battle of Sedan, and which found expression in the gentle courtesy with which the helpless women of the fleeing enemy were treated by our soldiers. It is the spirit which glowed in the face of Sam Davis, the boy of Tennessee who went to the gallows rather than betray a sacred confidence, and which stilled the agony at the hopelessness of Appomattox. It is the spirit which went with our torn and ragged heroes back to burned cottages, to graves of loved ones, to poverty, and to despair, and out of them wrought again the South of Henry Grady, to take the place of the South of Davis and Calhoun; and, thank God, it is the same spirit which even down to this good hour says to all the world, that the sons and daughters of the South hold in the most sacred recesses of their hearts the principles, which, though for the moment were hidden beneath the hate and the fury of fanaticism and contempt of law, are eternal as the everlasting hills, and by them and for them we are ready as our fathers and our mothers were, to walk again, if need be, through the valley and the shadow of death.

THE MONUMENT AT ALBANY, GA.

"Born when the arbitrament of arms had entered upon the record the judgment in the issue between the North and South, reaching the age of intellectual maturity when the infamies of the so-called reconstruction had faded away into a memory, when business interchange and social intercourse had resumed their wonted course between the lately hostile hosts, I have sought earnestly to look over the causes of the civil war with dispassionate calmness, and to reach a conclusion through the cool processes of the reason. I have carefully studied the partisan utterances of both sides, as well as the impartial statements of neutral critics; and, after it all, with the love of truth in my heart and the fear of God in my soul, I cannot see, from the beginning to the end of the disputes and recriminations which culminated in the roar of cannon at Fort Sumter, a single issue upon which there was in the light of history, of personal and national honor, room for an honest difference of opinion. I believe with Bishop Pierce, of sainted memory, he of the golden heart as well as the golden tongue, that 'our Northern enemies, wise above what is written, mistook sedition for liberty, cant for piety; that, as loud-mouthed champions of the freedom of the black man,

they trampled in the dust the most sacred rights of their people; that, with peace on their tongues they brought on a gigantic war; that, swollen with vanity, they despised the lessons of the past, and, confident in the pride and power of numbers, they began tearing down their own government, with the hope of destroying us and that every step of their progress was marked with aggression, perfidy, and blood;' and I say now, as reverently as he declared in 1861, that resistance to such a people was obedience to God.

"From the very moment when it became apparent to the Puritans of New England that the cessation under the constitution of the African slave trade, coupled with their bleak and inhospitable climate, meant a rapid curtailment of their revenues as sellers of slaves to the planters of the South, from the very moment that the industry and the genius of the cavalier of the cotton belt made it certain that in the contest for industrial supremacy the South was possessed of advantages almost insuperable the greedy selfishness which had fattened upon the horrors of the slave trade, discovered in the ownership of those slaves the very 'climax of sin and woe,' and within ten years after the trade in slaves was abolished by law, the spokesmen of the people who had grown rich in the nefarious business, gave expression to their selfish jealousy by insisting as a condition precedent to the admission of Missouri as a State, that slavery should not exist within her borders. . . .

"In the beginning of this jealous war on the people of the South the writers, the orators, the essayists of this fanatic faction made no pretense that the curtailment of the ownership of slaves, or the limitation of the rights of their owners was within the constitution. Phillips and Garrison and Lovejoy conceding in their harangues that the constitution guaranteed, on its face the property in slaves, as well as the right of slave-owners to take their property to any part of the common territory of the nation, and conceding also the right under the constitution to recover their slaves escaping to other States by due process of law, planted themselves on what they were pleased to call a 'higher-law,' and demanded the abrogation of the solemn agreement between the States, on the ground that it was in conflict with what they held to be the declaration of divine inspiration.

"To the most casual reader of the history of his country it must be apparent even to Mr. Lincoln that the logical and inevitable result of the gigantic system of fraud and insincerity I have adverted to, conceded expressly the right of property in slaves by the citizens of the States, and by necessary implication the right of such slave owners to remove their property to any part of the common territory. In his first inaugural address he declared: 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.' And in his second annual message to Congress, in 1862, he said: 'In a certain sense the liberation of slaves is the destruction of property—the same as any other property. It is no less true for having often been said that the people of the South are no more responsible for the introduction of this property than are the people of the North, and when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share in the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance.' . . .

"I do not rejoice at these reminders of the past, at these monuments, these graves, these widows, and these orphans, but I do rejoice at the silent testimonals which they speak of, ready and willing sacrifice at the call of honor and of truth. I do not delight in the destruction of property, of fabulous wealth, and the impoverishment of my people, but I glory in that evidence that my people weighed not gold against the glory of a sacrificial offering to justice and the right.

"I look around and see with pride the smoke stacks of factories, dotting the towns and villages of the South, and I hear with delight the hum of the machinery as it turns the snowwhite cotton into the completed cloth, and changes the metals of the hills into the steel and iron of industrial enterprise, and I am stirred to enthusiasm at the progress of our people. In the professions and the trades I see the children of the South taking again their high positions in the councils and the industries of the nation, and I recall with supreme delight that I am of Southern birth, parentage, and blood; but the keenest pleasure of it all comes from the reflection that these things testify the courage of the race, whose unrivaled heroism makes it to leave the battlefield, the hopeless victim of power and oppression, and rebuild in a few short years the shattered fortunes of a nation.

"As I read the history of that period I do not believe it possible to have avoided the conflict. It was indeed an irrepressible conflict; irrepressible and inevitable because a surrender of their rights under the law, to the power of force and numbers, without a struggle to the bitter death, was to the people of the South an absolute impossibility. . . .

Who Was the Confederate Private Soldier?

"He was the enthusiastic cavalier without the fiery zeal of the fanatic. He was the devoted, loving patriot without suspicion of mercenary motive. He was the tender, gentle father who put away his prattling infant as he shouldered his musket and marched away, not with stern gesture of the Puritan stoic, but with the earnest sorrow of the Christian and the gentleman. He was the Chevalier Bayard of Southern knighthood, who placed the farewell kiss on the pale forehead of his bride, and tried in vain to chase from his own face the emblems of keen anguish and regret as he smiled to her with confidence and with hope. He was the impersonation of that honor from whose shield shone the bright image of the truth. In his heart dwelt with unspeakable fondness the beauty and the loveliness of his own Southland. He loved her with the intense affection of the Irishman for the Green Isle of the Sea. He yearned for her with the deep devotion of the Highlander for his Scottish mountain home. Through generations he had imbibed the spirit of personal and of national honor. To the conquered enemy he was courteous and gentle; to the conquering victor he was dignified and courageous. To women he bore himself with gallant tenderness, and to the sick and imprisoned he was patient and helpful.

> To his loved land he gave, without a stain,
> Courage and faith. Vain faith and courage vain.

. . . . . .

"The civil war is over. The record is made up, the judgment of history is declared and published. With here and there a discordant note, the voice of history pronounces this eulogism on the Confederate soldier, whose heroic fame yon monument has built in enduring stone. That his cause was just, for he demanded only his rights under the constitution and the law; that his courage was unrivaled, for he battled against overwhelming odds and amidst unspeakable difficulties; that his victories were achieved without cruelty or crime, for the page of his accomplishment shows no spot or blemish on his glory; that he was superb in defeat, for no childish tear of despair wet his cheeks when he looked into the face of the inevitable; that he was unconquerable in surrender, for with the supreme consciousness of the truth and the right appealing to Almighty God and to posterity, he took up the burden of life again and hewed out from a blackened wilderness of wretchedness and ruin the civilization which is to-day the pride and the marvel of the world."

AFTERMATH OF HARTSVILLE.

BY DR. JOHN O. SCOTT, SHERMAN, TEXAS.

Mrs. Halliburton was the patriotic lady who in the excitement of battle, with unhesitating zeal, bestowed her entire bed linen to serve as bandages for John Morgan's wounded who occupied every room in her spacious and elegant mansion. Her home was located about one mile from the shady banks of the Cumberland, and near three hundred yards from the eminence where Federal troops were encamped.

The battleground was about a mile from the village of Hartsville. Morgan's troopers, seated on their swift Kentucky thoroughbreds, with the velocity of the winds, made a rapid detour to the left of the enemy, captured their garrison, attacked the Federals in flank and front, joining the Ninth and Second Kentucky Infantry in line of battle opposite the eminence where the Federals were encamped. This battle, which resulted in the capture of several thousand Federal prisoners, was of short duration, perhaps as long as three hours.

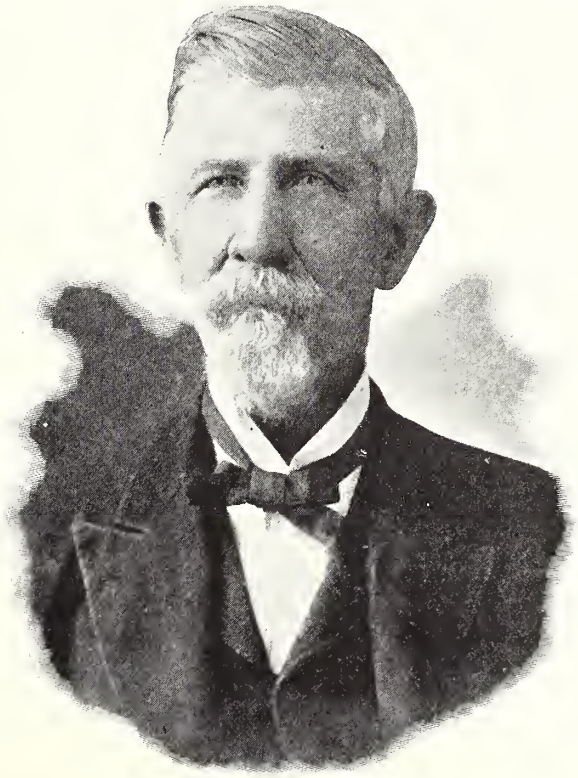
After this victory, which decked his brow with unfading laurel, Gen. Morgan, with his usual celerity, crossed the steep banks of the Cumberland and with all his trophies safe in Dixie bade defiance to the United States forces, who, having heard the cannonading, hurried to the rescue of their beleagured comrades.

Perhaps some minor details of this battle might be of interest. It was my fate to be the only Confederate surgeon left on the battlefield with the wounded, and the circumstances of this battle were different from any I have ever known. The victorious heroes, with their rich booty of prisoners, arms, provisions, and clothing, had left the dead and wounded on the field of carnage, and for an hour or more there reigned a silence as gloomy and profound as a graveyard during the weird hours of midnight. Nothing was to be seen save here and there wounded soldiers and abandoned worthless muskets. A wagon belonging to some negroes was pressed into service and a majority of the wounded conveyed to the mansion of the kind lady above mentioned.

Never will we forget the glaring explosion of a caisson of Cobb's Battery in the very commencement of the battle, scattering men and horses with a frightful noise which hushed the din of battle. Near this grewsome spot we found the mangled body of young Watts from Paducah. He was so shockingly disfigured from the explosion that we would not have recognized him but for the gay tinselled artillery cap we saw him so merrily smile under a few moments before as, thoughtless of any mishap, he rode on that fatal caisson into the raging battle.

Close by lay Lieut. Ethridge, from Greenville, Miss., a noble specimen of the American soldier. Little did he think of his sad fate when, on the march, he jocosely requested us, should misfortune befall him, to write his lady love on the "flowery banks of the majestic Mississippi." Near the crest of the hill where the enemy were entrenched we recognized Lieut. Thomas, wounded in the left breast. At each gasping breath of the dying hero the blood spurted and besmeared his richly gilded sword belt. Near by, leaning against a large oak tree, sat his chivalric messmate, Lieut. Rogers, of Phil Lee's company. He appeared almost lifelike, so much so that we called to him. No answer being given, we were assured that his brave spirit had found a home among the angels.

Near this hornet's nest of the battle, we found the body of Capt. Crockett. It must have been a hand-



DR. JOHN O. SCOTT.

Dr. John Orlando Scott was born at Locust Hill, near Frankfort, Ky., in 1837. He graduated from Center College, Danville, Ky., in 1856. Received the degree of M.D. from the University of Louisville, Ky., February, 1862; was an assistant surgeon to the Second and Third Kentucky Regiments; Assistant Surgeon to Byrnes' Battery, and Surgeon of the Seventh Kentucky Regiment; was in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Hartsville, and other engagements.

to-hand fight, for he was so blackened with powder that we could scarcely recognize him. Here was the spot where in the charge up the hill under a galling fire of musketry there was some confusion. Then it was that McDowell, Lee, Joyce, Moss, Higgins, and others, with swords in hand, rushed forward and by command and cheer renewed the charge until victory was smiling on the star-flowering banners of a band of heroes as brave as ever heard bugle call on embattled plain.

While at the hospital attending to the wounded the surgeons and nurses were ordered by a United States Cavalry officer to report to the commanding general, who had just arrived on the battleground. As we approached the hill where their forces were drawn up "in line belligerent," we expected to see some Butler or Burbridge who would send us manacled to the dismal cells of Fort Hamilton. I had no idea who was that red-headed, sandy-whiskered, military-looking commanding general, until one of our nurses who in antebellum days was one of John Harlan's political proteges, hailed the star-decked man with "How are you, John?" As soon as that social bomb shell was exploded, recognitions were mutual, and there was a general shaking of hands and greeting of friends, relations, neighbors, and schoolmates, and many were the earnest inquiries of the fate of brothers and cousins. Col. Hunt wished to know of his brother. Col. McKay, Wharton, Capt. Noe, Davenport, and others, beset us with inquiries for friends. When we pointed to Mrs. Halliburton's house, containing the wounded, with the yellow flag floating over it, men and officers hastened there and vied with each other in cheering words and kind acts. It was a grand sight to see the man in blue assisting his brother of the gray in all kindness and affection.

Harlan entered into the enthusiasm of his generous, noble-hearted Kentuckians. Without solicitation on our part he proffered sugar, coffee, medicines, medical assistance, and whatever the wounded needed. By the aid of his ambulances the wounded were conveyed to Hartsville, where the patriotic ladies vied with each other in nursing the wounded of their "adored deliverer." Mrs. Lee kindly had young Craven Peyton, Morgan's orderly, conveyed to her home and nursed him as tenderly as her own child. He was wounded by a pistol ball while charging a battery. He died of blood poison.

We can never forget a soldier by the name of Edwards who was shot through the right lung. During the first night after the battle, believing he was dying, he requested one of the nurses to pray for him. The nurse, not being a saint or having inherited the gown of the order of Melchisedek, rushed for the chaplain, Mr. Pickett. It was a touching scene in the solemn hour of night, surrounded by the wounded, to see the eloquent divine on bended knees by the side of the dying hero and hear him utter a prayer to the Eternal King of heaven so earnest and fervent that the most hardened and wicked wept like children.

The day after the battle Mr. Hart and other kind citizens saw the dead buried decently, with headboards marked so plainly that in after years the resting places of these heroes could be located by friends.

THE HANGING OF A FEDERAL SPY.

A. J. Cone writes from Gainesville, Tex.:

In the November VETERAN Cleve Rowan, of Craig's, Miss., gives an account of the hanging near Stevensburg, Va., of Mason, the Federal spy, and asks if any of the boys living can recall the incident; also the hanging of the deserter taken from the jail at Stevensburg.

I was a member of the Eighteenth Georgia Regiment, Hood's Division of Longstreet's Corps, and recall vividly the incident. I have often thought of writing about it for the VETERAN, having never before seen it referred to. . . .

At the time we were halted. We were marching along an old and much-traveled road, but which appeared to have been abandoned by the traveling public. We momentarily expected to fall upon and route an unsuspecting enemy. With eagerness we were pressing on at a lively pace, when suddenly we were halted, and, falling down on either side of the road, Gens. Longstreet and Hood, with their staffs, passed from the front of column to the rear, and as they passed by us we saw the spy riding between two staff officers. No one told us that he was a spy, but we privates suspected that he was. Soon we retraced our steps to find the body of the "daring soldier" hanging limp and lifeless to a tree. Some thought that Longstreet had been misled by this man, whereby we lost a day's march. I would like to know of this rash undertaking and its particulars.

Comrade C. R. Pollard, who was adjutant of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment Infantry, Corse's Brigade, writes from Baltimore, Md.:

While I am convalescing at my home from the recent illness from typhoid fever, I have been supplied by some of my old comrades, from '61 to '65, with a few back numbers of the VETERAN to entertain myself and, in my mind, fight over some of the old battles of the "great war." In so doing, I find an error which I think should be corrected. In (Volume 6, Number 4) April, 1898, there is an account of the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, from J. R. McPherson, who was a private in Company C., Twenty-Eighth Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Pickett's Division.

In Comrade McPherson's concluding account of said engagement, he refers to Gen. Withers's Brigade of Pickett's Division, as having been "detached a few days before the battle, and not engaged." In this he is in error. I am a survivor of Corse's Brigade of Pickett's Division that was not in said battle, being detached and left at Hanover Junction, Va., on that advance movement to Pennsylvania. Withers's Brigade, as my memory serves me, was never in Pickett's Division, but I think that brigade—Gen. Jones M. Withers, of Alabama, who was promoted to Major General in 1862—was in the army of Tennessee.

It is not my purpose or wish to detract or take from Withers's Brigade any of the laurels they are entitled to, yet would like to have Corse's Brigade in its right place and not lost sight of. Now if any reference can be made of this in any subsequent number correcting this error, I among the surviving members of Corse's Brigade would highly appreciate same. I would like to subscribe to the VETERAN.

Col. Charles D. Anderson.

Thomas H. Edgar, Adjutant Magruder Camp, writes from Galveston:

Died, November 21, at Fort Point Lighthouse, Galveston Island, Col. Charles D. Anderson, who was a gallant Confederate officer. He was seventy-four years of age. Several months ago he took *la grippe*, and never fully recovered from that illness. For the last six years he had served as lighthouse keeper.

Comrade Anderson served with distinction and honor in the Confederate army. At the close of the war he engaged as a civil engineer, holding several prominent positions under the government in the river and harbor service. Col. Anderson was a graduate of West Point, and was appointed second lieutenant of the Fourth Texas Artillery June 26, 1856, and promoted to first lieutenant July 6, 1859. He was in the Northwest when the struggle between the States began. Immediately securing a leave of absence, he left for the South, traveling overland several hundred miles in the dead of winter. Promptly on his arrival at home he resigned from the Union army and enlisted in the army of the Confederacy.

He was commissioned a captain, and for gallant and meritorious service he was promoted to rank of colonel and placed in command of the Twenty-First Alabama Infantry. He was in the battle of Shiloh, and afterwards was ordered to the command of Fort Gaines. In his gallant defense of that fort he was praised by Admiral Farragut. At the close of the war he surrendered his sword to Admiral Farragut. The sword was a gift from a number of friends, and a few years later it was returned to Col. Anderson with the following inscription on the blade: "Returned to Col. C. D. Anderson by Admiral Farragut for his gallant defense of Fort Gaines April 8, 1864." Taking up the practice of civil engineering after the war, he came to Texas, and constructed many miles of railroad in the State. He afterwards served two years as city engineer of Austin, and then came to Galveston. The new customhouse here was among the products of his engineering skill. Finally he was appointed keeper of the Fort Point Lighthouse, where, true to the instinct of a soldier, his life quietly ended at his post of duty. He leaves a widow, three sons, and a host of friends. Col. Anderson was a Knight of Honor and a member of Magruder Camp No. 105, U. C. V. These comrades attended his funeral.

Gen. W. H. Young.

W. F. McClanahan, Orange, Tex., writes:

I send you a clipping from the *Galveston News* chronicling the death of Gen. William Hugh Young at his home in San Antonio. Gen. Young was colonel of the Ninth Texas Infantry, and his regiment was assigned to Ector's Brigade, if I remember right, at Shelbyville, Tenn., shortly after the battle of Murfreesboro.

Gen. Young was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and as a commander a strict disciplinarian, but was lenient and kind to all his men who bore the record of good soldiers. When we lost Gen. Ector at Atlanta, Ga., he being severely wounded by a shrapnel exploding just in front of our lines, and Capt. Robinson, who was with Gen. Ector, killed by the same shell, Gen. Young, then being senior colonel, took command of the brigade, and so continued until the battle of Alatoona, where in that desperate charge his horse was soon shot from under him, but he continued leading his men until wounded himself. Guns were clubbed, bayonets and rocks were used, a lieutenant knocked down the Yankee flag-bearer with a rock and a man of my company, John Hardy, brought the flag out on the retreat, when some of Sherman's reënforcements rushed to cut us off Gen. Young was left wounded and captured.

No braver officer ever lived than Gen. William H. Young, and I am glad to remember that I enjoyed his full confidence with two others of his scouts who, with me, crawled inside the Yankee lines at Atlanta to reconnoiter for him. One of them, named Young, was from Sherman, Tex., and the other from Waco, Tex., but I forget his name. Would be glad to know of them.

Gen. Young was in his sixty-third year, having been born in Booneville, Mo., January 1, 1838. He came to Texas in 1841 with his father, Hugh F. Young, and settled at Clarksville. At the breaking out of the war between the States he entered the Confederate army as a captain in S. B. Maxey's Texas Regiment. He participated in the battle of Shiloh and afterward was elected colonel of his regiment. He served in the Atlanta campaign in Ector's Brigade, and after Ector lost his leg Young was appointed to his command of the Brigade. Later, when Hood marched northward, Gen. Young was wounded in the attack on Altoona Heights and was captured and confined on Johnson's Island until July, 1865. He was a prominent lawyer in San Antonio after the war up to his death.

Comrade McClanahan writes also of the death at Sabine Pass, Tex., of Rev. George W. Langley, who served in Company F., Tenth Texas, Ector's Brigade.

Mrs. J. S. Raine.

A wide circle of friends and Daughters of the Confederacy, in particular, were painfully shocked by the death of Mrs. J. S. Raine, of Atlanta, Ga., which occurred on December 5. Mrs. Raine was the beloved President of the Atlanta Chapter U. D. C., and though not well was present at the entertainment given visiting delegates to the Wilmington Convention who passed through that city en route home. She was one of the central figures at the elegant breakfast given in their honor.

Mrs. Raine served long and faithfully in the U. D. C. She was Corresponding Secretary and Vice President for the two years before she was elected President of the (Atlanta) Chapter. During the Confederate reunion her hospitable home on Peachtree Street was kept open constantly in a reception to all visitors.

The Daughters of the Confederacy attended Mrs. Rains's funeral in a body, wearing the red and white colors.

John W. Ramsey.

John Wesley Ramsey was born in Gibson County, Tenn., October 7, 1840, and died at his home in Trenton, Tenn., November 4, 1901. He joined the First West Tennessee Battalion, afterwards Company D, Fifty-Fifth Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, which was organized in the summer of 1861, and served all the years of the war. He was in prison at Camp Reynolds and Camp Douglas, and exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in September, 1862. After this he was again with the Fifty-fifth Tennessee until the last gun of the war was fired.

He was married in 1866 to Victoria M. Heard, who, with seven children, survives him. One who was a companion of life, standing by his bedside as his life slowly ebbed away, paid him this beautiful tribute: "I knew him when he was a baby, when a boy, when a soldier in prison, in public life, and in private life, and I never knew a better man." Another tribute, which will have the indorsement of all who knew him, was paid him by his employer, in calling him the "'soul of honor,' an honest, conscientious worker, on whom I could always rely." But, sweetest of all thoughts to his family will be the memory of his quiet, peaceful, Christian life, as husband and father, faithful and affectionate, living only for them and others.

Capt. William Fry

died, October 13, 1900, at McCoy, Tex., on the farm where he had lived for twenty-four years. He was reared and lived in Greene County, East Tennessee, till the opening of the civil war. From its organization in 1862 he was captain of Company I, Twenty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. From then till the close of the war he operated in Upper East Tennessee, commanding a semi-independent company of scouts, subject to the order of Gen. Vaughan, commanding the department. The service rendered the Southern people living in that section by Osborne, Dyke, Fry, and others, by protecting them from the depredations of bushwhackers, will be remembered while there are survivors of those perilous times. They killed or drove from the country many of the worst characters that infested that region.

On the morning that Gen. Vaughan surrendered Capt. Fry and two comrades rode away without complying with terms, and he died as he had lived, believing in the justice of the cause for which he fought. Two sons, Drs. J. M. and H. T. Fry, live at Wills Point, Tex.

J. M. Woodward.

The *Wilmington Messenger* reports the death of J. M. Woodward, of Florence, S. C., from which the following is taken: "James Monroe Woodward was born in Raliegh, N. C., and in early life went to South Carolina, and ever afterwards resided in Florence and Darlington Counties. He entered the Confederate Army with the Darlington Guards and served in Charleston until the fall of Fort Sumter. He became lieutenant of Dickerson's company, but was captured at Morris Island, S. C., and sent to Johnson Island, where he was kept prisoner until the close of the war. He was the only brother of Mr. A. J. Woodward, of Fayetteville, N. C., and uncle of Col. W. J. Woodward, of Wilmington.

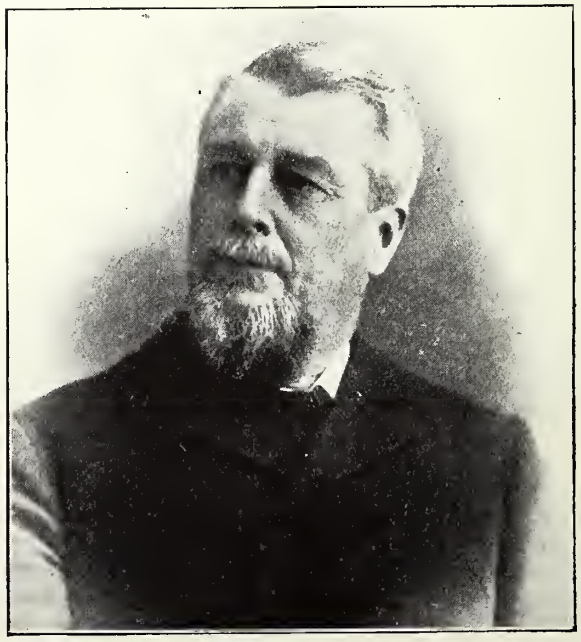
Col. Roger Moore,

——of Wilmington, the last commander of the Third North Carolina Cavalry, was born near Wilmington July 19, 1838, and was in business in that city as a wholesale and commission merchant at the beginning of the great war. He was a member of the Wilmington Light Infantry, having enlisted with that command, served in the Eighteenth Regiment, to which it was assigned, until 1861, when he resigned. In the spring of 1862 he entered the service again as a member of the company known as Lawrence's Partisan Rangers, subsequently assigned to W. C. Claiborne's Battalion, Fourth North Carolina, or Seventh Confederate Cavalry Regiment.

When Lawrence's Rangers were divided into two companies, Private Moore was promoted captain and given command of the senior company. Soon afterwards he was disabled by the fall of his horse. Four months later he was made commissary of the Third Cavalry, with the rank of captain. About a year later he was promoted major, and in this rank, when Col. John A. Baker was captured, June 21, 1867, he took command of the regiment. In August, 1867, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel.

Participated in Many Battles.

While with the Third Cavalry he participated in the battles of Kinston, and New Berne; then the cavalry affairs on the Blackwater and with Longstreet about Suffolk, and the battles which resulted in the bottling of Butler at Bermuda Hundred; later at Ashland, Yellow Tavern, Hanovertown, Hanover C. H., North Anna Bridge, Nance's Shop, Deep Bottom, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Charles City Road (where



COL. ROGER MOORE.

Gen. J. R. Chambliss was killed), Belfield. He was then in fighting with Wilson's and Kantz's raids under Hampton, the City Point cattle raid, at Reams's Station, Burgis's Mill, Hatcher's Run, Davis's Farm, Dinwiddie C. H., Five Forks, and Nambozine Church. In all of these spirited engagements Col. Moore served with conspicuous gallantry and fully sustained the reputation of the troopers led by Gordon, Barringer, and W. H. F. Lee.

After the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox he returned to Clinton, N. C., and in August following again made his home in Wilmington, where he ever afterwards resided. He became one of the leading and prosperous business men of the city. He has served as alderman of the city and county commissioner of New Hanover County.

Col. Moore's reserve was exquisite. He was heroic in emergencies, and yet was so thoroughly in love with his fellow-man that he sought diligently the ways of peace. His word was his bond. On one occasion he had given his promise to a certain business course to accommodate a friend, and he held to it at the sacrifice of much money. His faithful Christian character may be well cherished as a model.

Maj. J. H. Littlefield,

of Hillsboro, Tex., died suddenly of heart disease, on June 7, 1901, at the home of his daughter in New York City, aged seventy-four years. He was born in Viva, Ind., and moved to Texas at an early age, and was a prominent merchant of the State for fifty years. He served throughout the war for the Confederacy, having enlisted as a private and winning promotion to a Major in Hood's Texas Brigade. He was an assistant quartermaster to the Fifth Texas Infantry, and then quartermaster to Robinson's Brigade. Three sons and a daughter live in Texas, and one daughter in New York City. Maj. Littlefield was a genial and courteous man and was highly esteemed in his State.

W. H. Fisher.

William Hickory Fisher was born in Arkansas in 1832, and came to Tennessee when only ten years old. He joined the Confederate cavalry, Tenth Tennessee, under Col. Cox in Gen. N. B. Forrest's command. He was elected lieutenant of his company, but acted as captain and took part, it is said, in every battle fought by Forrest. In his death Decatur County loses one of her best citizens, and his family and friends a kind and loving associate. He died at his home near Decaturville, Tenn., on November 27, and was buried with Masonic honor on Thanksgiving Day.

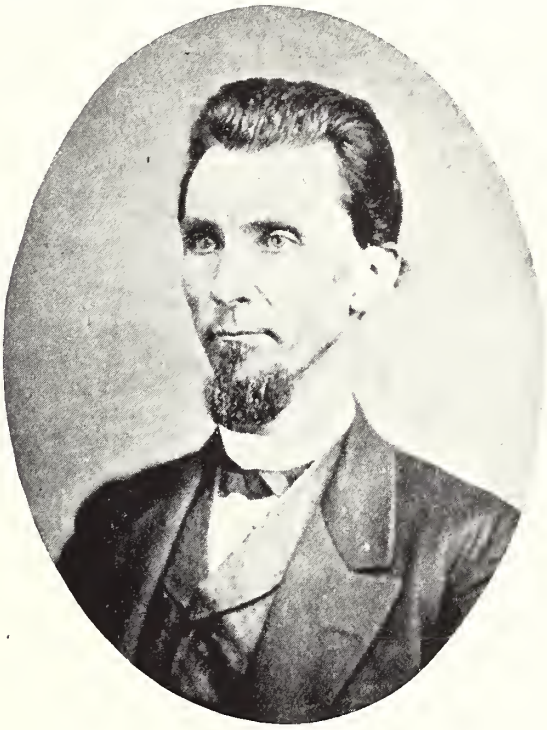
Col. J. J. Turner

died Wednesday, December 5, at his home on North Water Street, Gallatin, Tenn. He had been confined to his room for the past two months, but for several days preceding the end his condition was thought to be improved, and his death, which was due to heart failure, was unexpected, and a shock to his family and friends.

The deceased was born in Sumner County, June 28, 1830, and was educated at Franklin College, near Nashville, Tenn. He afterwards graduated in the Law Department of Cumberland University, Lebanon, and began the practice of his profession at Springfield. Several years afterwards he removed to Gallatin, forming a partnership with Col. John W. Head. He at once took a prominent place at the bar, and was considered one of the best and most successful lawyers of the State, being engaged in some of the largest lawsuits that have occurred in Tennessee.

At the beginning of the civil war Col. Turner entered the Confederate army as a major in the Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, mustering out at the close as lieutenant colonel. During the four years' conflict he made an enviable record as a brave, gallant soldier, being engaged in many memorable battles, including Fort Donelson, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, and Jackson, Miss. He was several times wounded in battle, one shot through the lungs having menaced his health the balance of his life.

Col. Turner represented Sumner County in the Legislature of 1858, and was also a member of the constitutional convention of 1870, in which he took a



COL. J. J. TURNER.

prominent part. He was married in 1854 to Miss Adeline Harper, who died several years ago. She was a descendant of Gen. William Russell, of Revolutionary fame. He is survived by three children, Robert H. Turner, Mrs. Adeline Cherry, and Clarabel Turner.

The deceased was a man of wide information and good education, being a constant reader of the best literature. He was an affectionate and indulgent father and husband. The above facts were gathered from the Gallatin *Examiner*.

Col. D. C. Kelley, of Forrest's Cavalry, now Lieut. Gen. Forrest's Cavalry Corps, writes from personal knowledge certain facts connected with Col. Turner's part in the battle of Fort Donelson:

It was probably as late as 3 P.M., on the day of that fateful battle that Gen. A. J. Smith, commanding a

fresh brigade of Federal soldiers, moved to the attack on the Confederate right flank. The position and the hour were alike critical in the extreme; the position sought to be obtained was a high point, which, if secured, would have enabled the Federal General to command Fort Donelson, and at the same time to enfilade the whole Confederate line. The ascent by Smith's men was very difficult; they, however, were fresh troops under the command of one of the most accomplished as well as the most daring officers in Grant's army. For six hours the battle had been waged with terrible carnage. On the Confederate left, as one after another Federal line had been driven from the field, fresh troops had been hurried to take their place until in large numbers the Confederate forces had been drawn from our right to reënforce our left and center.

The Thirtieth Tennessee was left alone to guard our right flank where as yet no attack had been made; the Colonel commanding the Thirtieth and two companies had been detached, moving toward our center. Col. Turner had only four hundred men with whom to meet Smith's advance. Writers on the Federal side have woven many laurels for Gen. Smith's brow in eulogy of his magnificent advance, while our historians have, so far as is known to the writer, failed to tell, that before Smith's line reached the summit of the ridge they were so gallantly climbing they found a lion in their path—Turner and his four hundred for a desperate hour holding Smith at bay, so that he never gained the summit of the ridge. About 4 P.M. Turner was reënforced, and the firing ceased with Smith baffled and the indomitable Turner commanding the victorious Confederates on our right. This action types Col. Turner throughout the war.

The probabilities are that Col. Turner died a comparatively poor man, though he had appeared in almost very important lawsuit on one side or the other in three adjoining counties. A man who knew him well said to me: "The widows and orphans will miss him," adding, "Turner's trouble was that he did not stop to consider which side the large fee was on, and too often became not only attorney but surety as well for those whose helplessness appealed to his sympathy;" thus again illustrating the aphorism, "The bravest are the tenderest."

The writer is prepared to testify to the fact that on a campaign involving a great moral issue he found Col. Turner efficiently at his side throwing to the winds all questions of mere political preferment as he gave time and voice to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, exhibiting a moral bravery, which was a noble sequel to his heroic courage as a Confederate soldier. Some years before his death he became a member of the Methodist Church in Gallatin.

Ex-Gov. James D. Porter furnishes the following:

After the field of Missionary Ridge had been lost, and every general officer had left it, Col. Turner assumed command of Tyler's Brigade (Col. Tyler had been dangerously wounded), composed of the Thirty-Seventh Georgia, the Tenth, Fifteenth, Thirty-Seventh, and Twentieth Tennessee Regiments, the First Tennessee Battalion, the Thirtieth Tennessee, and Cobb's Battalion of Artillery. Turner had been directed by his Division General to retire and follow on to the pontoon bridge, but the gallant Colonel decided to arrest the Federal advance. He fought Sheridan's entire division, and held it in check for two hours. It was the most gallant action of the campaign. Promotion was won by Turner, if he did not receive it.

After the fall of Col. McGavock, at Raymond, Miss., Col. Turner commanded the Tenth and Thirtieth Tennessee Regiments consolidated of Gregg's Brigade. This small brigade fought Logan's and Crocker's Divisons, and before the engagement closed it was assailed by McPherson's Seventh Army Corps. Col. Turner, with three hundred men, attacked the Third Missouri, eight hundred strong, and drove them in great disorder from the field. The Colonel commanding reported that he was assailed by three field regiments. On other parts of this famous field Turner was conspicuous and won the commendation of Gen. Gregg.

At Jonesboro Col. Turner was most conspicuous. His command was hurled against the intrenched position of the enemy, protected by an impassable abatis, well-served artillery, and two lines of infantry. He lost one-third of his command in a few minutes. He was twice wounded, and his gallant brother, Capt, J. H. Turner, of the Thirtieth Tennessee, received four mortal wounds. He held his position until ordered to retire.

Gen. Joseph A. Walker.

Capt. S. D. Buck writes from Baltimore, Md.:

In sending the photograph of Gen. Joseph A. Walker, who died recently at Wytheville, Va., I feel it a duty to the cause he so heroically defended to say something as to his connection with the regiment to which I had the honor of being a member.

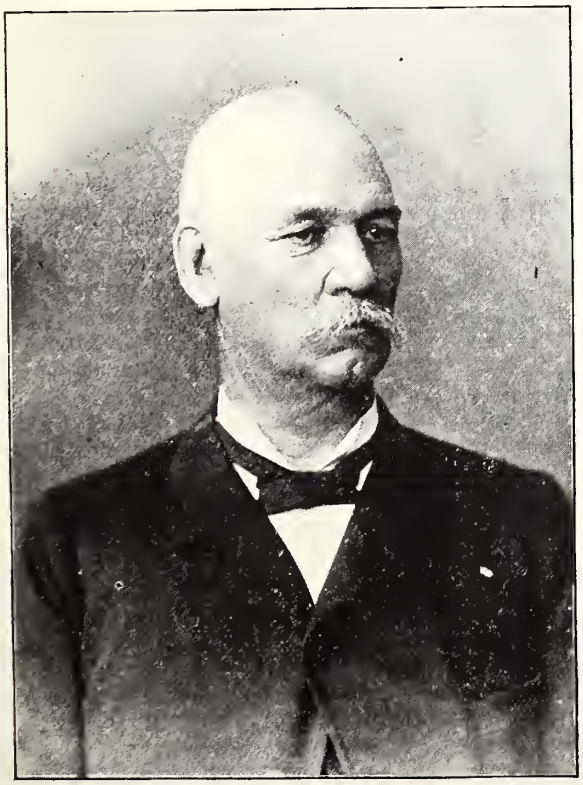
Gen. Walker was in every sense a soldier. "The bravest of the brave" is applicable to him as it was to Marshal Ney a century ago. In June, 1861, he reported for duty as Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, at Winchester, having been promoted from Captain in the Fourth Virginia Infantry. I had the honor of commanding Company H. of the Thirteenth, having been promoted to that position at the instance of Col. Walker. He reported for duty just after the return of the regiment from Romney. A. P. Hill was the colonel, Walker, lieutenant colonel, and James B. Terrill, major. Three better or more gallant officers never drew sword in defense of the cause so dear to the people of the South. Col. Hill soon left us and became most conspicuous as lieutenant general, and was immortalized by Gen. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, as both of these great men died with the name of the gallant Hill upon their lips. In the dying hour, they seemed to have been fighting their battles over, and both called for Gen. Hill to prepare for battle.

Walker was with us longer, having been promoted to colonel, and Terrill to lieutenant colonel. Later, Walker was promoted to brigadier general and commanded the Stonewall Brigade. He said: "To have commanded such a regiment as the Thirteenth Virginia, and such a brigade as 'Stonewall' was glory enough for me." Poor Terrill, gallant, brave soldier, fell at Spottsylvania, C. H., commanding the Thirteenth Virginia. His commission as brigadier general was at Lee's headquarters, but he did not know of

the high esteem in which he was held. Peace to the ashes of that brave spirit.

Walker and Terrill deserved the credit for the renown won by that grand regiment. Of this regiment Gen. Lee said: "It is a splendid body of men." Gen. Ewell said: "It is the only regiment in my command that never fails." Gen. Jeb Stuart said: "It always does exactly what it is told." Old Jubal Early, the "lion-hearted," said: "They can do more hard fighting and be in better plight afterward than any troops I ever saw." Gen. Stuart knew the value of the Thirteenth. It fought with his cavalry several times, notably at Sharpsburg, and he, the grandest cavalry officer of the age, applied to the authorities at Richmond to have the regiment mounted and put in his command, but the request was refused, indorsed, "The infantry, such as this regiment, is needed where it is." Walker and Terrill moulded these men and made them equal to any regiment in the service. At Cross Keys, Walker led us in the first really severe battle. After skirmishing for some time, he "rallied on the center," and, as soon as formed, without considering the number of the enemy, charged across a wheat field on to a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery. The clarion voice of Walker could be heard, "when the ranks were rolled in vapor and the winds were hushed with sound." Gallant, "doughty" Walker! The heart grows sick at the thought of that voice being stilled in death.

At Port Republic we were on the extreme right, and flanked Shield's position at the "coal-kiln," coming down the mountain just as the enemy's line was broken. Walker was in command of the regiment in the entire valley campaign under Jackson, Front Royal, Middletown, Winchester, Halltown. After Port Republic with Jackson's corps we went to Richmond, and as skirmishers for the division, we were the first of the corps to fire a gun in that memorable campaign around Richmond, known as the "Seven Days' Fight." Walker directed the regiment with a masterhand. In the afternoon when the firing at Gain's Mill shook the earth, notwithstanding the regiment had been on skirmish lines all day—as soon as he found the enemy had withdrawn from our front, he formed the regiment and marched it at quick time in the direction of the heaviest firing. As we were on the march, "right in front," a Yankee battery got our range and the colors were cut down three times, only to be picked up and waved at the enemy again. After crossing an open space, we were halted "and changed front forward on First Company," forming line of battle at the edge of a dense thicket. Walker did not have orders to "go in," but he was a man of the hour, and knew men were needed at the front, and his lion-heart and patriotism could not be stayed. His voice rang out above the din of battle, which was the severest firing I ever heard. As his command: "Forward, guide right!" came down the line, every man sprang to the charge, over bushes, briars, and through the swamp, coming out in front of the enemy's fortifications. The woods were full of men, and as we pressed forward, I saw old Gen. Ewell riding fearlessly, encouraging the men and urging them forward. We were within a hundred yards of the works, when the enemy broke and fell back. As to how Walker's men acquitted themselves, the casualities will answer. Out of 260 men, 128 fell killed and wounded. On to Harrison's Landing we followed the broken, retreating enemy.



GEN. J. A. WALKER.

On return of the army, Jackson's corps was ordered to Gardnerville, and met the enemy at Slaughter's Mountain, in Culpepper County. Gen. Early in command of the brigade, ordered Col. Walker to deploy his regiment and "feel the enemy." Moving forward on the main road leading to Culpepper C. H., there soon began a skirmish fire. Pressing on we came out in a field near the lane leading to Mrs. Crittenden's. On the hill beyond was posted a solid line of cavalry. The men were in fine spirits, supposing they had only cavalry to contend with, fully expecting a charge and were eager for it. By a beautiful maneuver, the cavalry disappeared, and before us stood a solid line of "blue coats with muskets." Gen. Early, (old Jube), came up with the brigade, and the line of battle was formed. Men were ordered to lie down, and for hours, under an August sun, were shelled, the earth being plowed about us by the enemy's fire. While this was in progress, the enemy was moving to our left, and about three o'clock, charged with great gallantry, breaking our line. Early at once moved forward, but soon found that his left flank was exposed, and had to fall back a short distance. Walker, after withdrawing about one hundred yards, saw Snowden Andrews Battery, supported by the gallant Col. Hoffman and his regiment, the Thirty-First Virginia, in great danger of being captured, when he moved back to their support, and while heavily engaged, Col. Tallifarro, of Stonewall Brigade, came down the line, calling to his men to rally to the Thirteenth Virginia.

"See, she stands like a stonewall!" (See Dabney's Life of Jackson for particulars of this incident.) We saved Andrew's Battery, and at once moved forward. The enemy, seeing the confusion on the left, thought our army was routed, and prepared for a cavalry charge. Walker took in the situation, and his voice rang out: "Thirteenth, left wheel!" The order was promptly obeyed, and as the cavalry came down the lane, we received them at ten paces with a volley, thoroughly breaking their line, killing and wounding many. I believe, had that charge not been checked, the battle would have been lost. Walker made no stop for orders, but changed front forward on the First Company, formed his line facing north, following the enemy, and at nightfall, the Thirteenth were the nearest troops to the enemy. At this time an amusing scene took place. Gen. Early missed the Thirteenth —which had really not been in the line of battle proper for want of room—and was inquiring for it. Some one told him the Thirteenth "was still running." Old Jube was red hot, cursing!—the very air smelt of brimstone. When Walker rode back, Gen. Early addressing Walker, said: "Where in the h— is the Thirteenth?" "Gen. Early, d— it, if you want to find the Thirteenth, go closer to the enemy. It is a mile in front, holding on for you to come up. The Thirteenth don't stay with the wagon-train!"

I could write much more of this dead hero. The best friend a good soldier ever had, and a terror to the man who shirked his duty. That model soldier and scholarly gentleman, Gen. H. Kyd Douglass, who served on Stonewall Jackson's staff, and later, on Gen. Walker's, said in a recent letter to the writer: "Dear sturdy Gen. Walker, that doughty man and soldier, was a good friend of mine and trusted me," and I say with all my heart, Amen. Rest in peace, my dear friend and General, your old comrades delight in your well earned honors, won in defense of a noble cause.

Gen. W. F. Perry.

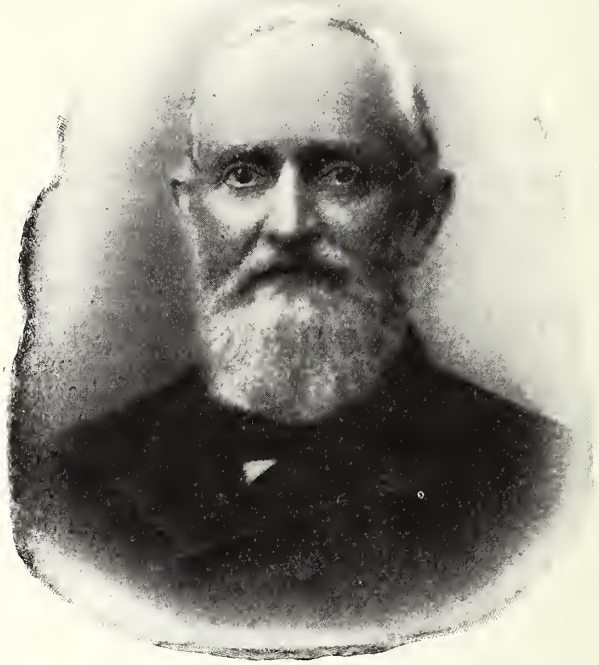
The "Last Roll" can hardly have a more worthy setting than to place in it the face and life reference to Gen. William Flake Perry, who crossed over the River December 17, 1901. He was born in Jackson County, Georgia, March 12, 1823. At the age of twenty years he became a teacher and followed that profession except to vacate it in the sixties to brave death on the battlefield from patriotic impulses, in vindication of Constitutional rights. Through his marriage to Miss Ellen Brown, of Alabama, there were four children, three of whom survive him as does his faithful worthy wife.

Kentucky became their home in 1861, and he died where he had long resided, in Bowling Green. For the last eighteen years he taught in Ogden College.

Rev. William Lunsford, as introductory to a beautiful funeral oration, in which he portrayed the admirable characteristics of Gen. Perry as citizen, soldier, teacher, and Christian, said:

I approach my task to-day with no little timidity. I am deeply sensible of my inability to meet the requirements of this hour. I have neither the wisdom nor the words for an undertaking so difficult and important, important to you and important to me.

Why this gathering of the representative elements of our city—the business, the professional, the scholarly? It means that the living form of our best-beloved citizen has gone forever. I can only alleviate



Gen. W. F. Perry.

your grief in part. I offer you the consolation which memory brings in preserving the inspiration of his spirit and the fragrance of his life. If I were ever so gifted in speech I could find no words in which to voice your feelings, and the feelings of hundreds of others in this community who realize that for the last time they have looked upon the figure of Gen. Perry in its quiet movement among us feelings of sorrow at his loss and of pride and reverence for his life and character. Permit me, in the words of another, to beg that whatever of fault you may find in this service, you will supply out of the richness and fullness of your recollection.

In the Veteran of April, 1901, there appeared a thrilling account of "The Devil's Den," at Gettysburg by Gen. Perry. He entered the Confederate service as major of the Forty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, serving with his command in the Army of Northern Virginia. As senior officer present he commanded the brigade in several battles during the year 1864, and was recommended for promotion by Gen. Longstreet. During the last days of the retreat to Appomattox, his well-disciplined brigade was the rear guard of Lee's army and comprised about one-tenth of its effective force.

Samuel H. Deane.

Henry H. Deane, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes:

Passed over the river to "rest under the shade of the trees," May 8, 1900, from his home at Griffin, Ga.,

Samuel H. Deane. He was born at Griffin, Ga., February 22, 1842. His parents were reared in the good old State of Massachusetts, but moved South—to Georgia—early in their married life. He developed in early life principles of character and stability of purpose.

When the great war was launched in 1861 his parents were greatly disturbed, as all of their relatives and the friends of their early days were in the far North, while a residence of more than two decades had endeared them to the Southland.

Samuel Deane was animated by the stirring stories of battle after battle until he could resist no longer the call to the defense of his country. Feeling that it was useless to try to gain the consent of his parents, he slipped away quietly at night. He enlisted February 15, 1862, in Company E, Second Georgia Cavalry, under Col. Lawton, Crews's Brigade, afterwards serving under Forrest. With the exception of thirty days spent in prison (having been captured at Lebanon Junction, Ky.), he was in active service to the end of the war.

SAMUEL H. DEANE.

He was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, Tenn.; New Hope Church, Ringgold, Resaca, Marietta, and Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; and again with Forrest at Murfreesboro.

Returning home to Griffin, Samuel embarked in mercantile pursuits, and so continued the remainder of his life. On October 27, 1869, at Indian Springs, Ga., he was married to Miss Caroline E. Varner, the ceremony being performed by his father, Rev. Henry L. Deane. He served his native city as alderman for some twelve years, but refused the office of mayor.

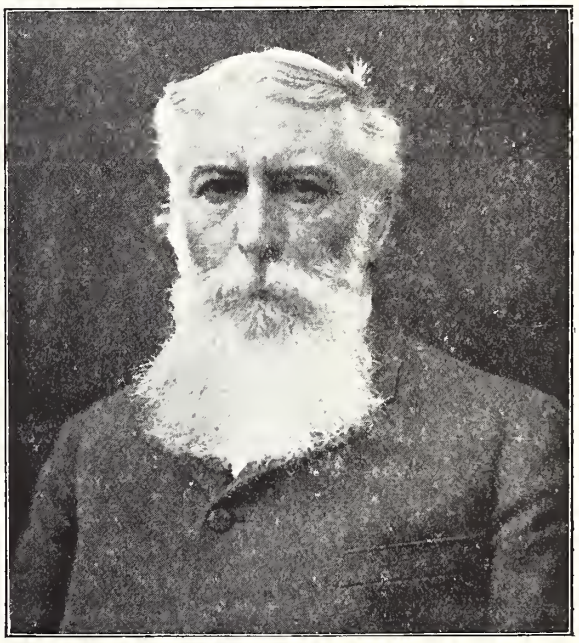
His death is a sad loss not only to his family, but to hundreds of friends. Concerning his faith for the future, he said: "I made my peace with God years ago!"

John D. Keiley.

John D. Keiley was born at Petersburg, Va., in 1839, died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 26, 1901. Mr. Keiley spent his early years in the South, and his military title of major was earned by hard service in the Confederate army. At the close of the Confederate war, Maj. Keiley turned his face northward and settled in Brooklyn, where he was always a valued and influential citizen, ever protecting the interests of the community in which he lived by giving generously and unstintingly of his time, his intellect, his energies, and his genial bounty. He was as loyal to his church as he was to his state and city, and there were few, if any, more notable Catholic laymen in the country. He believed in his religion and its power to regenerate society, but he was not intolerant, for like all men who understand the fundamentals of religion, he cared above all things for its fruits in love to God and love to men.

When a young man Maj. Keiley was a resident of Richmond, Va., and he appeared there at the commencement of the war, as a captain of infantry. He was soon chosen as a member of Gen. Longstreet's staff and with "Old Pete," as Longstreet was affectionately termed by his men, Maj. Keiley served as quartermaster. It was not long before he gained the reputation of being the "best quartermaster in the Confederate army." Maj. Keiley not infrequently did staff duty, and accompanied his superior throughout the campaign before Richmond and in Northern Virginia. He was also with Longstreet when he commanded the right wing of the Confederate forces on the famous third day at Gettysburg.

Though the deeds of Maj. Keiley shed a lustre in the community where he daily moved among men, the activity of his many useful interests never diverted him from the sacred offices of home life, where the beautiful harmony of Christian love made the sacred place a vestibule to the heaven where his great spirit now dwells in joy.

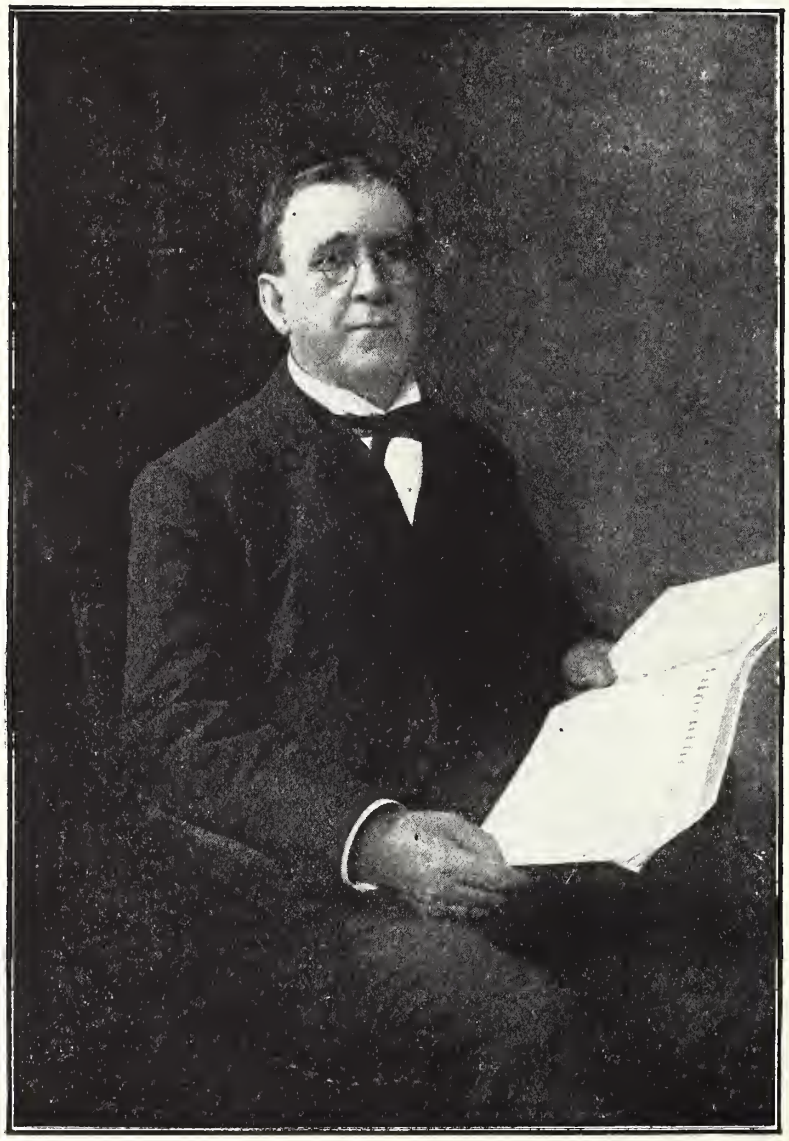


MAJ. JOHN D. KEILEY.

"His magic was not far to seek,
He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume: for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.
His look, wherever its good fortune fell,
Doubled the feast without a miracle."

COL. J. H. ESTILL, SAVANNAH, GA.

Much is said of Confederates who survived the war in rehabilitating their impoverished and desolate Southland. In a general way the comparisons seem extravagant; for, however much they have accomplished, the ordeal of fire and sword required all that was possible to humanity. In the war there was no motive but patriotism, whereas in the acts of civil life there is prospective individual gain. Some occupations, however, have kept individuals in public attitudes to such a degree that selfish purposes could be but secondary.



Such has been the occupation and the life of a Georgia comrade whose career has been watched with admiration and gratitude by this editor for a quarter of a century. That comrade is J. H. Estill, whom his friends designate as Col. Estill, Post-Commander of Lafayette McLaws Camp No. 576, U. C. V.

At the outbreak of the great war, he enlisted with the First Georgia Regiment of Volunteers, and was among the first soldiers to enter Fort Pulaski. He went to Virginia with Bartow, and served with the Eighth Georgia Regiment until he was wounded. Though disabled, he served as a volunteer during Sherman's march to the sea, and at the siege of Savannah.

He was born in 1840. At eleven years of age he entered a printing office and began then a remarkable career. Except during the war, when he served the Confederacy, he has always been in the newspaper and printing business. Soon after the war he secured an interest in the Savannah *Morning News,* and in 1868 became the proprietor. He has devoted the best years of his life to his newspaper. That paper has ever borne the impress of his individuality.

The *Morning News* has ever been a dignified, conservative paper—printing "all the news that's fit to print." It has not been inflated by booms; and, happily, general disasters have never deprived it of appearing healthy and genteel, ever a credit to the journalism of the country.

Col. Estill is, in fact, an optimist. He believes that we are living in the best age the world has ever seen, and that people are growing better every day. He has little patience with the croakers who continually refer to the "good old times," and wail because the world is fast going to the dogs. There never was a better time than the present, he says, the world is better every day.

Col. Estill has never been a politician in the ordinary sense, but he has filled many public positions. All of the time, however, he has been an earnest worker.

In 1878 he was appointed a member of the staff of Gov. Colquitt, his personal friend. That position he held on the staffs of several succeeding Governors of Georgia. In 1882 he was Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, and took a leading part in the campaign of that year.

Under President Cleveland he might have filled an important consul generalship. At another time, under the same President, he could have had the office of collector of the port of Savannah, but upon each occasion he declined to yield to the solicitations of friends, and recommended others for these appointments. The only honor in national politics which Col. Estill has ever accepted was a membership in the National Democratic Committee for Georgia. He is the present Chairman of the First Congressional District Executive Committee.

At the close of the war he was without a dollar, and began life anew.

He has since the war been identified with most of the public enterprises of Savannah; and his public spirit has been manifested over South Georgia. He is prominent in many of the commercial and financial institutions of Savannah. For years he was a member of the Board of Chatham County Commissioners. He has been for twenty-three years President of the Bethesda Orphanage, the oldest charitable institution in Georgia. He has been for many years a member of the Chatham County Board of Education, and is deeply interested in educational affairs. He is in favor of liberal appropriations for the public schools. He was a leader in the movement for modern schoolhouses and advanced education.

As a County Commissioner he was active in public works. During his incumbency of the office the new county courthouse was built, and the local convict system organized and improved. He was largely instrumental in the building of the

great drainage system which has made Savannah one of the healthiest cities in the country.

Col. Estill is being considered for Governor of Georgia. Such preferment would seem appropriate in the sense of honoring a faithful servant who has always labored for the public good and is capable of conducting affairs of State in high degree.

ESTILL IN THE NAVY.

The Atlanta *Constitution* states:

Col. J. H. Estill served at one time in the Confederate navy. In speaking of this service, L. A. McCarthy, of Savannah, who was an engineer in the Confederate navy and knew the facts, is reported through the *Constitution* as saying:

"Everybody knows that Savannah's candidate for governor was a Confederate soldier, but there are only a few who are aware of the fact that for a brief period he served his country in the navy. What has been said of his many good qualities reminds me of an incident in his life with which I had something to do. Certainly he has never received the credit which is justly his due for his promptness in taking hold of any thing and doing the best he can with it. He was that way from boyhood, and those who knew him then have not been surprised to see his progress until he has reached the foremost rank among the citizens of our city and State.

"My acquaintance with Col. Estill goes back to our boyhood days, when he was a printer apprentice, a schoolboy, and member of a boys' circus, and when I was his partner in a panorama. In later years I soldiered with him at Fort Pulaski, and after the war I was a member of the volunteer fire company—the Metropolitan—of which he was President. He is a quiet, modest man, but he comes nearer being 'all man' than any one whom I can recall.

"But the incident I referred to occurred in the sixties, times that tried men's souls and their bodies as well. I remember him, when in the same command, as always prompt in the discharge of his duties as a soldier. The fortunes of war, however, separated us. He went to Virginia, and I became an engineer in the Confederate States navy and was assigned to duty at Savannah, reporting to Commodore Tattnall. At that time, though a practical machinist, I had little experience in marine engines. While awaiting orders, which came almost too suddenly, I was assigned to the gunboat Resolute, which had been laid up for some time, and which had orders to proceed down the river to assist in getting the ram Atlanta, then about to go out to attack the Federal fleet in Warsaw Sound, off a bank at the mouth of Augustine Creek.

"Having no assistant engineer, and with little practical experience, I thought of my friend Holly Estill, then at home from Virginia, as a friend who could help me in my new duties. He was something of an engineer and machinist; he had run a stationary engine, and studied steam engineering a little. He promptly responded to my call to go down the river and help me out in my first attempt at steamboat engineering. Considerable time was lost in getting the crew aboard, etc., and it was late in the evening when the bell rang to go ahead, and we steamed out into the stream. Between the mistakes of the officer in command and the pilot in ringing the bells, and those of the engineer (myself), and the bad condition of the machinery, the engine 'got on the center.' Engineers will understand what that means. And this is where Holly Estill came in. He rushed around with several of the crew yelling for a 'capstan bar,' and succeeded in getting one, and they pried the engine off its center. It is well the harbor had few crafts in it, or I fear we would never have reached the ram Atlanta. At last we got headed down the river, and fortune favored us until we arrived at our destination. Preparations were made to run out lines to the ram, but our pilot was not a success in the maneuvers to get alongside the iron monster; we made several attempts to ram the ram, and on each occasion our boat got the worst of it.

"In one of these attempts the rudder chains were carried away and the engine got on its center and we struck the ram again. Our next Governor could stand it no longer, and he made a leap from the starboard gangway of the Resolute to the deck of the Atlanta. I am sure he has never forgotten that leap. It was the greatest jump I ever witnessed. Once on deck, he reported the condition of affairs on the Resolute to the commander of the Atlanta, and that officer sent additional men aboard our steamer, and my friend Estill came back with them. We spent all night almost under the very nose of the Yankee battery on Bird Island in repairing damages, and when we got back to the Atlanta in the morning she had been gotten off. We steamed back to Savannah, hungry and worn out from our first experience as engineer and assistant in naval service of the Confederate States of America.

SEVERAL SPLENDID BOOKS.

"Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French, is becoming a historic treasure, the like of which has hardly ever appeared. It is read with intense interest, North as well as South. The Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel* **has this to say of it:**

Gen. French was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1843. He fought in the Mexican war, and later was an officer in the Confederate army. In a straightforward style he tells of the stirring events with which he has been more or less identified. When his point of view is considered his work is remarkably free from bias or prejudice. The book has the charm of presenting in a most intimate and vivid manner scenes in the perilous days of the early '60s. The surrender of Lee is described in a most dramatic way, and the author draws characteristic pictures of many of the great generals. Every soldier will enjoy reading this book.

Write for copies ($2) or agency to this office.

VALUABLE BOOKS AT LOW PRICES WITH VETERAN.

Figures in the right-hand column are for the book and a year's subscription to the VETERAN. Figures in first column are publishers' prices for the books only.

"Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. J. William Jones (cloth), former price	$2 25	$1 50
"In the Wake of War," by Verne S. Pease	1 50	1 75
"The Dixie Story Book, by Miss Mary Kennard.	40	1 15
Rand, McNally's "Pocket Atlas of the World"	50	1 25
Game of Confederate Heroes. Sold for benefit of Sam Davis Monument Fund	50	1 25
"Life of Forrest," by Dr. John A. Wyeth (cloth)	4 00	4 00
"Two Years of the Alabama," by Arthur Sinclair, Lieutenant under Admiral Semmes (cloth)	3 00	3 00
"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows"	1 50	1 50
"Old Spain and New Spain"	1 50	1 50

It will be seen that the last four books are given with the VETERAN at exactly the original prices of the books. Two are by H. M. Field, D.D., of that eminent family of four brothers, and he is the sole survivor. Dr. Field is deeply interested in the South, and, desiring the widest publicity to his series of letters written about journeys through Dixie, gives his able services, and more, to enable the VETERAN to circulate "Bright Skies." Then his history of Spain is specially interesting to Southern people. Remember, either book and a year's subscription for a year at the publisher's price of the book, $1.50.

CURES BLOOD POISONING, CANCER, EATING SORES, ULCERS, ETC.

Several Cases Cited.

Blood poison and deadly cancer are the worst and most deep-seated blood diseases on earth, yet the easiest to cure when B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) is used. If you have blood poison, producing ulcers, bone pains, pimples, itching skin, scrofula, scabs and scales, or deadly cancer, eating, bleeding, festering sores, swellings, lumps, persistent wart or sore, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B). It will cure even the worse case after everything else fails. Among others cured was Mrs. M. L. Adams, of Fredonia, Ala. Had an eating cancer, the bones of her nose and upper part of her mouth entirely eaten out. Could only eat strained soup, yet the cancer healed perfectly by taking B. B. B. Allan Grant, Sparta, Ga., had painful sore on lip called epithelial cancer, also much pain in bones and weakness in back; B. B. B. made his blood pure and rich, healed the sore and gave him strength. B. B. B. cured K. P. B. Jones, Atlanta, Ga., of blood poison; had spots and eruptions all over the body, excruciating aches and pains in bones and joints, sore throat. His troubles resisted the treatment of the most noted doctors, completely cured by Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.), which drains the poison out of the system, then every sore heals. B. B. B. makes the blood pure and rich and builds up the broken down body. B. B. B. thoroughly tested for thirty years.

SUFFERED FOUR YEARS.

Skin Swollen All Over—Agonizing Eczema on Hand.

Hobson, Ga., May 11, 1901.

Dear Sirs: I want to inform you all what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I have been suffering with eczema for four years, and was at times confined to my bed for two months at a time. My husband tried three doctors and different patent medicines, and none did me much good. Your B. B. B. has done me more good than any. My skin was swollen all over and my hand was so sore with eczema that I could not use it. The first bottle took the swelling out, and my hand began to heal. I have commenced on the third bottle, and my health is better than it has been in four years. Gentlemen, I thank you for your wonderful medicine, and I feel that I cannot say too much for it. I will advise all people what a great medicine it is.

Yours very truly, Sarah Cochran.

RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH CURED THROUGH THE BLOOD.

It is the deep-seated, obstinate cases of catarrh and rheumatism that B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) cures. It matters not what other treatments, doctors, sprays, liniments, medicated air, blood purifiers, have failed to do, B. B. B. always promptly reaches the real cause, roots out and drains from the bones, joints, mucous membrane, and entire system the specific poison in the blood that causes rheumatism or catarrh. B. B. B. is the only remedy strong enough to do this and cure so there can never be a return of the symptoms. If you have pains and aches in bones, joints, or back, swollen glands, tainted breath, noises in the head, discharge of mucous, ulcerations of the members, blood thin, get easily tired, a treatment with B. B. B. will stop every symptom by making the blood pure and rich. Try this grand cure and get rid of your rheumatism or catarrh forever.

William Price, Luttsville, Mo., had sciatica and lost the use of one arm and one leg for nine years. He went to the Hot Springs and tried many doctors, but found no cure until he took Botanic Blood Balm, which made him sound and well, and he has been able to use his arm and leg ever since. What more need we say? We could fill a book with cures made by Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).

Mrs. Elizabeth Knott, of Butler Street, Atlanta, had for years a very troublesome nasal catarrh. So terrible had its nature been that she frequently blew small pieces of bone from her mouth and nose. The discharge was copious and very offensive. Her general health became greatly impaired, with poor appetite and worse digestion. She took three bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, and it worked on her like magic. Not a symptom has returned in over three years, and she is completely restored to health.

WHAT IS BOTANIC BLOOD BALM?

Sample Free.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is a powerful, trustworthy, non-poisonous blood purifier and maker of new, rich blood. B. B. B. is compounded of pure botanical ingredients. It acts directly on the glands, the liver and kidneys, causing these organs to drain from the blood the impurities, poisons, and humors, which are the direct cause of eczema, cancers, ulcers, rheumatism, bone pains, etc. Botanic Blood Balm is especially free from irritating properties, even when used by the most delicate, or by infants, advantages that have given Botanic Blood Balm a preference over other blood remedies, in that it may be used freely, according to directions, without fear of injurious effects, etc. To prove our faith in B. B. B., we will give a trial treatment free to sufferers, so they may test the remedy at our expense. For trial treatment, address Blood Balm Company, 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and free personal medical advice will be given.

RHEUMATISM CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE.

A tried and proven medical discovery for the treatment of Rheumatism is the

JAMES HENRY MEDICATED BELT.

It consists of a belt, with certain medicines quilted within it, which is worn around the waist, and is not in any way annoying. The medical qualities are absorbed by the body, and quick relief follows.

Wonderful results have been effected. This remedy brings safe and speedy relief from the pains of the dreadful malady. The stomach cannot stand medicine powerful enough to eradicate uric acid; therefore treatment by absorption is the only practical, sure cure.

As a preventive, wear the belt one week in each month from October to May.

TESTIMONIALS AT NASHVILLE.

Mr. L. H. Davis: "For nervousness and general debility I have tried the James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt, and have found wonderful relief from its use. My nervousness has entirely disappeared, my general health is good, and I feel like an entirely different man. I have advised several of my friends to try this remedy, and they have done so with the same happy results."

Newt C. Harris: "I certify that I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the past seven years. I have tried all kinds of remedies, without any permanent relief, until my attention was directed to the James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt. After having tried the Belt for eight weeks, I find my rheumatism entirely cured, not a vestige of the disease remaining in my system. Relief came in a few days after using the Belt."

J. S. Woodall: "For years I have been a sufferer from rheumatism. As a result I have passed many sleepless nights, and have been incapacitated for active business. My attention was called to the James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt. I tried it, and am a well man. Three days' trial convinced me that the result would be all that my friends claimed for it. My restoration from rheumatism is complete."

Luland Landis, with the Landis Banking Co.: "My wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism and extreme nervousness for the past two years. After wearing the Medicated Belt for a short time, she found relief from both troubles."

R. P. McGinnis: "I unhesitatingly recommend the James Henry Medicated Belt for all who are suffering from rheumatism. I have not felt well for years. Since I began using the Belt, I have realized a marked improvement, and am satisfied that it will effect a permanent cure."

J. T. Burch, with J. H. Fall & Co.: "I commenced wearing a James Henry Medicated Rheumatic Belt about the first of last November, and was relieved entirely of all pain in less than thirty days. I am well for the first time in ten or twelve years. I think the Belt is one of the wonders of the age."

W. J. Sneed, M.D.: "In preference to taking medicine internally, and being familiar with the medicines used in the James Henry Belt and their action, I used the Belt myself, with good results, in rheumatism."

Mailed for $2 by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville.

A Nashville druggist, who was cured by this remedy and reapplies it upon taking cold, makes a contract with the VETERAN to supply it at a reduced price, hence orders should be sent direct to this office. It is commended in good faith. Price, $2.

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CHARLES A. WICKERSHAM, President and General Manager, ATLANTA, GA.

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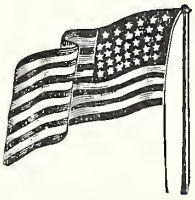

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Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Capt. Thomas H. Barry, of Oxford, Ala., wishes the address of some commissioned officer of Quarles Brigade, composed of Mississippi or Tennessee troops, C. S. A.

Robert Connelly, of Lloyd, N. Y., has in his possession a letter written by Elizabeth Tadlock, of North Carolina, which he found on the battlefield of Antietam. It may be that some relative would like to possess this time-stained epistle, and Mr. Connelly would like to hear from her people.

William L. Rhea, 622 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn., would like to learn something of the fate of a friend, William Sturm, who belonged to the Sixty-Third Tennessee Infantry, under Col. A. Fulkerson. He was captured at Petersburg and taken to Elmira prison, where, it is supposed, he died, as he was never heard from afterwards. A list of the dead of this prison would relieve this uncertainty, and it is hoped that some comrade can furnish it.

SHOULD INTEREST EVERY AILING PERSON.

Every reader of this paper who is ailing or in poor health, or has some friend or relative who is sick, should be interested in the offer on another page, under the heading "Personal to Subscribers," made by the Theo. Noel Company, of Chicago. This company is the proprietor of the famous Vitæ-Ore, a natural mineral medicine discovered by Theo. Noel, a geologist, many years ago, which they offer to send out on trial to every ailing person. Many of our readers may have already used this medicine and know of its merits, but those who have not, should not fail to avail themselves of this most liberal offer. The company is reliable and will do just as they promise.

COTTON BELT ROUTE THE WAY.

Mr. John Adams, G. P. and T. A., Ft. Worth:

Dear Sir: At the regular meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., No. 158, your line was selected as the official route to the Memphis reunion, after presentation of the merits of the respective lines operating between Fort Worth and Memphis. The Camp left Fort Worth on Sunday morning, May 19, in a special car provided by your line, reaching Memphis the next morning. Maj. Gen. Van Zandt and his staff accompanied the Camp, together with the sponsors and maids of honor of Lee Camp and the delegates, sponsors, and maids of honor of the Sons of Veterans. I desire to say that the service afforded by your line was excellent. The care exercised by you and other representatives of the Cotton Belt was thorough and complete. The sleeping car accommodations were ample, as every one who desired same received it, and the above sentiment was expressed in a set of resolutions adopted June 2. Personally, I desire to add my thanks for the many courtesies extended by your line, and take pleasure in recommending to my comrades the Cotton Belt Route.

K. M. Van Zandt,
Maj. Gen. Com'ng Tex. Div. U. C. V.
W. M. McConnell,
Adjt. Lee Camp 158, U. C. V.

WANTED.—Copies of the *Southern Bivouac* for September, 1882; May, June, and September, 1883. Will pay good price. Address

The Confederate Veteran.

In Old Kentucky,

at Lexington, is where the boys and girls learn to master the Business Problems. In a few short months they are able to accept responsible positions, because HERE they get a Practical Business Education that fits them for life's duties. Give the children a Business Education. It doesn't cost very much. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

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OVERWORKED Nerves and Torpid Liver produce that condition of brain and body that is bound to result in further complications. In most such cases, you find the blood in bad condition. To correct these evils, you must get at the seat of all the trouble.

Dr. Wilson's Blue Pills for Blue People act directly on the Liver, cleansing and purifying the blood and are food for the nerves. Testimonials on file at our office from sufferers who are glad to express their pleasure for being brought back to health and strength again.

Trial size 10c - large size 25c. For sale by all druggists, or mailed to any address in the United States or Foreign Countries upon receipt of price. Contains no Calomel or other Mineral Poison. Address

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Free Sample sent on application.

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A Prominent Druggist,
Was Cured by . . . .

GILBERT'S GRAVEL WEED.

WALTER A. GIVEN, DRUGGIST,
GURLEY AND NEW HOPE.

GURLEY, ALA., Dec. 31, 1901.
Mr. T. H. Gilbert, Huntsville, Ala.—My Dear Sir: I am very much astonished and pleased with the results obtained from taking three bottles of Gilbert's Gravel Weed Compound. I had been a sufferer from kidney and bladder troubles for two years, until my system was run down. Your medicine braced me up, and entirely cured me. I believe it to be the best kidney and bladder medicine of the age, and as a general tonic it has no equal.
Very truly, WALTER A. GIVEN.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

If not in drug store, we will prepay express charges on three or more bottles. Send express or post office order.

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TRAVEL VIA
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One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

RIPLEY, TENN., June 1, 1901.
Dr E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir: Having tried various remedies without satisfactory results, I was persuaded to give your "Texas Wonder" a trial. I have used one bottle, and, although my case is one of long standing that baffled the skill of the best physicians, yet it yielded at once to the "Texas Wonder," which I heartily recommend to all suffering from kidney and bladder troubles.
Yours truly, W. H. BRUTON,
Pastor Baptist Church, Ripley, Tenn.

W. K. Beard, 929 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., asks for information of Col. David Fleming, who was in the explosion of a mine at Petersburg, and his family have never heard of him since. He was colonel of the Twenty-Second South Carolina Regiment.

"FRANK LOGAN."

Mrs. John M. Clay, of Ashland, near Lexington, Ky., wife of the grandson of Henry Clay, and a writer of considerable experience, has in her latest novel achieved greater success along literary lines than ever before. "Frank Logan," (an advertisement of which appears in the VETERAN), is a strong, vigorous production, full of the freshness of the mountains in which the scene is laid, the daring of the State in which the hero is born; the romance of the old and modern vendetta. The book deals with the war between the States, and a fine climax is presented when both Union and Confederate Kentucky soldiers stop a furious battle to let a woman pass through the lines, said to be a true incident. The characters of Margaret Tolliver and Frank Logan are well matched; the purity and loyalty of the one, developing the highest possibilities in the rugged but manly nature of the other. The book is attractive in appearance, and has as a frontispiece a typical blue grass scene; the author herself stands in a meadow with the heads of three loving equine friends close to hers; three beautiful horses stand guard, seeming almost human in intelligent expression. "Frank Logan" is well worth the reading, and proves the versatility of a sympathetic writer

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Barber Shop, Russian and Turkish Bath Rooms.
315 and 317 CHURCH STREET.
Also Barber Shop at 325 Church Street.

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CHAUTAUQUA wants a bright, intelligent man or woman in every town to act as its agent this winter and spring in dispensing Chautauqua literature, organizing literature, organizing literary clubs, and encouraging the Chautauqua courses of Home Reading and study. All one's time, or only spare time, may be devoted to the work, and Chautauqua will pay liberally for this service. Prizes will also be offered for successful work.
When you remember that Chautauqua is now twenty-eight years old, that it has gone into every State of the Union, that it has enrolled more than a *quarter of a million members*, that it keeps in successful operation a great variety of courses of home reading, that it conducts the largest and most complete summer school in the world, and that eighty Chautauqua Summer Assemblies were held this year in thirty different States, attracting over half a million people—you get some idea of its strength, its scope, and its influence.

Chautauqua Assembly, Bureau of Extension
(DEPT. N),
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PREACHERS PRAISE
Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

OPELIKA, ALA., May 12, 1900.
Having used Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic in my family and known of its use for a number of years, I take great pleasure in recommending it as a valuable household medicine. Its efficacy as a dressing for wounds, burns, etc., is really wonderful, preserving the flesh and allowing it to heal without inflammation or supperation. It is very popular wherever it is well known.
J. F. PURSER,
Pastor Baptist Church.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Dec. 22, 1899.
Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic is our favorite remedy for cuts, burns, stings of insects, inflamed eyes, sore throat, or any manner of wound or inflammation. Have found it a safe and pleasant cure for colic and other internal derangement. I have never recommended proprietary medicines, but make an exception of this.
SID WILLIAMS, *Evangelist.*

WRITE
SHERROUSE MEDICINE CO.,
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For Free Samples.

MARDI GRAS CELEBRATION.

Tickets will be sold February 4th to 10th, inclusive, and for trains arriving at New Orleans and Mobile during the forenoon of February 11, with final limit for return passage February 15, 1902.

For further information call on any Ticket Agent of the Southern Railway or Alabama Great Southern Railroad.

On account of Mardi Gras celebration at New Orleans, La., and Mobile, Ala., February 4-11, 1902, the Southern Railway and Alabama Great Southern Railroad will sell tickets from all points on their lines to New Orleans, La., and return; also to Mobile, Ala., and return, at one fare for the round trip.

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WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a full-sized **ONE DOLLAR** package of **VITAE-ORE,** by mail, **POSTPAID,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. READ this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitae-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine rocklike substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water, drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Give age, ills, and sex.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card.

In answer to this, address **THEO. NOEL COMPANY, 527, 529, 531 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

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Best Reed Comfort ROCKER. $2.45

A large splendid chair, such as retailers sell for $5 or more. Many other styles from $1.85 up, in our catalogue. Write and we will send by mail at once.

$11.35 HEAVY Solid Oak Sideboard with beveled French Plate Mirror 14x24. Beautiful golden finish. So small a cut can't do it justice. Write for full description of this and finer styles **AT LOW PRICES.** We send catalogue **Free.**

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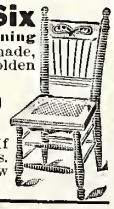
Full size woven wire mattress with 3 rows coil steel springs. Fine golden finish. Write for full description and see our attractive styles for **very low prices.** We send catalogue **Free.** Write for it to-day. It is full of great bargains.

$4.50 Set of Six Solid Oak Dining Chairs. Strong and well made, with cane seat, fine gloss, golden finish, worth $6.50 per set.



ALL STYLES AND LOW PRICES in our FREE catalogue. If you want any chairs, write us. We have cane seated as low as $5.50 per dozen.

Top 36x42 when closed, and extends to 6 feet. Beautiful golden finish. Would be cheap at $5.00. Finer styles at **Bottom Price.**

$3.65 Solid Oak Polished Top Extension Table.

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Affords Tourist, Prospector, or Home Seeker the Best Service. Fastest Schedule to All Points in

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Besides Chair Cars, Cotton Belt trains carry Pullman Sleepers at night and Parlor Cafe Cars during the day.

Write and tell us where you are going and when you will leave, and we will tell you the exact cost of a ticket and send you a complete schedule for the trip. We will also send you an interesting little booklet, "A Trip to Texas."

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The Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, by Dr. J. A. Wyeth, is the most popular book ever offered by the VETERAN. Send $4 for the book and a year's subscription.

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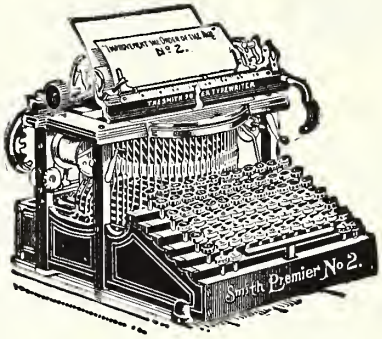

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Brandon Printing Company,

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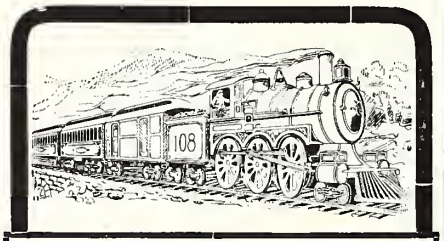
Nashville, Tenn.



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ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO

Leaves Nashville
Every Evening

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS

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Unexcelled Equipment.
Fast Schedules.

DINING CARS are operated on Southern Railway trains.

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of the latest pattern on all through trains.

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OF PASSENGERS IS THE FINEST TRACK IN TEXAS; EVEN GRADES, GRAVEL BALLAST, FIRM ROADBED. FINEST DINING STATIONS IN THE WORLD, HARVEY EATING HOUSES

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The Confederate Mining Company

Incorporated Under the Laws of the Territory of Arizona

Capital Stock, $1,000,000 Par Value of Shares, $10 Each

Uniontown, Kentucky, Nov. 15th, 1901.

Dear Sir:-

The Confederate Mining Company, Incorporated under the laws of the Territory of Arizona, now open their stock books and solicit the Ex-Confederates of the South to take stock in a group of Copper Claims which is owned by this Company and is a legitimate mining proposition. The Company is composed of old Ex-Confederate soldiers and successful business men, who are well known in the history of the late war, and who are to-day well known in their own counties as successful business men, who will conduct the affairs of this Corporation honestly.

The Confederate Mining Company was organized at the late reunion at Memphis, Tenn., by men who are familiar with the resources and richness of the minerals of the Territory of Arizona, and who have been practical miners for the last ten years, standing high in the mining country as mining experts and engineers.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper shows that a bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders North, East, and West, but a small amount only to the good people of the South, and it remains for the Confederate Mining Company to offer, first to the Old Southern Soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their Treasury Stock which is sold for development purposes. The Company proposes to sell ten thousand shares of stock (par value of each share, ten dollars) for one dollar per share, fully paid and non-assessable.

You can afford to invest a small amount or a large amount at this price, which is the lowest at which stock will be sold, and as soon as the development shows the real worth of this property, shares will advance rapidly, and within two or three years' time will be at par and paying dividends. Investigate this proposition, it will pay you to do so; any inquiry will be answered immediately, and references given if required.

Not less than ten shares of stock sold to any one, and the right to withdraw the stock or advance same at any time reserved.

Yours truly,

THE CONFEDERATE MINING CO.,

By R. W. Crabb, Treasurer.

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extra cost.

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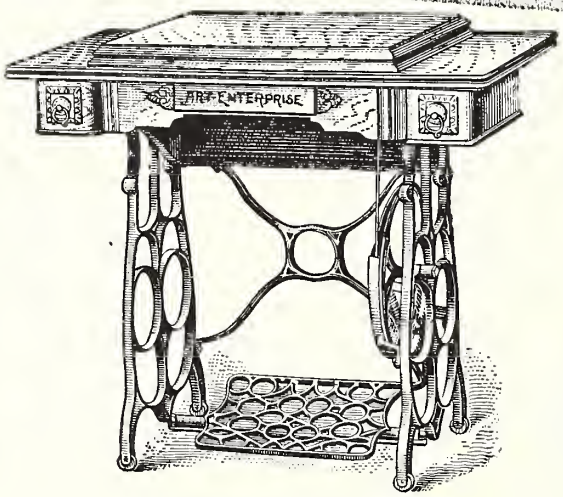
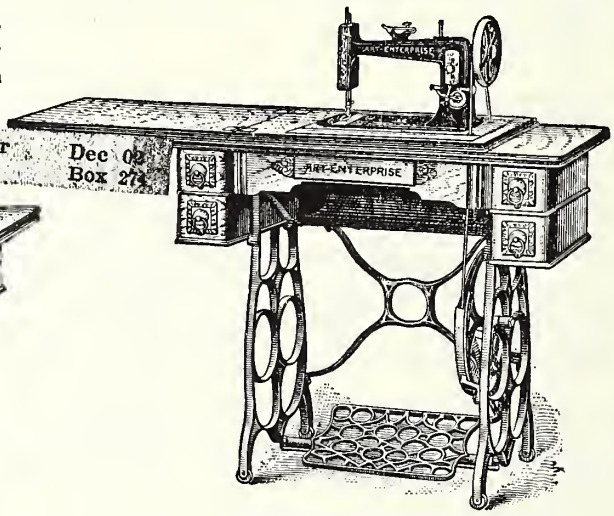


TWO DRAWER, DROP HEAD, CLOSED



FIVE DRAWER, DROP HEAD, OPEN

No. 3. Five Drawer and Cover.	Net, each . .	$15 00
No. 5. Two Drawer, Drop Head.	Net, each .	15 75
No. 6. Four Drawer, Drop Head.	Net, each . .	16 50

Wrapped and Crated ready for shipment, and GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS

In these days, while unscrupulous manufacturers are flooding the country with worthless sewing machines and issuing circulars wherein they have copied the legitimate claims of reputable companies, many purchasers become bewildered and puzzled, and find it difficult to make a selection.

Remember, the main thing in a sewing machine is *QUALITY.* If you can combine quality with a fair and reasonable price, you need look no further. The ART ENTERPRISE solves that problem for you. It is an honest machine, made to wear, and not merely to sell. It is a happy combination of simplicity, durability, and beauty of design.

Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co.

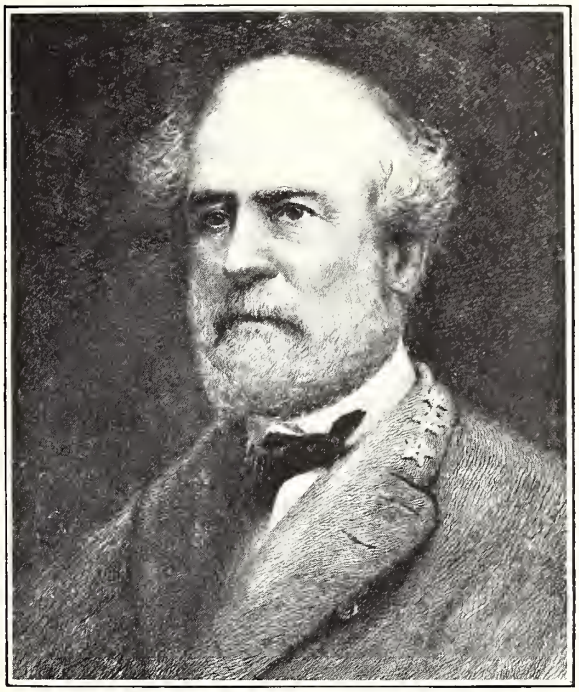
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1902 No. 2

Confederate Veteran

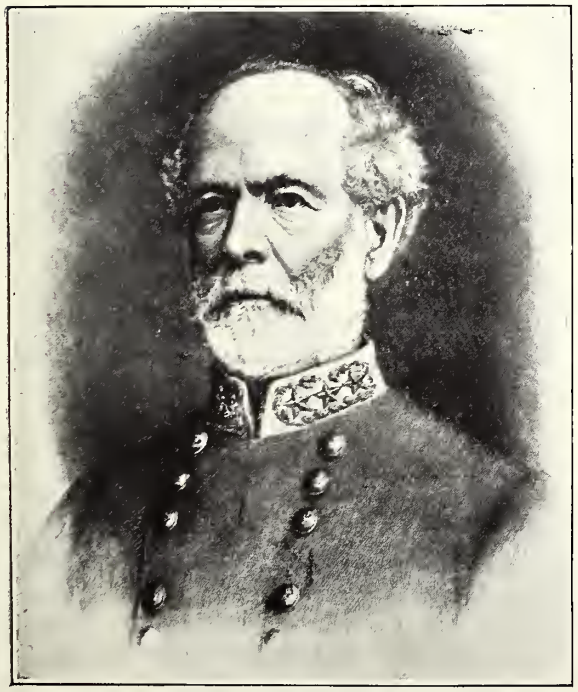
GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

From etching by Jacques Reich after a rare photograph taken at Camp Floyd, 1859, and loaned by his son, William Preston Johnston, late President of Tulane University, who pronounced this portrait etching "the best that had ever been published of his father."
All of these etchings are 11x14 inches.



GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

From etching by James D. Smillie after a minature painted during Gen. Lee's Presidency of Washington and Lee University. The original is in possession of Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who kindly loaned same to the publisher and pronounced it the finest portrait ever published of the famous General and greatly admired man.



GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

From etching by Frederick Dielman, President Academy of Design, N. Y., after a portrait in possession of Dr. George Ben Johnston (nephew of Gen. Johnston), Richmond, Va., who pronounced this reproduction "as careful to the original painting, and a faithful portrait in every respect."

GEN. T. J. (Stonewall) JACKSON.

From etching by Jacques Reich after a photograph taken during the great war, and by many who knew him said to be an excellent likeness. This reproduction in fine art is "the best ever published."

☞ For important information about these portraits see page 87

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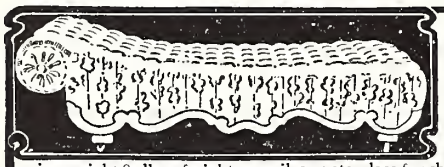

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1902. | No. 2. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT U. C. V.

Extracts from an address by Gen. W. L. Cabell:

The Lieutenant General of Trans-Mississippi Department United Confederate Veterans sends annually a message to comrades of that department. This year he publishes from Dallas, January 22, the following:

The old year, my comrades, with its brightness, with its pleasures as well as sorrows and disappointed hopes, has passed away and gone, never to return. A happy New Year, my old comrades, and all dear to you! May a kind Providence still continue to spread its sheltering wings over the old heroes who followed the flag of the Confederacy until it was furled and forever laid away.

As time passes on our comrades are growing older and more feeble, and on that account our ranks are growing thinner and less every year. Although many of our noblest and best have crossed to the Great Beyond during the last year, yet we have every right to thank God that the death roll is no greater than we have a right to expect, and that our comrades enfeebled by old age, who are incapacitated by wounds, disease, and sickness—who are unable to make a living—have been properly cared for by the great States of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri and the Territories, by furnishing good shelter, good and ample food, good clothing, good medical attention and nursing, where the old heroes—

THE UNPAID SOLDIERS OF IMMORTAL PRINCIPLE

—can spend the remainder of their lives in comfort and ease. I am satisfied that every State and territory in this department will continue to make liberal appropriations to carry on this noble work.

I would again call your attention, my old comrades, to the growth of our noble Association of United Confederate Veterans. Adjt. Gen. Moorman reports over 1,300 Camps, and I am proud to say to you that nearly one-half of this number are in the Trans-Mississippi Department. One new department with ten camps has been organized in the States of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, North and South Dakota, and Wyoming through the noble work of Gens. Alford and Brown and Col. Furz. Continue this good work and let every Confederate now living enroll. Let me appeal to you by the memory of the brave men who died on the battlefield and in prison and from wounds, sickness, or disease since the war to enroll; by the memory of the sufferings and hardships borne by the noble women of the South—your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and daughters, who, with tears streaming down their cheeks, will tell you with pride of the heroism of a noble son, husband, or brother, to enroll. I appeal to you in the name of all that is dear to the truth of our past history, patriotism, and glorious record, to enroll, to join some camp and keep in touch with each other the few years you have to live and where you can be attended in case of sickness or other misfortune by old comrades. I therefore call on the division and brigade commanders of every State and Territory to issue at once the necessary orders to the States and Territories that will increase the number of camps as well as the membership of each camp, so that at the reunion to be held in your own department on the 22-25 of April, 1902, in the city of Dallas, Tex., you will have more camps and more Confederates than has ever gathered at any time or place. I request every division and brigade commander to urge every camp throughout the department to meet at once and at least once a month or oftener if necessary to arrange for sending delegates and the necessary per capita to Gen. Moorman by April 1.

The Committee on Transportation consisting of Gens. H. W. Graber and Mendez and Cols. B. F. Wathen, L. A. Daffan, and Thomas B. Trotman will do all in their power, in connection with the President of the reunion association, to secure rates on all railroads leading into Dallas. Then my old comrades of the Trans-Mississippi Department, consisting of the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Wyoming, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, who were unable to attend past reunions come and join us in our grand reunion. The people of Dallas will welcome you with open arms and will extend to you, through the President and officers of the Reunion Association, that hospitality she has ever shown to the brave Confederates who have visited her in the past. Come then, comrades of the

Trans-Mississipppi Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy, and assist us in entertaining our honored guests from the departments east of the Mississippi River, who will bring with them their wives, noble sons, and beautiful daughters. Let us on these days have a grand love feast, let us renew old friendships, let memory call the roll of the heroic dead and let their spirits mingle with love and affection. Let us not forget that we are like the leaves of the forest, falling out of this great column one by one. As stated by one of our comrades: "There are no recruits, no volunteers to fill our ranks, and no man is numbered among us but received his baptism of blood and fire over thirty-five years ago. No human power can replace a single man in our ranks." Surely and rapidly are the lines of gray fading away and but a few short years must intervene to those who now remain.

Business of great importance in reference to the care of our dead, the care of our comrades who must be cared for, the erection of monuments to our noble president, and to perpetuate the bravery and heroism of our dead comrades, with other objects worthy of our consideration. Then come and let us make this the grandest gathering of Confederates that has ever taken place in our own Sunny South. Dallas, the Queen City of the South, on behalf of the great State of Texas, extends a cordial invitation to our comrades in every State and Territory in our glorious country.

A. T. Watts also signs the above as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING REUNIONS.

After each reunion, whatever effort has been made for its success, many things come up for criticism, and that such errors may be avoided in the future, some of them are mentioned here.

The severest criticism that can be made is as to the management of the convention. These business meetings that should be conducted orderly and deliberately are invariably gone through with in the greatest confusion, many of the delegates not understanding for what they are voting, but content to follow the leadership of those who think they know; others refrain from voting at all because they do not understand. The halls heretofore provided, some of them erected for the occasion especially, have been too large and with imperfect accoustic properties. Dallas should profit by this lesson and set apart one of her theaters or other suitable building for the accommodation of delegates alone and thus give them the opportunity to transact their business in quiet and with understanding, and especially when so little time is given to the business of the association.

Another suggestion, most respectfully presented, is in regard to the appointment of sponsors. There were several thousand and their maids of honor at the last reunion, and necessarily many of them could not be given the attention they expected and which was due their position. The attendance of so many young ladies at each reunion as special representatives makes the honor something of a mockery. Each State Division and each department of the U. C. V. Association only should appoint sponsors, and each sponsor should be limited to one maid of honor, and thus the honor to each representative would be all the greater. Delegates from Camps have had to forego the pleasure of the reunion to themselves in order to make it pleasant for their sponsors who would otherwise receive little attention. The presence of these fair maids brightens the occasion, but by all means let them go with the intention of staying in the background, as it were, that those for whom the reunions were inaugurated may enjoy the occasion to the fullest extent.

The Confederate reunion at Memphis was perhaps a grand success in every particular save one, that is, a reunion of the old soldiers. They were there all right, that is, a great many of them, and an immense throng of people besides, and the decorations were profuse, the parades were grand, the balls immense, magnificent, etc. So far as display goes there was no ground for complaint. But amid it all, many of the rank and file of the old rebs could but feel that somehow they were forgotten or neglected. Most of us are to old too dance, too lazy to tramp in the procession, or participate in other things that have been made dominant features of these so-called reunions. So there seemed to be no place for us.

Those who would not take a pauper's oath to get free entertainment, and who had not engaged quarters before, were forced to take such as could be had. Comrades who have faced death together and endured all the hardships of a private soldier's life for four long years, and who treasure more than a brother's love for each other, after nearly forty years of separation had, in their declining years, traveled hundreds of miles hoping to meet again in the flesh and clasp the hands they know are true because they have seen them tried where all but the truly noble could but fail, may have again and again passed each other on the street, but knew it not; for time has so marred the form and feature that "Johnnie" could not recognize the man who carried him, bleeding, from the battle field at the risk of his own life. So many went home sadly disappointed because the proper steps to facilitate a reunion were overlooked in the interest of the red tape display. Your old rebel soldier is a proud old soul, and has a right to be. He was obedient to every command when duty called. But he is tired of red tape. Our reunions should be social affairs, with as little ostentation as possible. With many of us they must be that, or nothing.

Unhappily the authors' names of the above are not retained.

Much correspondence upon the "business farce" of these reunions comes to the VETERAN. Surely the next one will be freed, in a measure, from these just complaints.

Reunion and Sunday Travel.—Rev. A. D. Betts, Chaplain Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, writes this: "I am sure God wants old soldiers to love and meet each other; I am sure that he does not want them to travel on his Holy Day. Many thousands of people will be tempted to travel on Sunday, unless the railroads agree to sell tickets early enough for us to get to Dallas, Tex., on Saturday before the Confederate reunion. Please ask the entertainment committee to request the railroads to do so or grant "lie over."

[Surely the railroads should regard this plea practically.—ED.]

WE'RE GOING DOWN TO DALLAS.

BY W. L. SANFORD, SHERMAN, TEX.

. . . . . .

'Twill be an inspiration and a priceless boon, we know,
To cheer the marching columns that some forty years ago
In dazzling deeds of valor gave a deathless theme for song,
And taught mankind the lesson how to suffer and be strong.

Their brows are deeply furrowed, and their heads are touched with snow;
Their forms are bent with weight of years, and some with weight of woe;
But their shields are just as spotless, and their souls are just as true
As when they charged at Gettysburg the bristling ranks of blue.

. . . . . .

We're going to take our boys along, that they for once may see
The men who in the Wilderness fought under princely Lee;
And then the men of Shiloh, who, 'mid canister and shell,
In pity paused to drop a tear when Sidney Johnston fell.
And Shenandoah's heroes, too, who, with a Rebel yell,
Had Stonewall Jackson ordered, would have stormed the gates of hell.

And who shall write an epic of these days of fire and blood,
Nor name the dauntless heroes of Forrest and of Hood?
Of Morgan, the bold raider; of that dashing cavalier,
"Jeb" Stuart; of young Pelham, the immortal cannoneer;
And all those knights of chivalry who rest in peace profound
In graves which jealous Fame hath blessed and marked as holy ground?

The puny wars which nations wage on nations of to-day
Are but the mimicry of war—the games which children play—
When gauged by that Titanic strife, when Southern valor hurled
Its thunderbolts against a foe whose ally was the world.
Then Avalanche met Avalanche, and loss was reckoned then
By squadrons and whole regiments, and not by single men.

The world, grown old, had never seen, and never more may see,
A host like that whose sabers flashed about the flag of Lee.
And when the shrines for which they fought have crumbled into dust—
Aye, when this great republic shall have perished, which it must,
When Truth shall wake her silent harp to songs of mighty wars,
Their names and deeds will blossom with the splendor of the stars.

It was not ours to wear with them the hallowed cloth of gray,
Nor share with them the stress of march, the horrors of the fray;
It was not ours to hunger and to thirst on war-spent plain
And bivouac on the battlefield 'mid ranks of comrades slain;
'Twas not our fate to hear the jeers and face the victor's frown
When Christ at Appomattox wept and pulled the curtain down.

But well we know the story from Fort Sumter to the end,
And on our hearts is laid the charge to honor and defend
The cause for which they struggled, and for which they bravely bled;
To love and aid the living and to reverence the dead;
To wreathe the sacred mounds where sleep those royal hearts, and true,
And while the thread of life holds out, please God, these things we'll do!

Upon our walls three pictures hang—the faces of the three
Immortal gods of warfare: Stonewall Jackson, Johnston, and Lee.
We placed them with the purpose that our little ones may grow
To learn the truth and love the men who in the long ago
Surrendered all, save honor, in a grand, unequal fight
For homes and country and for what they still believe is right.

So we're going down to Dallas, those fast-thinning ranks to meet
Which, only when outnumbered thrice, stacked arms in proud defeat.
The sun is fast declining, and the march is nearly o'er,
And now and then there comes a sound from yonder mystic shore.
It is death's bugle calling some weary form in gray—
Let's hasten on to cheer them for the last time, while we may.

EVERY STATE SHOULD HAVE A BATTLE ABBEY.

A correspondent in the Nashville American:

About five weeks ago we sent in a short communication in reference to a Tennessee memorial or museum for the preservation and exhibition of soldier or war relics, and in a short time was pleased to read a contribution from Capt. Thomas Gibson on the same line. Certainly a suitable building for the purpose suggested would cost more than a marble or bronze statue, but it would mean more and accomplish more. In our old city's graveyard is an elaborate monument over the remains of Gov. Carroll, who was wounded in defending his country. Comparatively few people know that the pile of stone is there, and children fail to borrow any information from it. In our old graveyard sleeps the body of Gen. James Robertson. How many who read this have seen his grave or read his history? In the historical building would be his picture and a sketch of his life—so we might say of Campbell, Sevier, and others. The Confederate monument, a beautiful pile of stone, hid away in Mt. Olivet, fails to accomplish the end desired, as so few people see it.

What the Volunteer State needs at its capital is a beautiful memorial or historic building in which should be displayed old portraits, flags, guns, knives, uniforms, statues, life sketches of soldiers, and pictures of battles.

There are many relics scattered over the State of the Revolution, Indian wars, Mexican, civil war and the late Spanish-American war. Such a structure, devoted to such a purpose, would be an historical school, and besides would rescue from oblivion many valuable relics that in a few years would be lost or destroyed. Our public schools need object lessons of this sort in teaching the history of the State.

While we would not decry the placing of marble and bronze statues of our heroes and heroines in the court yard and other public places, yet we are not satisfied with these, as only a vague glimpse is given of the characters whom they represent. In the historical building not only the pictures of the great men are displayed, but sketches of their lives, the clothing they wore, and the implements of war they used, etc.

While the memorial building would cost more than a pile of bronze or stone, it would be more satisfying, as it takes in the heroic history of the State back to its earliest settlement.

In the proposed historical building would be kept a register of all Tennessee soldiers from the Revolution down to the war in the Philippines, and all wars that may occur in the future.

What applies in the foregoing to Tennessee would be quite fittingly appropriate for every other Southern State. If a building could not be afforded, a place in the State Capitol or other public building might be so appropriated. It is a mistake that any State could not procure a collection that would be a credit to it and to the country. By and by a memorial building would become a place of historic pride to each State and personally so to many people.

If the Southern people are in earnest about this matter the sooner they begin action the better. What say you, comrades and Daughters?

Daughters of the Confederacy.

Conducted by Nancy Lewis Greene.

Many interesting accounts of celebrations in honor of Gen. Lee's birthday have been sent to the VETERAN, but the addresses cannot be used as these reports in the aggregate would fill several editions. From far-off northernly districts where a banquet was given by Southerners to sunny New Orleans and Sulphur Springs, Tex., came reports, and an eloquent speech was delivered by Dean Lee, of Central Kentucky, who expressed a beautiful thought when he said that "all over the Southland Southerners gathered each year to be knighted by the sword of Lee," and he "knew of no prouder title than that of the Daughters of the Confederacy, unless it was Daughters of the King."

Communications from all over the South reveal the fact that the subject of chief interest to the U. D. C. at present is the erection of the Davis monument. Every State Division is earnestly at work, and reports from several have been contributed which appear this month; much space being given to this undertaking.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The very name of the old North State is so fraught with patriotic and valorous memories that it stands apart, distinct in its honorable associations. As the first to strike a blow for American independence, and the most ready to pour out her brave young blood for the Confederacy North Carolina deserves high tribute. It has been recounted how, being one of the smallest of eleven seceding States she gave one-fifth of all the soldiers who fought for Southern rights; how her regiments bore the flag farthest into the enemy's territory; how one of her sons commanded the only ship that carried it round the world, and how, when defeat came, her soldiers were among the last to quit the fields of battle. Her women trained and nurtured these soldiers. They stood ready to give them aid and encouragement, and now, since the trying days of war are past, they stand in the forefront among those engaged in Confederate work. With such women North Carolina can never forget its past, and will go on adding new laurels to its crown of honor.

STATE PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Its State President, Mrs. W. H. Overman, who has done so much to advance Southern interests, reveals some important facts in her last annual report, among the most important is that which gives her State credit for standing second on the list of subscriptions for the Davis Monument Fund. Of this she says: "Some of the North Carolina Chapters have finished work for the Davis Monument, having made generous donations, while others continue it with devotion and enthusiasm. We report $600 collected this year, which, with the $1,000 given last, brings the State's subscriptions to $1,600. Mrs. John P. Allison, the faithful Chairman for the Division is devoted to the work, and will continue her efforts until the Monument Fund is completed. Such record, however, gives no idea of the height, depth, breadth, and strength of the love that the Old North State still cherishes for her beloved chieftain, Jefferson Davis.

The report, which was too long for publication in full, gives other valuable information:

"The North Carolina Division provides a record rich in work accomplished. Our past duty has been to the Soldiers' Home and Hospital, which has been remodeled and furnished, and is now a comfortable and happy refuge for the wearers of the gray who find rest there. An appeal was made to the Legislature in its behalf by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and a generous appropriation obtained for the home, and increased pensions for those out of it. Committees from every Chapter in the State were appointed, and all worked faithfully and sucessfully in furnishing the institution, every organization responding liberally to appeals made. North Carolina also contributed $25 to the Bull Run cemetery, and to the cemetery near Marietta, Ga., the sum being given to mark the graves. The beginning of the century has found every Chapter throughout the State earnestly and devotedly at work. Monuments are being built, for which money is raised by the giving of entertainments."

Mrs. Overman takes up the different Chapters in turn telling of some especial good done in each. She says: "All stand ready for response when called upon, suggesting brave and faithful soldiers in line of battle ready for action. A large handsome portrait of Zebulon Brand Vance, advocate, soldier, patriot, and greatest of the war Governors, has been given the Daughters, and will be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The portrait of North Carolina's great son will be a gift of love from women of the State. Crosses of honor have been presented to several hundred Veterans. This simple iron cross—the cross of St. John, and of the Confederacy—all aspire to wear."

Of the Children's Chapters she says:

"The Children's organizations, which number six, are wonders of love and thrift. The Southern Cross Chapter of Salisbury has given a portrait of a North Carolina hero, Col. Charles Fisher, to be placed in the Richmond Museum, and the Annie Lee Chapter, of Kittrell, attends the grave of Annie Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The Children of the Confederacy, named in honor of this gentle and lovely maiden, look after her grave, visiting it yearly, and keeping it fresh and green. The Washington Grays Chapter is at work looking after feeble old soldiers, and on

memorial day these little people and the John P. Young Chapter, of Concord, presented crosses of honor to Veterans. They are all drilling their youthful members in Confederate history. The Julia Jackson, of Charlotte, publishes a creditable little magazine (see Christmas VETERAN). The Zebulon Vance, of Henderson, Vance County, is an honor to its distinguished name. The Jane Hughes, just formed, is named for the woman who organized and was first President of the Newbern Chapter. We love to think of the children taking up our work. They are to be

MRS. W. H. OVERMAN.

our successors in keeping in unity our noble organization, telling to future generations the truth of history, and receiving as a priceless heritage the knowledge of great battles in the Confederate war—of the fall of Fort Sumpter, of the conflicts in Virginia; at Shiloh; at Chickamauga; at Chancellorsville; and greatest of all, the tragical movements of the immortal Jackson, which will stand in history, an imperishable memorial to this great soldier. They will learn of lost Gettysburg, and reverence the starry Southern cross. I cannot close my report without telling of the State Convention held in Charlotte, where Mrs. Stonewall Jackson called us to order and led the State President to her desk, presenting her to the audience assembled. We are happy to state that the years rest lightly upon Mrs. Jackson. Her lovely and peaceful expression is a benediction; her countenance possessing the beauty of holiness. A magnificent portrait of Gen. Jackson looked down upon the Convention, seemingly with approval depicted upon his grand face."

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association of the United Daughters of the Confederacy decided the following important matters during their session held in November, 1901:

That the Jefferson Davis Monument shall be a memorial arch, erected upon Broad Street, at the intersection of Twelfth in Richmond, Va. That the monument will be unveiled on June 3, 1903, which can be done by vigorous efforts.

This memorial arch shall be constructed of Southern materials, preferably Virginia granite, and shall cost not less than $50,000, $40,000 being already donated.

To secure the speedy erection of this monument, the directors from each state and from the Confederated Southern Memorial Association shall select one artist to enter a competition for a design, said artist to present a rough model, with estimates of the cost of the arch, by May 26, 1902. No architect shall be asked to compete.

The Secretary of the Association, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, will furnish necessary specifications, prepared by the city engineer, Col. W. E. Cutshaw, for the use of each competing artist sent through the director of the state, presenting said artist.

The desired models—presented by May 26, 1902—shall be placed in the rotunda of the Virginia State Capitol for inspection. The models and specifications shall be numbered, as they are received, by the Board of the Association, the names of the competitors being presented in sealed envelopes.

The assembled quorum of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association shall reserve the right to reject any or all models submitted, or call for another competition. Any other steps required to further the work, shall be taken by the members present.

Mrs. S. Thomas McCullough, President; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Secretary.

Mrs. Randolph has issued the following:

The Executive Board of the Jefferson Davis Monument, Mesdames S. T. McCullough, Mrs. E. D. Taylor, and Mrs. N. V. Randolph, have been unable to carry out plans set forth in minutes of meetings in Richmond and Wilmington owing to the findings of a recent decision in a suit, for damages, said decision being that the city has no right to place any obstructions in or across streets without consent of the legislature. The city having given them the right to place the monument they will now apply to the legislature, which will convene on January 5. In the meantime, send at once name of artist and address who you wish to compete, so that all necessary information may be at once forwarded. The models to be sent by May 26, 1902. The Board is striving to make all judicious haste.

WORK FOR DAVIS MONUMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

In the following stirring words Mrs. Augustine Smythe, director for South Carolina of Jefferson Davis

Monument Association, reveals what South Carolina has done toward raising funds for that noble purpose:

To the officers and members of the South Carolina Division, Daughters of the Confederacy: It was my misfortune not to be able to attend the meeting of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, held in Richmond on November 9, as it is now my misfortune not to be able to make my report to you in person.

Through the kindness of Mrs. S. T. McCullough, the able and unwearying chairman of that committee, who, it may interest you to know, is the daughter of Capt. Hotchkiss, engineer on Stonewall Jackson's staff, and of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, so well and so favorably known to many of you, chairman of the central committee at Richmond, I am able, however, to give the following particulars:

We are now chartered in Virginia as the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. The former executive committee, with some additions, now is a board, of which the officers are: Mrs. S. T. McCullough, President; Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, Vice President; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Secretary; Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Treasurer; Mrs. John S. Ellet, Bonded Treasurer.

The other members of the Board of Directors from the different states: Mrs. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations, and probably others from this association, which is earnestly helping in this work. An advisory board of veterans is working with us, and in Richmond there is also the central committee, of which Mrs. N. V. Randolph is Chairman; Mrs. J. A. Blenner, Secretary; Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Treasurer.

The Association now has $38,000 in bank The general opinion is that $50,000 will be absolutely necessary, ($75,000 better), and the board hope to be able to raise the $12,000 still wanting in time to unveil the monument on June 3, 1903.

South Carolina has done well in her contributions to the Jefferson Davis monument. Since the Daughters of the Confederacy took charge of the collections our State has sent for this object $1,311.14.

The largest sum sent from any one State is from Virginia, as her two divisions combined sent $1,599.-50; Texas, $1,325.95. Then comes our State not far behind.

The largest contribution made by any one chapter is $600, from the chapter at Galveston, Texas. The next contribution in size is from Charleston Chapter, $524.64.

Appended to this report are lists of all sums contributed in the past two years from South Carolina, of calendars and buttons bought.

Before concluding let me say that while South Carolina has reason to be pleased with what she has done, we hope and believe that she will not think it enough until every cent necessary to the completion of the monument, to the only President of the Confederate States, is in bank. It may be that this should have been accomplished by the men who first undertook the task. It may be that we were weak in taking this burden on our shoulders, but I do not think so. Never did the women, our mothers, whose memory we revere, shrink from work for their beloved country, no matter how hard, or stop to argue whether the task were theirs by right. They worked unflinchingly to the end, and it does seem as though we should not cease our efforts until this testimony to our love and reverence for the past be accomplished.

Other work, I know, is before our Association, and it may very well be that in the condition of the Division treasury we cannot as a division make farther appropriations to the Davis monument. I would be the last to wish to block the way of well-conceived plans by urging any such appropriation, but I do earnestly urge that each Chapter shall, whenever possible, continue to lay aside sums, no matter how small, for this purpose, so that at the end of the coming year it may not be said that South Carolina was tired of working for the Davis monument.

I would also urge that we should use every effort to remind the men of our State of their responsibility in the matter—to awaken their interest in this monument, which will not be in fact a memorial to any one man, but rather of the principles, hopes, and struggles of our entire country.

It would seem especially appropriate that the Sons of Veterans, an organization whose chief object is the preservation of the correct history of our war for freedom, should put themselves on record as having helped to set up this memorial stone. Who should put their full strength to it if not the sons of their brave fathers?

Finally, I am glad to report that since the treasurer's books in Richmond were closed for this year's subscriptions I have received from the Jefferson Davis Chapter, Blackville, $5; Laurens Chapter, Laurens, $6; which will begin our account for the coming year. Calendars for the year 1902 are ready for sale. Should any chapter wish to buy them please apply to me, sending the price, ten cents each, in advance, and remember that to accomplish anything that calendars must be resold at 25 cents each. Spartansburg has already sent for some of these calendars, and others intimate their intention of doing so. I hope and believe that in October, 1902, a modest sum will once more be sent from South Carolina, bringing us just that much nearer the end.

SOUTH CAROLINA DAUGHTERS, U. D. C.

At the State Convention, South Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. James Conner was elected State President; Mrs. Altamont Moses, Mrs. J. H. White, Mrs. J. R. Vandiver, and Mrs. R. D. Wright, Vice Presidents; Mrs. August Kohn, Recording Secretary; Mrs. C. J. Shannon, Corresponding Secretary, and Miss Eula Lee Izlar, Treasurer.

Mrs. Taylor, the retiring President, made an interesting and encouraging report of work done in the State during the past year, and among other things spoke of the encouragement received in establishing a relic hall in the State House. Said she: "Even the iniquity of the State has been impressed; for the convicts serve us, lifting weights, hanging flags, etc. It is no small testimony to the fineness in the human soul to see an old man wearing stripes, stand reverently before a case enclosing banners and hear him say, 'That is my flag. I was wounded three times in its defense.'"

The relic and record room first obtained was located

at the library building of the South Carolina College, Wade Hampton Chapter having placed a medal in the college expecting to secure sympathetic support from the institution, sought this location, but finding it an unsure possession the chapter gave to me, as a working member, the permission to petition the legislature for an apartment in the State House. The project grew in my conception of its possible usefulness, and I asked the chapter to allow the State Division to be associated in the petition which would extend the opportunities for donation or consignment to the entire State, making the Wade Hampton Chapter the custodian of the State's flags of all her wars, several of which had been turned over to the State by the Confederate survivors of different commands.

The Vice President of Division and the President, therefore, with consent of the chapter signed the petition which resulted in the grant of a fine room. And without lobbying, the interest and cordial aid of his excellency, the Governor, the Secretary of State, and Col. Griffith were brought into our service. Thus we were aided as Daughters of the Confederacy in hauling, lifting, and encasing the walls, getting the moulding for hanging, and much other heavy work done for us. The stone work being laid on the grounds for the State House gave us the opportunity of securing the use of a derrick in lifting iron, glass, and wood cases to the third floor by the good will and liberality of Mr. Unkefer, the State House contractor, for which transaction we had the service of Dr. Flinn and ladies of the relic room committee.

Dr. Teague, of Aiken, seeing through the press that there was security and permanent provision for such treasures, as soon as it was published that we were fixed in the State House, communicated his intention of donating his private collection, the largest in the State, and we now own the collection. The Secretary of State had the case of State flags taken up by the "Unkefer lifter," and as it stands in the room on opening the door it strikes the eye like a glow of glory with the encased emblems of the Mexican and Confederate wars. The walls on three sides and the center of the room are occupied by glass cases, the fourth being left for pictures, flags, and other hangings. Relics may be gifts or loans, and are so recorded in the catalogue.

We must note that the women of the times stood as a factor in the civil war. As philosophical historians the State's historical committee and the State's committee on "women's work in the war," have laboriously and persistently persevered in collecting the rolls and personal experiences of our women. One volume has been written up by the committee on women's work, containing only the societies and associations and rolls of women in hospital and soldiers' relief societies. A second will represent the manufacturing and industrial efficiency of the women. These rolls are as necessary as those of the men who stood before the enemy to present State history in completeness.

There has been something said of the veterans building a monument to their women. I recommend that as they are our representatives as legislators they enable us to help them do this by giving an appropriation for printing this book. The history of South Carolina must necessarily include the exhibit of the activity, capacity, diversity, resource of the army at the home post—the women. One woman set up a card factory, beginning with $1. I exhibit to you and from the record and relic committee we have sent with the State's exhibits to Charleston in a special Wade Hampton Chapter glass case, along with other articles, samples of fourteen different weaves of cloth made by ladies—the cotton and wool raised by themselves—spun, woven, and worn by them, besides brushes and combs and tooth brushes, etc."

Mrs. Taylor touched upon a point, the consideration of which was greatly needed in the general convention: "There is a duty we owe our State to which I would call your attention. If we appear in the larger circles of our Order we should be equipped with such information as will enable us to hold our own in the opportunities which come up for adding our State's strength by intelligent voting and discussion, and under constitutional protection to retain the power of the voice of the State. We shall fail unless our representatives in the General Congress are prepared by knowledge of the two constitutions and enactments of U. D. C. and State and are fitted by some acquaintance with parliamentary forms for maintaining them. Shattuck's Guide is the authority we have adopted and every chapter should study it; otherwise it is impossible for those you send to the U. D. C. Convention to hold your State's voice in elections and in making appropriations from the treasury.

The D. C. are not engaged in holiday service, and it is imperative that we should know how to secure ourselves, our weight for influence in conventions.

Mrs. Taylor's services as President were honored by a resolution: It is the sense of this convention that Mrs. Thomas Taylor, our retiring president, has given to this division the greatest zeal and ability, and we thank her sincerely for her earnest endeavors to promote the interest and welfare of the D. C. in South Carolina. We feel that the organization has made marvelous strides in usefulness in force during her most able administration.

These recommendations were unanimously adopted:

I recommend that the Convention consider the proposition of the Veterans and the Sons of Veterans to coöperate with them in the effort to complete the military rolls of the State; that the division order send $24 to Kennesaw Chapter to pay for headstones for 123 South Carolina soldiers buried in the Marietta cemetery; that $20 be ordered by the division to be mailed to Mrs. James E. Alexander, Alexandria, Va., to aid in fencing the graves of the men killed in the two battles of Manassas, ratifying the action of the State president in Convention at Wilmington; that a committee be appointed by the president to consider the application to the legislature for $— to publish the rolls and records of the women of the war who engaged in hospital, relief societies, and public industries and government work during the war, and that such committee shall be empowered to petition the legislature for such appropriation; provided, after careful investigation, it should seem advisable to proceed in the matter in 1902; and that continued effort be made to displace pernicious histories and other text books used in Southern schools.

Miss Mary Poppenheim, Chairman of the Historical Committee, of the South Carolina Division, gave a

fine, comprehensive report of progress made in the work, which has interested every chapter. The presentation and writing of true Southern history is an object which concerns all true Southerners, and as the years pass its importance becomes more and more manifest.

The method proposed by Miss Poppenheim is:

First, library exercises in chapter meetings.

Second, collecting and filing with the committee Confederate records and reminiscences.

Third, Coöperation with the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in filling out rolls of honor for the museum in Richmond, Va.

The Confederate Museum in Richmond is collecting individual records of the soldiers of the Confederacy and having them bound for preservation in the library. They have requested the different states to coöperate with them in the work, and the historical committee has given ready and valuable assistance distributing 1,177 rolls to different chapters to be filled out. This task is difficult, but it rests with the Daughters of the Confederacy to further it.

Miss Poppenheim says: "I know the work is troublesome, veterans indifferent, and data difficult to secure at one time, but be assured you will be repaid. Already in my short experience of one year's work I could tell you many sad little stories about the history of these rolls of honor. I will give you as an example a touching instance as a suggestion of what they may mean to some members of this organization:

One blank came to me thus: On the first page of a roll of honor, dated February, 1901, the line "entered by" was filled out by a woman's name and after it the word "wife" in brackets. On the third page, under "further details," I found these words: "I signed the first page of this 'his wife;' I have also to sign this page 'his widow,' May, 1901."

Is there not in that simple sentence a whole volume of admonition to us all to set to work at once, for our time is, indeed, short, with this remnant of a once mighty army.

A few years more and we will have only our own memories and what little written matter we may be fortunate enough to have to use in filling out a roll of honor. Need I urge you to see that the thousand rolls now out in circulation among the chapters are returned to the historical committee at once?

Col. Thomas, in his official report on the rolls of Confederate soldiers, shows us that South Carolina had 371 companies of infantry, 73 companies of cavalry, and 55 companies of artillery, amounting to over 61,000 officers and men, enrolled in the Confederate service. This state also furnished five lieutenant generals, six major generals, and more than twenty brigadier generals to the Confederate service.

Over twenty thousand South Carolinians were killed in battle or died from wounds or disease in prison.

With this war record and her veteran population South Carolina should be able to file not one thousand but forty thousand rolls of honor. It rests with the Daughters of the Confederacy of South Carolina to see that their State shall file her due proportion of rolls at the Confederate museum in Richmond, Va.

When Mrs. Randolph, chairman of the central committee of the Davis Monument Association, met with this division last year, she offered it the opportunity of working for the Davis Monument, by the purchase or sale of Davis Monument buttons. The State to sell two thousand buttons at ten cents each, the buttons to be given to the State free by the central committee; the money resulting from these buttons to be credited to the State's contribution to the Davis monument and to be turned over to the collector for the Monument Association in the State. Each button was entitled to a vote given for a little girl in South Carolina; the highest number of votes entitling the candidate to the possession of a gold badge given by the central committee to each State selling two thousand buttons. Mrs. Randolph stated that Texas and Virginia had undertaken the sale of two thousand buttons and South Carolina followed in order that something might be done again for the Davis Monument Fund.

Mrs. Randolph sent the buttons to the chairman of this historical committee, and she in conjunction with and with the consent and advice of Mrs. A. T. Smythe, the South Carolina member of the Davis Monument Association, has made every effort at her command to dispose of them in the time allowed.

AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

From Montgomery, Ala., comes an account of efforts made in behalf of the monument, and the State Chairman, Mrs. L. G. Dawson, says in an appeal to the Daughters: "During the sessions of the annual convention held at Selma, it was decided that each chapter should contribute at least ten dollars to the fund. We all concede that the living and needy Veterans ought to receive our first consideration, but next to them should come the effort to perpetuate the memory of fallen heroes. Northern States are constantly placing handsome monuments on historic battlefields—shall our brave Southland sit with folded hands and permit future generations to ask if only Northern armies possessed fallen heroes?"

Montgomery possesses several large organizations U. D. C., short reports of which are given, having been arranged by officers in each. Of the Dixie Chapter, Annie M. Clisby, Historian, writes: "Numerous communications were read and considered. The Chapter voted to give ten dollars for the monument at Shiloh, and an additional ten dollars to the old soldiers, making $25 contributed in this year to that fund. We gratefully received some relics donated to our cabinet by a veteran at the reunion, with an original poem accompanying, which will be preserved with the relics. The meetings of the Dixie Chapter have become quite a social function. In December Mrs. W. B. Jones entertained delightfully, and when the motion to adjourn had been made on Friday, January 3, Mrs. F. P. Glass, the President, asked the ladies to stay a few minutes. The reason for this request speedily appeared in the shape of delicious refreshments. An additional charm was given to the dainty food by the beautiful silver inherited by Mrs. Glass from ancestors of the Colonial days.

Cradle of Confederacy Chapter.

Miss Jessie Thompson Lamar gives report:

The Cradle of the Confederacy held its regular monthly meeting Wednesday afternoon, January 1,

1902, at the residence of the Vice President, Mrs. Micou, who occupied the chair. Secretary read the following communication from the President, Mrs. C. Lanier:

To the Cradle of the Confederacy:

Before retiring from the honorable position to which you elected me a year ago, I must express to every member of this Chapter my grateful acknowledgement of your loyal support of my efforts made for the interests of our beloved circle. Never a murmur of discontent or disapproval has come to pain me, though many times I have needed your charitable leniency. But the fault was not of the heart, that is an open book before you, with one word—Love—filling all the pages.

My earnest thanks are due each officer and member who has served with me on the official board or committees. I especially thank your worthy Vice President, who cheerfully took up the work which I laid down last summer. She has most ably discharged the duties of the office of President. She has been faithful to you and to me. I move that this Chapter express their appreciation of her efficient work by a rising vote. Wishing you a happy, prosperous, and profitable New Year in faithful bonds.—Wilhelmina Clopton Lanier.

"The Chapter expressed deep regret that our loved President refused to serve another year. Report of Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and Historian were accepted with a rising vote of thanks for their efficient year's work. Owing to the absence of the director, Mrs. Chappell Cory, at December meeting, she was called upon to make a report as chairman of the "Cradle" delegation at Wilmington convention. The following recommendation from the President was read and adopted: That the historian be requested to read to the chapter at each monthly meeting the historic material which she has gathered during the passing month for the chapter scrap book. In case she cannot be present let her feel obligated to see that this part of our monthly program is faithfully carried out, by appointing some member to read for her. As the present official board positively refuses to serve another year, the next order of business was the election of officers for the new year which resulted as follows: Mrs. Vincent Elmore, President; Mrs. J. K. Jackson, Vice President; Mrs. F. H. Warren, Recording Secretary; Miss Gabrielle Watts, Treasurer; Mrs. Maxwell, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. John Savage, Historian; Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director.

After all business was over, Mrs. Micou served delicious refreshments, some time was spent in social intercourse and many a toast was drank around the fruit punch bowl.

Mrs. W. W. Barnes, Tuscaloosa, Ala.:

The R. E. Rodes Chapter, No. 64, Alabama Division, held its annual meeting with Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, President of the Chapter, on January 3. The rooms were decorated in holly and mistletoe, and the red, white and red were festooned around the pillars in the hall. The Confederate battle flag and the other flags were grouped around. The meeting was largely attended, about fifty members being present. The officers were elected and the dues raised to fifty cents. Music was enjoyed and a paper read on the capture of Jefferson Davis, and the lines found on the back of a Confederate bill were recited. The President gave her annual message, making some useful suggestions. Refreshments were served and the Chapter adjourned.

The following is the report of R. E. Lee Chapter:

"Confederate Soldiers—Their deeds when weighed in the balance, have been found equal to their fame." —Chapter Motto.

The regular meeting of this Chapter was held Friday, January 3. The exercises opened by the Chapter rising and repeating the Lord's Prayer. The minutes of the last meeting were read by Mrs. W. W. Barnes, in the absence of the Secretary, Mrs. W. W. Williams. The session was devoted to preparing an impressive and highly interesting programme for January 19, the birthday of the immortal Lee.

A number of crosses of honor were delivered to some of the faithful Confederate veterans of 1861-65. The schools of the city were invited to participate and appropriate music furnished by the best talent of the city. A poem, "The Sword of Lee," was recited by Alberta Moore, and altogether the occasion was a fitting tribute to the South's most beloved general.

Crosses of Honor Bestowed.—Mrs. Alden McClellan, President of the New Orleans Chapter No. 72, conferred upon a number of veterans the Crosses of Honor. The veterans walked up the stairway leading to the platform and were addressed as follows by her.

"Gentlemen: The United Daughters of the Confederacy have awarded this cross of honor to you, and it becomes my pleasant duty as President of the New Orleans Chapter No. 72, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to bestow it. I am proud of the honor, and esteem it a great privilege. We ask you to wear this cross as a reminder of those days when you so faithfully served our Southland."

The crosses were then conferred. Dr. A. Gordon Bakewell responded for himself and comrades. Dr. Bakewell and Dr. B. M. Palmer who took part in the presentation were both war chaplains.

DAUGHTERS IN LOUISIANA.

Mrs. McLellan made the following address:

"Another year has passed away and again we meet in annual session. I avail myself of this occasion to congratulate the members on the flattering and promising condition of our chapter, which has materially increased in numbers and influence. During the year there have been monthly meetings, at all of which there was a good attendance of interested members. My experience has been most pleasant and my task easy, cordially aided by the efficient officers and chairmen of the committees, to whom I extend many thanks, hoping our future may be as prosperous and our relations as thoroughly pleasant and cordial as they have been. To Gen. Chalaron, always the friend of the chapter, our thanks are due for many courtesies extended and received, and we are grateful in that our meetings are held in this historic building, filled with relics and memories so true to all Southern hearts.

This was followed by the report from the Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. C. G. Ferguson, from which the following extracts are taken:

"Being desirious of furthering the interests of the U. D. C. in every proper way, Chapter No. 72 extended a cordial invitation last November to the national association while at Wilmington, N. C., to hold their next national convention in New Orleans, November, 1902. This invitation was accepted, and the chapter will commence in February preparing for the reception of the national body in a manner befitting the cause they represent and their own dignity. This chapter presented its first cross of honor to that gallant and meritorious soldier and gentleman, Col. J. A. Chalaron, at the memorial services held on June 3, 1901, commemorative of Jefferson Davis's birthday. These services were beautiful, dignified, and touching in every way. It was another proof of the well-known fact that "the deeds of brave men live after them," and that loyalty to principle and love and reverence for the personality of those who live and die for right and honor are not to be purchased by or depend upon earthly success. The chapter, by invitation, attended the exercises held by the Beauregard School on the presentation of Gen. Beauregard's portrait to that institution. The floral memorial sent was gracefully acknowledged by the principal, Miss Miller. It was a goodly sight at the Beauregard presentation to witness the youth of this fair Southland being instructed in the principles of their forefathers by song and story of brave deeds, and braver sacrifices of the men of the past. If any one—dazed by the materialism of the loud and blatant commercialism of the present—had thought that sentiment and oratory, too, were things of the past," the inspiring speech of that ever and always true Confederate, as well as gifted man, the beloved Dr. B. M. Palmer, and the eloquent and soul-stirring words of Hon. E. Kruttschnitt, they should have stood before those men on that day and witnessed the responsive thrill that swept through the crowd gathered there, as these two gentlemen, with tender and reverent touch, voiced the principles for which the cause stood, and recited the sufferings and deeds by which the men and women of that period proved their devotion to them, "even unto death." In the new year which Chapter No. 72 U. D. C., is now entering upon may it never forget that the reason for its existence and its purpose lies not only in the memorial work, but that the great principle for which the Confederate cause stood, States rights, is confided to its hands that, as mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, they may see to it that the youth of this day be trained in the principles of their fathers. Women are not wont to shrink from labor or sacrifice when the welfare of their country requires either, and as the daughters of the Confederacy long ago proved their mettle, they are not likely to be recreant to any trust in these latter days, when their country as sorely needs them as ever in the past.

Interesting reports were made by Mrs. F. G. Feret, Chairman of the Relief Committee of the Soldiers' Home; Mrs. J. B. Dicks, Treasurer of the Chapter; Mrs. D. A. Vaught, Historian, and Mrs. F. A. Monroe, of the Relic Committee. The historian said in conclusion: "I cannot refrain from expressing my grateful thanks to Col. J. A. Chalaron for his invaluable services in the verification of historical facts, and prompt and courteous replies to every inquiry. It is largely due to his coöperation that the work of this and other committees has been greatly simplified."

Upon the subject of relics, Mrs. Monroe stated: "It has been three years since our relic case in Memorial Hall was turned over to me as Chairman of the Committee. During that time we have collected over one hundred relics, independent of the Favrot and Kirby-Smith collections, which were contributed through one of our members. The past year has brought us thirty additions to our collection, descriptions of which have been given by me in my monthly reports. We now have flags that were carried by our boys in gray into the heart of battle and riddled with bullets; we have swords used by as brave soldiers as ever faced a foe, a pistol stock presented to a member by President Davis himself, pictures of our lost heroes which we have hung upon these walls, knowing that posterity will keep green the memory of their deeds in song and story. A cane made from the staff of a large flag which was lowered at Fort Sumter is also of the collection."

In Virginia.

Appomattox Chapter.—Mrs. M. M. Jones, Appomattox, Va., sends the following sketch: Appomattox Chapter, U. D. C., was organized September 13, 1895, by Mrs. C. W. Hunter, of West Appomattox, for the purpose of improving the Appomattox Confederate Soldiers' Cemetery by erecting a new fence, headstones, tuffing the mounds, and planting trees, the principal purpose, however, being to erect a Confederate monument on this most historic field.

Those present at the first meeting held in the new court house were Mrs. B. S. Caldwell, Mrs. W. A. Moses, Mrs. J. C. Jones, Mrs. J. W. Flood, Mrs. C. W. Hunter, and Misses Nina and Anna Jones. There were twenty applications for membership. The Mary Curtis Lee Chapter was the first to form in Virginia, Black Horse the second, Lucy Minor Otey the third, and Appomattox the fourth in the Virginia Division, and the eleventh in the National U. D. C., showing that it was early in the work of the U. D. C. This chapter completed the required number to form a State convention of the U. D. C., which was held in Alexandria, Va. Mrs. Withers P. Clark was elected State President of L. M. O. Chapter of Lynchburg, Mrs. C. W. Hunter, of Appomattox, State Recording Secretary. Col. and Mrs. Kirkwood Otey, of Lynchburg, and Miss Kate M. Rowland were interested and helpful in the formation of Appomattox Chapter. At the State U. D. C. Convention at Lynchburg, 1897, Mrs. Hunter made an appeal for the members to interest themselves in improving the soldiers' cemetery at Appomattox, asking for contributions. Now a durable iron fence incloses the cemetery and marble headstones appear at each of the graves. Miss Ruth Early, of Lynchburg, gave great assistance. A bill has just passed in the Virginia House of Delegates appropriating a sum of money for erecting a Confederate monument at Appomattox. This was largely through the influence of J. C. Jones, a Confederate soldier, who was shot through the body and lost an arm in storming the heights of Gettysburg. Mrs. Hunter is his eldest daughter. The monument seems certain to be erected in ashort time, as the Appomattox Camp of veterans are coöperating with the Chapter.

The Cross of Honor.—Mrs. O. W. Blackwall Kittrell, N. C., writes that Confederate veterans should not appear in the roll of a supplicant and gives reasons as follows: "There should be a change in the mode of bestowing the Cross of Honor. Many gallant gentlemen feel a very natural reluctance to signing an application for a badge of distinction to be conferred upon themselves. I am sure that the Daughters would not mar with any shadow the bestowal of this token of their esteem. They do not mean for the veteran to appear as a supplicant. Yet such is the guise he is made to wear in this connection. Let's change this and appear as the supplicant ourselves. There are many delicate ways in which we can learn if a veteran would like to have a cross. Then let the president or a committee of the chapter bestowing it exert themselves a little and consult the rosters, or these lacking, other evidences of the veteran's service and then vouch for him by signing the application themselves."

MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN,

Recording Secretary of the U. D. C. since its organization. She grew up in such work in the spirit of inherited devotion, and enjoys the full credit of duty well performed, having given the heavy tasks of her office diligent and constant attention.

Crosses of Honor Presented at Nashville.—The Bate Chapter U. D. C. of Nashville, presented Southern Crosses of Honor to seventy-six ex-Confederate soldiers on January 20, and an hour of delightful entertainment occurred. The sentiments of love and loyalty and comradeship, which colors every such gathering and the spirit of enthusiasm which never seems wanting, made the occasion impressive even to those who were not directly concerned. The red, white, and red was again unfurled to form beautiful decorations, and the blood-stained, torn flag of Gen. Bate's command draped his portrait. The benign face of Gen. Lee with a sad smile appeared above fragrant red and white flowers. The grayhaired veterans came to receive badges of honor as their names were called by Secretary, Col. John P. Hickman. They were presented by the President of Bate Chapter, Mrs. C. A. Folk, who made an impressive speech. She with the officers of the Chapter and the President and prominent members of the Nashville Chapter occupied seats in front of the large audience. Among other things she said: "These men before us to-night represent the finest body of soldiers the world ever knew—natural soldiers, the kind that courage, pride, principle, and patriotism produces. The forming of the armies of Lee and Johnston and Forrest exhausted the material, broke the combination, and the world will never look on their like again. It is not enough for us to garland the tombstones; let us crown the brows." After the presentation Mr. Theodore Cooley asked the coöperation of the Confederate women in aiding the Frank Cheatham Bivouac to erect a monument in the city to Confederate private soldiers.

Presentation of Crosses in Arkansas.

Many other Chapters Daughters of the Confederacy took occasion to present crosses of honor to veterans on their annual celebration of Lee's birthday, thus combining two important branches of their work and making the event one of peculiar interest. The David O. Dodd Chapter, of Pine Bluff, Ark., united with the Veterans in appropriate service, and presented at the close crosses of honor to eighteen old soldiers. Officers of this Chapter are: Mrs. B. E. Benton, President; Mrs. Charles Fitzhugh, Treasurer; Miss Emma White, Recording Secretary, Miss Lutie Grace, Corresponding Secretary.

In Memory of Lee in Michigan.—The Southerners in far-off northerly Detroit honored the memory of Lee in an elegant banquet, with unique menu, which recalled memories of each Southern State. There were oysters, a la Maryland, "where sang Poe and Francis Scott Key; Georgia chicken, done brown by "Uncle Remus;"

> We ain't got time fer ter stop an' talk,
> Yet we wish you mighty well.

Potatoes, discovered in Virginia; toasted corn crackers, "a message from the Old North State;" flap jacks, a la Kentucky; persimmons, plucked wild in Alabama.

> O Alabama, in great ribbers swimmin',
> What would you be 'out de persimmon?

Guavas, "that Florida once bedecked;" Tea from South Carolina; pecans from Louisiana; peanuts from Tennessee; sorghum sweets from Arkansas; and oleander from Texas' sea. A word of thanks and now a word of praise followed, and Jefferson Butler gave us a toast, "Robert E. Lee—the Man." Gus S. Greening and John Marshall sang "'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," and "My Old Kentucky Home" was given in chorus. Mrs. H. Hollands, Gus Greening, John Marshall, Jefferson Butler, Charles Mulligan, and O. S. Nicholls formed the dinner committee.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Camp Ward, Pensacola, Fla., remonstrates against delay in its construction. The Nashville American copies from the Pensacola Journal as follows:

There was an enthusiastic meeting of Camp Ward, United Confederate Veterans Tuesday night at which much interest was manifested. After the regular business was transacted, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

"Whereas, The Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Hall have in their reports to the United Confederate Veterans' conventions since 1897 given hopes of an early completion of the same; and, whereas, At the Memphis convention they were led to believe, from the report of the secretary of the board, that there were funds enough on hand and in sight to justify an immediate beginning of the work; and, whereas, since that time nothing of a definite nature has been done, and no money paid over to the treasurer as directed by the board at Memphis, except that which has such conditions attached that it is not immediately available; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, By Camp Ward No. 10, United Confederate Veterans, that this camp does put upon record their disapproval of any further delay in this very important work and they would most respectfully call upon the Board of Trustees to end this delay; and in furtherance of this object, we would suggest that the Board of Trustees, through its president, request the secretary to furnish a full and complete list of the names of all subscribers to the fund, and the amount subscribed by each; the amount paid by each, and a detailed statement of all expenses to date, so that all Veterans can have a full and definite understanding of the financial condition of the Confederate Memorial Hall. And we desire to insist that this be done before the meeting in Dallas.

That while we tender our sincere thanks to the Trustees for patriotic and unselfish labor of love in our behalf without further remuneration than a consciousness of duty well done, yet the veterans look to them for the accomplishment of this great work, and will hold them responsible for its failure.

That we insist the agreement made at Atlanta with the Virginia delegates, which decided that the hall be located in Richmond, be carried out. And that we will not be satisfied with anything else than the absolute ownership and control of the hall and grounds by the Confederate Association.

That we view with great regret the apathy and indifference of veterans all over the country in this matter. And we would urge upon our comrades and camps everywhere to take prompt action in calling upon the trustees to adopt prompt and speedy measures for the accomplishment of this great monument to perpetuate the glorious deeds and principles of the heroes who fought and died for constitutional rights.

That such a report as described above be sent through headquarters to all the camps for information.

"*Resolved*, 2. That this camp put upon record its approval of S. A. Cunningham, editor of the Confederate Veteran, in his manly fight for the honor and interest of the Veterans, and pledge him our continued support and confidence, and hope that in the future, as he has done in the past, he will guard the honor and integrity of our cause. We believe that he has been true to the sacred trust reposed in him, as editor of the official organ of our association."

"Pensacola, Fla., February, 1902."

Such action is important. Every camp management must know that if they want any measure considered and acted upon by the great U. C. V. Convention, to meet in Dallas, April 22-25, it is absolutely necessary to take action in advance. They should pass resolutions and send them to their Division Commanders, so that the sentiment of those who fail to attend the reunion should have expression, and this can be accomplished only by proper action in their camp being taken beforehand.

Contract Made by the Executive Committee.

Camp Ward evidently did not know the contract made by the Executive Committee, or it would have referred to its remarkable conditions. This is not strange, however, as members of the Board of Trustees have stated that they were not informed about it until last year. It is as follows:

"Contract and agreement between the Confederate Memorial Association, chartered under the laws of the State of Mississippi, through its Executive Committee, party of the first part, and John Cox Underwood, party of the second part, witnesseth:

"That whereas, the said John Cox Underwood, party of the second part, was on the 10th day of October, 1896, unanimously elected and chosen Superintendent and Secretary of the Confederate Memorial Association by its Executive Committee, in session assembled at the city of Nashville, Tenn., a period from that day to the time of holding the annual meeting of the United Confederate Association, in the year 1899, he, the said Underwood, party aforesaid, hereby accepts the position thereby conferred, and does agree to perform the duties of Superintendent and Secretary as expressed in the By-laws of the said Association, to keep a true and accurate account of all subscriptions to the Memorial Fund that may be obtained, and moneys that shall be paid thereon for final report, and discharge all other proper duties pertinent to said office, all under the controlling conditions of this contract.

"That, as compensation for his services hereafter to be rendered, the said Confederate Memorial Association, through its Executive Committee, party of the first part, does hereby agree and contract to pay to the said John Cox Underwood, party of the second part, the several amounts of money conditioned as follows, to wit:

"An unconditional salary from and after November 1, 1896, of $4,000 per annum, payable monthly; $500 per annum additional for his personal expenses, payable as an advance credit, to be drawn from time to time throughout each year of his tenure of office; a commission of 25 per cent of the first $200,000 he raises, and 20 per cent of all other amounts raised over and above the first $200,000, without limit whatsoever, said commissions to be due and payable when moneys are collected, and shall be reserved out of each particular donation, and the remainders only, as net subscriptions to the Memorial Fund, shall be turned over to the Treasurer of the said Association, as prescribed by law.

"That there shall be furnished to said Superintendent and Secretary a suitable office within which to conduct the affairs of the Association, the services of a stenographer when necessary, all requisite stationery, postage, etc., and transportation when traveling on business of said Association on rendition of

itemized bills thereof, which shall, before payment, be approved by the President and Chairman of the Executive Committee. Conditioned further, that such free transportation as may be used by the said Superintendent and Secretary when traveling on business of the Association which shall have been obtained by virtue of his position, or through the instrumentality of members of the Executive Committee, shall be accredited complimentary, and shall be free of charge when rendering expense account.

"That since the said John Cox Underwood, party of the first part, has in process of construction a business edition of the souvenir publication, "The Confederate Dead of Chicago," it is expressly agreed and understood by the party of the first part that he, the said Underwood, shall have the privilege of completing such work and may place therein, without charge, a notice of the Confederate Memorial Association, which shall be approved and sanctioned by the President thereof and Chairman of the Executive Committee.

"That this contract is fully understood and accepted by the contracting parties, its financial terms and conditions being in lieu of those expressed in last clause or sentence of Section 3, Article 5, of the By-laws of the said Association."

VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS IN THE FAR WEST.

General Orders No. 269 issued from New Orleans by Gen. George Moorman, Chief of Staff, states that ten camps have been organized in Montana, under Section 7, Article 4, of the Constitution. Montana is entitled to become a separate division, and upon the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, the following appointments are made, and a new division is created to be called the Northwest Division U. C. V.

The following States will hereafter compose the Pacific Division: California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and Kansas.

The following States will hereafter compose the Northwest Division: Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Nebraska. All U. C. V. Camps now formed or to be formed in those States will report to the Major General Commanding the respective divisions indicated.

Brig. Gen. Frank D. Brown, a member of "J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 716, of Philipsburg, Montana, and who has heretofore been in command of the Montana Brigade of the Pacific Division, is hereby appointed Major General Commanding the Northwest Division, and Lieut. Col. Paul A. Fusz, a member of the same camp, and at present Adjutant General of the Montana Brigade, is hereby appointed Brigadier General to command the Montana Brigade of the Northwest Division, vice Brig. Gen. Frank D. Brown. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

The officers are urged to push the organization of camps vigorously so as to have as many as possible organized by the date of the Dallas reunion.

Capt. Samuel D. Buck, of Baltimore, asks: "What does C. R. Pollard mean by writing that he was Adjutant of Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade? No such man was ever adjutant of that regiment, and it was never Corse's Brigade. It was Pegram's Brigade. Must have been an error in type.

The interesting sketch of Gen. Joseph A. Walker by Capt. Buck is in error through the given name. It was Gen. James A. Walker. Copy was James not Joseph.

Reunion Dots: Plea for the Farmers.—D. T. Beall, of Mississippi, says the farmers object to reunions being held as early in the month as April as that is plowing time with planters who form a large proportion of the Confederate veteran organization, and take especial pleasure in meeting their comrades once a year. He says thousands will not be present at Dallas who would attend had the date been between June 15 and July 15. Something of pathos and a little comedy is found in the following paragraph: "We sunbrowned, blunt-trained farmer veterans have no voice upon this subject of dates—well we can bury our old gray coats and step to the rear, proudly consoling ourselves that in the sixties we were found in the front ranks. No one thought then that it was too hot or too cold or wet or dry; now we are told that it is too hot to meet later."

CAPTAIN JOSEPH W. FULCHER.

Joseph W. Fulcher, in May, 1861, was elected third lieutenant of the Stevenson Guards of Nashville, named for Vernon King Stevenson, the pioneer railroad builder in Tennessee. Fifty-eight men were enrolled at first and the company was subsequently increased to one hundred. This company served as provost guard at Nashville from its organization until the evacuation of the city, February 18, 1862, and was then assigned to a battalion which was placed under the command of Gen. W. H. Carroll, at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Afterwards, by a consolidation of three companies, Joseph W. Fulcher was elected Captain. The consolidated company comprised 106 men and it had unusual designation as "Company L,"—K is the last letter usual for ten companies—Maney's First Tennessee Regiment. This company, it is said, was in every severe battle that Cheatham's division fought, and at the final surrender in North Carolina, Capt. Fulcher and Lieut. McKinney were of the small remnant. He survived the war but a few years. The fair girl, Bessie Hickman, is a granddaughter of Capt. Fulcher and daughter of Mrs. Anna Fulcher Hickman.

CAPT. FULCHER.

MISS BESSIE HICKMAN.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Active business men need not be expected to look into particulars about small matters. Occasionally such a person writes the VETERAN, it occurring to him that he may be indebted: "Please let me know how much I owe and I will send check at once." A multitude of subscribers seem not to understand what is meant by the date on the label of their copies. This is as strange as true. The cost of changing these dates is large. The date can have but one meaning—to indicate to the subscriber to what time his subscription is paid—but that should be sufficient. To those who want to keep a year ahead the suggestion is clear. Many subscribers wait one, two, or three years for some agent to go to them. This is not necessary. Every postmaster in the country can sell a money order or register a letter, so all that is necessary is to see the postmaster and purchase the order or register the letter. If each one would do this the saving would be over a thousand dollars to the office each year. These suggestions are unnecessary to many, but a surprisingly large number wait on and on, when upon reflection they would realize the benefit of acting as here indicated.

INTERESTING TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The VETERAN is doing more gratuitous service than any other periodical of equal ability. It publishes inquiries of all sorts free, and the "Last Roll" is of a nature that would be charged for in almost any other publication. To correspondents worthy recompense is always made, when practicable, to the authors. Those who write should condense as fully as possible. That which comes in best condition for the printer is apt to have attention first; many things have to be copied before they can be utilized, which of course causes delay. Contributions are rarely ever destroyed—the unhappy feature in this respect is in the impossibility of finding ready space for all that is sent.

ENGRAVINGS OF COMRADES, SPONSORS, AND MAIDS.

The VETERAN ought never to be encumbered with the expense of pictures. The space for publishing a sketch is all that should be asked free, and the average cost of $2 ought to accompany every picture sent for reproduction. If the hero and patriot is too poor to pay that expense some friend should do it. Then extra copies of the number would be furnished at half price—five cents.

It would surprise every VETERAN reader to see how many comrades are dropping out of the list. Letters received recently from three widows of comrades illustrate their extreme sentiment. One writes: "I notify you that ——— is dead and you must not send the VETERAN any more." Another sends a sketch of her deceased husband, and yet directs the discontinuance "when the time is out;" and the third writes of her husband's death, of how he appreciated the VETERAN, and concludes with emphasis that she "will always take it."

MODEST DEMANDS OF PUBLISHERS.

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* says: "A minister of our own Church, who does not subscribe for the *Christian Advocate*, sends us a long article, not of general interest, for early publication, and accompanies it with the request that we mail him a copy of the paper containing his valuable production. If anybody has heard of a more modest performance than this we should like to be informed of the fact."

The VETERAN answers: Personal sketches of many heroes have appeared in its pages. They are always gratuitous. Occasionally there are pictures engraved—average cost to the office $2—and the persons will send twenty cents for two copies, or ten cents for one copy. A writer of fair ability sent the first of a series of articles to the VETERAN some time ago, and stated that in faith of our printing the series, on the appearance of the first article he would "proceed to send" his "subscription for one year." The space required for his sketches would have cost in each issue about $20.

FORT WORTH'S MAYOR APPEALS FOR REUNION.

Mayor T. J. Powell, of Fort Worth, who is one of the Vice Presidents of the Confederate Reunion Association, and much interested in the success of the coming reunion at Dallas, makes earnest plea to the people of Texas, in which he says:

Imperial Texas, in justice to herself, her sons and daughters must give the Confederate veterans in 1902 the greatest reception ever accorded them in the history of their organization. And while Dallas is the chosen place, all Texans should contribute to the success of the encampment. Fort Worth will open her doors and the hearts of her people to Dallas guests, and claim part of the honor of their distinguished presence. Commercial and industrial rivalries will be buried under the flora of a reverential love and gratitude for the old heroes, and whatever in reason the committee of arrangements shall ask of our city shall be done with eager hearts and willing hands.

The entertainment of the Confederate Veterans rises above the commercial advantage realized from the gathering together of a great body of people. Year by year the encampment grows larger and stronger. As time softens the hearts of our old soldiers, and tempers them into a finer and fuller patriotic manhood, their minds can return to the scenes of their trials and sufferings with an added joy and a lessening pain. Time has dealt kindly and bountifully with them. Their country—the South, fairest daughter of all history—has arisen from a desolate and stricken land to her queenly position, robed in garments of unparalleled prosperity. "Like a dewdrop from the lion's mane, shook to air" she has flung from her prostrated energies, the weight of war and stands redeemed and regenerated by the matchless devotion of her old soldiers and their children.

If Texas, the youngest of the glorious sisterhood of Southern States will pay the full measure of honor to the old heroes, every person in the State, who can do so, will attend the reunion and gather patriotic impulse and inspiration around its camp fires, and with one voice and one acclaim pay a tribute to their valor and their blood.

The encampment should be a reunion not only of Confederate Veterans but of our entire citizenship.

In the correspondence on page 78 in this issue between M. R. Tunno and Dr. D. C. Kelley where the former refers to those behind the scenes, the word "thought" should be "though," the "six" referred to is six o'clock.

FORAGING OR STEALING?

The prosecuting attorney sat down. As he mopped his brow, he gazed triumphantly at the judge and at the lawyer who represented the prisoner.

The prisoner was an old darkey. His face was as black as the ace of spades and as wrinkled as a piece of crinoline. In his kinky hair strands of white outnumbered those of black.

During the trial of the case his eyes had never left the judge. "Fo' de Lawd, ef dat aint Marse Jim!" he exclaimed when brought into the courtroom by a stalwart deputy. And two long, regular rows of white teeth had been revealed by his pleased smile.

The testimony of the witnesses had been of no interest to him. He laughed scornfully when the young lawyer who had been appointed by the court to represent him poured forth college rhetoric. The prosecution had been ignored. "Ol' Marse Jim gwine ter fix hit," he whispered softly to himself.

The judge straightened himself and wiped his glasses solemnly. "The prisoner is found guilty as charged," he said, and he adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose. "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say to show cause why he should not be sentenced?" In his turn the darkey straightened up. The stern look of the court caused his face to fall. Then he stood up. His eyes were sparkling with indignation.

"Yes, sah;" he said, "I has somepen ter say, an I'se gwine ter say hit. Ef dey's trouble comin' doan you blame me, case you ast me ter talk. Now, looky heah, Marse Jim, you knows me jus' as well as I knows you. I'se known you eber since you was knee high to a duck, an' you ain't nebber done nothin' right mean till jes' now. Dey brought me in heah an' tole me I stole a shoat. But I didn't tink nothin' ob dat; an' you nebber did befo' till jes' now. I come heah aftah justice an I thought I was gwine ter git hit case you was jedge. But I fin's I is mistaken. If I'd er known I'd got ter make a fight fer hit, I wouldn't er had nothin' ter do wid dis here piece of pizen-faced white trash ober heah—I'd er got a lawyah. He ain't none ob de quality I knows, case my folks befoah de wah was de right kin'. But I didn't know dat, an' now you axe me if I'se got anything ter say. Yes, sah! I have something ter say, an', as I tole you, I'se gwine ter say hit. Marse Jim, doan' you 'member dot I was yo' body servint durin' de wah? Didn't I use ter russle fer grub fer you an' yo' chum when de ration got short? An' didn' you use ter smack yo' lips ober my cookin' and say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager?' Why I stole chickens an' turkeys an' shoats fer you clean from Chattanooga ter Atlanta, Georgy! An' eber time yer got er squah meal, which was most generally; 'casionally you en yo' chum 'ud say 'Jim er powerful good forager!' You didn't say nothin' agin' hit then. No, sah! An' I wants ter know if hit was foragin' then, huccome hit stealing now?

"An' doan you 'member, Marse Jim, when you was shot an' de Yanks took you prisoner at Chancellorsville? Didn' you gib me yo' gray uniform and lock ob yo' hah en yo' sword, and didn't you say kinder hoarse like, 'Take 'em ter her?' An' didn' I take 'em? I toted dem things through the bresh a hundred miles, an when I come to de front gate dah stood Miss Emily. She's daid now, an' God knows, Marse Jim, dat dare ain't no purer nor whiter angel up erbove de clouds dan her! En when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little baldheaded baby dat you was so proud of, up close an' cry: 'He's daid, he's daid; my Gawd, he's daid!' En when I up and says: 'No, he ain't daid, he'll be home bimeby; didn't de tears ob joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears ob grief erway?

"Now, looky heah, Marse Jim, my ole woman an' three pickaninnies is ober heah in er log cabin in de woods near Jim Wilson's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin' ter eat. An' when I comes by Sam Johnsing's hogpen de yuther day en sees dat skinny little shoat dat, honest ter Gawd, was so poah dat I had ter tie er knot in his tail ter keep him from slippin' 'tween de palin's, I jest began foragin' agin. You can't call it stealin' nohow, 'case I'se gwine ter pay Marse Johnsing back jes' as soon es my ole sow has pigs. You hain't gwine ter sen' yo' ole body sarvint to de pen for dat, is you, Marse Jim?"

There was silence in the court room for a moment. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes. He wiped them furtively and vainly with his handkerchief. Finally, he said: "The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up to the house with me."

SUCCESSFUL CAREER OF A MAIMED VETERAN.

Mrs. C. A. Thompson, of Tennessee writes of it:

There is living some ten miles from Nashville a Confederate Veteran whose history is interesting and worthy, and will give new energy and renewed zeal to some one who may be despondent.

John W. Tucker was born near Nashville, April 1, 1843, and reared on his father's farm, where he enjoyed but few luxuries. He attended the common schools of that day. . . . It was before the time of public schools in Tennessee.

When the civil war began young Tucker joined the army, connecting himself with Sam Freeman's Battery. In November he was transferred to Frank Maney's Artillery Company, then at Camp Weakley, which was sent from there to Fort Donelson.

During the third day's fight at Fort Donelson Mr. Tucker was most desperately wounded, having had both hands shot off by a piece of shell while in the act of loading his gun. When the fort surrendered he was taken prisoner, but at once paroled, for of course he could do no more fighting. He remained at Dover (near the fort) for a week under the care of Dr. Lowen, of Kentucky, until he was able to travel, and then he started home.

After regaining his strength he felt that he must try to do something to care for himself, and he at once began to canvass for a school, which he succeeded in getting, and which he taught for five months. Then he sought a more lucrative position, that of county trustee. This was in the year 1872. He was elected, and being so satisfactory to the people he was reëlected in 1874, and again in 1876. He afterwards secured the office of deputy sheriff, which position he held under two sheriffs for eight years. After this he

was elected constable, and continued in that office for fourteen years.

In November, 1878, Mr. Tucker married Miss Cynthia Jones. They have a good home and six children.

When Mr. Tucker was first wounded he was nursed in the hospital by Miss Blanche Lewis, a sister of Maj. Lewis, of Nashville. When the reunion of Confederate Veterans occurred a year or two ago at McMinnville Miss Lewis wrote to Mr. Tucker to come directly to her house and bring with him his daughter, her namesake. He accepted the invitation, and at the first meal Miss Lewis asked him if he would like to have her feed him. He replied: "Yes, for to feed myself is about the only thing I cannot do." She served him with the same fork and spoon that she fed him with thirty years before.

Mr. Tucker is now a successful farmer. He has never used cork hands because he says he does not need them, so well can he use his handless arms for all purposes. What an example is Mr. Tucker's life to young men of to-day! Just think of it, a man with no money, no hands, to take hold of life as he did after the war and fight the battle so successfully, never faltering, always cheerful, and still battling so bravely for his loved ones, trying, as he said, to "give to all of his children an education, and fit them for life's fitful warfare, and to leave them the legacy of a father's honest name."

Tom Quirks's Scouts.—Addresses Wanted.

The names and post-office addresses of survivors of Capt. Tom Quirks's scouts in Gen. John H. Morgan's Kentucky Cavalry are earnestly desired. A treat has been planned for them at Dallas, and a hearty invitation is extended them to visit Austin and the home of Comrade John D. Fields at Manor, Tex. A queenly Virginia lady presides over his home, and they will be welcomed with true Southern hospitality. Address B. G. Slaughter, Winchester, Tenn.

PROUD OF THEIR SUCCESSFUL REUNION.

The A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, Petersburg, Va., sends out "General Orders, No. 211," with the following in gilt border and under the Confederate battleflag and that of the State of Virginia:

The veterans of A. P. Hill Camp would be recreant to their duty, regardless of their own pleasure and untrue to themselves, if they should fail to give public expression to their appreciation of the favors showered upon them in their efforts to suitably entertain the Grand Camp of the State on the occasion of its recent session in this city. From the Chief Executive of the State to the humble colored men who asked that we accept their gratuitous service, all classes vied with each other in aiding us to do honor to our guests. To enumerate those who have shown us marked kindness, would be unseemly and impossible in this order. But the camp has prepared such a list for preservation among our records, and to all our friends we can say that there are not wanting veterans among us who maintain that each single act of kindness was the factor that made the occasion the grand success that it was.

The Confederate veteran has for so long quietly pursued the even tenor of his way, conscious of the fact that he is not of this day, that he had come to think that the day of which he was a luminous figure had well-nigh passed from the minds of the present generation. Under these circumstances the generous spontaneity of efforts in his honor is the more keenly appreciated as it warms his heart with the genial thrill arising from a sense of the recognition of faithful service rendered and brings to his mind the pleasing consciousness that like the leader of that classic band which

> Drank delight of battle with their peers,
> Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,

he is himself "not least but honored of them all."

While we would not indulge in any invidious distinctions, the chivalry of our land will pardon us for making special mention of the ladies to whom we owe so large a debt of gratitude. They contributed both by taste and talent to receive and entertain our guests with becoming distinction and graced each gathering with the beauty of their presence. No land boasts fairer daughters than these, and no daughters show more patriotic devotion. They have caught the spirit of their mothers, who were to the Confederate soldier inspiration in victory, solace in defeat, and the brightness of life always. For them he endured hardship, privation, and death; by them he was sustained when all that was left him was despair. As King Arthur, deeply smitten through the helm, leaning on his sole surviving knight, was received from his last battlefield by noble women who sustained him by their devotion, so the Confederate veteran turns to the daughters of his land and meeting their approving smiles, thanks God that he has been accounted worthy of what to him is more than victory.

Isaac R. Trimble Camp, of Baltimore, elected the following officers for 1902: Commander, Andrew C. Trippe; Lieutentant Commanders, Winfield Peters, James W. Denn, Thomas B. Mackall, Aubrey Pearre; Adjutant, William L. Ritter; Quartermaster, M. Warner Hewes; Surgeon, Dr. John K. Grimes; Assistant Surgeons, Drs. Alex T. Bell, James G. Wiltshire, Wilbur R. McKnew; Chaplains, Revj Henry T. Sharpe, Rev. William C. Malloy; Historian, Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, with Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, Wilson M. Cary, Winfield Peters, Thomas B. Mackall, Charles Parkhill, and W. A. H. Raleigh, as assistants.

CAMP SCENES AROUND DALTON.

B. L. Ridley, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., writes:

Every time I read the Veteran war scenes crowd upon me. I verily believe that almost every soldier who followed our fortunes and misfortunes from 1861 to 1865 could write a book of incidents and accidents out of the usual routine, original in their conception and unique in their development. Everything seemed new to those of us who had never known of a hardship, nor experienced the trials and vicissitudes of life, and there was never monotony in camp.

One day at Dalton I spied several men in a regiment with their heads and arms in "stocks," a form of punishment said to have been used in England away back in 1350 and inflicted as a punishment for offenses of less heinous crimes in the days of Charles

I. and II. It seems that Georgia had kept up the old plan, and in this Georgia regiment, instead of the guardhouse or other punishments more modern, this was adopted. Our Tennessee boys could not understand it, and pronounced it cruel, and made a raid on that regiment and took the soldiers out of the stocks. Inquiry led me to find out that this generally obsolete mode of punishment was yet common in Georgia Shortly after this I chanced to visit a large slaveholder's home near Macon. One of his negroes (they called him "Chunkie") had run away. The negro foreman came in one afternoon, and said that they had found "Chunkie's" hiding place. I was granted permission that night to accompany the foreman in the hunt. We wandered over fields, gullies, and thickets, until we came to a dense piney woods, on either side of which the indentation gradually descended until away down in the bottom a little fire was seen, and some one lying by it. The foreman said: "That's Chunkie!" Without noise, and in a creep, without the break of a stick or the sound of a footstep, we stealthily stole in and got up with "Chunkie," who was snoring the hours peacefully away. We took him to his master, who placed him in "stocks" till morning. In the "stocks" securing "Chunkie" his ankles were so placed as to prevent his feet from getting through. In those in Dalton the soldier's head was inserted, his arms akimbo, hands secured, and he stood, so that afterwards, in reading of the "Blue Laws of Connecticut," the idea more vividly came upon me when I came to the saying: "Set him down in the stocks or stand him in the pillory." Did you ever see a soldier bucked and gagged? They would take a piece of sackcloth, wrap it around a bayonet, open the soldier's mouth, and put it in there to stay until the cruelty became brutal. The man's neck would turn black sometimes before he would give up. Did you ever see a soldier "swung up by the thumbs?" These were some of the most rigid punishments for insubordination.

There was another scene at Dalton—the product alone of old Georgia. They probably got it from Longstreet in his "Georgia Scenes"—a "real gander-

Drawn for the VETERAN by Will Smith, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

pulling." One day I noticed a crowd of cavalry in the highest glee. After the hat went around for the shinplasters for the winner they would start from a given point under whip and spur, run between two trees, along which was stretched a line, and from which hung a gander with a greased head, and try to pull it off. By each tree stood a soldier with whip to strike the horses when the rider was in the act of grabbing for the gander's head. To one who has never tried it the difficulty is hard to realize. The gander is tied by his feet, head greased, and his dodging puts your skill to the test. Should you catch the head, it is so slick that it is almost impossible to hold it.

That snowballing at Dalton the Army of Tennessee will never forget. It was the biggest fight—for fun—I ever saw, and there was so much rivalry between the troops that a number of soldiers had their eyes put out.

The review of the army there on the occasion of President Davis's visit was a notable event.

One of the sad spectacles at Dalton was the falling of a dead tree one Saturday night in a congregation of soldiers. It resulted in the outright killing of ten and the death of one other the next day. The sermon was finished and comrades as well as chaplains were praying with the penitent when a dead tree, having burned at the roots, fell across the altar place.

But the scene above all that impressed me was the shooting of fifteen deserters from the army—two from Stewart's Division, eight from Stevenson's, and five from other commands of infantry and cavalry. Early in the morning a detail from the provost guard marched to Gen. Stewart's headquarters, stacked their arms, and left. Staff officers were ordered to load the guns for the execution in their divisions, half with blank cartridges and the other half with buck and ball. After this was done the guns were so changed that those who had loaded them could not tell the loaded from those with blank cartridges. The detail then returned and took them. This done, Col. Robert Henderson, commanding the gallant Georgians, sought our General to ask his assistance in getting a young soldier of his regiment reprieved. The father of the condemned soldier was with him, and the pitiful, anxious look of the old gentleman so impressed us as to excite heartfelt sympathy. The young fellow had deserted to the enemy, and was condemned, together with another of his command, to die. Col. Henderson impressed Gen. Stewart that the soldier was a half-witted fellow, partially devoid of reason, and almost bordering on idiocy. He ordered his horse, and, together with Col. Henderson and the old father, left for Gen. Johnston's headquarters. The suspense of that hour and the breathless anxiety for their return was as great to us all. It was then nine o'clock, and about eleven he was to be shot. Ten o'clock came; Stewart's Division was forming into line in a semisquare to witness the death scene. About half past ten o'clock the officers and the old father were seen on their return, and from the smile upon their faces, and the apparent delight upon the countenances of the others, we knew that they had favorable promise of saving a human life. The doomed men were brought out, and to the tune of the "dead march" were conducted around the square, an ambulance following with their coffins. When the provost guard filed to their places and the men were being blindfolded a courier came under whip and spur from Gen. Johnston's quarters with an order staying the

execution of the old father's boy. The other poor fellows knelt at the foot of the graves dug for them, and the guards fired. To this good day I thank my stars that those who loaded them and those who fired them were left in comforting ignorance as to which guns were loaded. A short time after this the half-witted soldier who so narrowly escaped is said to have again deserted to the enemy, showing persistent method in his madness. In some of the commands the guard made a "botch" of their work, and had to shoot the doomed men twice.

These executions recall to me several pathetic memories. Just after the battle of Chickamauga a man from Col. Lillard's East Tennessee Regiment, Brown's Brigade, was tried by drumhead court-martial and shot, in the face of the enemy fronting Missionary Ridge. He had deserted before the battle, joined the enemy, and was captured by his own regiment during the battle, in a uniform of blue, and paid the penalty. But the most affecting execution was just before the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone's River). A Kentuckian had disappeared from his regiment and gone home. A scout captured him in the Federal lines. He claimed to be returning; that he had gone hence on a plea from his wife and children of being in want; that on supplying them he was *en route* to join his command. A court-martial was demanded. Gen. Breckinridge, it is said, urged the prisoner to wait until after the battle, then in contemplation, before being tried. The soldier declined, saying that he was no deserter, that the trial must come. The court-martial sat, the prisoner was condemned, and shot. It created a profound sensation in the Army of Tennessee, and incensed Hanson's Kentucky Brigade beyond measure.

Rash, fruitless war! from wanton glory waged!
'Tis only splendid murder!

BATTLE OF BALLS BLUFF.

By T. J. Young, of Austin, Ark.

In the September VETERAN an article appears under the head of the Balls Bluff disaster. The writer of this article is mistaken or has misrepresented this battle, which took place October 21, 1861, between the Confederate troops stationed at Leesburg, Va., under Gen. N. G. Evans, composed of the Thirteenth Mississippi, Col. Barksdale; the Seventeenth Mississippi, Col. Featherston; the Eighteenth Mississippi, Col. Burt; and the Eighth Virginia, Col. Eppa Hunton—all infantry. Gen. Evans also had one battery of artillery and small squadron of cavalry. Gen. Stones's command, was comprised of all the Federal troops in Maryland on the opposite side of the Potomac River from Leesburg, Va.

On the night of the 20th of October, 1861, a Federal division under Gen. McCall commenced a forward movement from Washington City up the turnpike road leading from there to Leesburg, which advanced as far as Dranesville. While another command under Col. Devens crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry, and another force of Federals under Col. Baker crossed the Potomac at Balls Bluff higher up the river, with a battery of Mountain Howitzers. The Federal troops who crossed at Balls Bluff were Massachusetts troops supposed to be about 1,900 men. These troops seemed to be detachments from different regiments, all under the command of Col. Baker, who was formerly United States Senator from Oregon. He was in command of the whole force that crossed the river at Balls Bluff. This move was made on the part of the Federals to capture Leesburg, and the brigade stationed there at the time under the command of Gen. Evans, during the night as stated while the Hillsboro Border Guards—Capt. Heaton's Company A, of the Eighth Virginia Regiment—was guarding the Goose Creek bridge on the turnpike from Washington City to Leesburg. The Cavalry Vidette on the turnpike between us and Gen. McCall's Division captured a courier carrying a dispatch to Col. Devons at Edwards's Ferry, and to Col. Baker at Balls Bluff, instructing them that a combined attack would be made on October 22 on Leesburg. After obtaining this information Gen. Evans determined to attack Col. Baker at Balls Bluff. He then placed the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment to hold Col. Devons in check at Edwards's Ferry, while he hastened the Eighth Virginia Regiment to attack Col. Baker at Balls Bluff. This regiment double quicked from Goose Creek Bridge to Fort Evans in Trundle's Field, where they shed their knapsacks and blankets and prepared for action. We then marched across the field in the direction of the woods. Our company —A, of the Eighth Virginia Regiment—was deployed as skirmishers. After the company had advanced a short distance Capt. Heaton halted us, and detailed R. B. Grubb and myself, and instructed us to advance carefully through the woods to see if we could discover the Federals and locate them. After we had gone about a half a mile we came in sight of an old field, across which we discovered the Federals in line, with their artillery in the corner of the field, where they formed an angle, with their pickets across the field in front of them. We also saw a group of officers out in front of their line who seemed to be holding a council. We then hurried back and reported what we had seen, and a short time the whole regiment was ordered to advance. We moved through the woods until we reached the upper edge of the field, when we were ordered to lie down. At this juncture the battle began in earnest. The Eighth Virginia held their position until their ammunition was almost exhausted. When the Federals discovered this they began to flank us on both sides of the field, coming up through the woods. The Eighth Virginia still held the first position occupied by them when the Seventeenth Mississippi, under Col. Featherston, attacked those who had flanked us on our left, and the Eighteenth Mississippi attacked those who were flanking us on our right. As soon as the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi began to drive the Federals toward the river the whole three regiments were ordered to charge. The Eighth Virginia charged down across the field while the two Misissippi Regiments charged them on the flanks. The two Mountain Howitzers were captured in the position where Comrade Grubb and I first saw them in the corner of the field. The Federals fled over the bluff, which is high and rugged. We captured about one thousand prisoners, others jumped over the precipice and were either killed by the fall or were drowned. Col. Burt, of the Eighteenth Mississippi, was killed, and Baker, the Federal com-

mander, was killed also. It was claimed at the time that a young man named Clinton Hatcher, who belonged to the Eighth Virginia, killed Col. Baker. This is as near a correct account as I can give of this battle from memory. I just want to show that there were other regiments engaged in this battle besides the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment and Col. Burt, as the article referred to states. As no other regiment is mentioned as being engaged in this battle those who do not know the particulars will believe the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment was the only regiment that participated in the battle. Gen. Evans did not use his artillery, but held it in reserve at the fort in Trundle's Field. We captured more guns than men in this fierce little battle. About 1,000 were taken prisoners.

LEESBURG OR BALLS BLUFF.

C. C. Cummings, Sergeant Major Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, now of Fort Worth, Tex., writes calling attention to Col. E. V. White's article in the last (November) VETERAN, in which Col. White corrects a writer in No. 9, page 410. Judge Cummings says:

I was in that battle with my regiment then as a high private in the rear rank. My command did not get in the action till about an hour by sun, the main part of the battle having been fought since early morning by Hunton's Eighth Virginia and the Eighteenth Mississippi, Col. Burt and Duff's company of my regiment. I did not see the fall of Col. Burt, but Col. White's account agrees with what I understood at the time as to the particulars of his death. I never heard of Col. Burt's hand-to-hand conflict with Col. Baker on the Federal side, but the current credit as then given to the slayer of Col. Baker was to Private Hatcher, of Hunton's Regiment. The story then current in the ranks of our army was that Hatcher advanced out of the ranks of his command, and shot Col. Baker in the head while Baker was attempting to get into position the Mountain Howitzers we captured on this last charge by the entire line just before sundown. By the way, I see in Maj. Scott's "Mosby and His Men" that Gen. Jeb Stuart turned over one of those captured guns to Mosby, and it was recaptured by the Federals, but was so gallantly defended and the loss to the enemy so great that Stuart remarked he would like to furnish him another to be disposed of on the same terms. This battle is called Leesburg by the Confederates and Balls Bluff by the Federals. We called it from the good old city three miles from the river, while they called it Balls Bluff from the terrible bluff they received by our small force against their much larger. This Col. White must be the then celebrated Lige White, commander of a company of Confederate cavalry who operated then chiefly in Loudon County. If so, how are you then, Capt. Lige? You will remember that my Company B was one of the guard company that escorted the prisoners taken in that battle to the old Manassas battlefield, where we turned them over to be sent to Libby Prison. I remember Capt. Lige White as being along with us on that march, perhaps with a squadron of his company, but I distinctly remember him. Col. Lee, of the Twentieth Massachusetts and another Massachusetts colonel — Logwood — was among the prisoners we escorted down on an all-night's march, fearing the Yankees would overtake us. I remember assisting in the count of the prisoners, and there were seven hundred and twenty-nine. If you search the records, you will find this to be about the number. Capt. White says: "There was only between seventeen and eighteen hundred men engaged on the Federal side." How many actually crossed there and at Edwards's Ferry I cannot say, but Stone, the Federal commander, had under him ten thousand men that he might have thrown across had he used the proper vigilance, and his failure cost him his command. The records show him to have been dismissed from the service, and he afterwards fought under the Khedive of Egypt with several other, Federal as well as Confederate officers, immediately after the war. Baker was English born, and was prominent in Illinois politics when Lincoln first took his rise, both being ardent Whigs, and were thrown together a great deal. Lincoln took his death much to heart. Baker, after his Illinois experience, went to Oregon and California, and was sent from there to the Senate of the United States, perhaps from the latter State. The troops immediately under his command was called the California Regiment in honor of Baker, but was made up chiefly in Philadelphia as many of them were among the prisoners, and told us this on that memorable night's march. Our brigade consisted of the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Mississippi Regiments and Eighth Virginia, and Capt. White's troops, in all not more than twenty-five hundred with a battery of artillery. Col. Nat Evans was then in command, a South Carolinian, and was promoted to general for winning this battle instead of Col. Burt, as stated in the article corrected by Col. White. Gen. Evans may have been commissioned brigadier before, but I know that he was justly given credit as being the superior in command. Balls Bluff was owned by descendants of Mary Ball Washington, mother of the father of his country. At any rate, it got its name from a branch of that family. Leesburg is named from the Lee family, and Loudon County from Loudon in France, whence came Launcelot Lee with William the Conqueror across the English Channel in 1066, the ancestor of the Virginia Lees, of which our great General stands at the head. Says Ridpath's "History of the World:" "When William made ready to cross with his lieutenants, Launcelot among the rest, they at first set up the original plea of State rights and refused to wage war out of their native heath, but Wiliam overcame this by sendng to Rome and getting the Pope to bless a banner the sacred cross, and thus gave his sanction to the movement." It was the same position that our great Robert took—State rights—and it was the Southern cross—our banner—under which he fought the principle to a frazzle.

Comrade D. T. Beall, Boonville, Miss., refers to page 556, December VETERAN, and adds: "Hats off, old "Vets," and three cheers all over Dixie for the noble patriot, Mrs. Anna M. B. Dale, of Paynesville, Mo., who files her protest for sacred reasons against the brass tablet being inserted in our "Dixie" monuments containing President McKinley's sentiments as expressed at Atlanta. Let us old wilted veterans live only in close communion the few days remaining to us."

THAT MOOREFIELD SURPRISE.

John H. Bobbitt, Company G., Twenty-Second Virginia Cavalry, McCausland's Brigade, writes from Greensburg, Ind.:

The name of Moorefield, a town in Hardy County, W. Va., is suggestive of a conflict never to be forgotten by the members of McCausland's Brigade of Virginia Cavalry, and the sister brigade commanded by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland.

We had been on a raid for eight or ten days. We had captured Chambersburg, Pa., the garrison at Hancock, Mo., we had attacked the stockade at New Creek, we had skirmished at Cumberland, Mo., we had made a forced march through the mountains, and crossed the Potomac where there was no ford, several of our command being drowned in the attempt. Worn out by day and night marches over and through a strange country, we were at last halted in a meadow near Moorefield. For the first time in ten days we were told to remove saddles and let our horses graze. The afternoon and night was spent in washing our bodies and the only shirt we had.

About four o'clock on the morning of August 4, 1864, we were awakened by the sound of shots, and the cry "We are attacked! Surprised!" The Twenty-Second Cavalry, to which I belonged, was quickly aroused, and while a skirmish was going on some quarter of a mile up the little river, we saddled our horses, which had been picketed, and was soon mounted. Col. Radford, who detected an attempt of the Yankees to cross the river a short distance below the camp, ordered a dismount. We held the ford for say twenty minutes, but a column of cavalry which had forced the crossing above us, swept to our rear, and we gave up the fight. Our horses had been cut off from us. We took to the wood, and in four days afterwards, joined the remnant of our brigade at Mount Jackson in the valley, and continued to serve as foot cavalry until after the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill. Some of us remounted ourselves by going into battles on foot with the main purpose of coming out mounted. I was a picket, on foot, at Brucetown (near the Potomac), on the fatal 19th of September. The fight and retreat began at sunrise. I was behind my retreating comrades until about ten o'clock, when I found a loose horse fully caparissoned. I soon took my place at the head of the column, which was well to the front of that inglorious forced march from Winchester to Fisher's Hill. I should be pleased to hear from any survivor of the "Moorefield Surprise."

War Relic of an Alabama Colonel.—Mrs. Anne M. H. Brockington, of Groton, Conn., writes Mrs. George E. Turner, of Huntsville, Ala., who sends the letter to the Veteran: "In the year 1865 my father was master of a Federal transport and carried many exchanged prisoners to and fro. Among a number of Confederate officers and soldiers taken from Point Lookout, Md., was an Alabama colonel, whose name I cannot recall. I am sure I have heard my father mention him as "an Alabama Colonel." This man, like many others in that sad time, needed money. My father, who always wanted to help every one, wished to do something for him, but the colonel would not be indebted to a stranger, so left with my father what I am sure would be a treasure to him or his descendants, if there are any. What I wish to know is this: Is there any record of any such man exchanged from Point Lookout, Md., say in the early spring of 1865. I would like any information of him; they ought to know the circumstances better than I, and be able to give the name of the transport and the dates. Will you please give it your attention and let me know the result. I would be very glad to give to the right people this relic, as I know I should want any one to do the same by me."

The Veteran makes this note: Col. Sydenham Moore commanded the Eleventh Alabama Infantry. Comrades give attention to this!

Capt. P. E. Hockersmith, South Union, Ky.: "Two soldiers whose graves have never received a flower on Memorial Day, and whose resting places are perhaps unknown to friends and relatives, now sleep on the farm of Joe Rodgers, in Logan County, Ky. While Wharton's Scouts were en route to Green River in order to destroy the locks and dams they were surprised when at dinner by a squad of the enemy from Russellville, and in the engagement following two of the scouts were killed; one Federal soldier was also killed, and another wounded. P. P. Archer—the name engraved on his fine gold watch—stood his ground and with his pistol did all the execution that was done, and there was not a gun loaded at the time. The other Confederate is supposed to be Richard Crisp, yet it is not positively known. These two men were Texans and belonged to the Rangers. Both bodies were wrapped in sheets and buried in the same grave."

John H. Bingham, McKinney, Tex., writes: "The hand of death has fallen heavily upon the old veterans of the Army of Tennessee from Texas in the recent past. Capt. A. G. Graves, of the Sixth Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, has answered the last roll, and now rests under the shade of the trees. Lieut. L. H. Graves, of the same company and regiment, has followed his captain, and they now sleep in the little city of the dead at McKinney. Joe Christie, of the Fourteenth Texas Infantry, now rests in the cemetery at Rowlett Creek, Collins County. When graves give up their dead, no more gallant band will answer to the 'rally' than the Fourteenth, Ector's Brigade. Maj. James P. Douglass, of the artillery, Army of Tennessee, died at his home in Tyler recently. He entered the service early in 1861 as First Lieutenant, First Texas Battery, at Dallas, and served continuously throughout the war, fighting under McCulloch, Beauregard, Bragg, Joe Johston, Hood and Maury. No more gallant or faithful soldier flashed a blade in cause of home people, and when the war was over those high qualities of the soldier, honor and fidelity, distinguished him, making his life useful to God and country." Further tribute to the gallant Col. Douglass may be expected.

Comrade B. G. Slaughter writes from Winchester, Tenn., that an organization of the Winchester Grays is being rapidly formed, and they hope soon to report an enrollment of 125 or 150 Veterans, uniformed and ready to march on Dallas.

REMINISENCES FROM A TEXAS VETERAN.

A. B. Foster writes from Comanche, Tex.:

Enclosed I send post office order for $3 to pay up my subscription to the VETERAN to the first of January, 1901. I am very thankful to you for your indulgence for the last three years. It is the pride of my life to read after so many of our old soldiers. I was in prison 3, Barrack 13, Camp Chase, Ohio, from July 5, 1864, to March 14, 1865. While some of us are living, thousands of soldiers starved to death. We were on the brink of starvation for six months before we got out to Dixie, retaliated upon for the prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. This fact was read to us on dress parade about the first of September, 1864.

I advertised in the VETERAN about three years ago for E. E. Rankin and Billie Grissom, and found Rankin in Colorado, but never could hear of Grissom.

E. E. Rankin was raised near Nashville, Tenn., and married soon after getting home. He came to Texas, and raised his family at Arlington, Tarrant County. He is now in Colorado for his health, but we exchanged photographs. He came back to Texas, his old home, and we met in Fort Worth by appointment. I knew him although it had been thirty-five years since we met. I am a native of Tennessee, and my parents were raised in Jackson County, Ala. I served in the First Alabama Battallion, Company A., and we were attached to the Thirty-Third Alabama Regiment, Col. Adams commanding, Lowry's Brigade of Cleburn's Division.

I joined the army in 1862, when Buell's army invaded North Alabama, and we were under Forrest around Murfreesboro and Nashville in the fall of 1862. Our horses were captured at Lavergne where we dismounted to make a fight. Our command was in every general engagement from Murfreesboro to Peach Tree Creek, and back to Nashville, under Bragg, Johnston, and Hood. There were five brothers of us in that Tennessee and Mississippi army, two of whom are yet living. Lieut. T. T. Foster, who lost his foot at Peach Tree Creek, on July 22, 1864 and was captured and taken to Johnson's Island, and stayed until the close of the war, is still living at Stevenson, Ala. One of my brothers was killed. William M. Foster was instantly killed on the breastworks near Pumpkinvine Creek, on the New Hope Church line, and I and another boy buried him after dark near an old log cabin by a board light. We stuck up a board at his head, marking his name upon it. On the evening before, near Pumpkin Vine Creek, my brother, Lieut. S. C. Foster, was wounded in the knee in a desperate cavalry charge. He was taken to Atlanta and died before the armies got there. During the time of his suffering and after his death I got several letters from a cousin, Miss Lizzie Swope. I would like to know whether either of my brothers has any mark at his grave, or whether their bodies were moved, also whether Cousin Lizzie Swope is yet living. She wrote me very sweet letters about my brother's dying very happy, and wanted me to make a true, brave soldier, and meet him in heaven.

As this may be my last opportunity to write to our valuable little VETERAN, I want to inquire if the Chickamauga Battlefield Park has a Confederate cemetery. Maj. John Gibson and Lieut. Hugh P. Caperton were both mortally wounded on Sunday morning, September 20, 1863. Just before we struck a little field in the timber, we laid down in a small branch while our skirmishers were fighting, and the enemy cutting the pine tops down on us. During the fighting, I crawled out of the branch, and was looking around a blackjack tree, when a solid ball came from the enemy and cut the blackjack saplin down about three feet from the ground, and of course I got back in the branch. I speak of these things to describe where Maj. John Gibson and Lieut. Hugh P. Caperton were killed. Three years ago I was back in Chattanooga, and looked at the old Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain Battlefields, where I was in battle, and down in Jackson County where I shot at my first man in Dr. Mason's lane, as a bushwhacker in 1862, defending my father's home, and when they made it too hot for me, I skipped out and joined the regular army. I am proud to see our Southern writers sustain our good and great chieftain, Jefferson Davis. The most of the leaders of the South were the greatest men known to the world. I wish I was able to contribute for our monuments, especially to our young hero, Sam Davis. A truer patriot never died. I came to Texas in January, 1875, and have been in Comanche County for twenty-six years. I was sheriff of Comanche County eight years and deputy sheriff two years, and I never arrested an old Confederate soldier nor the son of one during that time.

John B. Harris writes from Gallatin, Tenn.:

I should like to know just where Capt. Mack Carter was killed in the battle of Franklin, as it is a disputed point. Some say that he was killed in his father's garden, others say on the doorsteps, and others still that it was in the yard, and that a monument has been erected on the spot. Now if he was killed at either of the places, I am greatly mistaken; for that night, after the battle, I and two comrades went out on the field to look for John M. Parker, of our company—Second Tennessee Regiment—who was killed about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in front of the Federal works. We went direct to where the Columbia pike enters Franklin, and where Gen. Cleburne was killed. We stopped by a small fire, where two or three soldiers were working with a wounded officer, and we were told that it was Col. Mack Carter. We helped to arrange him on his blankets and make him as comfortable as possible. His horse was killed and lying about fifteen feet to the west of him. Upon our further search for our comrade we met some young ladies, who asked us if we could tell them where Col. Carter was. We pointed out to them the fire where he lay wounded, and saw them go to him, and heard them crying as though they recognized him.

The editor of the VETERAN has often since then been at the Carter home, and talked years ago with a brother of Col. Carter, who said that he was wounded back of the stable lot, and was carried home about daylight, and expired just about the time the friends bearing him entered the house. Comrade Harris would like to know if any of the young ladies who were with the old gentleman are yet living.

WHAT TELEGRAPH MEN DID FOR VICKSBURG.

The Fort Worth *Register* gives the following:

Maj. Philip Fall, of Gen. Van Zandt's staff also Adjutant of Dick Dowling Camp, Houston, Tex., and L. S. Daniel, now of Victoria, Tex., were in the telegraph service of the Confederacy during the war between the States, and by their combined patriotic work saved Vicksburg from capture in December, 1862. Their heroic act is revived by the following, taken from the Houston *Post's* Christmas edition. (The incident is published in full by a Chicago writer in a work of two volumes, entitled 'History of the War Telegraph," by William Plum.) Daniel still handles the keys to the lightning. He sent the following dispatch to Maj. Fall: "Victoria, Tex.—December 25.—To Philip H. Fall, Houston: Cali to mind Christmas Eve thirty-nine years ago, when you carried my telegram over to Vicksburg, and broke up the ball, announcing that 'the Yankees are coming!' But for that telegram Vicksburg would have surrendered the day after Christmas, 1862, and there would have been no Chickasaw bayou fight nor siege of Vicksburg. Love to you and your dear ones. L. S. Daniel."

It was just thirty-nine years ago that Fall was placed opposite Vicksburg by Gen. Van Dorn to keep posted as to when the Federals should pass Lake Providence, seventy-five miles above Vicksburg. Federal and and Confederate history both give fall and Daniel the credit of preventing the surprise and capture of Vicksburg, and they are both proud of their eventful service to the Confederacy. Fall, then of Houston as now, had joined the "Vicksburg (Mississippi) Southrons," a company of the writer's brigade (Barksdale's), and would have been in Virginia with those four Mississippi regiments, but Fall's mother having died suddenly in Houston, caused him to get a furlough and a lay-off at Houston. When he returned to Vicksburg his company had shipped to Virginia, and he was ordered by Gen. M. L. Smith, the Confederate officer then in command, to DeSoto, just across the river from Vicksburg, to take charge of a telegraph office there. Gen. Smith in the meantime arranged for Fall's transfer. At Lake Providence, seventy-five miles above, was stationed L. S. Daniel, a member of Gen. Breckinridge's telegraph corps. Christmas Eve night, 1862, Daniel sent the following dispatch to Fall. It ran: "Good God, Phil, eighty-one transports loaded with Yankees, and gunboats galore, passing down the river, and many more behind moving on, as I can see lights as far as the eye can reach up the river." Fall lost no time in boarding a skiff ready on the bank at all hours for his use, and put out across the river, a mile wide at that point. The night was dark and stormy, and his red light, which he carried as his particular signal by night, with a green flag displayed in day, saved him from destruction by our own batteries on the Vicksburg side.

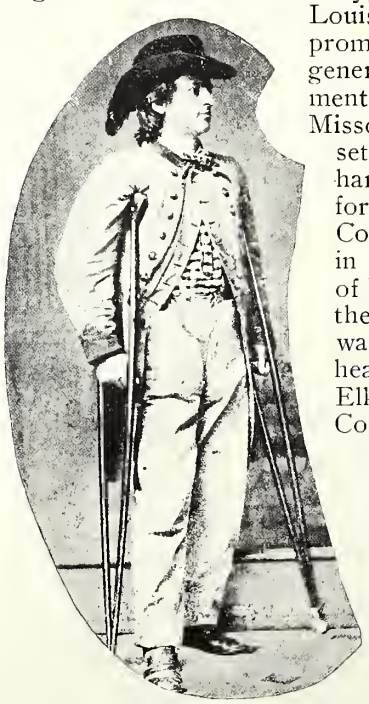
A grand ball was in progress in the beleaguered city, such as Byron describes at Brussels before the Waterloo of Napoleon. This last ball happily proved to be the Waterloo of Sherman by the gallant combine of these two lightning strikers who saved Vicksburg. All bedraggled with river bottom mud and splashes of the yellow river, Fall made his way through the assembled throng of love and beauty, and pushed to where General Smith held high carnival as lord of the feast. Smith looked askance on the intruder. When Fall had delivered the dispatch of Daniel into the hands of Gen. Smith, and he had read it, his gay gallantry turned to serious thought, and those who witnessed the scene report Smith as turning ashy pale, then raising his voice to the highest treble, shouted: "This ball is hereby at an end—the enemy will reach us by morning. All non-combatants must leave the city at once." Then there was racing and chasing as from Netherby Hall. Smith, unlike many generals or those in high command, was generous enough and held self sufficiently in abeyance to compliment and commend the midnight messenger from the clouds and the father of great waters, and hurried at once to the telegraph office to apprise our chief of the Confederacy, President Davis, at Richmond, copying this ominous dispatch word for word. Morning found trainloads of graybacks pouring into this key to the transportation of the West. Two days more the Yanks landed under command of Sherman, thirty thousand strong, above Vicksburg at Chickasaw Bayou.

WOULD NOT SURRENDER THE FLAG.

Reminiscences of the "Queen of the West."

A. F. Wilson, of Dallas, Tex., sends the following about Capt. D. E. Grove and the "Queen of the West."

At Natchitoches, in April, 1861, he enlisted for the Confederate service in a company of infantry, and on April 28 was mustered in as a corporal in the Third Regiment Louisiana Infantry, commanded by Col. Louis Herbert, afterwards prominent as a Confederate general. The Third Regiment went to Arkansas and Missouri, and from the out set was famous for the hard fighting which it did for the Southern cause. Corporal Grove took part in the memorable battle of Wilson's Creek, where the Federal General Lyon was killed, and his next heavy engagement was Elkhorn Tavern, where Corporal Grove was seriously wounded and left on the field for dead. He fell into the hands of the enemy, recovered and escaped, and returning to Louisiana was assigned to duty early in 1863 in the Confederate navy. With the rank of lieutenant he was made executive officer of the gunboat, "Queen of the West," with which he served until that vessel was destroyed in battle. At the same time he was badly wounded and captured, and he spent the summer and fall of 1863 in



D. E. GROVE ON CRUTCHES.

Federal hospitals and prisons. Again escaping—from New Orleans in November, 1863—he went to the temporary State capitol at Shreveport, and being unfit for active duty, was made sergeant-at-arms for the Senate.

After the adjournment of the Legislature he was assigned to the command of a battery in Louisana, with the rank of captain, and he was active in the artillery service until wounded and captured in the lower Bayou Teche in the following August. Escaping the third time from military imprisonment, he regained the Confederate lines, and was employed in the secret service until January 8, 1865, when he was wounded at the Bayou Fordoche, and for the fourth time fell into the hands of the enemy. Escaping from New Orleans in April, 1865 (as to escape was his habit), after the surrender of Gen. Lee, he finally closed his service by parole at Natchitoches, June 13, 1865.

Capt. Grove then returned to steamboating on the river for a few years, after which he removed to Texas, and in 1872 established the first large planing mill at Dallas. Losing his plant by fire, he was made freight contracting agent with the Texas & Pacific Railroad, and he was connected with the company for twelve years. Within that time he filled various positions, including that of superintendent of five hundred miles of road. Since 1887 he has been engaged in the insurance business, at present being the manager for a large fire insurance company.

Concerning his naval service in connection with an account of the destruction of the Confederate gunboat, "Queen of the West," etc., being submitted to him before publication, he erased every reference to himself or to the well-known fact tha the was the executive officer. It read as follows: "General information is both meager and defective as to the destruction in the battle of the Confedrate gunboat, 'Queen of the West,' on April 14, 1863. This may largely be accounted for by the fact that it was the opening chapter to a series of disasters to the Confederate cause in 1863. Before any of the survivors of the 'Queen' had been returned from Federal hospitals and prisons Port Hudson and Vicksburg had surrendered, and Gen. Lee had been turned back at Gettysburg. In the conflicts of the year the loss of the 'Queen' was a very small affair as to numbers engaged or results. In fact, the bloody but small affair in the following and awful scenes of 1863 had almost passed out of the public mind before the families and friends of the officers and crew learned there were any survivors. The 'Queen of the West' was a former passenger steamer in the Cincinnati and New Orleans trade, fitted out as a gunboat and ram by the United States, as a portion of the marine brigade operating on the Mississippi. After a most heroic run of the concentrated fire of the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg, she was disabled and captured at Fort De Russey, on Red River, below Alexandria. After being changed to a 'cotton-clad,' under Capt. Joseph McCloskey, of New Orleans, she rammed the ironclad 'Indianola, when that vessel was destroyed off Grand Gulf. The 'Indianola's' nine and eleven-inch Dalgreen guns failed to penetrate her cotton bale protection, though setting the cotton on fire in several places. On April 13, under Capt. Billie Molloy, of St. Louis, she lay at Bute La Rose, on the lower Atchaflya, with little over half a crew of what was said to have been very carefully picked officers and men, every one assigned, after a special understanding, that she was never again to float the Federal flag. Capt. Fuller, of St. Martinsdale, La., was on board as ranking officer of the little fleet, composed of the 'Queen,' 'Webb' (at Washington for coal), and the 'Grand Duke,' at Alexandria for some finishing touches to her armament. Just before dark a courier brought a dispatch to Capt. Fuller from Gen. Dick Taylor at Camp Bisland. Its substance was that the water in Grand Lake was so high that he had reasons to fear that Gen. Banks at Morgan City was arranging to send a division on transports under escort of his gunboats up Grand Lake to Mrs. Porter's, thirty miles in the rear. This, if successful, meant the possible annihilation of his army; certainly the destruction of his trains and supplies. Fuller was a very quiet, cold man of iron will. After one reading he read the dispatch to the officers and crew that were going into Grand Lake against a fleet of armed transports and gunboats alone. It was a forlorn hope, not a regular duty, and no one was expected to go except volunteers. Deciding not to go would not be the slightest reflection on any one. Fuller had only been on board a day or two, and the crew looked upon him as an intruder upon Capt. Molloy, of whom they were very fond. None took kindly to the suggestion, but none declined to go. Sending the steamer, 'New Era,' under Capt. William Boardman, of New Orleans, without a light on board, to steal its way to Indian Bend to bring on board two companies of sharpshooters, the 'Queen' entered Grand Lake about midnight in total darkness. About sunrise, on April 14, as the foggy mist arose from the water, Capt. Boardman reported his inability to reach Indian Bend on account of the Federal gunboats. Also that a hostile fleet of transports and gunboats was coming up the lake. While he was reporting shells flew over the 'Queen' and the 'Era.' Broadman was instructed to go to Bute La Rose, and hurry forward the 'Webb' and 'Grand Duke.' In a few minutes the 'Queen' went around. In less than an hour more than three-fourths of her crew and every commisisoned officer but two were dead (both of these wounded, and one, Capt. Fuller, died from his injuries at Johnson's Island). A slow match had been laid to the magazine. The survivors had jumped overboard and been most gallantly destroyed. She was not surrendered. The flag was not hauled down."

CAPT. GROVE OF TO-DAY.

Texas comrades are thoroughly aroused to the responsibility of the reunion and they may all be assured that the VETERAN will help unstintedly.

PRINCIPLES IN RELATION TO HUMAN ACTION.

Miss Dunovant's address as Historian of Texas Division United Daughters of the Confederacy:

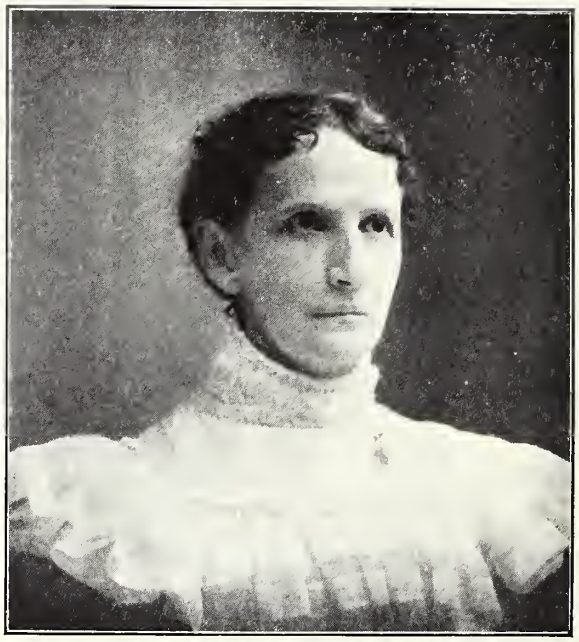
As the effective operation of our Organization is dependent upon a clear conception of the nature and scope of history, and as its scope embraces both human action and principles, I will discuss "Principles in Their Relations to Human Action."

We seek no pearl on the foam-crested wave, nor golden ore on the surface of the teeming earth; then, why seek we the pearl of truth on opinion's evanescent wave; or hope to find the golden vein of right on the external field of circumstance? Down into the gulf of the soul we must go; down to the depths and trace the passion veins, if we would win the gem of truth, and set it in the golden light of honor unalloyed. Even our most earnest, ardent efforts to vindicate the men of the Confederacy become futile by reason of our failure to search further than the surface of events. Borne on by the subtle sophistry that questions of principle can be measured in the scale of material interests, we place the principle of right in the scale of physical victory, which is as illogical as would be the attempt to balance an Esau's mess of pottage with a feather dropped from an angel's wing. Principles must be measured by principles. We should take the principles which the South represented and weigh them against the principles represented by the North. We gather the few gems of principle that, in the great upheaval of war, were cast, dimmed and broken, on the Styxian shore of the decadent South. But we fail to dive into the depths and rescue the smallest fragment of every sorrow-gulfed gem, seal them with ardent devotion, range them in unbroken line on the tested chain of evidence and bind them upon the brow of clear understanding that their translucent light may put to shame the gaudy, manufactured beads of assumptuous success. With what small efficacy are displayed a few disconnected gems from the South's crown of honor it is not necessary to prove. Day by day the wheel of self-adulation is trampling them into the dust. The eye of introspection seems persistently closed; and beyond the veneered present none seek to penetrate.

"Why permit this to be?" seems wafted from the mystic realm where dwell those whose honor lies in our hands. Upon that spirit-winged message my thoughts mount, and feebly, feebly flutter in the radiance of the infinite Spirit of God. Why, I ask, has the great Jehovah given man the privilege to ascend and bathe his soul in the radiance that emanates from the divine Spirit; why, if man is amenable alone to physical force, "if man is subject to that which governs the beast of the field?"

Why are we given the power to enter into the depths of the human soul and explore the labyrinth of human joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain, hope, disappointment, anguish, despair, faith—why is this? It is that we may know that man is more than the creature of circumstance; that outward action is not all; that it is the inward springs of character that justly determines man's position toward his brother man. It is that we may see broader, higher, deeper than the narrow plain of the present. It is that we may not accept opinion, which to-day is, and to-morow is whirled by some fitful gust into the vast desert of nothingness. It is that we may measure and weigh and balance man in the moral scale.

That we should recognize the existence and power of unseen forces in nature and yet not consider human action further than externals seems unaccountable.



MISS ADELIA A. DUNOVANT.

We see the storm come forth from the Creator's workhouse, and, as it strides nearer and nearer in savage agitation the cloud mask shivers, and the portentuous sky a weird background forms for the lightnings as they track the heavens with fantastic lurid step. And the thunder, as if in grand applause, sends forth detonating roar. At this manifestation of the elements man's understanding leaps and seeks entrance into nature's mysteries. On the threshold the eager eye discerns on the partly opened book of nature "Unseen Forces." But sealed pages refuse a complete knowledge. We see grim war come forth, and track the earth with human gore, and the heavens are blacker and the air is pierced with tones more awful than ever tempest sent forth. But unlike the disturbance of the elements, the hidden forces of which red-handed war is but the instrument can be revealed; they can be tracked to the cave of human passion; they can be dragged before the tribunal of justice and truth, and can be confronted with ordinances, based upon principles that can never die. Where are those ordinances to be found? In the constitutions of the States and of the United States, and in the laws made in accordance with those constitutions. In giving man a moral standard of right (the Bible) the Creator has indicated the necessity for a political standard. That standard is the constitution of the United States. As Jefferson Davis remarked, "It is not the government of the United States that is declared to be supreme, but the constitution of the United States, and the laws made in accordance with the constitution." Then the constitution being declared supreme, it follows that obedience is due, and that the party that disobeyed is

the guilty party. That Abraham Lincoln and his party violated the constitution can be easily proved by considering the nature of that instrument.

The constitution of the United States sets forth the terms of union between free, sovereign and independent States, each retaining its separate sovereignty and delegating to the general government only such powers as would be conducive to the prosperity and welfare of all the members of the Federal republic. The constitution was framed by the States, submitted to the States, and adopted by the States. Thus it is seen that the constitution made the Union, not the Union the constitution. As John C. Calhoun tersely remarked: "There would have been no Union without the constitution." We hear much of the construction or interpretation of the constitution. Every President of the United States, from Jefferson to Lincoln, held that the constitution was a compact between sovereign States. In the celebrated debate in the United States Senate in 1833 between Mr Calhoun and Mr. Webster, the former established beyond controversy that the constitution is a compact. As he remarked: "Ours is a system of Federal States, each retaining its distinct existence and sovereignty." In 1738 more than two-thirds of the States gave that construction through their representatives in the United States Senate. Again, in 1860 resolutions declaratory of those same principles were introduced in the United States Senate by Jefferson Davis, and were passed.

Concerning Rightfulness of Secession.

The right of secession was recognized in all parts of the Union during the earlier days of the republic, and by every President from Jefferson to Lincoln.

Judge Tucker, one of the earliest and ablest commentators on the constitution, says: "The submission of a State to the operation of the Federal government is voluntary."

Another early and able commentor, Mr. Rawle of Pennsylvania, has said: "The right of a State to secede from the Union depends upon the will of the people of such State."

Among eminent foreign writers who made our institutions their study, I quote (as does Alexander H. Stephens) from De Tocqueville: "The Union was formed by the voluntary agreement of the States; and these in uniting have not been reduced to the condition of one and the same people. If one of the States should choose to withdraw from the Union, the Federal government would have no means of maintaining its claims, either by force or right."

Mr Webster admitted that if the constitution were a compact, the right of secession followed, as a matter of course; and the fact that he never attempted to reply to Mr. Calhoun's arguments proving that it was a compact, is unquestioned admission on the part of Mr. Webster of the right of secession.

As late as November, 1860, Horace Greeley, the noted abolitionist, said in his paper, the New York *Tribune:* "Those who would rush into carnage to defy and defeat secession would place themselves already in the wrong."

What of Lincoln? Lincoln declared those same general principles in 1848.

Proof that the Confederates were the Constitutional party is so abundant that nothing short of many volumns could contain all the incontrovertible evidence. But would the establishment of that historic fact complete our fulfillment of duty? Far from it.

Our association is properly not only one of historic memories, but of vital present interests; not only one of sentiment, but of utility. History should be made to serve its true purpose, by bringing its lessons into the present and using them as a guide to the future.

O mothers of our Southland, the preservation of constitutional liberty depends upon you; depends upon your instilling its principles into the minds and souls of your children; depends upon your teaching them the application of those principles to issues.

Of what avail is simply the knowledge of the honor and heroism of the Confederate soldier, the high morale of the Confederate army, the unimpeachable integrity of the Confederate soldier? Of what avail is this knowledge if the young men of our land are not taught that those lofty virtues can be emulated only by exercising a vigilant guardianship over the fundamental principles of liberty and by considering opposing principles in their bearings upon questions which effect the organic structure of our Federal system?

Of what profit is it to proclaim that our fathers were the conservors of constitutional liberty if their children, their grandchildren, and their great-grandchildren are not? Is it not rather a shame?

It seems to me that our error lies in embalming, as it were, historic truths and putting them away in the tomb of the Confederacy—making them as devoid of energizing influence as an Egyptian mummy, instead of bringing them and keeping them ever before us in the vital, living present. Memory is not a passivity, but an ever active faculty. What lies before us is, not only loyalty to memories, but loyalty to principles; not only the building of monuments, not only the vindication of the men of the Confederacy; for, great and worthy as are these objects, there is that which is of even greater importance, the vindication of the principles which those heroes and those monuments represent. Why greater? The vindication of those principles would result in their perpetuation in the lives of the present and future generations, and would make us altogether worthy of ancestors, who, in surrendering, did not surrender the right to hold the truth, to proclaim the truth, to implant the truth.

If I were asked what it is that prevents our association reaching the zenith of noble purpose? I would answer: The misconception of the legal consequences of the war. This misconception arises from regarding the field of battle as the only arena and failing to resort to that of logic and truth. Force may control human action and effect settlement, but it cannot enslave the intellect, unless we so will.

On the arena of logic and truth it would be seen that the measures passed by Congress during the reconstruction period did not in reality affect the Federal organic law, because those amendments were not made in the prescribed manner. The peoples of the several Southern States were compelled under duress to go through the forms of adopting the fourteenth amendment. If we examine the policy of the centralists, we will see even in this instance a pretended

recognition of the States, and we would also see that notwithstanding their bold usurpation of power they never openly denied the federative character of the government. "On the contrary," says Mr. Stephens, "they openly and avowedly proclaimed that in passing these measures they were acting 'outside the constitution.'" This is a most important admission to be borne in mind, and it strengthens Mr. Stephens's assertion (an assertion based on unanswerable logic), that nothing really affecting the vital principles of the organic structure of our federated system of government has been accomplished or even claimed to have been accomplished. That some of our own writers should claim for those palpable usurpations of power the consideration due legitimate measures notwithstanding the fact that the authors of those measures virtually acknowledged their illegality by saying they acted "outside of the constitution," notwithstanding that they never ventured to submit those measures to the courts, that some of our writers should, notwithstanding all this, bring the monster, "centralism," from its covert place and clothe it with the robe of legality is, to say the least, surprising and disappointing.

As Regards Citizenship of the Union.

The clause creating, or, rather, declaring it being a part of the fourteenth amendment, is of course included in my comments upon that amendment. I would add: Why is it that the people of the District of Columbia (a Federal district) cannot vote for the President of the United States if the United States has citizens? The inconsistency of the Federal government claiming citizens in a State and not in a Federal district is apparent. Many inconsistencies, many misconceptions can be accounted for in three words: Conquest of Opinion. The conquest of opinion has been insidiously prosecuted for thirty-five years, and there is no greater witness to our having succumbed than words which we are ceasing to employ, and those which we are misapplying and diverting from their original and true meaning. We say "America" instead of the "United States," "nation" instead of the United States.' There are two instances of a noun in the singular number replacing a plural noun. What does that signify but centralism, consolidation? Other instances are "civil war" instead of "war between the States," "rebel" applied to patriots. These words conceal a thousand subtle poisons more fatal than blade or bullet. They have arrested ten thousand flashes of reason, and left us in semidarkness to unconsciously trample on the very principles we honor.

The application of the term "rebel" to Confederates is a very grave error, destructive of the hope of establishing the South's just claims to being the constitutional party, involving the right of secession, and in consequence acknowledging the right of coercion. It makes the sending of troops into the South a constitutional act, which Lincoln tried by sophistry to prove, but which has been disproved by all who earnestly seek reason and truth. The common saying, "Washington was a rebel, and we are rebels, too," is a very grave error, and will be readily so recognized if we consider the distinctive difference between the revolutionary war and the war of the States. I will remark, parenthetically, that my ancestors were not Tories, but fought, like Washington, to overthrow monarchial rule. The revolutionary war was a war between colonists and their mother country; the other war (the war between the States) was a war between citizens of coequal States. One was a rebellion of subjects against an established monarchy; the other was the resistance of free, sovereign, and independent States to the encroachment of their common agent—the general government—the resistance of the creators to the creature.

The fact that the enemy applies to us the term "rebels" should of itself be sufficient to cause us to regard the term as intended by them one of opprobrium. They know full well that it is only by asserting that we were rebels that they can, in the least, be justified in the unholy war.

The fame of the Northern soldier is of physical force; the glory of the Southern soldier is of moral courage. The reputation of the Northern soldier rests upon numerical strength; the renown of the Southern soldier is based upon unexcelled skill and fortitude. One sought conquest; the other, justice. One drew the sword in vengeful hate; the other, without hatred or malice. One climbed to the height of worldly success; the other, attained the summit of lofty virtue. One triumphed; the other, lost; but with his face to the foe and his eye toward heaven. His was the defeat of the vanquished patriot—no broken faith, but a broken heart; his soul spotless, but his body scarred; his worldly inheritance seized, destroyed, but the priceless wealth of a clear conscience was still his own. Ashes marked the spot of his once peaceful home, but on the dismal scene he an altar to his country raised. And around that altar we, the daughters of the Southland, in reverent devotion gather, feeding its dimly burning light with ardent love, and filling the memory-haunted scene with the triumphant refrain: The body may to the sword fall victim, but truth can never know of death, and it yet will rise and weave into the tapestry of the world's most honored the words, "Men of the Confederacy."

SUCCESSFUL REUNION IS ASSURED.

The Fort Worth Register says it will be successful:

Dallas has put on the armor of faith, and is clad in the garments of success for our coming reunion next April, and the committee of arrangements ask that the press "say to all the world that Dallas is a metropolitan city, does nothing by halves, and invites the world to her feast of good things for the Confederate soldiers once again."

Now a word to the Camps. The Adjutant General of the Fifth Brigade, Col. Jim Cummins, of Bowie, calls attention to the fact that some Camps meet only twice a year, once to elect officers and once to get transportation at reduced rates to go to feasts.

The time for the great gathering is moving on apace, and Camps should find things for their hands to do in aiding Dallas in this great work, and do it with all their might. Fall in, boys, and beat the long roll, and be ready to march at a moment's warning!

REMINISCENCES OF APPOMATTOX.

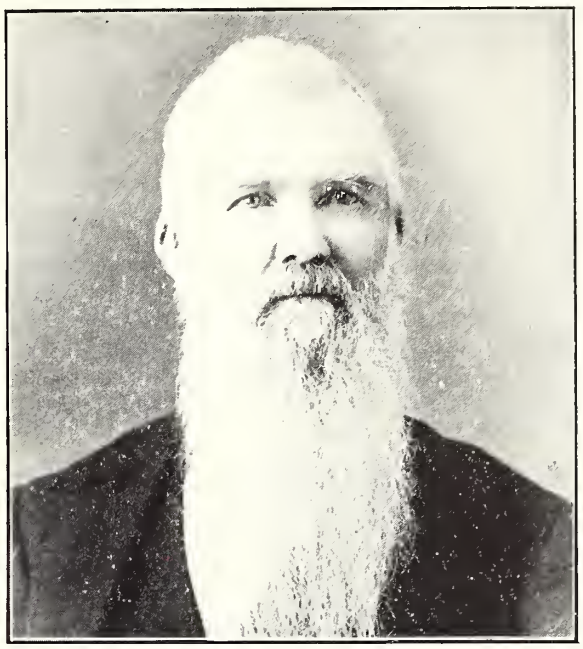
As N. B. Bowyer, of Lakeland, Fla., remembers it:

I have read several articles in the VETERAN in reference to who fired the last volley or last gun at Appomattox on the ever memorable 9th of April, 1865. It is not my purpose to pluck a leaf from the laurel wreath of any soldiers who participated in the last struggle of the glorious Army of Northern Virginia on that bright April morning so many years ago. I simply make a plain statement of facts that occurred under my immediate observation upon the now historic field of Appomattox.

I was first lieutenant of Company G., Tenth Virginia Cavalry, (R. & T.) Beale's Brigade, and W. H. F. Lee's Division.

On the retreat from Petersburg the position of the cavalry, as a matter of course, was in the rear. We were fighting and skirmishing almost continually from the time our army abandoned the entrenchments at Petersburg until the final surrender at Appomattox. The fighting continued day and night. Our cavalry were upon the flanks and so remained until forced back to other positions. We thereby aided our wagon trains, with jaded teams, to keep ahead of the retreating army. This was the daily routine of business, and I do not suppose a single officer or soldier either in the infantry or cavalry ever undressed during that never-to-be-forgotten retreat. Sometimes we had nothing to eat; our brave soldiers were almost famished, footsore, weary, and worn. They continued the unequal contest, hoping almost against hope, that we might succeed in forming a junction with the army under Gen. J. E. Johnston. This state of affairs continued up to the night of April 8, when we were moved three times, and on the morning of the 9th, our position was upon the extreme right of Gen. Gordon's infantry, in the direction of Lynchburg. During the night of the 8th, the Federal troops had moved around Gen. Lee's army, and occupied the Lynchburg road. And just as the first golden beams of the morning sun was seen the first gun was fired, and the last desperate effort was made against the victorious northern army.

This move by Gen. Lee was to open up, if possible, the Lynchburg road, hoping thereby that the remnants of his army might possibly get through and form a junction with Gen. Johnston. When the order to advance was given our poor, weary and almost famished soldiers went in as usual with the old "Rebel Yell" and drove the Federals back for some distance, and, for a short time, we all felt very much elated at our success, but the enemy was soon heavily reënforced, and we could advance no farther. I was in command of a remnant of the Tenth Virginia Cavalry, and a courier about this time arrived from Gen. W. H. F. Lee and ordered me to take my command and bring off two pieces of artillery that had either been captured from the enemy or had been abandoned by our own men. I started to obey the orders, but before reaching the point designated, I met a heavy skirmish line of the enemy and could go no farther. I deployed my men and commenced falling back, skirmishing with them. Not long after this, however, the firing ceased on my left, and I could not understand the cause, and I sent a man to find out about it. During his absence we continued falling back and skirmishing. He was gone about ten minutes, and when he returned he said to me, with tears streaming down his cheeks, that Gen. Gordon's men were stacking arms. That explained why the firing had ceased.



N. W. BOWYER.

I continued skirmishing, however, for a short time afterwards, when a cousin came dashing up from Gen. Fitz Lee and said that the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered—to cease firing, and take care of ourselves as we thought best. I immediately ordered my men to stop firing, and communicated the sad news to them. We separated, and I have never met but one or two of them since.

I took the battleflag of the old regiment from the color-bearer, cut it from the staff, placed it across my saddle in front of me, and in company with two others, left the field. How many of the old regiment surrendered that day I know not. I only know that I did not, nor have I surrendered yet, although I claim to be a good and loyal citizen of this greatest country upon earth.

When we left the field we started for James River, knowing that our safety from capture depended upon our getting across the river as soon as possible. A short distance after leaving the field we came to a two story house with double porch. On the upper floor of this porch were three ladies; one of middle age the other two younger. It occurred to me that we might meet with some of the Federal troops before getting across the river and might be captured. I rode through the gate, up to this house, and told the ladies that the army had surrendered, and asked them if they would take and keep our flag until called for. They agreed cordially to do so. I then cut from the flag a star each for the two friends with me and one for myself, and then I threw it to the ladies, and as I turned to ride away, asked who lived there, and they said Mrs. Samuel Meggenson.

We then rode on and not long afterwards came to

the river, and went down it a short distance until we came to a landing (New Market?). We succeeded in crossing the river that afternoon, and went over into Nelson and Albemarle Counties where we rested for a few days. I bade my two friends farewell—have never seen them since—I then left for my old home in the Kanawha Valley, now West Virginia.

The foregoing is a correct statement of events as they occurred on that eventful morning. I unhesitatingly say that the last firing was done by a remnant of the Tenth Virginia Cavalry, under my command, ten minutes or more after Gen. Gordon's division had stacked arms, and that in truth the last shot was fired by Sergt. William A. Burdett, of Company G., Tenth Virginia Cavalry, now living in Putnam County, W. Va. We do not claim or expect any special honor or merit for this act, as it was not our seeking. We simply happened to be placed in the position to do it.

An item of history not narrated in the above is that one of the young ladies to whom the flag was delivered by Comrade Bowyer is now Mrs. B. J. Farrer, of Nashville.

ABOUT BEAUREGARD'S ORDER AT SHILOH.

M. R. Tunno writes from Savannah, Ga.:

My recollections of the closing scenes of the first day's battle of Shiloh not being the same as that of Col. D. C. Kelley's in all respects, and knowing that soldiers upon the same ground see things in different lights, and form different conclusions, I wrote to Col. Alexander Robert Chisolm, A. D. C., to Gen. Beauregard, and asked him for information concerning the order to withdraw the troops and what was the report to Gen. Beauregard, and by whom was this order issued. There are several versions to this order—an order that to those behind the scenes thought in the advance of the forward movement on first day of fight, brought surprise and disappointment. From that portion of the field where I was, it seemed the easiest matter in the world to march forward and capture the demoralized enemy in our immediate front, and to us bitter was the disappointment. At the time of receiving news or directly afterwards, it was unofficially stated that it was in consequence of the report that Gen. Bragg had made to Gen. Beauregard. So I could not reconcile with this, the scene of Gen. Bragg "foaming at the mouth like an enraged tiger." Col. Chisolm has given me permission to have his letter published, and the extracts I send herewith will throw light upon the matter.

Exracts from Col. Chisolm's letter, January, 1902:

The only order I heard given was the one to Gen. Bragg after my return from Gen. Hardee just before dark; he had ridden up to Beauregard and while on his horse, stated to him that he had been to the river and that there was none of the enemy between Ocol and Lick creeks. It was then that Beauregard told him to fire on the gunboats. At dark about six were sent by Gen. Beauregard to the front to arrest the conflict and fall back to the camps of the enemy for the night.

The editor of the VETERAN has allowed me to see the above in proof. Whether Gen. Beauregard issued such order I do not know. Whether Gen. Bragg was "foaming at the mouth" I do not know, but there is not the remotest doubt in my mind to-day that an officer leaving the group in which Gen. Bragg was, so told me at the time, some events cannot be forgotten. That the occurrence took place not later than 5 P.M. I am equally sure. The extract above is difficult to understand. "The only order I heard," etc., throws no light on the question, as the writer states that he had been absent with Gen. Hardee. Again, "he had ridden up to Beauregard." Who "had ridden up to Beauregard?" Who was told to "fire on the gunboats?" "At dark about six were sent"—six orders? six couriers? six what? Bragg was certainly forming a long line of battle at the front, and could not therefore have "ridden up to Beauregard" at the time of which I wrote. Beauregard's fatal order was commonly discussed in camp for weeks after the battle. What was true at *one* point of the field I know with certainty. That Gen. Beauregard knew much more of other parts of the field must be equally true.

D. C. KELLEY.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM HIS FELLOW-PRISONER.—John H. Gordon writes from Pikesville, Md.: "During the war between the States I was in Company B, White's Battalion of Cavalry, under Capt. Chisholm. In the fall of 1863, I, with thirteen others, endeavored to pass through the lines from White's Ferry on the Potomac River in Virginia to Pooleville, Md., and three of us were captured by Federal pickets. We were taken to Washington City, kept for three weeks in the old Capitol prison, then sent from there to Elmira, N. Y., where I was kept ten months—till the war was over. I write to try and open communication with a fellow-prisoner who bunked with me at Elmira. I think he belonged to a Georgia Infantry Regiment, and at that time he was about thirty-five years old. He told me one day that he was about to get out of prison, and asked if I could lend him any money. (I let him have two dollars in United States currency.) My address is at the Confederate Home at Pikesville.

T. P. Waller, Adjutant of the United Confederate Veteran Camp, at Bessemer, Ala., writes to correct the statement of R. S. Rock in the November VETERAN, in which he says: "Jackson had defeated Banks at Winchester, Fremont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Fort (Port) Republic, under the direction of Joseph E. Johnston, then commander in chief of the armies of Virginia." Now, Mr. Editor, God bless Joseph E. Johnston's memory, but if I am not mistaken, R. E. Lee was then in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, hence the error as to commanders.

Again Comrade Rock states: "The Army of Northern Virginia, under Johnston, had defeated McClellan at Seven Pines." That statement is correct. The army was under the command of Johnston at Seven Pines, but Johnston was severely wounded there, and R. E. Lee commanded in the Seven Pines fight on May 30, 1862. Jackson's operations in the valley were in June, 1862, so you see wherein the mistake occurs. The Malvern Hill engagement was the last one of the seven days' fight around Richmond, and occurred about July 2, 1862, under the immediate command of Gen. Lee. Then as to the fight at Slaughter Mountain, that was over two months after the Malvern Hill affair, occurring on August 9, 1862, and of course Gen. Lee was commanding.

FAMILY LOSSES IN THE WAR.

At every board a vacant chair
  Fills with quick tears some tender eye,
And at our maddest sports appear
  Those well-loved forms that will not die.

We lift the glass, our hand is stayed—
  We jest, a spectre rises up—
And weeping, though no word is said,
  We kiss and pass the silent cup.

—*J. Dickson Brown, M.D., C. S. A.*

In Pharaoh's reign the edict went forth that in each home the first born should die; but exemptions were made by mark on the lintel of the door! In our Southland in 1861-65 there were no exemptions, death invaded every home. In the Courtenay family of Charleston, S. C., not only did each of the three branches of the family meet such loss but in two of the three families only sons perished. On a family memorial in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., is a bronze panel with these pathetic inscriptions:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER BLACK COURTENAY,
BORN 4TH OF MARCH, 1833; SETTLED IN KANSAS, 1856,
VOLUNTEERED IN THE CIVIL WAR,
LOST HIS LIFE IN BATTLE AT SPRINGFIELD, MO.,
10TH AUGUST, 1861, AND WAS BURIED ON THAT FIELD.
AND OF
EDWARD COURTENAY BULLOCK,
BORN 7TH DEC., 1822, GRADUATED AT HARVARD
COLLEGE, 1842, SETTLED IN EUFAULA, ALA., 1843,
ADMITTED TO THE BAR, 1845, SERVED IN THE
CIVIL WAR AS COLONEL OF THE 18TH REGT., ALA. INFTY.,
DIED 24TH DEC. OF DISEASE CONTRACTED IN
CAMP, AND BURIED AT EUFAULA CHRISTMAS DAY, 1861,
CALLED TO MANY HIGH STATIONS, EQUAL TO ALL.
TO PERPETUATE HIS MEMORY THE STATE OF ALA.,
BY ACT OF HER LEGISLATURE IN 1866
GAVE HIS NAME TO ONE OF HER COUNTIES.
AND OF
CHARLES COURTENAY TEW,
BORN 17TH OF OCTOBER, 1827; GRADUATED WITH FIRST HONORS
AT THE SOUTH CAROLINA MILITARY ACADEMY, 1846.
PROFESSOR IN HIS ALMA MATER ELEVEN YEARS;
FOUNDED, IN 1858, THE HILLSBORO, N. C., MILITARY ACADEMY.
SERVED IN THE CIVIL WAR AS COLONEL OF THE
SECOND REGIMENT, NORTH CAROLINA STATE TROOPS; LOST HIS LIFE
AT SHARPSBURG, 17TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1862, WHILE COMMANDING
ANDERSON'S BRIGADE, AND WAS BURIED ON THAT FIELD.
GRANDSONS OF EDWARD COURTENAY, NATIVES OF
CHARLESTON, THEY MADE THE LAST SACRIFICE, THEY
DIED FOR THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.
ERECTED 1891.

In the effort to hold Kansas (next to Missouri) for admission as a Southern State in the Union an appeal was sent throughout the South for settlers. Among those who went from South Carolina was Alex B. Courtenay. Just arrived at man's estate, a contractor and builder, he, with a number of others, went to make their homes in that distant territory in 1856. A strikingly handsome young man, over six feet in height, and a physical athlete, he settled in Atchison, and was doing well, when the war begun in the spring of 1861. Upon the first call to arms he volunteered, and was in the first great battle in Missouri at Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, on August 10, 1861. In the victorious Confederate charge under Col. Weightman against Gen. Lyons's Federal forces, near the spot where both Weightman and Lyons were killed, Sergeant Courtenay was instantly killed. He was a man of magnanimous disposition, brave and generous, and had a host of friends in his new home to mourn his untimely end, and a large circle of relatives and friends regretting his death in his native State. As is known, the Confederate dead have since been removed from Wilson's Creek, to the cemetery at Springfield, where last August an imposing monument was erected in honor of "the unreturning brave." Sergeant Courtenay was the only South Carolinian killed in that battle, and his family had prepared a year ago a memorial in South Carolina gray granite and shipped to this Confederate cemetery. It weighs over one thousand pounds, and is erected on a concrete foundation, and bears this laconic epitaph:

FORTUNA NON MUTAT GENUS.
IN MEMORY OF
ALEX B. COURTENAY,
BORN
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,
4TH OF MARCH, 1833.
A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER,
KILLED 10TH OF AUGUST, 1861,
AT WILSON'S CREEK.
HIS REMAINS REINTERRED HERE,
HIS GRAVE UNKNOWN.
1900.

Col. Ed Courtenay Bullock

was the only son of William Bowen Bullock, merchant of Charleston, and Eliza Greer, daughter of Edward Courtenay, Esq., of that city. He was born on December 7, 1822; entered the freshman class at Harvard College in 1838, and was graduated in 1842, with honors. He returned to his native city in July of that year, and in September accepted a position in Maj. Goldsboro's Military Institute in Alabama. While teaching he read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845, and entered at once on a successful and lucrative practice. In September, 1845, he married Miss Mary Julia Snipes, of Barbour County. He was an ardent admirer of J. C. Calhoun's State rights' theory of government, and founded a journal in Eufaula, the Spirit of the South, which was for years a high political authority in Alabama, and largely influenced the action of that State in 1861. By a unanimous vote he was elected Senator for Barbour Co. in 1854, having no opposition, an unsolicited honor, conferred by the people of the county. He served with increased reputation and popularity until 1861.

Gov. Moore, in December, 1860, sent him as a special commissioner to the State of Florida to urge the prompt action of that State in the cause of the South. Gov. Moore next appointed him Chairman of the committee of citizens to meet and welcome the President-elect Davis as he entered the State on his way

to Montgomery to take the oath of office. On Saturday, February 16, he met the President at West Point, Ga., and discharged most eloquently and impressively this most distinguished duty. The day after he resigned his seat in the Senate he enrolled as a private "for the war" in the Eufaula Rifles under Capt. Alpheus Baker, and paraded in the ranks, in the military escort, at the inauguration of the President on February 18, 1861. The Eufaula Rifles was assigned to the First Regiment Alabama Infantry, Col. H. D. Clayton, commanding, and was at once ordered to Pensacola to report to Gen. Bragg.

On the 12th of March, 1861, Gov. Moore appointed Private Bullock Inspector General on the staff of Gen. Jerry Clements, with the rank of colonel. In May Gen. Bragg appointed him judge advocate general of the army at Pensacola. In the summer he was asked to accept a circuit judgeship, but declined, saying: "I am enlisted for the war, unless sooner relieved by that long furlough which awaits us all." His commission as Colonel of the Eighteenth Alabama Infantry, unsolicited and unknown to him, was received from the Secretary of War at Richmond, Va., dated September 4, 1861. He took command a few days after, and was ordered to report to Gen. A. S. Johnston in Kentucky. The regiment had reached Huntsville when its destination was changed to Mobile. While in camp he was prostrated with a serious attack of typhoid fever, which developed into pneumonia.

EDWARD COURTENAY BULLOCK.

For better professional attention he was carefully removed to Montgomery, Ala., and received in the home of his friend, Dr. W. O. Baldwin, a noted physician of that city, where he died on December 23, 1861. It should be recorded that Col. Bullock was physically a frail man, and entirely unfitted for the camp and march of a soldier's life. He was buried in the Episcopal cemetery in Eufaula on Christmas day. On a marble column this epitaph is inscribed:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

EDWARD COURTENAY BULLOCK,

BORN IN CHARLESTON, S. C., DECEMBER 7, 1822,
MADE HIS HOME IN EUFAULA, ALA., 1843,
ADMITTED TO THE BAR IN 1845,
CALLED TO MANY HIGH STATIONS, AND EQUAL TO ALL,
AN ARDENT BELIEVER IN THE POLITICAL OPINIONS OF CALHOUN,
HE ELOQUENTLY ADVOCATED THEM IN LIFE,
AND WHEN WAR ENSUED DEFENDED THEM
AS COLONEL OF THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT, ALABAMA INFANTRY,
AND DIED IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE DECEMBER 23, 1861.
TO PERPETUATE HIS MEMORY THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
BY ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE IN 1866,
GAVE HIS NAME TO ONE OF THE COUNTIES OF THE STATE.
"HONESTA QUAM SPLENDIDA."

The following editorial written at his death, expressed the public opinion of Alabama at that period:

"Just as we go to press the telegraph brings us the mournful intelligence that Col. E. C. Bullock of the Eighteenth Alabama Infantry, is dead! The dispatch, although we had been led to anticipate it, has covered our community with gloom. Here where he had lived almost from boyhood, where all knew him and loved him, every heart saddens, every man feels that he has lost a friend. His death is a personal bereavement to every member of the community. The thought that he who had for so long a time been cherished as a friend; whose bright face and genial companionship had been the charm of our society; whose noble soul and brilliant intellect had won for him the confidence and admiration of all who knew him; that he, the gallant, generous, gifted Bullock, is forever gone from our midst, hangs like a pall upon every heart, and covers with sadness every face in Eufaula. Words of eulogy seem like mockery in their vain attempt to express our loss. Never did any man have a stronger hold upon the affection and confidence of a community than Col. Bullock had upon ours. His great heart that knew no semblance of guile or selfishness, that counted no cost in the service of either friend or country, had inspired all who came in contact with him, with a degree of friendship that is rarely seen beyond the family relation, while his exalted genius that sparkled like a diamond, that won for him the admiration of all who ever knew him; and yet, noble, unselfish, brilliant as he was, he is gone forever gone!

"Edward Courtenay Bullock was a native of Charleston, S. C. In earlier life he came a stranger to Barbour County. His strongly marked qualities soon attracted to him a host of friends in his new home, and he had lived here only a few years before he was assigned a position of prominence in the county. Almost from the day of his admission to the bar he took first rank as a lawyer, and rapidly came into a large and lucrative practice. At the time of his death he was regarded one of the most eminent members of the bar in East Alabama. But a short time before his death, while a private in the army at Pensacola, he was tendered the judgeship of this circuit, but preferring the post of danger, he declined the honor, which, unsolicited, had been pressed upon him.

"For years he has been the editor of the Eufaula Spirit of the South, and had given to the editorial col-

umns of that paper a reputation for ability and lofty devotion to the rights of his section, unsurpased by any sheet in the South.

"Four years ago, without an intimation that he desired it, the people of this county elected him without opposition to the State Senate. Though young and inexperienced as a legislator, he was placed at the head of the most important committee in the Senate, and in that capacity, probably contributed more to the legislation of that body than any other member of it. His unselfish devotion to the public interests, his thorough acquaintance with the laws of the State, his clear perception of the wants of the country, his unclouded judgment, and his ability as a debator, commanded for him the unquestionable confidence of that body, while his genial nature and affable manners secured for him the cordial esteem of all who were associated with him.

"While yet a member of the Senate the present war commenced, and from the halls of the Legislature he went as a private in the Eufaula Rifles to do service as a common soldier at Pensacola. His company was one of the first to tender its service to the country, and he was among the first in preparing for duty. Though a private, his claims did not escape the attention of his commander, Gen. Bragg, and by the appointment of that officer he was assigned the position of judge advocate for the army at that post. How well and how faithful he discharged all his duties as a soldier, all who knew him in that relation will testify. As at home, so in the camp, he was beloved, admired, courted by all who were associated with him. While thus engaged in his duties at Pensacola the War Department at Richmond sent him a commission as colonel of the Eighteenth Alabama Regiment. He knew nothing of the purpose of his government to promote till his commission reached him. He was as modest as he was brave and worthy, and hesitated about accepting the trust, until he was advised to do so by Gen. Bragg, whose military eye discovered in him the elements that fitted him for the command. Thus advised, he hesitated no longer, but at once repaired to Auburn, and there assumed command of his regiment, with orders to report to Gen. A. Sidney Johnston for duty in Kentucky. He had reached Huntsville when the exigencies of the service called him in another direction, and he was ordered to Mobile. Shortly after arriving there, the bombardment commenced at Pensacola, and Gen. Bragg, by telegraph, invited him to act as one of his aids in the engagement. He proceeded at once to the scene of danger, but reached there too late to participate in the fight. While in Pensacola he was seized with typhoid pneumonia, and was carried to Montgomery, where, after lingering for three weeks, he died yesterday morning at six o'clock.

"In accordance with his oft-repeated request, his remains will be brought to this city for interment. Just before leaving home to take command of his regiment he said to us: 'No matter where or how I die, I wish that my remains shall rest beneath the soil of Barbour County. Her people have loved me and honored me, and among them I wish my ashes to repose.' His wishes will be carried out, and his grave will be honored by a people whom in life he honored.

"Alabama has lost one of her best men. Even beyond the limits of the State his death will be felt to be a public calamity; but here at his own home, where he was best known, he was most loved, and will be most lamented. Had he lived the highest honors of his country awaited him. Dying, he will be cherished as one of the brightest jewels." (The Spirit of the South, Eufaula, Ala., December 24, 1861.)

Col. Charles Courtenay Tew.

was born in Charleston, S. C., October 17, 1827. His father was Henry Shade Tew, a merchant of Charleston, whose family name is on the roll of the South Carolina Society (French Huguenots). The fourteenth signature on that roll was Thomas Tew, October 11, 1737. The first signature is of date September 1, 1837. This indicates that the family is one of the earliest in the State. His mother was Caroline, youngest daughter of Edward Courtenay, formerly of Newry, whose family had been resident in Ireland during and since Queen Elizabeth's time, and some of the tombs in St. Patrick's Church, Newry, date back to the early years of the seventeenth century.

In the first assignment of twenty cadets to the South Carolina Military Academy in 1843 we find the name of "C. C. Tew." He graduated in 1846 with the highest honors of his class ,and was at once retained as a professor in his alma mater. He continued in this service until 1852, when he spent a year in Europe observing military matters, going from point to point on foot, with his knapsack, soldier fashion. Upon his return he was placed second in command at the academy in Charleston, and in 1857 was made superintendent of the Junior Military Academy in Colorado. His enterprising spirit led him to found a military school of his own, and was encouraged to do so by the authorities of North Carolina at Hillsboro in 1859. In this he was preëminently successful, and in two years his academy had become most favorably known and most influential. In 1861 North Carolina seceded, and the two colonels of regiments, first commissioned by Gov. Ellis, were Col. D. H. Hill, First

Regiment, and Col. C. C. Tew, Second Regiment, North Carolina State troops. Quietly, unostentatiously, as was characteristic of him, he met, with his gallant regiment the issues of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the battles from Richmond to Sharpsburg in 1861-62. He was always the intelligent officer, prompt, thorough, and devoted to duty. He laid down his life on that desperate field of Antietam while temporarily commanding Gen. Anderson's Brigade, and by the changes of positions in the army that day, his body was not recovered to family and friends.

Many conflicting stories were circulated as to his death, one that he was alive and a close prisoner of war at the Torugas. So plausible was this that his aged father proceeded to Washington and obtained permission to visit this prison in search for his distinguished son. Disapointment, of course, ensued, and thus ended the hopes of family and friends in two States. Gen. John B. Gordon's statement is accepted as to his death, which was to the effect that he and Col. Tew were reconnoitering in front of the Confederate lines when the latter was shot and mortally wounded and left for dead. The Confederate forces retiring from that part of the field, it was impossible to recover the body. His place of burial has remained unknown. His personal effects—a sword (presented by the cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy and inscribed with his name, etc.) and watch—have never been heard from. It would be such a comfort to his surviving children if either or both could be restored. In October, 1874, Capt. I. W. Bean, U. S. A. sent the silver cup, which had been taken from his dead body, to his aged father, the letter returning the cup, couched in handsome terms, pays a noble tribute to the Confederate soldiers of that fateful day, and is creditable to the head and heart of that considerate Federal officer.

So it is and O how sad, that two of the three dead of this family lie in unknown graves! As we recall that lofty and heroic past Father Ryan's pathetic and touching poem is at once in mind, from which we quote a few lines:

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now, in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

Capt. John J. Hood, of Meridian, Miss., writes to correct the impression made by crediting him with the authorship of the tribute paid to Barksdale Brigade in his address to the camp of Sons of Veterans, published in the Veteran for November, page 503. It should have had this introduction by Capt. Hood: "To add to the interest of this matter, I beg to read a graphic, beautiful, and eloquent description of Barksdale's last charge written by Mr. Fontaine Maury."

The Late Thomas B. Traylor.—W. W. S. Harris writes from Waverly, Tenn.: "In the February Veteran, pages 81 and 82, Mr. R. C. Carnell gives a biographical sketch of our worthy deceased comrade, T. B. Traylor, in which there are some errors. Comrade Traylor and I were members of the same company—F, Tenth Tennessee Cavalry, Gen. Forrest's old brigade. The company was made up by Capt. W. W. Hobbs in the spring and summer of 1862. M. M. Box was first lieutenant, Jesse Hobbs second lieutenant, and Charley Summers third lieutenant. At the battle of Parker's Cross Roads, near Lexington, Tenn., December 31, 1862, Capt. Hobbs was severely wounded by a grape shot passing through the elbow of his right arm, and was never in command of the company afterwards. Lieut. M. M. Box then became its commander. He was promoted to captain, and commanded the same in all the battles referred to by Mr. Carnell and many more until the battle of Franklin, Tenn., in which he was badly wounded near the enemy's breastworks. A braver man never led his men than Capt. Box. The writer was close by him at the time he was wounded and helped to carry him from the battlefield. He was detailed to stay with and take care of him, and when Hood's army began to withdraw from Tennessee he procured a buggy and carried Capt. Box out, crossing the Tennessee River on the pontoons with the army. He was then sent to the hospital, where he remained until a short while before we were surrendered, when he returned to us, and was parolled with the command at Gainesville, Ala., on May 10, 1865. Comrade Traylor was never in command of the company. We were both privates and messmates, and slept under the same blanket—when we had one—and were intimate friends as long as he lived. He was a brave, true, patriotic soldier.

Dr. Q. C. Smith writes from Austin, Tex., to M. O. Box on this subject, in which letter he states that in said sketch Capt. Box is robbed of some of his dues. Reese Bowen, now dead, with two or three others, led by Capt. Box, captured the battery at Philadelphia, a short distance out on the Loudon road, late in the evening, when we charged Wolford's and Bird's commands and drove them out of Philadelphia. They retreated on the roads to Loudon and Kingston. This capture of said battery of two fine brass mountain howitzers, is credited by Mr. Carnell to Lieut. Traylor. Of course Mr. Carnell wrote from hearsay, as he could not have been present as we were. T. B. Traylor and myself were ever good, warm friends. and divided favors and rations as long as either of us had a crust. But justice and truth robs no good man. I followed Capt. Box through many hot and hard places—for there was none more daringly brave than he—and know from experience that he earned and deserved all of his honors as a true, patriotic soldier.

Mrs. Peter Wise, of Alexandria, Va., makes inquiry:

As a Daughter of the Confederacy most heartily interested in the perpetuation of Confederate memories I ask that you allow me space in the Veteran for inquiry as to the origin of the square of stars upon a field of blue, above the bars of red, white, and red, adopted as our badge. The reason for its adoption has been so far unobtainable to me, and I ask that some one conversant therewith will kindly instruct me as to when and where such ensign floated in the service of the Confederacy. It is not a synonym of the circle of stars on a blue field above bars of red, white, and red, whose folds nestle in silent eloquence so closely about our hearts, nor yet of the crosses of stars in their glorious beauty as they seem to the mental eye."

Col. A. H. Belo.

Prolonged silence before reporting the death of Col. Belo, which occurred at Asheville, N. C., April 19, 1901, resulted not from indifference but a sense of inability to make fitting report of his extraordinary and valuable career. The pages and pages of newspaper accounts of his nobility of character and his extensive services as a journalist and publisher were passed in the hope that some comrade who knew the history would furnish a concise report for the Veteran.

Alfred Horatio Belo was born of Moravian parentage at Salem, N. C., May 27, 1839. His boyhood and youth were spent in his native State. He had just completed his education when the great war began. When North Carolina passed the ordinance withdrawing from the Union he volunteered for active service in the Confederate army and was elected to the captaincy of the first company from his native county (Forsyth). He served with distinction during the operations in Virginia, earning a colonel's rank. He was twice severely wounded at Gettysburg in 1863, and again the following June at Cold Harbor.

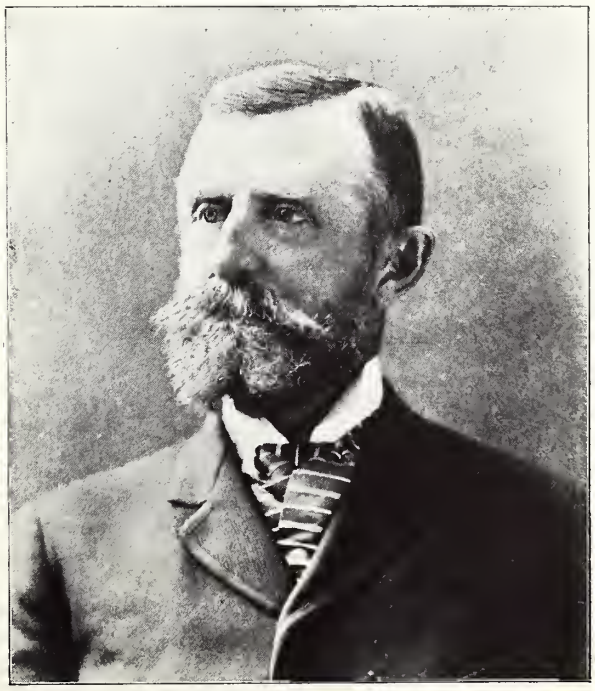
Col. Belo, then a major, was conspicuous for gallantry in the famous charge at Gettysburg, in which 15,000 men from Hill's and Longstreet's corps marched steadily against the storm of canister shot, shell, and bullets. He received his second wound in the final assault and was in earshot of Gen. Armistead when he leaped the stone wall waving his sword with his hat on it, shouting, "Give them cold steel, boys!" as he fell mortally wounded. Gen. Hancock was in command at that immediate point of the assault. In his report to Gen. Meade, Gen. Hancock says: "I have never seen a more formidable attack. The enemy must have been short of ammunition, as I was shot with a ten-penny nail." Col. Belo's regiment, although it had suffered severely from the two days' fighting, was in the final charge and reached the extreme point of the Confederate advance on that fatal day.

Col. Belo's wounds were scarcely healed when his command formed a part of the line at the Federal slaughter in the second battle of Cold Harbor. It was when Gen. Grant ordered an assault by the entire army that Col. Belo was wounded for the third time. Col. Belo refused to be sent to the rear with the other wounded, followed the stars and bars and was with Lee at Appomattox.

After the surrender and a short sojourn at the homestead in North Carolina, Col. Belo determined to seek a home in the Southwest. Responding to a business call he returned to Virginia and from thence rode on horseback to Texas, reaching the field of his usefulness in June, 1865, still suffering from the wounds he had received the year before in the battle of Cold Harbor. In August of that year he became connected with the Galveston News, of which Mr. W. Richardson was owner, and later bought an interest in the paper. Col. Belo had no journalistic experience but developed aptitude for the details of newspaper management. In 1875, after the death of Mr. Richardson, Col. Belo bought the interest of the heirs of his deceased partner, surrounded himself with able and enthusiastic lieutenants and up to his death controlled the editorial and business management of the News.

In 1881 Col. Belo formed a stock company authorized by its charter to publish newspapers at Galveston and "such other points in the State of Texas as the company might select." The large income of the Galveston News made possible a wide extension of its well-developed system of collecting news. The News conceived the new and bold idea of duplicating its issue simultaneously at Dallas. Other journalists probably thought of the possibility of publishing simultaneously at widely separated cities duplicates of the same newspaper, thus securing two points of distribution instead of one, but no one had ventured to try the experiment. Another advance step in journalism taken by Colonel Belo is newspaper home buildings. The office of the Galveston News was the pioneer, the office of the New York Herald was next, and the home of the Dallas News followed. They are specially built to accommodate the various departments of the newspaper.

Col. Belo married the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Ennis at Galveston June 30, 1868. Mr. Ennis was prominent among the pioneer merchants of Texas, and he was prominently connected with the building of railroads in this State. The city of Ennis in Ellis County was named for him. Mrs. Frank Cargill, of Houston, and Mrs. C. Lom-



COL. A. H. BELO.

bardi, of Portland, Ore., are sisters of Mrs. Belo. Two children were born to Col. and Mrs. Belo, a daughter, Jeanette, now Mrs. Charles Peabody, and the son is Alfred H. Belo, Jr. Col. R. G. Lowe, is vice president of A. H. Belo & Co.

An editorial in the Galveston News said: "Col. Belo was a man who did not seem to care for the aggrandizement so much coveted by other men. He was a quiet, conscientious worker, with no turn for self-advertisement, with whom character and duty were the main considerations. He was the embodiment of sound qualities and bore himself with like earnestness, serenity, and good humor when face to face with death in the thickest of battle in his country's cause, when in dire stress under the knife of the surgeon, when restrained and brought down by disease.

"That this man of duty could have had even without asking political honors which he declined, goes without saying. For such he did not care, choosing and holding fast his opportunity to serve the people in a better way, and all who are able to consider results fully and fairly, who know the facts, will agree that his record is an important and most creditable part of the history of his adopted State. He did his duty nobly, and left the rest with God."

William H. Wiles.

Rev. A. C. Peyton, Nashville, Tenn., writes of him:

Mr. William H. Wiles was sixty-one years of age at the time of his death, which occurred Sunday, January 19, 1902, the same day of the week and of the month on which his mother's death occurred some years ago. Mr. Wiles was a member of the Twentieth

W. H. WILES.

Tennessee Regiment in the war of 1861-65. He was desperately wounded at the battle of Shiloh, from the effects of which he never recovered. He ever afterward carried the bullets in his body, and his head showed the marks of two severe sabre wounds. His right leg was also badly shattered by a ball, which made him a cripple for life. For the past four years Mr. Wiles had in his home, as attendant, a kind-hearted Christian woman, and all who knew him marked the influence she had upon his character and life; his nature growing more and more gentle and tender, developing interest in the welfare of the lowest and weakest of God's creatures. Mr. Wiles read the Bible a great deal and seemed specially attracted to its mystical portions, relating to the prophecies and their fulfillment.

On the first Sunday in April last, he was received into the membership of the Howell Memorial Baptist Church. Its pastor in visiting him several times always found him eager to hear the word of God and the voice of prayer. Mr. Wiles passed peacefully away and without pain, having again and again expressed his willingness to leave his soul's interests in God's hands. He leaves an only sister, Mrs. Robert Thompson, and her immediate family, who gave him every needful attention in his last days. All his sufferings were borne with calmness, patience, and fortitude. He often said that he knew he was in the hands of a just God who would deal wisely in all things.

He was seriously afflicted at times by the head wounds, and was so sensitive that the devoted sister had to adopt shrewdest methods for supplying his needs, in the success of which she must ever be gratified.

L. S. Ferrell.

W. C. Dodson, of Atlanta, Ga., writes that a short time ago he received a letter, of which the following is an extract, concerning the passing of L. S. Ferrell:

"Wife, the boys, and the two little girls (orphaned grandchildren) drove off to church and left the old man seated on his front porch, while the shades of evening gathered round him, and the katydids serenaded. Is it any wonder that, as he sat in his old arm chair, he dropped into a reminiscent mood, and that visions of the past came trooping up, and he saw again the faces of the boys he rode with in the long ago? I wonder how many of my old comrades have 'passed over the river,' and how many of them will be ready 'when the roll is called up yonder;' how many feel the reassuring clasp of the loving hand that can lead us over the slippery places in the pathway that leads to the crossing. May God's blessings rest upon you and yours, is the prayer of your comrade,

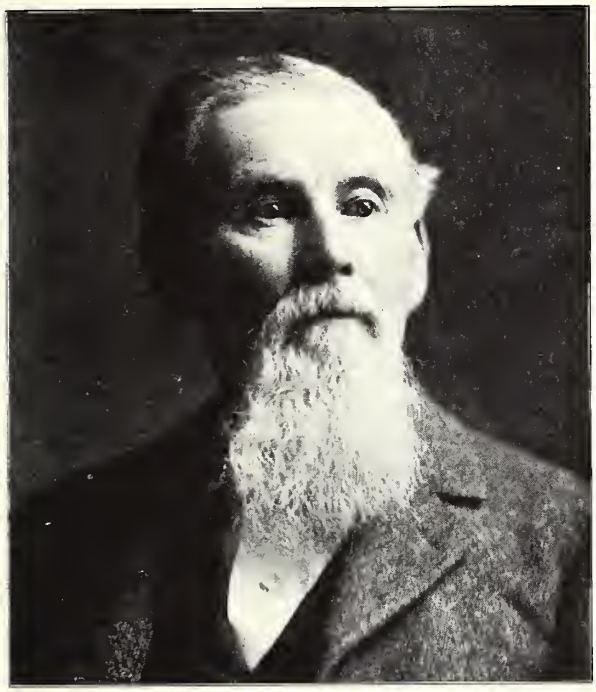
"L. S. Ferrell."

The day after I replied to this beautiful letter I learned that the writer had answered to the "roll call up yonder," and had seen again "the faces of the comrades he rode with in the long ago." The summons came suddenly, but he had long been prepared, and on the evidence of a well-spent life, and of duty faithfully performed, to his God, his country, his family, and friends, I do not hesitate to maintain that he felt "the reassuring clasp of the Father's hand to lead over the slippery places in the pathway," which lead to that comfort and peace he deserved so well.

Lucillius S. Ferrell died at his residence in Cage's Bend, near Gallatin, Tenn., November 11, 1901. His death was the result of an accident, he having fallen to the cellar of one of the farm buildings and sustained injuries which proved fatal a few hours later.

He was living on the farm on which he was born seventy-two years before, and was laid to rest in the old family burying ground, where four generations of his kindred are sleeping.

In every relation of life Comrade Ferrell measured up to the full stature of a man. He was a member of



L. S. FERRELL.

Donaldson Bivouac and of Camp A, Wheeler's Cavalry U. C. V., having served from start to finish in the Confederate army, and his record is that of a gallant soldier. He belonged to Company K, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, and his company for a time acted as escort for Gen. N. B. Forrest.

Comrade Ferrell was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and for a number of years superintendent of Sunday school. He was a Mason, and lived up to the motto, "We meet upon the level and part upon the square." He left a wife, three sons, and two orphan grandchildren, of whom he speaks in his last letter. We will miss our comrade, but our grief is not without hope.

Amos Benson.

E. H. Wier, Bristow, W. Va., sends this about him:

Amos Benson was born in Baltimore County, Md., September 7, 1825, and died at the Johns Hopkins Hospital November 5, 1901. He went to Virginia with his father's family in 1840 where he spent his long and useful life. He joined the Methodist Church in 1842, and later the M. E. Church, South, remaining a faithful and honored member until his death. In early life he married Margaret A. Newman, with whom he spent nearly fifty years, in the sweetest and purest domestic felicity. She preceded him to the better land about four years ago. At the beginning of the civil war he joined Company A, Fourth Virginia Cavalry. He fought through the war and surrendered with Lee's Army. He was a brave soldier, faithful to his convictions. Years after the war a Federal soldier whose life he had probably saved by care and tender nursing in his home, desired to make him recompense. He declined to receive anything for himself, but accepted a handsome donation for Sudley Church which was being rebuilt. He was laid to rest in the cemetery of that church. The pallbearers were comrades of Company A, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Henry Lynn, Curl Lynn, William Wilkins, Bob Cushing, Robert Haislip, B. L. Pridmore.

Col. J. M. Wells.

A delayed communication from Capt. D. T. Beall, Boonville, Miss., of March 7, 1896, pays fine tribute to this venerable patriot:

Col. J. M. Wells has just Crossed over the River from our midst. He was the oldest Confederate in North Mississippi, and perhaps the oldest colonel of all Confederate Veterans.

Early in 1861 the brave old patriot stepped down from the Methodist pulpit, rallied the boys of his county and organized the Twenty-Third Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers for the war. Girding on his sword, he was soon heard from at Fort Donelson, for he led into that battle as gallant a regiment as ever met foe. The noble old patriot, with his determined, yet gentle spirit, drew the boys devotedly to him, who bravely followed for four years, and to the finish. His men never hesitated or faltered on hearing that Stentorian voice and seeing the glimmer of his flashing sword, as they would echo, "Forward! double quick! charge!" The Rebel yell and deafening roar of musketry that followed may well be imagined by comrades. The history made by this noble old hero and his gallant boys of the Twenty-Third Mississippi during the dark and bloody struggle of our loved country should be handed down to coming generations. This scribe and Col. Wells were of the same brigade (Lloyd Tilgham), fought together, and starved together on the march and in prison. We took in Fort Donelson, Holly Springs or Coldwater, Coffeeville, Grenada, Big Black, Port Gibson, Jackson, Bolton Depot, and Baker's Creek, all in Mississippi, except Donelson. I saw enough of the Twenty-Third Mississippi, if all was written to make a bright link in a chain of poetry, of romance, of dash, potriosism, or chivalry that would invite the Muses.

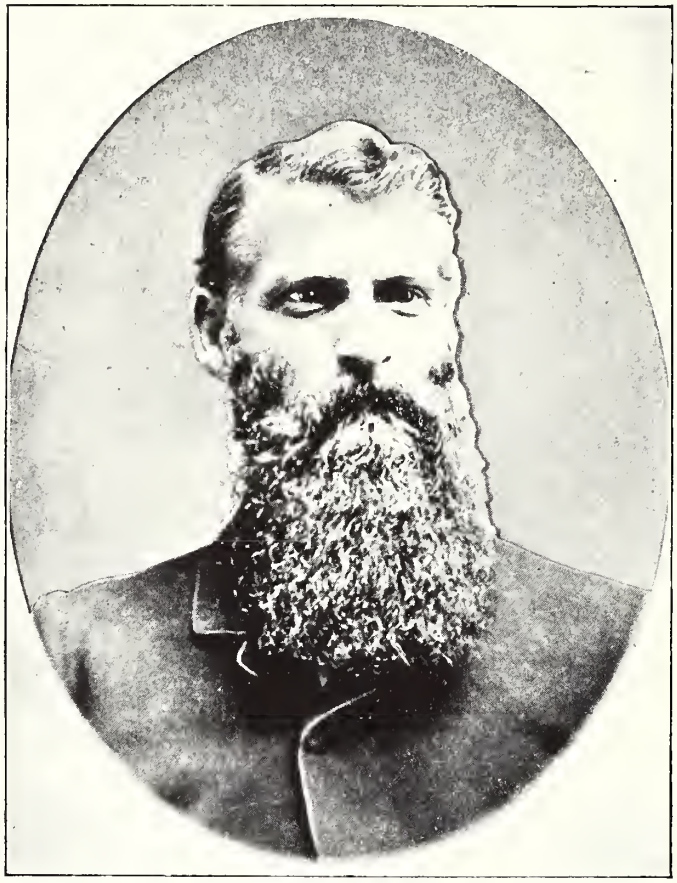
Comrade Beall adds a personal note:

I wish that I was prepared to give a full history of this noble old Colonel. Many thousands know him as citizen, farmer, politician, preacher, and soldier. His modest reserve kept him from being a leader, yet his great natural resources and ability justified such.

George W. Hutcherson.

H. Pinson writes from Troy, Ala., the following:

George W. Hutcherson was born in Georgia February 15, 1840. He moved to Mississippi when a child, and when the war began joined the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, with which he served during the entire war in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded twice. Returning home he removed and made his home in Sumter County, Ala., where he died on December 13, 1901. He married Miss Elizabeth Sibley, who with a large family of children survives him. Comrade Hutcherson was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and died in the faith. Thus one by one, the followers of the stars and bars are passing away, our ranks getting thinner each year.



SAMUEL H. DEANE.

In the VETERAN for January, with the sketch of Samuel H. Deane, of Griffin, Ga., his picture in his soldier days appeared, but to those who knew and loved him in his later years there was lack of that kindly expression that his benign features always wore, so his devoted wife, who was Miss Caroline E. Varner, sends the accompanying picture.

Col. Francis Marion Isom, a veteran of the Mexican war, and a Confederate commander, said of Comrade Deane: "He was equal to every demand as a soldier, and never shirked a duty imposed upon him." With the exception of thirty days as prisoner of war, he served faithfully until the surrender.

As much as the "last roll" increases in this VETERAN several pages have been held over for the March issue. In the list mention is made of the passing away of Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis. Her own dictated account of her part in the cause of the South is in type for March.

The next issue will be largely of Missouri. The reports of the U. D. C. and of Judge Haughton Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Officers of the Texas Reunion Association.—C. C. Slaughter, President; K. M. Van Zandt, J. E. Farnsworth, Vice Presidents; C. L. Martin, Secretary; W. H. Gaston, Treasurer. In addition to the officers named the directors are: B. N. Boren, Ben E. Cabell, William D. Cleveland, Royal A. Ferris, W. H. Gaston, D. C. Giddings, H. W. Graber, W. C. Padgitt, Alex Sanger, Charles Steinman. Office 247 Main Street, Dallas, Tex.

TWO WARS.—ITS GROWING POPULARITY

The following comment is from a valiant engineer officer of the United States Army: "I have read Gen. French's 'Two Wars' through with the greatest interest. Of course I cannot agree with all of his opinions, but they are the honest beliefs of a straightforward man and are entitled to respect as such. His pictures of men and life of the old army are especially interesting. The sad tale of the reconstruction period I suppose cannot be overdrawn. As presented by Gen. French it is not nearly as dark as accounts I have had form other parts of the South. Please accept thanks for it."

The foregoing is from Col. W. M. Black, of the Engineer Corps, who was Chief Engineer for the army in the Spanish-American war, afterward Chief Engineer for the government in Havana, and for Cuba in the great sanitary movement whereby yellow fever has been so nearly eradicated, and is now in charge of the government training school for engineers at Washington, D. C. He was a West Point graduate in 1877. Request was made for permission to print it, and he cordially granted it, adding:

"The book is very readable, both for its simple, straightforward style and for the interesting matter it contains. One cannot wonder at the care taken by Gen. French to keep a record of the stirring scenes in which he participated, and those who have been in the field during active operations know how hard it is to find time or patience after a hard day's work to make any record at all of events, without going into the details of such a journal as evidently was kept by Gen. French. The value of this record is undoubted, and its interest great, not only to the children for whom it was compiled, but to all connected in any way with the "old army," as well as to students of the civil war.

Gen. French's description of the deeds and men of the army of the years from 1839, when he entered West Point, to 1856, when he resigned, are of great historical value, since the record of those years is all too meager, when their connection with the events of the years 1860-65 is considered. The share taken by him in the battles of the civil war is also well told, though perhaps there is a little too much controversy in this part of the narrative. His reasons for casting his lot with the Confederacy are of interest to a Northern man, as showing motives of an honest, intelligent man in taking the side of the question opposite to that which they have been taught was the right.

The picture drawn of the period of reconstruction is gloomy enough, though by no means in too black colors. Let it be hoped that never again will mistrust and the misunderstanding so arise between sections of our country as to bring about conditions approaching those of that unhappy period.

As stated, the book is interesting, and in places, absorbingly so.

The Charleston *News and Courier* says:

Though it lacks the withering sarcasm with which Gen. "Dick" Taylor characterized those whom he did not like, and has little of the wit and esprit which made "Destruction and Reconstruction" so delightful a volume to the general reader, this autobiography of Gen. Samuel G. French is one of the most valuable yet written to the student of the Mexican war, of the war for Southern independence, and of the dark days of reconstruction in the South. The volume is dedicated "to my wife and children and to the Confederate soldiers who battled with the invading foe to protect our homes and to maintain the cause for which Oliver Cromwell and George Washington fought." This is the keynote of the whole book; there

is no whimpering plea that he "thought he was right," nor is there any bitterness against those with whom he fought; indeed one of the most charming qualities of the book is the tenderness with which he dwells upon the history of his early companions in arms who fought against him in 1861-65. . . .

From a Union veteran about "Two Wars":

Comrade C. C. Ivey, of Washington, D. C., sends a review of "Two Wars" by John Moran, who was a brave and gallant Union soldier in the regular army (artillery), and who is now chief of a Division of Ordnance in the War Department:

This work, though modestly styled "An Autobiography," contains much valuable information relating to military operations in which the author took prominent part. The General relates facts and circumstances that transpired under his immediate observation in the Mexican and civil wars in a most entertaining manner, and comments upon them when necessary to a correct understanding of important events and movements.

To the survivors of the Mexican war and the student of history, his account of that period will be found most interesting and instructive; while the Confederate soldier will find equally interesting his graphic recital of the campaigns and movements of the Southern army, or at least that portion of it which he commanded or with which he was connected during the momentous struggle from 1861 to 1865. Nor will this book be without interest to ex-Union soldiers, since it is a valuable contribution to history, in that it recounts stirring scenes and incidents in which many now living took part.

It may be said in praise of the author that his statements concerning men and events are marked by a calm, judicious sense of propriety and equity. The book is singularly free from vain boasting or a desire to detract from the merit of others who figured in those military exploits, and whose services were brought into competition with those of the author. Even where evident injustice had been done to Gen. French, he does not seek to disparage the work of others. He does not hesitate, however, to vindicate his own conduct and judgment by a fair presentation of facts and circumstances connected with the movements which he directed and in which he participated. But he does this in a spirit of generous rivalry and fairmindedness characteristic of all chivalrous men.

This book tells the story of hard fought battles in which heroic valor was displayed on both sides. Now that the country is reunited and the bond of union is indissoluble, the brave deeds of American soldiers, whether Union or Confederate, constitute a precious inheritance of which the nation may feel proud.

The book is well written and pacific in tone. It should have a warm welcome in recognition of its merits, and in compliment to the distinguished author, who wields a graceful pen and whose spirit is that of an intrepid soldier and Christian gentleman.

Joseph T. Derry, of Atlanta, writes of "Two Wars":

The author was a gallant actor in the Mexican war, by which a vast acquisition of territory was secured to the United States, and a prominent figure in the mighty conflict which shook the Union to its foundations.

Born in New Jersey and from that State appointed to West Point, Samuel G. French was a young officer when, fresh from the United States Military Academy, he went to Mexico in the army comanded by Gen. Zachary Taylor, who became President of the United States, and whose son, Richard (familiarly known as Dick Taylor), afterwards won merited fame in the service of the Confederate States.

The author dwells with tenderness upon the history of his classmates at West Point, among them Grant, Franklin, Ingalls, and Quinby.

In the perusal of Gen. French's autobiography how familiar sound the names of Ridgley, Duncan, Jefferson Davis, Twiggs, Worth, and McIntosh, the latter a gallant Georgian who fell at the head of his command in Worth's brilliant victory of Molino del Rey, near the walls of the City of Mexico.

The Mexican war, that great training school of the mighty leaders who subsequently figured in the most stupendous conflict of modern times, has always possessed for me an interest both romantic and thrilling. Among the future great leaders, who in the land of the Aztecs and their Spanish conquerors mastered so thoroughly the art of war, were Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Joe Johnston, and Bragg, who led the most heroic armies that ever unfurled a banner in a struggle long successful against overwhelming numbers of brave men of kindred blood, led by McClellan, Grant, Thomas, and Sherman, trained in the same great school as the leaders of the Southern hosts and backed by boundless and inexhaustible resources of men and money.

But the interest in Gen. French's autobiography becomes still more absorbing when he treats of events so familiar to the men who were themselves actors in them, many of whom as beardless boys followed with unfaltering patriotism amid victory or disaster the starry-cross flag of the Southern Confederacy. Especially interesting is his account of the Atlanta campaign of 1864 and the battle of Allatoona, about which so many erroneous statements have been made. Very feelingly does the author write of that stirring battle-shout so inspiring to Southern heroes, which often struck terror to their Northern foes. Says Gen. French: "The 'Rebel Yell' was born amidst the roar of cannon, the flash of the musket, the deadly conflict, comrades falling, and death in front—then, when rushing forward, that unearthly yell rose from a thousand Confederate throats, loud, above the 'thunder of the cannon and the shoutings,' and with the force of a tornado they swept on and over the field to death or victory. . . . As that yell is the offspring of the tempest of the battle and death, it cannot be heard in peace, no, never, never!"

In the Appendix to Gen. French's work is found some very interesting and instructive statistics of the Union and Confederate armies, which show clearly the fearful odds against which the soldiers of the South contended.

Gen. French was one of twenty-six men of Northern birth who, having made their homes in the South, and believing honestly the doctrine of State sovereignty, rallied around what they deemed "the banner of the right" and won high rank in the Confederacy. Gallant soldiers of the Union army showed their respect for the honest convictions of these men by the cordial greetings which on the return of peace they extended to these comrades of other days.

We would advise all lovers of history to procure this valuable addition to any library.

Opportunity to Secure Fine Pictures.

The four engravings on the front page of this issue are from some of the best known artists. The Veteran had the good fortune to secure a contract from the publisher whereby these four high-class etchings can be had for *half the price* they have heretofore been sold. While not artist's proofs, they are all less than the hundredth in number from first impressions. The price for artist's proofs on parchment is $15; very fine paper, with artist's signature, $10. The Veteran edition, guaranteed to be satisfactory in every way, $5 each—$20 for the set. The

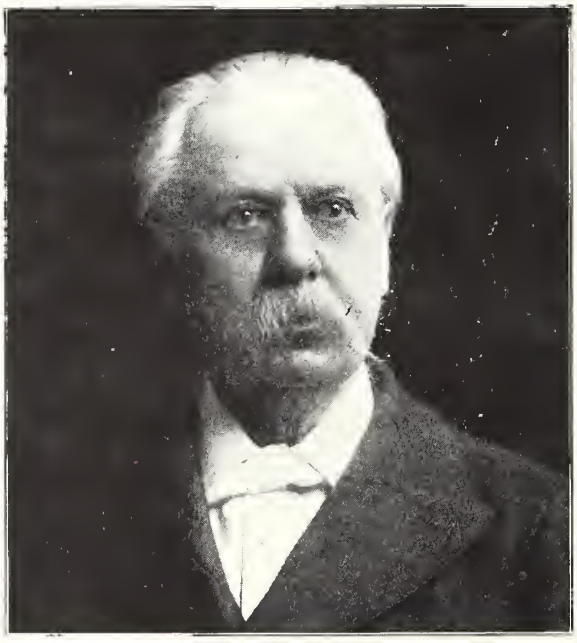
publisher, Mr. Charles Barmore, had these plates made, but living North, he has not had demand for them. Hence this extraordinary offer, which the VETERAN is proud to utilize.

Every Confederate Camp—Veterans or Sons—and every Chapter of Daughters having rooms could not procure more suitable ornaments, as hardly too much could be said in praise of these works of high art. Other etchings by these same artists, becoming rare, are largely advanced in price. They are of fine size for framing.

Until May 1, the VETERAN will be sent a year free with order for any of these pictures.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, PRES., CONFEDERATE MINING CO.

Col. Lee Crandall was a gallant Confederate soldier and served with distinction under Stonewall Jackson the first two years of the war. He was captain of the "Louisiana Invincibles," and was in all those battles in the Valley Campaign. After Gen. Jackson's death, Col. Crandall was sent to the Western or Trans-Mississippi Department under Gen. Sterling Price, who was then being hard pressed.



COL. LEE CRANDALL.

Here Col Crandall organized "The Regiment of the Confederacy." It was composed of one Missouri company, two Mississippi companies, three Texas companies, and four Arkansas companies. There was considerable rivalry between these companies in every battle to see which should carry off the greatest honors. The regiment soon became famous for its daring, which amused and gratified Col. Crandall. He and his men were always ready for a scrap with the "Yanks," and they did meritorious service on Gen. Price's famous raid through Missouri in 1864. Whenever the General was hard hit, he would send for "Crandall's regiment," either to bring up the rear or drive the advance.

Col. Crandall was three times wounded, and twice captured. Was badly wounded and captured at Mine Creek in October, 1864, and was a prisoner on Johnson's Island at the close of the war. After the war Col. Crandall located in Morgan County, Ala., where he married Miss Hattie Giers. In 1879 he founded the *National View*, at Washington, D. C., and published it until 1884, when he emigrated to Arizona, where he and his son, Theodore Crandall, have been successfully and extensively engaged in copper and gold mining.

Col. Crandall has a warm spot in his heart for every Confederate soldier, and is always found trying to help them. The Confederate Mining Company is exceedingly fortunate in electing him as their President, for he will surely make it a great financial success.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

This is a fraternal benevolent order, organized to create a more perfect union among ex-Confederate soldiers, their wives, sons, and daughters, and their descendants, and all others who are in sympathy with them, and believe they were patriots and not traitors when they engaged in defense of the South and endeavored to establish a separate and independent government called the Confederate States of America. Its aim is to give moral and material aid to its members and their families by creating a Benefit Fund with which to provide for the widows and orphans and other dependents of its members in case of death; and also to provide assistance for its members who become permanently disabled from sickness, or sustain certain injuries by accident. It also provides a maturity benefit during life. This is done by small monthly payments by its members. Its plans are superior to all others. The organizers, promoters, and members of this order are ex-Confederate soldiers and sons and daughters of ex-Confederate soldiers. They are members of U. C. V., U. S. C. V., and U. D. C. The order does not conflict in any way whatever with any other Confederate organization, but fills a place not provided for by them. It is established on a business basis, so as to be perpetuated for all time to come.

Its officers are all prominent and influential business and professional gentlemen. Hon. Dan W. Jones, late Governor of Arkansas, is President. The officers are extending this organization over the entire South, and are offering excellent contracts to organizers. For further information write to J. Kellogg, Supreme Secretary, Little Rock, Ark.

GOOD COFFEE AT THE REUNION.

Messrs. Chase & Sanborn quote from correspondence with the Texas Reunion Association, at Dallas, Tex., in which C. L. Martin, the Secretary, states:

"We beg to assure you of our grateful appreciation of your kindness and generosity to ourselves and to the old Confederates who will so much enjoy your liberal donation."

The donation proposition referred to was as follows:

"We agree to duplicate at your reunion at Dallas what we did for the Confederate veterans in Memphis, serving from sunrise to dark to every Confederate veteran as much coffee as he could drink. What we did at Memphis was not a cold-blooded business proposition, and the offer we make to you has just as much sentiment in it. We assure you it will be a great pleasure for us to bear the entire cost of the coffee and cream used, as well as furnish our own men to brew the coffee as it should be."

This means that at the reunion in Dallas we are to serve *four thousand gallons or more* equaling at least *one hundred thousand cups* of our "Seal Brand" Coffee, of the highest grade.

An emphatic refutation of the charge of disloyalty as applied to the United Daughters of the Confederacy occurred when many prominent and active members assisted in doing honor to Admiral and Mrs. Schley at Nashville, where a reception was given in their honor, in which both the Bate and Nashville Chapters took part.

A TEXAS WONDER.

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

RIPLEY, TENN., June 1, 1901.

Dr E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir: Having tried various remedies without satisfactory results, I was persuaded to give your "Texas Wonder" a trial. I have used one bottle, and, although my case is one of long standing that baffled the skill of the best physicians, yet it yielded at once to the "Texas Wonder," which I heartily recommend to all suffering from kidney and bladder troubles.

Yours truly, W. H. BRUTON,

Pastor Baptist Church, Ripley, Tenn.

THE MEETING OF THE BRAVE.

Dedicated to the Confederate Veterans who attended the Memphis reunion, by their old compatriot in arms, James R. McCallum, of Knoxville, Tenn., who was captain of Company D, Sixty-Third Tennessee Regiment Infantry.

Let Welcome's voice triumphant ring
  In gladsome cadence now,
And Friendship all her garlands bring
  To crown each veteran's brow.
From North to South, this nation o'er,
They're marching here to meet once more.

Yes, let the old, tried veterans come,
  Though not, as oft before,
When in war's ranks, at beat of drum,
  They deadly weapons bore;
For Peace now smiles above their own,
Throughout this land from zone to zone.

Yea, let them come with music now,
  Although their flag is furled,
And at fair Freedom's altar bow
  In sight of all the world;
For braver men hath never trod
This footstool of the living God!

They often met in years of yore,
  Were oft in battle tried,
And freely offered up their gore
  Where comrades bravely died.
Again they meet, infirm and old,
To hear the loved old story told.

Make bare your heads, with loud applause,
  While these gray headed few
March for a lost and fallen cause,
  Perhaps in last review;
For they are marching day by day
From Time's great battlefield away.

Though gray of head and gray of heart,
  And bowed by lengthened years,
They would not have their past depart
  Till death itself appears.
For Memory broods with loving care
O'er hopes forever buried there.

Then let them sing their funeral song
Above their gallant dead,
And near that folded banner throng
  Which oft to victory led,
Though cause for which they battled so
Went down in tears long years ago.

And now their nation's flag on high
  O'er every section waves,
And floats athwart a peaceful sky
  To guard our brothers' graves;
For be it blue or gray they wore,
That flag protects for evermore.

Mrs. A. J. Sides, of Athens, Tex., would like to learn something of the fate of Calvin Howard, who was a member of Company K, of Chisholm's Regiment of Texas Rangers, Mayes's Brigade.

Any one who knows anything of the fate of John Riles or Ryals, who enlisted in the army of Johnston or Hood near Savannah, Ga., at the time of the march through Georgia, will confer a favor by addressing box 98, Tampa, Fla.

G. W. Bynum, of Corinth, Miss., would like to hear from Mr. Roberts, of Coleman's Scouts, who aided him when wounded at Powder Springs, Ga., to escape to Mrs. Knight's, bringing him through Villa Rica to Newman.

PREACHERS PRAISE

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

OPELIKA, ALA., May 12, 1900.
Having used Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic in my family and known of its use for a number of years, I take great pleasure in recommending it as a valuable household medicine. Its efficacy as a dressing for wounds, burns, etc., is really wonderful, preserving the flesh and allowing it to heal without inflammation or suppuration. It is very popular wherever it is well known.
J. F. PURSER,
Pastor Baptist Church.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Dec. 22, 1899.
Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic is our favorite remedy for cuts, burns, stings of insects, inflamed eyes, sore throat, or any manner of wound or inflammation. Have found it a safe and pleasant cure for colic and other internal derangement. I have never recommended proprietary medicines, but make an exception of this.
SID WILLIAMS, *Evangelist.*

WRITE

SHERROUSE MEDICINE CO.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
For Free Samples.

GILBERT'S

Gravel Weed Compound

SAVED HIS LIFE.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., July 18, 1901.
T. H. Gilbert, Huntsville, Ala.
Dear Sir: About two months ago, when I commenced taking your Gravel Weed Compound, the Improved Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Cure, I weighed 108 pounds. I had no appetite, and scarcely enough strength to walk one hundred yards. I was troubled with kidneys acting eight to ten times every night. By the time I had taken the third bottle of your Gravel Weed I could see a decided improvement in my condition. I have continued its use, and now weigh one hundred and forty-one pounds, have a good appetite, and am able to take charge of my engine for the Southern R. R. Co., where I have run for twenty-eight years. I cheerfully recommend Gilbert's Gravel Weed Compound to my friends as being the best medicine for what it is recommended that has ever been bottled. I think I have tried them all.
Gratefully yours, E. O. MAYS,
Locomotive Eng. So. R. R. Co.

Sold by all Druggists at 50 cents per bottle.
Trade supplied by
SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville.
The HESSIG-ELLIS DRUG CO., Memphis.

WRITE TO THE

Torsch & Minks Badge Co.,

222, 224 E. BALTIMORE ST.,

Baltimore, Md.,

about the badges you will require for the Dallas reunion, or for any other purposes.

PRICES REASONABLE AND WORK FIRST-CLASS.

BIRDS AND DOGS

suffer from fleas and insects. XXTIRM kills insects on birds, animals, chickens, plants, etc., and is nonpoisonous. Insects have no lungs, but breathe through their bodies, and for this reason it does not require a poison to kill them. XXTIRM will thoroughly rid your house of roaches, and it also kills the eggs.
Put up in large cans for hotels and public institutions at $1, $2, $3, and $5. Packages sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

THE RUTH MFG. CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

G. W. Granberry, Sr., Cabot, Ark.: "In your Christmas edition you mention George B. Payne, of Topeka, Kans., as the youngest living Confederate. His birthday is given as June 17, 1848; mine was September 13, 1848, and while in my thirteenth year I enlisted in the cavalry company of Capt. C. H. Johnston, which was placed in the Second Regiment of Mississippi Partisan Cavalry; was captain of Company G., Second Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, in the Spanish-American war. I had two sons with me.

E. H. Lively, of Spokane, Wash., reports the organization at Seattle of Camp John B. Gordon, U. C. V., during a visit of Gen. George F. Alford, A. D. C. on staff of Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department. This is the second camp in that far-away State. The following officers were elected: Commander, James N. Gilmer; Lieutenant Commanders, John C. Patterson and Aurelius R. Shay; Adjutant and Treasurer, William H. Collier; Surgeon, Dr. H. Yandell. Comrade Lively is Adjutant of Robert McCulloch Camp No. 1363, at Spokane.

Thomas W. Edwards, Leesburg, Va.: "After the battle of Ball's Bluff, near Leesburg, Va., October 21, 1861, there was picked up on the battlefield a sword bayonet marked 'D. Lyons.' Not long ago I was informed by James W. Brown, of the Buena Vista Rifles, Seventeenth Mississippi Volunteers, that David Lyons was a member of his company, and he thinks he was killed at Fredericksburg. The bayonet is in the scabbard, and well preserved; and if any of the relations or friends of Mr. Lyons wish this relic of the war and Ball's Bluff, where so many Missisippians fought nobly, they can get it by applying to me."

WINTER CRUISE TO HAVANA.

Why not try a journey to Havana and the "Pearl of the Antilles" as a change? Havana is the most quaintly attractive city of the new world. Its winter climate is superb, its other attractions unsurpassed. It is reached easily by the ships of the Southern Pacific Company, which operate out of New Orleans, leaving each Saturday, making the trip in forty-eight hours. The new steamers Chalmette and Excelsior are splendidly equipped with all modern improvements, and offer a delightful method of making a pleasant winter voyage. Send 4 cents for our Havana booklet, with rates and descriptive account of Cuba. Address any agent of the Southern Pacific Company, or J. H. Lathrop, G. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"A Veteran" sends this reply to A. E. Harville's inquiry in the VETERAN for November, which is taken from Gen. Taylor's order issued after the close of Bank's Red River Campaign: "On the 12th day of March the enemy, with an army of 30,000 men, accompanied by an ironclad fleet of 150 guns, moved forward for the conquest of Louisiana and Texas. After seventy days of continuous fighting, you stand a band of conquering heroes upon the banks of the Mississippi. Fifty pieces of cannon, 7,000 stands of small arms, three gunboats, eight transports captured and destroyed, sixty stands of colors, over 10,000 of the enemy killed, wounded, and captured. These are the trophies which adorn your victorious banners."

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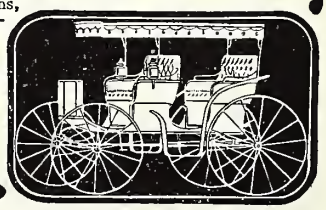

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W. A. Love, Magowah, Miss., asks for the address, if living, of Col. Hardcastle, commander of the post at Tuscaloosa, Ala., on date of its capture, April 2, 1865.

G. W. Barr, Adjutant, Stamford, Tex., writes of the organization of Camp Joe Sayers at that place, with an enrollment of twenty-five. J. B. Carnahan is commander and Comrade Barr adjutant.

J. A. Burton, of Nolen, Tex., wishes to learn something of his father, J. A. Buford, who enlisted from Yalobusha County, Miss., in Capt. Powell's company. He was taken sick on a march and left behind with an old man belonging to the company. He soon died, and was buried by this man.

S. W. Howard, of Bethel, Tenn., who served in Company H., Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment, wants to know the name of the captain and fifteen men who guarded the rations at Barton Station when Hood made his raid into Tennessee. Comrade Howard was one of them, but does not recall who his companions were.

J. S. Burkhalter, Franklinton, Washington Parish, La., wants information of John T. Burkhalter, who enlisted from Pike County, Miss., with the Quitman Guards, Company E, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, Sam Matthews, captain. Was last seen at Memphis, Tenn., at reunion in 1891. Supposed to be living now in Kentucky.

CONFEDERATE IN CALIFORNIA.

William J. Stitt writes from Larcred, in Yolo County: "I served three years in Gen. John H. Morgan's command, and surrendered at Meridian, Miss., May 12, 1865. Am also a Mexican veteran, having served under Gen. Scott in the Third Kentucky Regiment, Col. Manuel V. Thompson commanding. I am now in my seventy-ninth year. I voted for Polk and Dallas in 1844, and from that day to this have voted the straight Democratic ticket. I find as an old ex-Kentuckian and Confederate that I must keep up my subscription to your paper, so here is your dollar."

THE REAPER'S CALL.

ARTHUR F. HUDSON.

Last night the tide went out,
And with it went a soul
Into the dark unknown,
Unheralded and untolled.

A soul as pure as the snow
Drifted far out to sea;
'Twas lost in mists of tears,
Out on Eternity.

Last night the tide went out,
And with it went my all;
Yet follow it I dare not,
But wait the Reaper's call.

Then I will launch my boat,
That wandering soul to find;
And, found again, 'twill be
Forever linked to mine.

ARTHUR F. HUDSON.

The imagination will be quick to contemplate the pathos and the comfort to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Hudson, of Nashville, parents of the author of the above, who had given it to a young lady friend in his native Tennessee before he had removed to Bayahoho, Ecuador, S. A., where he married into one of the best families of that country in Christmas of 1899. Upon hearing of his death, the lady referred to sent the parents a copy.

At the head of the firm, Hudson & Klein, Commission Agents, he was animated with high hopes of large success, but the fell destroyer cut him down early. The young wife and little daughter survive him.

G. W. Dudley, Iuka, Miss.: "Why does not some comrade who participated give us an account of the battle of Baker's Creek? For an important engagement, it has been less mentioned than any battle of the war between the States."

CURES RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH.

To Prove It Cures, Medicine Sent Free.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is taken internally, and kills or destroys poison in the blood which causes rheumatism and catarrh, thus making a permanent cure of the worst cases after all else fails.

IF YOU HAVE RHEUMATISM,

sciatica, bone pains, aching back, swollen joints, swollen muscles, difficulty in moving around so you have to use crutches, then Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) will give quick relief from the first dose, and permanently remove all the symptoms in a week or ten days' time. Botanic Blood Balm is a most remarkable remedy for rheumatism in all its forms. Thousands cured. Especially advised for old, chronic cases.

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Hundreds who have exhausted the skill of doctors, and vainly sought relief in the many modes of local treatment, have been cured by Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.), even after having good reason to think themselves incurable. The poison in the blood produces bad breath, bad teeth, and sickness of the stomach; in some cases vomiting up clear phlegm, enlargement of the soft bones of the nose, ulcerations of the mucous membranes, hawking, nose bleeding, headaches, bad hearing, noises in the head.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) forces its way through every blood vessel and vein, expelling all catarrhal poison that stands in its way, permanently removes every symptom, and thus makes a perfect cure of the worst catarrh.

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purifies, enriches, and strengthens the blood. Thoroughly tested for thirty years. Composed of pure botanic ingredients. Druggists, $1 per large bottle. To prove it cures, sample of Blood Balm sent FREE by writing Blood Balm Co., 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and free medical advice given. Trial treatment sent prepaid. This is an honest offer, so sufferers may test B. B. B. before parting with their money.

E. J. Shuck, Eminence, Mo., would like to know the whereabouts of Benjamin Dufield, or any of his heirs. The Land Office records of that county show him to have been a resident of Davidson County, Tenn., in 1855.

ESTABLISHES A PRECEDENT.

IF YOU GIVE YOUR TICKET TO A SCALPER, AND IT IS CONFISCATED, YOU CANNOT GET IT BACK AGAIN.

The result of a case of more than ordinary interest before Magistrate Levy yesterday morning establishes a precedent regarding the Joint Ticket Agency to confiscate scalped tickets. W. D. Kirk recently arrived at this city from New York. When he reached Charleston he left his round-trip ticket in the hands of a scalper to be sold. A purchaser was found, but when he appeared at the Joint Agency with the ticket it was confiscated. The purchaser hurried back to the cut-rate establishment, and the scalper fell back on Kirk. The New Yorker settled with the man, who failed to pull the wool over the eyes of the railroad people, and then asked the Joint Agency to return to him the ticket he bought at New York. The request was not complied with. The Joint Agency had posters and placards on all sides, proclaiming the fact that a ticket presented for validation by other than the original purchaser will be held up. Kirk swore out a warrant before Magistrate Levy against the Joint Agency, charging that concern with larceny. When the matter came up for an investigation the magistrate dismissed the defendants.—*News and Courier*, Charleston, S. C., January 16, 1902.

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The New St. Charles

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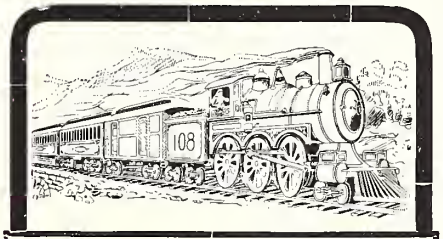

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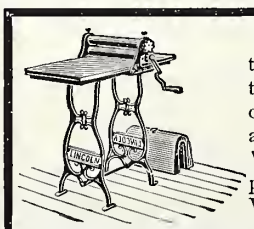

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Incorporated Under the Laws of the Territory of Arizona

Capital Stock, $1,000,000 ❧ ❧ Par Value of Shares, $10 Each

The Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis reunion. And the Company elected the officers and managers from among the ex-Confederate soldiers. They were exceedingly fortunate in securing Col. Lee Crandall as their President, and Theodore Crandall as their manager. These men have had twelve years' experience in expert mining in copper and gold. We have the benefit of their experience, together with their money. Their honor and integrity are beyond question.

Col. Crandall was a gallant Confederate soldier, and those who know the history of Crandall's Regiment in the war between the States will be glad to know that he is President of the Confederate Mining Company.

The Confederate Mining Company is a development company. It is the experience of all mining experts that more and larger fortunes are made by the development companies than by buying out and operating established mines. It takes large capital to buy and operate a gold, silver, or copper mine.

The Eldorado Mining Co., in which the Crandalls are interested, opened up twelve copper claims, and five out of the twelve claims were successful, and seven of them were failures. Three out of the five mines are among the largest in Arizona, and are worth millions of dollars.

Mining Stock As an Investment! Does It Pay?

The *New York Journal* gives a list of 237 dividend-paying mines that an investment of a small amount when the stock was first issued would mean at the present time not only a large advance in price, but a very respectable income. For example, the Le Roi stock was sold for about 5 cents per share when the mine first started. The stock is now quoted at $25 per share, and an investment of $100 in shares would be [illegible] $50,000.

R L Traylor Dec 02 Box 274

[illegible] 1893 in Boston and Montana Copper Co. is now [illegible]

$100 inves[illegible]er Co. is now worth $1,875.

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Mrs. H. P. Chase, of Bangor, Me., invested $100 in stock in the United Verde copper mine in Arizona. She was first offered $3,000 for her stock, then $5,000, and then $15,000. She refused it all, and she is now receiving regularly $100 per month as the interest on her investment of $100.

$100 invested in the Homestake mine when the stock was selling at $100 per share is now worth $20,000.

$100 invested in Butte and Boston stock in '94 is now worth $7,900.

$100 invested in the United Verde stock a few years ago at $100 per share is now worth $30,000.

A few dollars invested in the Confederate Mining Co. will not break you, but it may make you.

$100 invested in Gold Coin stock in '94 is now worth $2,000.

$50 invested in the Wolverine copper stock in '93 is now worth $2,000.

$50 invested in the Elkton mines in '95 is now worth $1,800, and in addition you would have received $950 in dividends.

$25 invested in the Jackpot mines in '94 is now worth $1,500.

$25 invested in the Isabella in '93 is now worth $1,240.

A few shares invested in the Confederate Mining Co. as a "nest egg" will earn you something for the "rainy day."

Can I afford to invest a small amount in mining stocks? Will it pay? The answer is, look over the field and you can enumerate hundreds of companies where a small sum invested has placed the investor above want and on the road to a fortune.

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For Blanks, etc. Main office for the States at

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Maj. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

The Confederate Mining Company was organized for the purpose of developing a group of copper claims they now own in Gila County, Arizona. The proposition is to give every old ex-Confederate soldier a chance to invest, if only a small sum, so that he may become identified with, and own a part of the Company's investment.

There are no salaried officers or other great expense to be paid out, but every dollar will be used by the managers in developing and working the company's property. Every dollar will be accounted for by a bonded treasurer. No money will be paid out only upon an order from the Board of Managers and the President.

When the ten thousand shares now on the market are sold no more will be offered at that price, and will be withdrawn or sold at par value, ten dollars per share.

Not less than ten nor more than two hundred shares will be sold to any one person or camp.

A few dollars invested now may make a substantial prop for you in your older days.

Many inquiries come to the VETERAN concerning this company. As stated before, full confidence is had in the integrity of its management. Reference is here given to the sketch in this issue of Col. Crandall, the President of the Confederate Mining Company.

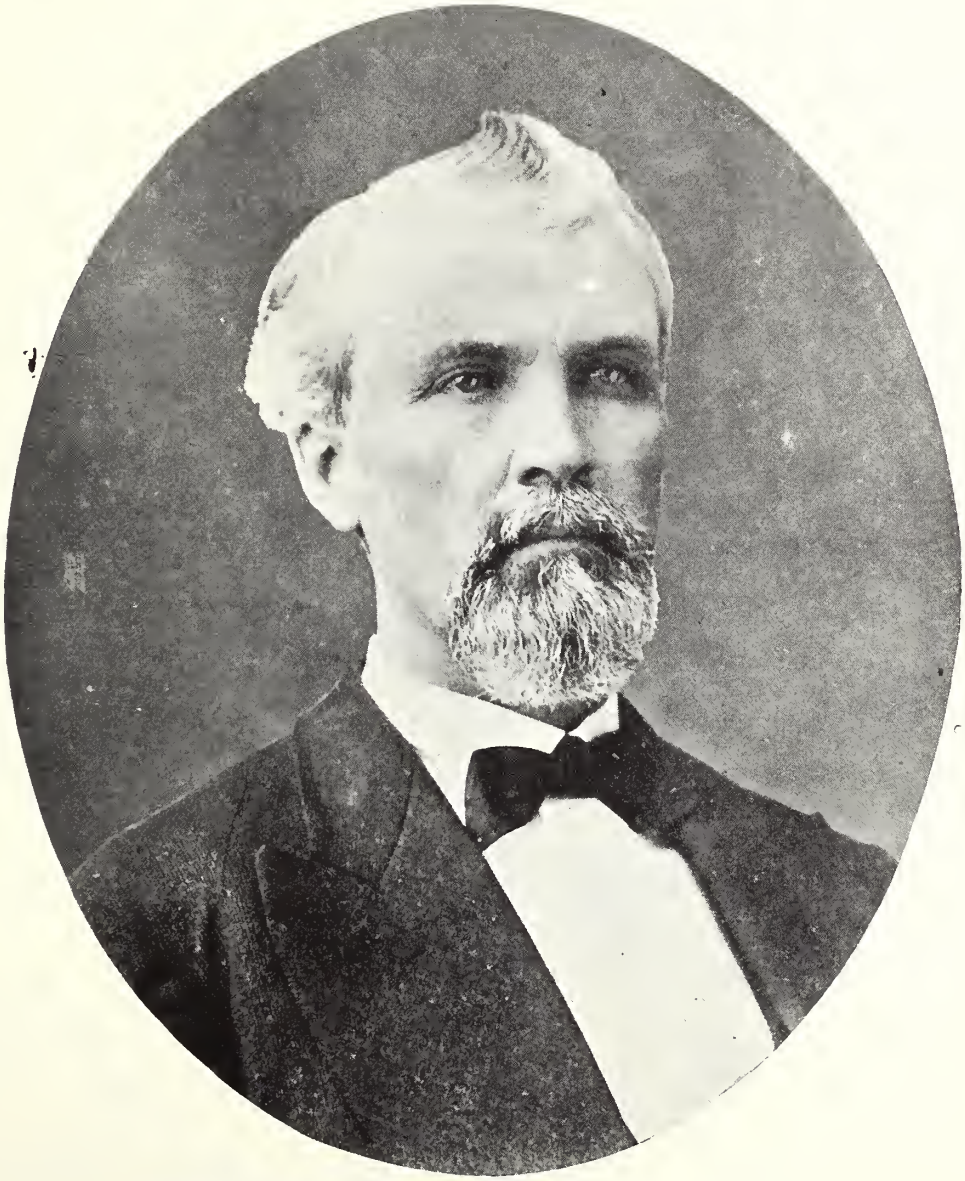
Write for particulars and reference.

R. W. CRABB, Treasurer,

UNIONTOWN, KENTUCKY.

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1902 No. 3

Confederate Veteran



LIEUTENANT GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH PRESENTED BY HIM TO HIS WIFE'S SISTER.

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U. C. V. Hat Pins, Gold Plated, each	50
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1902 | No. 3. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

VETERAN QUARTERS AT DALLAS WILL BE IN TENT BY ORIENTAL HOTEL.

During the Reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Dallas, Tex., April 22-25, the VETERAN headquarters will be in a large tent on the same square as the Oriental Hotel, which will be the general rallying point of the official Veterans, the Sons, the sponsors and maids of honor. Ask anybody in Dallas for the Oriental Hotel, and going to that square, VETERAN tent may be found on the same lot, east of the hotel.

MISS KATIE L. DAFFAN,
Sponsor for Texas Division Dallas Reunion.

ABOUT THE REUNION.

In General Orders No. 271, from New Orleans, March 8, 1902, the General Commanding announces the Twelfth Annual "Meeting and Reunion;" also from the President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will hold its Third Annual Convention in Dallas, Tex., on the same dates as the U. C. V. Reunion, and these "Mothers of the Confederacy" will open their Convention with memorial services in honor of Jefferson Davis, in the Episcopal Church in Dallas.

All Confederate organizations and Confederate soldiers and sailors of all arms, grades, and departments, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Veterans are cordially invited to attend this Twelfth General Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

It announces that fourteen hundred and eight camps are already enrolled in the U. C. V. organization, with applications in for one hundred more.

He heartily approves of the wisdom shown by the Veterans in their selection of the "beautiful and progressive city of Dallas, in the Empire State of the South, the mighty State of Texas, the youngest of the glorious sisterhood of Southern States."

The General Commanding therefore urges the officers and members of all Camps to commence at once making preparations to attend this great Reunion, and urges all Camps to commence now, without delay, preparing for delegates, alternates, and as many members as possible to attend, so as to make it the largest and most representative Reunion ever held; as business of the greatest importance affecting the welfare of the old veterans will be transacted during this Twelfth Annual Reunion all Camps are urged to elect accredited delegates and alternates to attend, as only accredited delegates can participate in the business part of the session. The representation of delegates at the Reunion will be one delegate for every twenty active members, in good standing; and one additional for a fraction of ten members; provided, every Camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates. Each Camp will elect the same number of alternates as delegates who will attend in case of any failure on the part of the delegates.

The General Commanding respectfully requests the press, both daily and weekly, of the whole country, to aid the patriotic and benevolent objects of the United Confederate Veterans by publication of these orders, with editorial notices of the organization, and he respectfully requests that railroad officials will also aid the old veterans by giving the very lowest rates of transportation so as to enable them to attend.

GLIMPSES OF THE CROWDS AT MEMPHIS REUNION 1901.
Conspicuous figures, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Gen. George Moorman, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler.

Gen. George Reese writes from Pensacola, Fla.:

A gallant old comrade who served in the Rifle Rangers, Company A, Second Florida Regiment, made out the inclosed roster of his company from memory. He claims that this was the first company regularly sworn into the Confederate service. If so, it should be recorded in history. Let others show an earlier date.

The clipping states that quite a number of Confederate veterans have asked recently for a roster of the old Rifle Rangers, the first Florida Confederate company to enlist for the entire war. They were known as Company A, Second Florida Regiment, and were mustered into the service in May, 1861. The *News* has secured from Capt. Dixon B. Reed a copy of the original muster of this company. [The privates are omitted as space cannot be given now.—Ed.]

Officers: E. A. Perry, Captain; W. D. Ballentine, E. C. Humphreys, and W. F. Lee, Lieutenants; L. Landrum, D. Taylor, and S. Way, Sergeants; H. C. Cushman, Drummer; C. Curtis, Bugler.

WHY MRS. DAVIS LIVES NORTH.

The purchase of Beauvoir—made famous as the residence of ex-President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States—by the State of Mississippi for a Confederate Home was an important result of the present visit of Mrs. Davis to the South. She has had a great deal of attention, delegations pressing invitations upon her to vist different cities. On arrival at New Orleans Mrs. Davis was interviewed on the subject of her stay South when, with feeling, she said:

"I have come to stay just as long as I possibly can; I shall stay until the hot weather drives me away." And then she added with sincere and heartfelt expression: "I would stay here always if I could; I only wish that I could live here. But I cannot stand the least heat. It overpowers me completely. And so when the warm days come I must always go. God only knows how I love my country, this dear old Southland, endeared by so many hallowed memories," and her eyes filled with tears as she added: "These are my people, and I love them as perhaps they will never know. Their devotion, their love, their reverence for the memories of my husband and daughter, touch my heart very deeply. I read with interest none can tell all the sweet and kind things that are said about them; I watch the beautiful celebrations held and note how much is done to honor the memory of my husband and teach their children to do it, too. I can never, never forget all the honors and homage that these dear, devoted people paid my husband and daughter in their lifetime; how the old veterans loved them, and what sympathy and love were shown me in my great sorrows. Yes, I love the South, my own land; I love my own people; and I would that I could stay with them always."

If Right Then, Why Not Eternally So?—J. B. Davenport, Augusta, Ga.: "As a subscriber to the Veteran please allow me to say that whoever writes or speaks of the Confederacy and refers to our position, instead of saying we fought for what we *believed* was right, I wish they would say that we fought for what *was right*. It was right then,, it would be right now, it will be right when God rolls this old world up as a scroll—it will be right as long as eternity lasts!"

The *Baltimore Sun* compiled interesting statistics about the twenty-five Presidents of the United States. Twelve of them were born before 1800, one of them during that year, and the other twelve in the nineteenth century. Fourteen of them were of English ancestry, four were of Scotch-Irish, three Scotch, two Dutch, and one Welsh. Seven of the first ten were born in Virginia, five in Ohio, three in New York, three in North Carolina, two in Massachusetts, and one each in New Hampshire, Kentucky, and Vermont. It is a coincidence that the three "Tennessee Presidents" were natives of North Carolina. In designating their education the report of Andrew Johnson is that he was taught by his wife, who was Eliza McCardle. The vocation of eighteen of the twenty-five is given as lawyer. Three, John Adams, Madison, and Monroe, are reported as having died of old age, while three others were assassinated. Five are buried in Virginia, and three in Tennessee.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

SOMETHING OF THE HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZATION. ITS FINE GROWTH.

The history of the organization began with the convention held at Richmond, Va., during the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, June 30 and July 1, 1896. The meeting was held in Richmond, Va., June 30, 1896.

At the invitation of the R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, Sons of Confederate Veterans of Richmond, a large number of sons of Confederate veterans met in the Auditorium there on Tuesday night, June 30, 1896. In addition to the sons of Confederate veterans there was a large audience present.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. E. P. Cox, of the R. E. Lee Camp, and on motion of one of the delegates, Mr. J. E. B. Stuart, of Richmond, was unanimously elected temporary chairman. Mr. E. P. McKissick, of Asheville, N. C., was made temporary secretary. The selection of these officers was applauded.

A Committee on Credentials was appointed, each camp having one vote. The Committee on Credentials appointed was W. B. Allen, Shenandoah, Va., A. F. McKissick, of Auburn, Ala., Robert A. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., J. S. Hardeman, of Macon, Ga., E. P. Cox, of Richmond, Va., and George Lewis, of North Carolina.

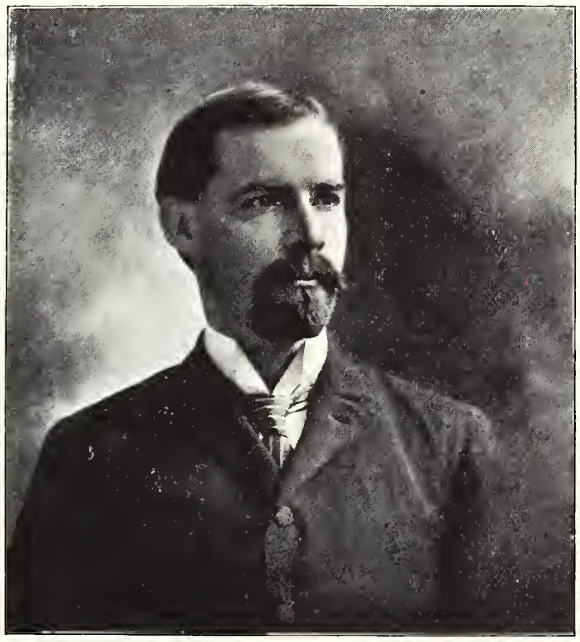
Some discussion was occasioned by a motion of Mr. T. P. Pollard that the body be organized into a Grand Camp of Sons of Veterans.

Mr. Smyth, of Charleston, acting under the instructions of his Camp, opposed this motion, and stated that his Camp, however, would agree to whatever was done. It was his idea that the Sons should hold to the parent organization, and that if possible to join with the United Confederate Veterans. Mr. Mann, of Nottoway, Va., spoke in favor of a separate organization. Upon ballot it was decided that the organization should be separate.

The Committee on Credentials reported a list of Camps present and represented. The first Camp reported was the Thomas Hardeman Camp, Macon, Ga., organized June 23, 1896, with Thomas Hardeman, John L. Hardeman, as chairman and adjutant. Twenty-four organized camps reported.

A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, comprised of J. S. Hardeman, of Georgia, Julian L. Wells, of South Carolina, A. F. McKissick, of Alabama, T. W. Davis, of North Carolina, and E. P. Cox, of Virginia. While the committee was out Mr. McKissick called upon Mr. T. R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, who delivered a magnificent address befitting the occasion. Mr. A. E. Strode was next called upon, and he made an eloquent address.

Upon the elegibility of membership Mr. Pickett, of Norfolk, moved that the organization accept the sons, grandsons, brothers, and nephews of Confederate veterans. After much discussion, the amendment was voted down. Various amendments were offered to this clause, but it was the concensus of opinion that only sons of Confederate soldiers or grandsons of Confederate soldiers were entitled to membership.



RICHARD BROWNRIGG HAUGHTON,
PRESENT COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. S. C. V.

Richard Brownrigg Haughton was born in Aberdeen, Miss., November 24, 1864, and is the son of Lafayette Haughton, who held rank as major in the Confederate service, colonel in the service of the State of Mississippi just prior thereto, and was after the war Chancellor of the First District of Mississippi. The son attended the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Starkville, Miss., in the opening year, 1880-81. Later he attended the Law Department of the State University, at Oxford, and graduated in 1886, taking first honor. He practiced law at Aberdeen until March, 1888, then removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he practiced until May, 1896. He was then appointed judge of one of the subordinate courts of the city by the eleven circuit and criminal court judges, and has since held that position. He was elected Commander in Chief at the Memphis reunion, May, 1901. He is unmarried.

R. A. SMYTH'S STAFF.

General Order No. 1 was issued at Charleston, S. C., July 7, 1897, by Commander-in-Chief Robert A. Smyth, and he made the following staff appointments:

Daniel Ravenel, Charleston, S. C., A. G., and Chief of Staff.

J. Gray McAllister, Richmond, Va., Q. M. G.

T. Larkin Smith, M.D., Nashville, Tenn., S. G.

W. H. Merchant, Fredericksburg, Va., I. G.

E. P. McKissick, Asheville, N. C., Com. G.

Rev. Theron H. Rice, Jr., Atlanta, Ga., Chap. G.

Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn., J. A. G.

R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green, Ky., S. O. Le-

Blanc, Plaquemine, La., and Hugh Boyd, Scottsboro, Ala., were made Aides.

For his second term Commander Smyth appointed the following successors to his first official family:

L. D. T. Quinby, Inspector General, Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. H. S. Persons, Surgeon General, Montgomery.

Rev. T. J. Nixon, Chaplain General, Jacksonville.

James A. Hoyt, Jr., Assistant Adjutant General, Greenville, S. C.

The following Assistant Inspectors General were appointed: Paul M. Gallaway, Dallas, Tex.; J. T. Cunningham, Fayette, Mo.; George B. Myers, Holly Springs, Miss; Ben Howe, Louisville, Ky.; John C. Lawrence, Maroin, Ala.; D. L. Hancock, Orlando, Fla.

Walter T. Colquitt's Staff.

Mr. Smyth was succeeded as Commander in Chief by Walter T. Colquitt, who appointed on August 1, 1899, the following as his official staff:

L. D. Teackle Quinby, Adjutant General, Atlanta.

E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Quartermaster General, Richmond, Va.,

John I. Moore, Commissary General, Asheville.

John Marks, Judge Advocate General, Napoleonville, La.

Dr. Mike Hoke, Surgeon General, Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. J. H. McCoy, Chaplain General, Huntsville.

T. T. Stockton, Inspector General, Jacksonville, Fla.

Assistant Inspectors General: Robert W. Bingham, Louisville, Ky.; W. Scott Hancock, St. Louis, Mo.; J. W. Coffman, Clarksville, Ark.; Hamilton M. Branch, Savannah, Ga.; Wayne S. Ray, Asheville, N. C.; J. R. Mathews, Ocala, Fla.; Litton Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.; H. G. Robertson, Tyler, Tex.; P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala.; D. A. Spivey, Conway, S. C.; C. H. Williams, Yazoo City, Miss.

Staff of Biscoe Hindman.

Biscoe Hindman, Louisville, Fifth Commander in Chief, had the following staff officers:

J. Elliott Riddell, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Louisville, Ky.

Hon. Gus T. Fitzhugh, Judge Advocate General, Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Leland Hume, Commissary General, Nashville.

Hon. John I. Moore, Inspector Gen., Helena, Ark.

Dr. Henry N. Duke, Surgeon General, Louisville.

Rev. Carter Helm Jones, Chaplain Gen., Louisville.

John J. Davis, Quartermaster General, Louisville.

Assistant Adjutants General: Col. W. F. Jones, Elberton, Ga.; M. N. R. Tisdal, Ardmore, Ind. T.; E. B. Casler, Louisville, Ky.; Hon. James G. McConkey, St. Louis, Mo.; Hon. W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Hon. Robert Worth Bingham, Assistant Judge Advocate General, Louisville, Ky.

Hon. W. W. Davies, Assistant Inspector General, Louisville, Ky.

John Lyford Horner, Assistant Quartermaster General, Helena, Ark.

W. Scott Hancock, Assistant Commissary General, St. Louis, Mo.

T. J. Mauldin, Assistant Adjutant General, Anderson, S. C.

John A. Lamb, Assistant Inspector General, Richmond, Va.

Rush H. Davis, Grapper Bluff, La., Assistant Inspector General.

J. M. Powell, Prescott, Ark., Ass't. Com. Gen.

John P. Bullington, J. Henry Martin, J. Malcolm Semmes, A. B. Pickett, Homer B. Collier, and Robert Searcy, all of Memphis, Tenn., were appointed Aides de Camp with the rank of colonel.

R. B. Haughton's Staff.

Judge R. B. Haughton, Commander in Chief, 1117 Clark Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., made the following appointments on his staff:

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, William Horner Cocke, St. Louis, Mo.

Inspector Gen., Hon. L. H. Marrero, Jr., New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY EDMUNDS SYKES, ABERDEEN, MISS.,
Sponsor in Chief, Mississippi United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Quartermaster General, Stanley D. Pearce, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

Commissary General, J. Elliott Riddell, Louisville.

Judge Advocate General, Hon. G. T. Fitzhugh, Memphis, Tenn.

Surgeon General, Dr. W. S. Greene, Aberdeen, Miss.

Chaplain General, Rev. Carter Helm Jones, Louisville, Ky.

Assistant Adjutants General: A. Thruston Burgevin, Louisville, Ky., George S. Norfleet, Winston-Sa-

lem, N. C.; Hon. Andrew A. Kincannon, Columbus, Miss.; Thomas C. Hindman, Nashville, Tenn.; Homer L. Higgs, Greenfield, Tenn.; Franklin Heiss, Meridian, Miss.; W. Scott Hancock, St. Louis, Mo.; William H. Clark, Esq., Dallas, Tex.; Jesse N. Gathright, Louisville, Ky.; Edmund Maurin, Esq., Donaldsonville, La.

Assistant Inspectors General; R. W. Meriwether, Paragould, Ark.; Capt. John Baxter McFarland, Aberdeen, Miss.; John N. Edwards, St. Louis, Mo.; Robert K. Gaston, Dallas, Tex.; and Lawson Sykes, Courtland, Ala.

Assistant Quartermasters General: Hon. Ben E. Cabell, Dallas, Tex.; John Lyford Horner, Helena, Ark.; Hon. Dudley M. Featherstone, Holly Springs, Miss.; R. E. L. Gano, Esq., Dallas, Tex.; and Hamilton E. Reynolds, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Assistant Commissaries General: Hon. John A. Collinsworth, Humboldt, Tenn.; Charles E. Hamilton, Aberdeen, Miss.; W. R. Percy, Francisville, La.; John W. Donelson, Knoxville, Tenn,; and Thomas R. Shipp, Hartselle, Ala.

Assistant Judge Advocates General: Hon. John Ike Moore, Helena, Ark.; Hon. Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.; Hon. T. C. Gordon, Dyersburg, Tenn.; Robert M. Beattie, Esq., Memphis, Tenn.; and E. O. Sykes, Jr., Esq., Aberdeen, Miss.

Assistant Surgeons General: Dr. David Humphreys, Greenwood, Miss.; Dr. Henry H. Duke, Louisville, Ky.; and Dr. E. Michel Holder, Memphis, Tenn.

Assistant Chaplain General: Rev. W. T. Allan, D.D., Springfield, Mo.

Aides: Thomas E. Powe, St. Louis, Mo.; N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.; P. S. George, Greenwood, Miss.; John McIntosh, Richmond, Va.

The following Division Commanders have been appointed:

Missouri: James G. McConkey, of St. Louis, vice R. B. Haughton, elected Commander in Chief.

Mississippi: W. E. Daniel, of Yazoo City.

West Virginia: W. H. Kearfott, of Kearneysville.

Arkansas: R. G. Pillow, of Little Rock, vice Hon. W. M. Kavanaugh, elected Department Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Alabama: Warwick H. Payne, of Scottsboro.

North Carolina: Dr. John C. Rodman, of Washington.

The following have been elected Division Commanders:

Tennessee: J. J. Bean, of Lynchburg.

Texas: Thomas P. Stone, of Waco.

South Carolina: Butler Hagood, of Barnwell.

Louisiana: W. M. Barrow, of Baton Rouge.

Committees for 1901-02.

Commander in Chief Haughton gives the complete membership of the various committees:

Historical Committee.—William F. Jones, Chairman, Elberton, Ga.; Prof. P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala.; Hon. Roy D. Campbell, Little Rock, Ark.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; W. W. Davies, Esq., Louisville, Ky.; W. H. McLellan, New Orleans, La.; Hon. Monroe McClurg, Jackson, Miss.; Frank B. Williams, Esq., Springfield, Mo.; Prof. Charles L. Coon, Salisbury, N. C.; James A. Hoyt, Columbia, S. C.; J. M. Harle, Morristown, Tenn.; Brant H. Kirk, Esq., Waco, Tex.; Judson S. Bosher, Richmond, Va.; Fontaine Broun, Esq., Charleston, W. Va.; William M. Franklin, Ardmore, Ind. T.; C. L. Brown, Washington, D. C.

Relief Committee.—Robert G. Pillow, Chairman, Little Rock, Ark.; L. D. T. Quinby, Atlanta, Ga.; J. T. Chancellor, Marietta, Ind. T.; Ephraim H. Foster, Huntsville, Ala.; C. E. Worth, Tampa, Fla.; John M. Ashby, Owensboro, Ky.; M. E. Roger, Napoleonville, La.; T. H. Hazlehurst, Charleston, S. C.; George H. Ezell, Columbus, Miss.: C. J. Wright, Esq., Springfield, Mo.; Wayne S. Ray, Asheville, N. C.; R. E. Lee Bynum, Union City, Tenn.; Ingram S. Roberts, Houston, Tex.; R. S. Blackburn Smith, Berryville, Va.; James M. Grantham, Middleway, Jefferson County, W. Va.; T. J. Lee, Colorado Springs, Col.

Monumental Committee.—D. A. Spivey, Chairman, Conway S. C.; Howard P. Wright, Washington, D. C.; W. H. Rader, Lone Grove, Ind. T.; U. H. McLaws, Savannah, Ga.; R. J. Thurmon, Jr., Tuscumbia, Ala.; Hindman Biscoe, Helena, Ark.; B. C. Abernathy, Orlando, Fla.; Hood Harney, Lexington, Ky.; A. Villiert, Baton Rouge, La.; A. G. Yerger, Greenville, Miss.; James L. Robinson, Warrensburg, Mo.; J. C. Gorham, Fayetteville, N. C.; R. L. Matthews, Memphis, Tenn.; J. W. Marshall, Hillsboro, Tex.; T. W. Edwards, Leesburg, Va.; Cameron Lewis, Charleston, W. Va.

Finance Committee.—W. H. Langford, Chairman, Pine Bluff, Ark.; G. H. Collins, Davis, Ind. T.; R. J. Davant, Esq., Savannah, Ga.; Roger Ap. C. Jones, Selma, Ala.; C. N. Wilshands, Jacksonville, Fla.; Ben T. Head, Burgin, Ky.; A. F. Barrow, St. Francisville, La.; J. G. Wardlaw, Gaffney, S. C.; M. C. Knox, Water Valley, Miss.; Henry D. Green, West Plains, Mo.; M. DeL. Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.; Eldridge E. Wright, Esq., Memphis, Tenn.; J. L. Williams, Waxahatchie, Tex.; Hon. T. H. Edwards, West Point, Va.; A. W. Gatewood, Marlington, W. Va.; W. R. Kivett, Colorado Springs, Col.

Women's Memorial Committee.—James Mann, Esq., Chairman, Nottoway, Va.; Yatis Snowden, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. William McL. Fayssoux, New Orleans, La.; Hamilton N. Branch, Savannah, Ga.; Dr. W. P. Patterson, Springfield, Mo.; Leon McCord, Scottsboro, Ala.; George B. Myers, Holly Springs, Miss.; H. T. Alexander, Columbia, Tenn.; Hon. John Ike Moore, Helena, Ark.; R. Hayne King, Waco, Tex.; N. R. Tisdal, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Hon. Robert Worth Bingham, Louisville, Ky.; Thomas T. Stockton, Jacksonville, Fla.; W. H. Kearfott, Kearneysville, W. Va.; J. H. Foote, Jr., Winston, N. C.

Constitutional Committee.—Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, Chairman, Atlanta, Ga.; Judge R. W. Nicholls, Helena, Ark.; Edwin P. Cox, Esq., Richmond, Va.

Each Chairman is requested by the Commander in Chief to take up the work of his committee actively; and each committeeman is requested to coöperate zealously with his chairman in the same.

At the last reunion of that Division, J. C. Graham, of Ardmore, was elected Division Commander of the Division of Indian Territory.

The Commander calls special attention to the course of meetings providing for a study of the principal events of the war. Hearty responses have been re-

ceived from a great many camps, and all are urged to make a special feature of these meetings. There is nothing else that will so strengthen a camp, or increase the zeal of its members. This work is in line with the action of the joint committee above referred to. A paper read by Comrade Neville S. Bullitt, before camp "John A. Broadus," Louisville, Ky., on "The First Battle of Bull Run," deserves and has high commendation. Other papers were those not members, or came too late for mention herein.

The Commander-in-Chief announces that "the growth of our organization, in all respects, is most gratifying and our work is becoming more effective each month. All comrades are asked to join in and help the officers and committeemen. There is work for everyone.

SPIRIT OF THE SONS IN TEXAS.

Jeff F. Montgomery writes from Ora, Tex.:

My father, T. J. Montgomery, was in the Confederacy during the war on the frontier of Texas between Fort Belknap on the Brazos and Camp Colorado on the Jim Ned. He entered the service at about sixteen years of age, and served over four years. The Indian scalps he got entitled him to furloughs, but he never took advantage of one.

We boys want to organize a camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans here. Could you kindly furnish us the necessary information for organizing? We have a camp of U. C. V. (Jack McClure) at this place, but there are distressingly few of these grand old heroes left. We boys must teach the future generations that our fathers were not traitors, but as pure patriots as ever fought for loved ones, home, and country.

As a teacher in the public schools I believe it my duty to do this, at the same time teaching loyalty to the United States of to-day. And I take a great pleasure in doing so. If we don't do it, who will? And if we don't do it, it shows that there is more policy than principle in our make-up, and that we are unworthy sons of a brave sires.

I extend you my heart-felt sympathy in the loss of your noble son. Such is life. But "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." Father takes the Veteran. It is engaged in a noble work. It is grand. Every e-Confederate and all his children ought to read it. Texas is looking forward to the grandest time in her history—the reunion at Dallas. Hurrah for Dixie.

Texas Sons of Confederate Veterans.—Strong ties of veneration and affection exist between the Sons of Veterans and the veterans themselves, which are strengthened and intensified at reunions. Thomas P. Stone, Commander of the Texas Division U. S. C. V., writes a strong appeal to members of that organization in which he says: "Let us help the old veterans to have a glorious reunion. I appeal to you sons in the name of our great cause, in the name of honor and pride of our State to join us, that the old heroes may see by your action that you are not ashamed of the history which they made in that remarkable struggle for a principle that was just, right, patriotic, and true; and that we are ready to perpetuate their glorious deeds of valor and heroism by writing the truth of history wherein posterity may be taught that your father and mine were not traitors, but were heroes, fighting under the 'stars and bars.' When you read this think of what they did, think of their sufferings, privations, and sacrifices, and it will inspire you to organize everywhere. I want a camp U. S. C. V. in every town in Texas, and I ask you to come to the front and show your colors, as our father's did in the sixties."

MISS MARTHA BLANCHE PORTER, MEMPHIS, TENN.,
First Maid of Honor United Sons Confederate Veterans.

The U. C. V. Camp List.—George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, wrote from New Orleans, La., February 24, 1902: "The camp list you sent me for revision will have careful attention, and will be hurried back to you as quickly as possible. You know these lists can never be exactly correct, as deaths are occurring and new elections taking place almost every day, and besides, the officers of the camps are negligent and fail to send to headquarters notices of changes in officers so that it is impossible for me to do any better. I merely mention this so that you may know in case complaint is made just how it happened. Every change sent to me is noted instantly on the books, and if they fail to send them, of course I cannot help it. You can have anything that my time or labor can give while I am Adjutant General; I am happy to oblige you."

This Camp list of over 1,400, and that of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans comprising over 300 Camps, will all appear in the next Veteran. Members of Camps in either organization are requested to report at once any change in Commander or Adjutant.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

In the struggle to achieve the greatest good possible through the VETERAN in behalf of the principles to vindicate that for which it was founded, there is to be no "let up," and the plea for diligence by all its friends must be unceasing. But the heartiness with which thousands have responded through the first months of this tenth year of its history induces sincere congratulations to every Confederate who is proud of the name, either through volunteer action or inheritance.

The management feels impelled to express profound gratitude for this splendid evidence of appreciation, and the determination to struggle on in the cause which is designed to justify the South in its constitutional struggle, honor the participants, men and women, and to inculcate patriotism with the young.

Does it occur to you, reader, who is the most valuable aid in this work? You may suppose it is those who write most for it. Some of its friends do much in this way, but profoundest gratitude is felt towards those who are diligent to sustain its finances. Sometimes persons manifest much interest in the VETERAN while procuring publication in which they are personally interested, and then drop out, while others are diligent year after year to make the VETERAN's interests their own. They are as the privates who, after all, won the battles. Let officers and privates think of this enterprise as the most important publication to them in existence, for it really is.

Sometimes the VETERAN is sent for a year by some friend to another. In order to know whether this friend keeps it paid, it is only necessary to look at the label on your copy. Let everybody see to it that in some way their subscription is paid—let all be enlisted for the best that is possible.

In making the "Last Roll' record of Comrade C. B. Rouss, which is done in this VETERAN, it seems right to furnish a brief account of his friendship for its management. The defendant was in New York, during the Christmas of 1900, in response to notice that the plaintiff in the libel suit would take the depositions of various persons, when Mr. Rouss said with emphasis, referring to acts of his secretary: "It is all my fault, and I intend to have it stopped." He asked the attorneys of the plaintiff to prepare a statement whereby it might be settled at once, and it was understood that he would pay the amount. All other matters were suspended in the confidence that the trouble would be at an end as soon as the statement could be prepared.

When in his private office the next morning Mr. Rouss handed the writer the paper setting forth the basis of settlement which involved admission of a false publication, apology for it, and publication of eulogies that had been printed about the plaintiff, and the payment of costs of the suit, aggregating at that time, including his lawyers' fees, four thousand and seven hundred dollars. The blind patriot sat perfectly quiet until the paper had been perused far enough to see that its terms could not be complied with and he was told that it was impossible, that death would be preferable, and then he said: "I don't blame you, I don't ask you to do it," and in concluding the conference he said: "I hope you will come out best."

These facts would not now be made public but it is certainly due the memory of this faithful comrade who was so anxious for peace and was so noble in offering to assume and pay so much money to stop the litigation. He avoided participation in the controversy as much as practicable, and did not keep himself fully posted in the unhappy litigation, but he never ignored his moral responsibility in the premises.

On May 23, 1901, Mr. Rouss sent a letter to the editor of the VETERAN in which he stated:

It seems to be your desire, as well as the desire of a number of your Nashville friends, that I should write you a short letter which you can read or have read before the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association, which is to meet, I understand, in Memphis next week. . . . .

[Here he expressed regret at the litigation.—ED.]

My interest, however, in the paper which you edit has been very great, simply for the reason that you have diligently accumulated many historical facts which will be of great importance to the sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers. In fact it is fine data for writing a truthful history of the Confederate war. In addition to this, you have won my friendship and esteem by your energy and enterprise, and I am very much in sympathy with you. First, because you were a self-sacrificing and devoted Confederate soldier, and in the second place, because I believe you are an honorable and truthful man. . . .

The matter of raising one hundred thousand dollars to meet one hundred thousand dollars I subscribed to the Memorial Institute has been so changed from what was originally intended that I hardly recognized it as a part or parcel of my proposition. My idea was, as is well known, that this money could be raised in small sums among the people and the Confederate Veteran Camps of the South. . . .

To make defense of myself against attacks that have been made upon me in connection with this matter is by no means my object now, nor has it ever been. I did not choose to be dictated to as to the manner in which I would make the payment of one hundred thousand dollars, nor had I ever agreed to pay this sum of money until a like sum had been raised in money and I had been duly informed. To pay interest upon this sum of money before the Southern people or the Confederate Veteran Camps had made any contributions worthy of consideration was a proposition too absurd to even engage my attention for a moment.

MISFORTUNE TO SOUTHERN ARMS AT SHILOH.

Gen. C. I. Walker, commanding South Carolina Division, U. C. V., reviews the battle of Shiloh:

It was with great pleasure and interest that I read the article of Col. D. C. Kelley in your December number on the "Mistakes Concerning the Battle of Shiloh." In your February number the matter is again referred to. Our regiment (Tenth South Carolina) joined the Army of Mississippi at Corinth, almost immediately after that great battle, and we had the opportunity of conversing with many of those engaged, and learned much of the battle. From what we thus learned, Col. Kelley is substantially correct. But far better than this recollection are the official records, and these fully sustain him. See "War of Rebellion Records," Series 1, Vol. X., Part 1, and let me quote: Gen. Polk says (p. 410), referring to the fire of the gun boats in the afternoon of the first day: "The height of the plain on which we were, above the level of the water, was about one hundred feet, so that it was necessary to give great elevation to his guns to enable him to fire over the bank. The consequence was that shot could take effect only at points remote from the river's edge. They were comparatively harmless to our troops nearest the bank and became increasingly so as we drew near the enemy and placed him between us and the boats.

"Here the impression arose that our forces were waging an unequal combat, that they were exhausted and suffering from a murderous fire, and by an order from the commanding general they were withdrawn from the field."

In whose mind this "impression arose" is shown in Gen. Beauregard's report (p. 387): "It was after 6 P.M., as before said, when the enemy's last position was carried and his forces finally broke and took refuge behind a commanding eminence covering the Pittsburg Landing, not more than a half mile distant and under the guns of his gun boats, which opened on our eager columns a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description." It was this incorrect impression which caused the withdrawal of the Confederates and their loss of the fruits of victory.

To justify himself in so withdrawing the troops, Gen. Beauregard says (p. 387): "Hoping, from news received by a special dispatch, that delays had been encountered by Gen. Buell in his march from Columbia and that his main force, therefore, could not reach the field of battle in time to save Gen. Grant's shattered fugitive forces from capture or destruction on the following day." Gen. Bragg confirms Gen. Polk's statement, and says (pp. 466, 467): "The enemy had fallen back in much confusion, and was crowded in unorganized masses on the river bank, vainly striving to cross. They were covered by a battery of heavy guns, well served, and their two gun boats, which now poured a heavy fire upon our supposed positions, for we were entirely hid by the forest. Their fire, though terrific in sound, and producing some consternation at first, did us no damage, as the shells all passed over and exploded far beyond our positions.

"As soon as our troops could be again formed and put in motion the order was given to move forward at all points and sweep the enemy from the field. The sun was about disappearing, so that little time was left us to finish the glorious work of the day, a day unsurpassed in the history of warfare for its daring deeds, brilliant achievements, and heavy sacrifices.

"Our troops, greatly exhausted by twelve hours' incessant fighting without food, nobly responded to the order with alacrity and the movement commenced with every prospect of success, though a heavy battery in our front and the gun boats on our right seemed determined to dispute every inch of ground.

"Just at this time an order was received from the commanding general to withdraw the forces beyond the enemy's fire. As this was communicated, in many instances, direct to brigade commanders, the troops were soon in motion, and the action ceased."

From the above extracts, official, it is clear:

1. That Gens. Bragg and Polk, and perhaps Hardee, were pressing the enemy, and could reasonably have expected to have captured them.

2. That Gen. Beauregard, not immediately on the scene of action, formed an incorrect impression of the situation.

3. That he, Gen. Beauregard, ordered the retirement of the troops.

4. That the order was not directly extended, in the first instance, as it should have been, to the corps commanders, Bragg, Polk, and Hardee, but first in many instances to the troops under their command.

It is not to be wondered at, when Bragg appreciated the lost opportunity, that he was deeply chagrined. I have never seen a man actually "foam at the mouth," but if there ever was an occasion to cause Gen. Bragg to do so, he must have then figuratively at least, "foamed at the mouth like a mad tiger."

The mistakes of Shiloh are well put in the closing words of Gen. Bragg's report (pp. 469, 470):

"It may not be amiss to refer briefly to the causes it is believed operated to prevent the complete overthrow of the enemy, which we were so near accomplishing, and which would have changed the entire complexion of the war.

The want of proper organization and discipline, and the inferiority in many cases of our officers to the men they were expected to command, left us often without system or order; and the large proportion of stragglers resulting, weakened our forces and kept the superior and staff officers constantly engaged in the duties of file closers. Especially was this the case after the occupancy of each of the enemy's camps, the spoils of which served to delay and greatly demoralize our men. But no cause probably contributed so largely to our loss of time—which was the loss of success—as the fall of the commanding general. At the moment of this irreparable disaster, the plan of battle was being rapidly and successfully executed under his immediate eye and lead on the right.

"For want of a common superior to the different commands on that part of the field great delay occurred after this misfortune, and that delay prevented the consummation of the work so gallantly and successfully begun and carried on until the approach of night induced our new commander to recall the exhausted troops for rest and recuperation before a crowning effort on the next morning.

. . . . . .

"In this result we have a valuable lesson by which we should profit—never on a battle field to lose a moment's time, but leaving the killed, wounded, and spoils to those whose special duty it is to care for them, to press on with every available man, giving a panic-stricken and retreating foe no time to rally and reaping all the benefits of a success never complete until every enemy is killed, wounded, or captured. No course is so certain as this to afford succor to the wounded and security to the trophies."

The first great misfortune (not mistake) of Shiloh was described by Gen. Hardee (p. 569), referring to the loss of Albert Sidney Johnston: "It is, in my opinion, the candid belief of intelligent men that, but for this calamity, we would have achieved before sunset a triumph unequaled in the annals of war, and memorable in future history!"

And the second great misfortune was that the command fell to one, whose long career proved him a distinguished general, yet at Shiloh he was sick. He says in his report (p. 387): "I was greatly prostrated and suffering from the prolonged sickness with which I had been afflicted since early in February."

It was the general feeling in the army that if Gen. Beauregard, in his then sick condition, had been a thousand miles from Shiloh, and his corps commander, notably Gen. Bragg, had not been interfered with in the movements being executed to capture the demoralized remnants of Grant's army, that even the death of their immortal Johnston would not have prevented the brave Confederates from reaping the full fruits of their magnificent victory. The saddest of all sad words are, "It might have been."

Beauregard's Order at Shiloh.

H. W. Graber, Brig. Gen. U. C. V., Dallas, writes:

During the year 1874 Gen. Braxton Bragg came to Texas with a corps of civil engineers to engage in railroad building, and I, as the President of the Waxahachie Tap Railroad Co., had the honor of giving him his first contract of surveying this road. Whilst so engaged he was a guest of our home in Waxahachie.

During his leisure moments we talked freely about the operations of his army in Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Georgia, which was of special interest to us both, as our regiment, Terry's Texas Rangers, was a part of that army from first to last, and highly regarded by the General.

Discussing the battle of Shiloh, I remember well his words about the incident now under discussion and which seems to be so little understood. His statement was: "I was about completing the formation of my line of battle, and ready to sweep the enemy into the river, when a staff officer of Gen. Beauregard's rode up and delivered his order to retire to a suitable position and camp for the night. I asked: 'Has this order been promulgated to the other part of the army?' He replied that it had, and was then being executed. I instructed him to present my compliments to Gen. Beauregard and say to him if it had not, I would not obey it, but move on the enemy at once."

These were the General's exact words; I remember them well, as they made a deep impression on me at the time. He felt deeply grieved on account of this great blunder, and expressed his firm conviction that another charge would surely have given us a glorious victory.

I remember a report current during the battle and soon thereafter that Gen. Beauregard was sick in his ambulance and issued his orders on the report of the progress of the battle by Gen. Jordan, his Chief of Staff. I do not recall asking Gen. Bragg about this, or his statement in regard to it, if he made any.

Remarkable Statement from a Staff Officer.

Col. Alexander Robert Chisolm writes from 32 West Twenty-First Street, New York, this personal letter:

In the February (1902) Veteran, page 78, there appears a very incorrect copy of a paragraph taken from a letter of mine to Maj. Tunno. I never wrote that Beauregard ordered Bragg or any one else to fire on the gunboats in the Tennessee River near Pittsburg landing. . . . I think that I am better informed of the facts relating to the campaign and battle of Shiloh than any man now living, as I wrote all the original notes upon which the orders and letters were written for the concentration at Corinth and the battle, these notes being delivered to the Adjutant General, Thomas Jordan, to be put in proper form for issue to the different generals and staff departments. The notes for the battle were dictated to me by Gen. Beauregard between 6 A.M. and 8 A.M., April 3, 1862, and were handed by me to the Adjutant, who issued them in the name of Gen. A. S. Johnston, as he was ranking officer, Beauregard being named second in command. Jordan wrote the address to the army, which was then signed by A. S. Johnston. When I was Commander of the Veteran Camp of New York, at the request of its members, I wrote a very full account of the battle, which has been carefully revised by generals and others who took part in the battle. I have the finest map of the field from original surveys, with all the troops placed upon it, in both days' fight. It is 5x3 feet, the names of the different commands being attached, which account is substantiated by extracts from reports of Gen. Wheeler and many others which are published in the Rebellion Records, notably one from Wheeler showing his position at the close of the first day, making it impossible for him to take the hill at Pittsburg Landing. I was on most of the field for two days and two nights, remaining with the rear guard.

In a letter to Maj. R. M. Tunno, Col. A. R. Chisolm writes: "When Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston arrived at Corinth, having marched his army there at the earnest solicitation of Beauregard instead of going to Chattanooga, as he intended, he was so much depressed that he proposed to turn over the immediate command of the troops to Beauregard, while he would go to Memphis or Jackson, Miss., retaining command of his Department, which included the trans-Mississippi army of Van Dorn. Beauregard would not consent to this, but suggested that he be named as general in command, and that he would do his best to make the campaign a success, and that with such a result he (Johnston) would regain the confidence of the army and the people. This was done; all the important orders were framed and issued by Beauregard through his Adjutant, Thomas Jordan, but they were signed "by command of Gen. A. S. Johnston."

"From six to eight o'clock one morning I wrote from Beauregard's dictation the original notes for the movement and battle of Shiloh. I then delivered them to Gen. Jordan, who framed the detailed orders to the different generals and staff departments. Jordan wrote the address to the army which was signed by Gen. A. S. Johnston. The order of battle was modeled from one of Napoleon's most famous battle orders. All the details being worked out with great care. The elements and bad roads delayed the battle from Friday to Sunday. This caused much uneasiness as Buell was known to be about to join Grant. Sunday we fought all day. Soon after the first attack, Beauregard ordered me to go to Johnston with the request that he be permitted to *go to the front,* and that Johnston direct the battle. Johnston's reply was 'Say to Gen. Beauregard that I wish him to continue to direct the movements of the troops as he has been doing, and that I am going in here to the right,' pointing with his hand in that direction.

"Johnston pressed forward the right, while Beauregard urged on the attack on the left and center, a notable instance riding at the head of regiments. Johnston was killed in the peach orchard at 2:30 P.M., April 6, after which there was very little delay; the fight progressed with increased vigor. Prentis's Division was surrounded and captured at 5:30 P.M., after Beauregard had personally concentrated the artillery upon it. I was present and brought Prentis to Beauregard near the Shiloh Church. Returning from an order to Hardee on our left before dark, I rode up to Beauregard at the same time as Gen. Bragg who was quite excited waving his hand with the remark that he 'had been to the Tennessee River, and there were none of the enemy between Owl and Lick Creeks.' Gen. Bragg was mistaken, for at that time Chalmers and Jackson had been repulsed by the advance of Buell's army, Ammens Brigade, and they with Gen. Wheeler were seeking shelter under the hill where Gen. Webster, of Gen. Grant's staff, had placed 80 cannon, some of them being siege guns.

Gens. Bragg and Beauregard never had any differences; they worked in perfect accord. I went to Mobile to urge Bragg to come to Corinth, which he did on one day's notice, telegraphing two regiments he had sent to Johnston at Chattanooga to go at once to Corinth. I accompanied him from Mobile to Jackson, Tenn., to meet Beauregard. They jointly occupied Sherman's headquarters Sunday night. I was there.

I was with Hardee until quite dark April 6. Our artillery was in action, and I brought up to him two bodies of troops from his rear while large shells from the gunboats were bursting beyond them and over their heads.

Gen. Beauregard's headquarters the first day were on a small knoll a little to the right of Shiloh Church.

SHILOH.

BY ADELIA WALL GILBERT, M'KENZIE, TENN.

Most queenly of rivers, the Tennessee sweeps
By low, sunny banks where her smooth water keeps,
And the brown thrush's call to its mate soft and low
Goes echoing over the silvery flow;
By fields, where the daisies peep out from the grass
And kiss the gay sunbeams as, laughing, they pass
To play on the water a rainbow of light,
That breaks into jewels, all sparkling and bright,
To rest on her majesty's robe of dull brown,
And laughingly fleck themselves over the ground.

All nature was blooming in sunshine and shower
Of sweet April days, and dreamed not the dark hour
Of Shiloh approaching; but dark clouds of war
Were throwing their shadows anear and afar,
And soon the deep silence of woodland and glen
Was broken by tread of an army of men.
They came from the lowland, they came from the hill,
They came by the river, so peaceful and still,
Till her bosom was beaten by paddle and wheel
And her jewels were changed into iron and steel.

Then glow of the camp fires was seen in the night,
That lit up a newly built city of white;
There were neighing of steeds, the sentry's quick call,
The clatter and rattle of musket and ball.
Under the white tents were weary men sleeping;
Some round the camp fire their vigils were keeping,
Dreaming of deeds of the coming to-morrow,
Speaking of loved ones in low tones of sorrow.
For well they all knew of the time drawing nigh
When each must endeavor to conquer or die.

Two armies had gathered, with valor to fight
For North or for South, as they deemed it aright;
So when the clear bugle sent forth the alarms
They readily sprang to their saddles and arms,
And to beating of drum and screaming of fife
They went forth to battle, for death or for life.
With hearts full of courage they eagerly go
To meet on the field an American foe;
For all were the sons of one dear motherland,
And brother met brother with death in his hand.

With glitter of cold, cruel arms in the sun
The heartrending battle of Shiloh begun;
With thunder of hoof beats the cavalry dashed,
While sabers were gleaming and bayonets flashed;
The gunboats were hurling their death-dealing shells,
And woodlands were ringing with Southerners' yells;
Fair scenes that were lately so lovely and bright
Were changed into darkness—the darkness of night;
The air all about them grew shadowed and gray,
Where smoke clouds were dimming the pale face of day.

Here, forward they pressed with victorious shout;
There, backward they reeled mid carnage and rout;
A great chieftain had fallen, was dying, but then
He cheered with his last breath his faltering men,
As, breasting the storm, under terrible rain
Of bullets, they struggled a vantage to gain.
Where fighting was thickest they wavered and fell,
And brave hearts ceased throbbing at bursting of shell;
At touch of the Minie ball men were laid low
In the dust, as they fell with face to the foe.

At last there was silence on river and shore,
They had sounded "Cease Firing." The battle was o'er.
Dark forms were strewn thickly all over the field, [sealed;
Whose hearts were now still and whose cold lips were
And streams crept slowly through torn, trampled grass
That they tinged such a horrible red, alas!
As they flowed from the mangled breasts of the gray
To mingle with those where the bluecoats lay,
For many a valorous Northman lay dead,
And freely the chivalrous Southerners bled.

They fell as they fought, for the old stripes and stars;
And sunk where they battled, for banner of bars.
Ah! many had only the pitying light
Of the moon's pale face on their last great fight,
And the God of battles only heard the faint moan
From the paling lips as they died all alone.
Then the widow's wail was heard in the land.
While tears fell fast from a young orphan band;
Bright hearthstones were darkened and hearts bowed low
As Northland and Southland bent under the blow.

Once thousands had met where the Tennessee rolls,
And her banks were crowded with living souls.
They are crowded still, but the forms are now dust,
And the emblems of war are covered with rust.
Where white stones are gleaming on Mother Earth's breast
Her sons and heroes are lying at rest.
There calmly they slumber, a great nation's pride,
With that fair "drummer boy" who prayed as he died.
O Shiloh! sad Shiloh! the gray and the blue
Gave life for their country; what more could they do?

Over there in the green wood deep trenches were made,
And in them the sons of the sunny South laid.
No stones mark the head place, no numbers are there,
To tell us the story of who or of where
They were lost with the cause they defended so well,
And rest in the silence of woodland and dell;
But God knows them each one, and each as he lies,
Can call them by name when he bids them arise
To meet on the last field a brotherhood band,
Where all will await for one Master's command.

Again, in sweet April days, flowers are springing
All through the green wood where light birds are winging
Their way through the branches, and echoes increase
As songs from their dainty throats tell us of peace;
Again on the hill sound the voices of men,
While light forms are flitting by river and glen;

MISS CLAUDE BROWNRIGG M'QUISTIAN, ABERDEEN, MISS.,
Maid of Honor United Sons Confederate Veterans.

Fresh laurels are gathered for each hallowed grave,
And tenderly placed on the hearts of the brave,
Who shall waken one day, on that sun-kissed shore,
To dwell in the vale of sweet peace evermore.

Texas Brigade to Convene at Dallas, April 23.—Col. Baxter Smith, of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, who was in command of the Texas Brigade at the surrender, at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865, has issued a request for the survivors to meet at the headquarters of the Confederate Veteran, on the same lot and east of the Oriental Hotel, in Dallas Tex., at 9 o'clock in the morning, April 23, 1902, being the second day of the reunion in said city.

This brigade served with the Army of Tennessee and was composed of the Eighth and Eleventh Texas, Third Arkansas, and Fourth Tennessee Regiments of Cavalry, participating in all the marches and battles of that army and surrendering with it. They were the rear guard engaged in a skirmish at Chapel Hill when informed of the pending armistice of Gens. Johnston and Sherman, and fired the last guns along the line of that army.

Col. Smith writes that the object of this notice, aside from the feature of comradeship, is to take steps to preserve in substantial form the honorable record made by this command, feeling that it is a duty we owe the memory of our deceased comrades, and that it can be written more truthfully by those who participated with them in the stirring scenes through which they passed.

It is requested that Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee papers and the Veteran will publish this notice.

Maj. George B. Guild, Nashville, Tenn., who was lieutenant and adjutant general of the brigade will respond to all inquiries by comrades on the subject.

Rev. R. J. Cooke, D.D., prints in his paper an editorial in which he retracts his recent editorial utterances respecting the Daughters of the Confederacy to which offense was taken: "The mission of this paper is and has ever been to promote peace and mutual confidence and brotherliness among all good people. Such has been the uniform purpose and practice of the editor for these twenty-six years of his public life as a preacher, teacher, and writer. But in our issue of November 28, last, in an editorial entitled 'Fair Play,' we unfortunately and unwittingly gave serious offense to a large class of most excellent and worthy women and their friends, and provoked a storm of adverse criticism. The editoral in question was intended as a criticism on a paper read before one of the chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, but it was taken as an attack on that organization itself, and was construed as a reflection upon its members. It was not so intended. But we acknowledge that the language used, hastily written, was open to such a construction. We sincerely regret any such utterance, and hereby cancel and retract every word capable of being so interpreted. We utterly disclaim any purpose or thought of comparing those worthy and noble women of the South with such creatures as Emma Goldman, or putting them in a class or on a par with anarchists. We did not then, or ever, nor do we now, believe such a thought in any way applicable to them or to their organization, and we do most sincerely regret having used language capable of such a meaning."

COFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

Interesting Annual Services on Lee's Birthday.

The twelfth annual banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, in honor of the memory of Robert E. Lee, was held in the large banquet hall at the Waldorf-Astoria, on January 20. There were nearly four hundred ladies and gentlemen seated at small tables on the floor, and later in the evening the boxes were filled with about two hundred Southerners. Just before the formal proceedings began an incident of interest to all present occurred.

The Commander, Edward Owen, had just presented Mrs. Jefferson Davis to the assembly, when Col. John S. Wise rose in his seat, as the enthusiastic welcome to Mrs. Davis had ended, and exclaimed: "Well, Commander, I've got something to say to you," and advancing to the platform, proceeded with his object by presenting on behalf of the camp to Commander Owen a very handsome gold and diamond Commander's Badge.

In the speech of presentation Mr. Wise said: "Col. Owen, the Confederate Veteran's Camp of New York has requested me to act as its mouthpiece in presenting to you a token of our friendship, expressive also of our admiration of your record as a soldier. I cannot but feel that some fitness by contrast suggested my selection, for my military record was exceedingly meager, and yours was one continuous roster of thrilling deeds from 1861 to 1865.

Comrades, ladies, and gentlemen, permit me to review hastily some historic events of the last century in which Col. Owen bore a part, in order to make plainer what we are doing.

First of all, let me say that Col. Owen was once young and buoyant like ourselves—nay, he was once even a baby. Louisiana was the home of his childhood. His maternal grandfather, Judge Miller, and his great-grandfather, Dr. Muellon, were respectively commissioners on the part of the United States and the Empire of Spain, in completing the transfer of the Louisiana territory.

With the love of his State, intensified by this identity of his people with her early history, he grew to manhood in the city of New Orleans in the very heyday of her almost fabulous growth and wealth, and, at the outbreak of our civil war, was engaged in the cotton business, then the leading industry of the Crescent City.

At this point, ladies and gentlemen, I might digress into polemics concerning the opposed theories in the greatest civil war of the world's history, but I will not. More than half a century was consumed in debate, by a long line of intellectual giants concerning the nature of our Federal compact, the right or wrong of slavery and the rights of the States to withdraw from the Union. While that discussion progres . p ·c opinion upon all these questions gradually became more a. more sectional. First Webster and after him Lincoln came nearest to the logical demonstration that the Northern view was right. They succeeded in solidifying public opinion in the North, but they never convinced the South. Next Calhoun, and after him Jefferson Davis and Bledsoe, came nearest to a logical demonstration that the Southern view was right. They succeeded in solidifying public opinion in the South, but they never convinced the North.

Then Clay and after him Douglas sought with marvelous eloquence and tireless ingenuity to reconcile the irreconcilable views of the North and the South, but both failed in both sections and both shared the fate that ever awaits the attempted mediator in an irrepressible conflict.

There was no longer hope of peace. Our boasted Constitution contained no syllable to avert war. Its cowardly silence upon these questions, which frequently arose while it was being framed and were purposely unanswered, left us an inheritance of war, where it had promised peace, of recrimination and strife, in lieu of the fraternity and union, which it pretended to guarantee.

The time has passed when men of the North seriously assert that the Confederates were traitors, or when the Southerner believes that the Northern people were less sincere in their conviction of right than he was himself. An honest conflict, waged with unprecedented courage, ended in the complete triumph of the Northern idea. But not until a million lives and countless treasure had been consumed in a dispute which never could have been settled in any other way.

Out of the blood and smoke of war come three irrevocable decrees: That the United States was a nation; that slavery was at an end; and that secession was impossible from an indissoluble union of indestructible States. The South never agreed to any of these three propositions. She opposed them in vain; first, by argument, and then with arms. All three were decided against her, leaving nothing in doubt, nothing for appeal, nothing for reversal.

So completely was the South prostrated that the North might have gone to any extent beyond its original claims, if it had seen fit; might have imposed any forfeiture or exacted any penalty. Not only the statehood but the manhood of the several states composing the Southern Confederacy were at the mercy of the triumphant North.

You and I, my Confederate comrades, know full well these conditions. We never admitted then any more than we do now that we were traitors. We believed we were right and did all in our power to maintain our cause. We did not stop fighting because we were convinced or because we were reconciled; we only yielded when further resistance seemed hopeless folly, and further bloodshed wanton crime.

We had fought our enemies so long and in such temper that neither conscience nor courage justified us in appealing for leniency. We simply stood exhausted, ready to receive like men such punishment as our conquerors saw fit to inflict. We had never believed their professions of conservatism and expected them to reap the full fruit of their bloody and complete conquest. We did not expect, nor had we much right to claim either magnanimity or fraternity.

Well, what has happened in a third of a century since we laid down our arms with Lee and Johnston? The Northern people would have been more than mortals if they had restrained themselves in the hour of triumph within the literal bounds of their declared purpose at the outset. The partition of Virginia will ever remain as a mockery of the pretence that the war was waged by the North to preserve the States.

Nor can it be claimed that the dominant party has always dealt wisely or well with the race problem resulting from emancipation. The ploughshare of utter and complete con-

quest has deeply furrowed our section, destroyed its wealth, crippled its influence, and seriously impaired the morals of its people for a time, as conquest must do always. But, on the whole, after the lapse of all these years, in spite of these inevitable consequences of such a struggle and such a defeat, much more of liberty, much more of union, much more of greatness remains to us than any ex-Confederate believed was possible when he looked upon the wreck at Appomattox. It is true that forty years ago our brethren of the North called us traitors; yet, though we are at their mercy, never was one of us tried for treason, for by the doubts which brought on the conflict, and by the brave struggle which we made, they realized that we were as honest as themselves. It is true that forty years ago we called them tyrants, usurpers, and invaders. Yet we have lived to realize that they were as honest as ourselves in the opinion for which they fought.

All of us have lived to realize that the few issues which then divided us are settled forever, and that there are still left many other things, concerning which we are brethren, linked by a fate which we could not escape if we would and would not if we could, in the pursuit of a glorious common destiny, infinitely grander than could ever have been accomplished by a divided country. The wounds of civil discord are healed; even their scars are fast disappearing. Pursuing our common destiny our sons, side by side, have since borne the triumphant eagles of the Union over land and sea, in foreign wars, emulous only to show each other in the Antilles and the Orient the quality of valor inherited from fathers who fought each other in our great dead civil strife.

The lapse of time, the return of reason, brethren, make it possible that we, ex-Confederates, should assemble here undisturbed in the heart of the metropolis of the triumphant North. We are not met as rebels, or, if rebels, at least we stand unrepentant rebels, in the sense that we are not ashamed of or penitent for the part we bore in the civil war. Nor would our generous foe respect us if we made such a concession. The time has come when they yield to us what we accord to them, and in perfect loyalty to the present, both honor the valor of the past.

Personal Tribute to Col. Owen.

Out of that sad but glorious past there looms up to us old Confederates to-night a battalion of Confederate artillery, whose matchless record of gallantry began at Bull Run and extended throughout the entire civil war, ending only at Appomattox. In the flush days of the springtime of 1861 came that splendid body of troops from New Orleans to Richmond. With the chevrons of a last sergeant upon his sleeve rode Edward Owen with his gun. In the gay days of song and dance in the capital of the Confederacy preceding the first bloodshed he had his merry part. Then came the sultry Sabbath of first Manassas. Every bulletin from the battlefield told of the deadly work done by the Washington artillery. When the smoke drifted off, Ned Owen stood by his begrimed napoleon a first lieutenant for gallantry and meritorious conduct upon the field. Throughout the months and years that followed, the same story came back from the front, of the Washington artillery and Owen. He served at Seven Pines, Gaines Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Wilcox Bluff, Rappahannock Station, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Antietam, (where he was wounded in the leg), Chancellorsville, Maryes Heights (where he was captured), Gettysburg, Drury's Bluff (where he was wounded in the head), and for twelve months he bore the hardships of the trenches and battles around Petersburg. The Washington Artillery with Owen was "first at the cross and last at the sepulchre" of the Confederacy. They fought the enemy on the retreat and surrendered at Appomattox.

Speaking of Capt. Owen, his commander, Colonel Walton, says: "At Drury's Bluff he fought at fifty yards the battery of Capt. Belcher, U. S. Army, completely destroying the battery and capturing Capt. Belcher." Gen. Beauregard, in recognition of his gallantry caused the guns to be inscribed and presented them to Capt. Owen. In later years this is his testimonial from Jefferson Davis, Commander-in-Chief: "His correct and urbane demeanor, his zeal, his intelligence and unflinching fidelity, conspicuous in the field and not less so in the day of his country's disaster, command alike my affection and esteem." At the close of that stirring and disastrous conflict, he returned uncomplainingly to civil life. For some years he was a cotton merchant in New Orleans, associated with Gen. Longstreet as a partner. After receiving flattering offers of service in the Egyptian army, Col. Owen joined the Southern Colony of New York, where he was engaged in the cotton business until 1885, when he accepted employment in the city government under Mayor Grace. In that service he remained from then until now, proving himself acceptable to all parties under all changes of administration.

Here he has been foremost in organizing and maintaining this Camp of Confederate Veterans, the object of which is to cherish the memory of our Confederate service and to render assistance to comrades in distress. You know, my comrades, how well, how faithfully, how generously he has performed that task.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, is it surprising that we, who know him best, are the most anxious to do him honor. When the career of a soldier like this was ended, well might he have exclaimed:

> Farewell, the plumed troop,
> And the big wars that make ambition virtue.
> And oh ye mortal engines whose rude throats
> Immortal Jove's loud clamors counterfeit, Farewell:
> Othello's occupation's gone.

All the world, friend and foe alike, may well feel regret at the untimely ending of the career of such a soldier. Yet has our comrade shown himself above the depressing influence of such a disaster. Gentle, modest, unassuming, yet flexible in principle, smiling at danger, never counting the cost where honor was involved, we cherish him as the type of soldier which immortalized Confederate valor, even in the hour of Confederate defeat. We honor Col. Owen as an example and fit model for the sons of veterans, Union or Confederate. We glorify ourselves in paying this tribute of respect to him: and last, but not least, we rejoice that the incoming administration has recognized his worth and retained him in his sphere of usefulness—a shining illustration that the ex-Confederate has not outlived his day of respect or his day of service.

The following is the reply of Col. Owen:

Comrades and Associate Members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York: Words fail me to express to you the feelings and emotions which fill me at this moment at the receipt of this beautiful token of your appreciation of the work which it has been a pleasure to me to do for the welfare of the camp. My work is truly a labor of love, for to me the camp is a sentiment born of the [illegible] 1861-65.

The origin of the camp may be of interest to you. In the early part of the year 1890, five Confederate veterans hap-

pened to be together when one of them mentioned that he had read in a daily paper of a recent date, a statement that a Confederate officer had been taken care of in sickness and in death by a Grand Army of the Republic Post, when Stephen W. Jones suggested that an organization of Confederates be formed to look after their own veterans in trouble. A few nights later seven of us met, discussed the question, and decided to take active steps, and at a subsequent meet twenty-one met, organized, and elected Col. Andrew G. Dickinson our first commander.

From that day the camp has flourished, and now numbers 300 members, and by its conservative course has long since gained the respect of the community, and still holds it. This occasion is proof of its popularity, for there are present over 600 Southerners.

The objects of the camp are two fold—comradeship and benevolence—to aid veterans and their families in trouble and distress. Another object pertaining more particularly to our associate members, is to revive, kindle, and keep alive the memories of the civil war of 1861-65, not the memories of the accrimonious debates and fevered passions of those days, but the memories of the valor and heroism of their fathers as shown upon many a hard-fought battlefield, in enduring starvation, and suffering the rigors of winter with inadequate covering, and also to keep alive the memories of the heroism of the women of the South, who sent their fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers to the front and suffered privations and distress of mind at home. These are the new objects of the camp.

Comrades, from the bottom of my heart I thank you for this token of your appreciation of my labors, and next to the love I bear my family I will cherish it among my most precious possessions.

After this ceremony, Commander Owen introduced Miss Mary Curtis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee to those present, who met with a cordial reception. Then followed the formal toasts, which were varied and entertaining.

Col. Tom Ochiltree, of the Committee on Invitation, at the instance of Col. Owen, had waited on the President with an invitation to be present at the banquet, and received the following response:

White House, Washington, January 17, 1902.

Dear Col. Ochiltree: It was once my good fortune to speak to the Southern Society in New York, and I enjoyed it so much that I wish it were now possible to be present at the reunion of the Confederate Camp; but I find it to be utterly out of the question. It is a double regret to have to refuse you as well as to lose the pleasure of being present at the Camp. Give my most cordial good wishes to the members of the Camp and their guests; and believe me, hoping that the union may be most successful, sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee wrote from Charlottesville, Va., January 18, to Commander Owen:

My Dear Sir: My first response, to the invitation to attend the dinner of your Camp on the 20th inst., "in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee," has been delayed in the hope that I might be able to greet my comrades upon such an interesting occasion. And now I am compelled to write that I cannot go to New York at the designated period. I do not forget I was a Confederate soldier, who fought to the best of his ability to make two republics grow where only one grew before. I do not now forget only one republic is growing, and that the efforts of us all should be directed to make it grow great and greater, or that our duty as good citizens demands we do our share in promoting its peace, progress, and prosperity. With the hope history will take care of the splendid record of the Southern soldiers upon the battlefield, I give you as a toast the glowing words of the Irish patriot:

"Do you ask me, my Lords, if in my lifetime
I have thought any treason, or done any crime,
That shall call to my cheek as I stand alone here
The hot blush of shame or the paleness of fear,
Though I stood by my grave to receive my death blow,
Before God and mankind I would answer you, No."

Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, wife of Gen. James Longstreet, U. S. Commissioner of Railroads, writes:

The General has been having a very serious time with his eye, and is not in a condition to make a trip to New York. We shall yet hope to meet around the banqueting board of your Camp, and clasp hands with the grizzled warriors who were making history in the heroic days when the land was red with the blood of its stalwart men. Gen. Longstreet has just passed his eighty-first birthday, and apart from the trouble with his eye, is in the enjoyment of good health. One of the great compensations of these evening hours, is his meeting with the "boys" who followed him to Appomattox. Gen. Longstreet has fraternal greetings for you and your comrades, and for the Confederate veteran wherever he may be found. Although the stars and stripes of a once more united country have been planted for a generation beside our thresholds, and the Union is ours "now and forever" we will not forget the nation that fell—its hallowed memories, its slain defenders. We will ever remember that the Confederate soldier was born of patriotism and nurtured on loyalty to home and country. He was the descendant of the men who framed the Constitution, fought for its maintenance, and guided the destinies of the young republic through the consecutive period of our material development, giving to the nation a line of statesmen and soldiers that the world has not surpassed. I shall pray that Gen. Longstreet and the veterans of your Camp, "who linger yet a little while" in the dawn of a new century's clearer lights, may be spared to see the erection by the government here in the nation's beautiful capital of a monument to those who fought on the Southern side, not as soldiers of the Confederacy, but as great generals and soldiers of America.

In his recent annual report Commander Owen congratulates the Camp upon its continued success:

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York still occupies that high position in this community and throughout the whole South which it has long since won by its conservatism and benevolent acts. Its continued popularity is shown by the additions to its ranks during the past year of *fifty-four new members*, with but one resignation, and that because of removal from the city. In its works of charity it has relieved many in trouble and distress, obtained employment for some, and has sent others, stranded here, to their homes in the South. The Camp has always met its obligations promptly, and there are never any outstanding liabilities. The Mortuary Fund for the burial of deceased members in need in its plot at Mount Hope Cemetery has a balance in the Union Trust Company of $877.93. The eleventh annual banquet at Waldorf-Astoria, was a great success, as was the "Camp Fire" afterwards.

MONUMENT AT SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

J. W. B. Frazier who was of the Wise Artillery:

The Southern Soldiers' Memorial Association, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., was organized in 1867; its cemetery lot was formally purchased in 1868, and dedicated on Memorial Day following, June 5, 1869. On the following Memorial Day, June 6, 1870, they dedicated their monument to their dead. The inscriptions are: East face, "Erected to the memory of our Confederate dead by the Southern Soldiers' Memorial Association, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., June 6, 1870." North face, "True patriots, a nation's tears embalm their memory." West face, "To the unknown dead; though nameless, their deeds are not forgotten." South face, "We lie here in obedience to the command of our sovereign States." The dead are given as one hundred and six with name and command, and there are other headstones for "fifty-six unknown."

Agnew, J. C., and Allan, Joseph, Sixth North Carolina; Anderson, Sergt. Maj., Fifth Florida.

Burk, Capt. Redmon; Banks, M. Hampton's Legion; Barnhart, Adrian, Twentieth North Carolina; Boyd, Lieut. W. H., Fifth Texas; Baudy, J., Twenty-First Mississippi; Beasley, Lieut. James A., Ninth Virginia Cavalry.

Crim, T. J., First South Carolina; Clark, H. M., Fifth Florida; Connell, R. P., Fiftieth Georgia; Clayton, Capt. R. E., Second Mississippi; Canty, Sam, Sixteenth South Carolina; Cook, W. A., Thirty-First Georgia.

Daniels, W. B., Fifty-Fifth North Carolina; Deakins, J., Union District, North Carolina; Davenport, Lieut. Charles S., Charleston, S. C.; Durank, E. D. B., Twenty-Sixth Georgia.

Elliot, J. M., Huntsville, Ala.; Eason, C., Thirty-Third North Carolina; Eason, William, Second North Carolina; Edwards, J. K., Second North Carolina.

Farnham, L. N., Fifth Florida; Ferrell, S. K., Georgia; Fountain, Corp. M. J., Thirteenth Georgia Volunteers; Feamster, J. B., Eleventh Mississippi.

Grigsby, Capt. R., Eighth Louisiana; Gay, John, Thirty-First Georgia; Gordon, John P., Forty-Eighth North Carolina; Gageby, J. N., First Virginia Cavalry; Garvin, T. J., Second South Carolina Rifles.

Harlan, Sergt. J.; Hoffler, G. W., Fourth Texas; Holliday, E. B., Fifth North Carolina; Harvey, Lieut. W. H., Twenty-First Virginia; Hood, D. S., Georgia; Hood, D. T., Fifth Alabama Artillery; Hornbuckler, T. W., Thirteenth North Carolina; Howell, William, Nineteenth Mississippi; Hoey, Edward P., Louisiana Guard Artillery, New Orleans, La.; Harris, G. W., First Virginia Cavalry.

Ireland, William, Sixtieth Georgia; Irwin, —., Georgia.

Johnson, J. Newman; Jones, Isaac F., Fiftieth Georgia; Jones, Sergt. S.; Jarbo, William; James, Lieut. John, Seventeenth Mississippi.

Kepley, Andrew, Fourteenth North Carolina.

Leopold, Andrew; Lyon, Lieut. C. F., Forty-Eighth Virginia; Lemon, Alex, Second Virginia Infantry; Lee, Capt. —., South Carolina; Lee, J.

Monaghan, Col. William, Sixth Louisiana; Miller, A., Fifty-Second North Carolina; Miller, Collins, White's Battalion; Mabin, M. G., Fifteenth Georgia; Marsh, Rev. E. L., Thirty-First Georgia Volunteers; McBride, W. H., Third Georgia; McCown, Joses, Twelfth Georgia; McKee, John, Second North Carolina.

Newall, W. J., Twelfth Alabama.

Overton, W. G.; Ogletree, J. A. Thirteenth Georgia.

Parran, Dr. W. S.; Patten, W. D., First North Carolina; Perry, Joel W., Third Georgia; Pratt, I. H., Thirtieth Virginia; Porter, Eli, North Carolina.

Roller, A.; Rodgers, C. R., North Carolina; Reinhart, John, Fifty-Ninth North Carolina; Riggs, James, Fourth Texas; Robinson, S. J., Brooks' Artillery; Roup, G. L., Fifth Virginia Infantry.

Smith, W. T., Twenty-Fifth Georgia; Smith, Capt. H. J., Hampton's Legion; Slaughter, M. B., Eleventh Louisiana; Standifer, W. E., Willsboro, Ga.; Stone, J. B., Washington Artillery, Louisiana; Spohr, H., Ninth Louisiana Volunteers.

Thompson, Sergt. —.; Thompson, B., Second North Carolina; Thompson, F. M., Thirty-First Georgia; Thompson, S. G., Fifth North Carolina; Tucker, J., Twenty-First Georgia; Tew, O., Second North Carolina; Taylor, J. W., Jenkins' Brigade; Tinsley, Patrick, Sixth North Carolina.

THE MONUMENT AND CEMETERY.

Vespot, A. T.; Vaughn, W., Guffin, Ga.

Wallace, Capt. D., Twenty-Second Georgia; Wright, Amassa P., Twenty-First Virginia; Warburton, G. T., Park's Artillery; Waters, P., Eighth Georgia; Wilson, Lieut. C. C.; Witherspoon, T. J., Rowan County, N. C.; Williams, John, Rockbridge Artillery; Williams, Lieut. A. J., Third North Carolina Infantry; Williams, Lieut., Black Horse Cavalry; Willis, Alabama.

York, S. M., Eighth Mississippi.

Fifty-six "Unknown."

Mrs. G. T. Mattingly wrote from St. Louis in April, 1901, referring to an article in the VETERAN about the steamer captured by Adam Johnson. She states that it was loaded with cattle and Federal soldiers only. The horses and men mentioned as being across the river were Confederates—Adam Johnson's command—that had gone as far as the Cumberland River on their way South, carrying with them their captured prizes; that they were there overpowered, and many of the cattle, they had captured and brought along hoping to feed hungry Southern soldiers, were drowned in the Cumberland. Mr. G. T. Mattingly, mentioned in the article lives now in St. Louis.

SIX BROTHERS CONFEDEDATE SURVIVORS.

A comrade sends a photograph of six brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army, and who are yet living and in fair health, with notes by H. A. Killen, of Green Hill, Ala.:

Dunkin, Dan, and I volunteered October 6, 1861, in Company E, Twenty-Seventh Alabama Regiment. Our services began at Fort Henry. We were next at Corinth, and after that went through the campaign in Kentucky under Gen. Bragg. We were afterwards at Port Hudson. We were there the night of that terriffic bombardment in which the "Mississippi," a noted Federal gunboat, was destroyed by our hotshot battery on the river bank. We were in the battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., and escaped capture by passing out at night through a swamp. We were also in the siege of Jackson, Miss., after which we were sent to

SIX BROTHERS KILLEN WHO WERE CONFEDERATES.

1. Andrew Jackson; 2. Thomas Benton; 3. Henry Alexander; 4. Dr. Duncan; 5. Daniel McDougle; 6. Robert Taylor.

North Alabama to recruit. While in that service we crossed the Tennessee River and captured a company of the Ninth Ohio Regiment. Going next to Georgia, we joined the Army of Tennessee at Resaca. We were in the beginning of that battle, and afterwards participated in many of the engagements of that "hundred days fighting." We next went to Nashville in Hood's army. On the retreat my two brothers were left on picket duty at Duck River. The pontoon was taken up, and "Dunk" lay under the bluff three days, and the only food he had was an ear of corn. He finally escaped by wading a creek at night. I was the only member of my company in the battle of Bentonville, and there were but seven of the regiment in the surrender there. Tom and Jackson were in Forrest's Cavalry; I do not know the regiment. They were in several engagements. Robert was just old enough to enlist in the latter part of the war, but was not in any of the ba tles. I was promoted from a private to lieutenant, and commanded the company much of the time, as my captain was on detached service. None of the six were wounded or in hospital. Tom was captured and imprisoned at Rock Island.

W. M. Webster writes from Bartlett, Tex.: As I don't often see anything about my old regiment, Fifty-First Alabama Cavalry, I write briefly on some of its experiences. I know it was often said by the infantry that the cavalry had an easy time, but many a long day and dark night did we shiver with cold while on picket duty in front of Nashville and Murfreesboro, while the infantry were back a few miles taking their ease with nothing to molest them, unless by some accident we gave a false alarm, which would cause them to lose a few hours sleep. On that memorable Christmas Eve of 1862 we gave an alarm that was not false; it was the beginning of the battle of Murfreesboro, which was one of the most destructive battles that I experienced during the entire war.

On June 27, 1863, at the Shelbyville fight I was captured, together with twenty-one of my company, and one hundred and twenty-one of our regiment. We were carried to Fort Delaware, where I was until June, 1865. It was said during the war that the infantry had a standing offer of a reward for a dead man with spurs on. I saw them often. When we were preparing for battle, if I could see that Gen. Wheeler was on hand I was not uneasy. When a small boy and it began to thunder and the approaching clouds indicated that we were in its path, if I could see the faces of my father and mother I thought everything would go right. It was the same way when a battle began; if I could see that Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Morgan were present I felt sure that everything would go right on our side, and it nearly always did. At Shelbyville, however, on the 27th of June, when the bluecoats got me, my good horse was killed, the horse that had always taken me out at the right time. I was deprived of many hardships by being captured and placed in prison, only to undergo worse privations. Now don't think it was the intention of the United States Government to treat us cruelly, nevertheless we were by the foreigners who guarded us.

Before closing I must say a few words in praise of the Veteran. I am always anxious to receive it and like to read letters from those who wore the gray. Would not take for Dr. Larimore's sermon what the Veteran costs me for one year. Would like to hear from any of my old regiment.

W. C. Whitley Writes of the Harriet Lane.—In Volume 10, No. 1, page 11, January, 1902, of the Veteran, the following passage occurs: "One of the pulleys used for the grappling hook of the 'Harriet Lane,' which boat was sunk at Galveston, was also exhibited." The "Harriet Lane" was never sunk, but was captured at Galveston on the first day of January, 1863, repainted, loaded with cotton, and sent to England.

Daughters of the Confederacy.

Conducted by Nancy Lewis Greene.

Missouri has reason to be proud of her record in Confederate history both during and after the war. The State has erected beautiful monuments to the dead and a most comfortable and substantial Home for the living old soldiers.

The fame of Missouri's heroes has inspired the poet's pen and novelist's ingenuity. Her fair fields were the scene of some of the bloodiest conflicts in the history of the war, and her women have ever stood firm in their faith for Southern rights. The State President is a woman of remarkable energy, and her report, because of its concisenesss is published in full.

In sending reports of Chapters or other manuscript please let them be brief and typewritten if possible. Often communications are valueless because of illegibility.

Mrs. A. E. Asbury, President of the Missouri Division, made the following report at Wilmington:

"It is with great pleasure I present to you the report from the distant State of Missouri—distant only as measured by miles, but close and dear in labor of love—that heritage we alike hold sacred.

"At a recent meeting of our State Division the number of delegates present was almost double that of last year, representing, of course, the increased growth of Chapters during that time. The Francis Marion Cockrill Chapter of Warrensburg, after an independent existence of five years, has, with a membership of sixty-two, been enrolled as our youngest sister.

"We find our annual State meetings promotive of such benefit to the Missouri Division that we feel impelled to refer to it, as a suggestion at least, to other States possibly not yet taught by experience how profitable these Chapter gatherings may be made to each of us. We return from them more earnest and enthusiastic to supplement each other, and with new inspiration in every line of work—beneficent, memorial, or commemorative.

"The Treasurer's report will show contributions to the Davis Monument Fund from St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Fayette, and Higginsville Chapters of something near two hundred dollars.

"To the monument contemplated at the Confederate Home, the Sterling Price Chapter of Lexington has the honor of having given the first hundred dollars. Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis, contributed the second hundred. The Sterling Price Chapter of St. Joseph promises the third hundred. The M. A. E. McLure Chapter of St. Louis will follow with the fourth hundred; and the present President of the Missouri Division has pledged the last five hundred.

"The Kansas City Chapter is now completing a monument at a cost of five thousand dollars. The unveiling ceremonies will occur in the late summer of the coming year, at which time and place the meeting of the Missouri Division U. D. C. will be held.

"A comprehensive course of history in convenient form for study, has been arranged and entered upon by the Sterling Price Chapter of Lexington. Influenced by their example the Warrensburg and Higginsville Chapters have secured copies of the book and will pursue that course of study.

"The Sterling Price Chapter is justly proud of their 'Year Book,' and will with pleasure respond to requests for copies. We have filed applications for eighty-six 'Crosses of Honor' for the dear old inmates of the Confederate Home of Missouri, and we now look forward to their bestowal with great pleasure.

"The U. D. C. of Missouri have been granted control of the Confederate Home Cemetery of Higginsville. They began at once the long-planned work of enclosing with a substantial iron fence and large entrance gates, the cost of which was one thousand dollars. This sum represents almost the entire year's earnings of the Chapters of Missouri, and left only a remnant for contributions to be placed where calls

MRS. R. E. WILSON,
First President Missouri Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

were equally imperative, and so controlled by these circumstances we have this year made little concerted effort to secure funds for the monument to our beloved President. But it is our hope and aim next year to add a liberal sum to the Jefferson Davis Monument.

"Let us see to it that with sculptured marble of imposing grandeur we mark the spot where sleeps the hero of the world's greatest war."

Mrs. J. M. Phillips, President of the Kansas City Chapter, made the following report:

"News from the Kansas City, Missouri Chapter, seldom finds its way to the pages of the VETERAN, but perhaps some of its readers will be pleased to know that it is flourishing and gaining strength from new members. The interest is proved by a large attendance at every meeting. We assemble in one of the club rooms of the Coates House, the finest hotel in the city. At our last meeting we voted twenty-five dollars to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, and are selling calendars also for the benefit of this enterprise. We elected Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis, and Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Nashville, Tenn., honorary members of our Chapter. We expect to unveil our handsome monument in Forrest Hill Cemetery here in May, and it will be the finest one erected in Missouri by the U. D. C. in memory of their dead heroes. At our State Convention a committee was appointed to collect funds for another monument to be erected at the Confederate Home, located near Higginsville.

MRS. JNO. M. PHILLIPS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

"The members of the Kansas City Chapter enjoy reading the VETERAN, and we distributed some sample copies, and urged new members to subscribe for it. It would be almost impossible to hold the position of Chairman without the aid of the information received through its columns. Miss Greene's account of the Convention at Wilmington was very interesting and realistic to one who has attended other conventions of the U. D. C.

"I wish to make use of this opportunity to thank those whom I cannot reach in any other way, for the compliment paid Missouri in voting for me for National Treasurer, but the choice fell upon one from my native State, who is more worthy of the position. Our State President, Mrs. A. E. Asbury, one of the representatives from Missouri greatly enjoyed the occasion.

"We send greetings to our new President, Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, and pledge her our support; also to Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, of New Orleans, State President of Louisiana, the bearer of a cordial invitation, presented in her own unique way, for the Convention to meet in New Orleans in 1902. We are happy to know that Missouri's invitation was accepted to meet in St. Louis in 1903, when the Exposition will be in progress."

Mrs. Phillips was, before her marriage to Judge J. M. Phillips, Miss Virginia Dare Apperson, and was reared in Richmond, Va. Her father, J. L. Apperson, was in the Army of Northern Virginia; and all her near relatives who were old enough to bear arms were in the Confederate service. Living in Virginia during the stirring war scenes of the sixties it is not strange that with them fresh in her memory she, upon moving to Kansas City, Mo., became a charter member of the Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy there. Her husband, Judge J. M. Phillips, formerly of Kentucky, was in the army of Louisiana.

CROSSES OF HONOR PRESENTED AT HIGGINSVILLE.—Eighty soldiers were honored with crosses of distinction at Higginsville, Mo., recently, where the Home for veterans was made festive for the occasion. Dr. Manly, who delivered an address, is a son of Dr. Basil Manly who made the prayer at the inauguration of President Davis in Montgomery, Ala. A Missouri writer says: "It was a woman's brain that originated the plan of having made from old Confederate cannon maltese crosses to be given to soldiers who fought so bravely for the cause they loved. It was, therefore, a fitting tribute that these crosses of honor should be bestowed upon the veterans by the fair hands of the women of the South." Mrs. A. E. Asbury, assisted by other prominent Daughters of the Confederacy, bestowed the medals. Among those who took part were Mrs. William Aull, Mrs. Steve Wilson, Mrs. Leroy Farmer, Mesdames E. G. Hyde, M. D. Wilson, Charles Manly, B. R. Ireland, and Miss Elliott Todhunter of the Lexington (Mo.) Chapter; Mesdames M. L. Belt, E. L. Hartman, Henry Plattenburg, J. T. Harwood, Hi Campbell, M. F. Reinhart, R. C. Carter, Misses Rena Preston, Tacie Lake, Maude Harwood, Winnie and Sophie Ridge, Edna Reinhart, Flossie Lake, and Myrtle Carter of the Higginsville Chapter.

Mrs. Asbury's Tribute to Mrs. McLure.—To the U. D. C. of Missouri: As President of the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy it becomes my sad duty to announce the death of our oldest, best loved, and most honored member, Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLure, of M. A. E. McLure Chapter, at her home in St. Louis, Friday, January 31, 1902, at the end of a lovely, useful life, which a kind providence had prolonged to the age of ninety-one. The deceased signed the first application for charter of the first Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy named in her honor, and was first President of the first Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri. In devotion to the Southern cause she gave a mother's most priceless treasure—a devoted son—and from the day that the smoke of battle cleared upon the field of her sacrifice, she has so given of her ample means, wise counsel, and unfaltering loyalty, that her kind and noble works for Southern soldiers during and after the war earned for her that most endearing name "Mother McLure," a name by which she is tenderly and affectionately remembered by those who in their youth wore the gray and who were the recipients of her ministrations in camp, hospital and prison. When, after the lapse of years, the impress of the ravages of war was still apparent upon many noble veterans in a wounded, crippled body, impaired constitution, and an attendant train of the infirmities of age, hers was largely the guiding hand in providing them with the comforts of a home. And now that she is no longer with us; now that "upon her day of life the night has fallen," unseen hands have beckoned her beyond the shadows of pain and weariness, and those sweet voices, long hushed, this side the vale have welcomed her into that land of brightness eternal, may we, as a band of sisters, strive more earnestly to emulate her example. May the sweet influences of her life abide with us to the advancement of that great work which is the interest, pride, and hope of every Southern woman."

MRS. A. E. ASBURY,
President Missouri Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The announcement is signed by Mrs. A. E. Asbury as President and Mrs. Ryland Todhunter as Corresponding Secertary of the Missouri Division.

Robert Patton Chapter, Cincinnati.

No better evidence of the growing strength of the U. D. C. in Northern districts can be found than the Robert Patton Chapter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, in its remarkable record in good work, its ardent support, and its extraordinary achievements. Mrs. Thomas Worcester, President, is one of those energetic spirits who seem to have eliminated the word fail from her vocabulary, and with a corp of willing assistants and officers, has accomplished what may have seemed to the conservative impossible. No small amount of opposition and adverse sentiment is encountered in a city like Cincinnati, when Confederate issues are brought up. It would seem that all work done in the cause must here be carried on in a quiet, narrow way, but not so under the management of these women. Fearless in their defense of the right principle, they boldly demanded succor even from those not in sympathy with the Confederacy. No one but a brave and determined woman could have accomplished what Mrs. Worcester has done, and the members of the Robert Patton Chapter had a proud deed to record upon the day when the Third Street merchants donated five hundred dollars to a Confederate Soldiers' Home in Kentucky. An enthusiastic writer who is in close touch with the workers in this Chapter, says in a personal letter:

"Here, in a Northern State (Ohio having always been an abolition stronghold), where there are no camps or helpers, a chapter was formed within the last ten months, and though its membership is thirty, it has really only about eighteen working or active members. Mrs. Worcester succeeds with everything she undertakes, and the women who are associated with her are all prominent in Church work, in philanthropy, and in society. While she was a member of the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, of Newport, Ky., she threw open her beautiful home for an entertainment, the proceeds of which were to be given toward erecting a Veterans' Home in Kentucky. A hundred dollars was made and put aside as the first offering toward the establishment of this institution. Shortly afterward, she, with the assitance of a friend, organized a chapter of U. D. C. in Cincinnati, Ohio. Upon two occasions a boat was chartered and they gave afternoons or evenings at Coney Island, near the city, making a nice little sum. Their series of Southern dinners to the business men was a great success. For the five dinners they took in a thousand dollars, and have responded to every call made upon them. Two hundred dollars was given to the Atlanta Home after its loss by fire, another hundred to Kentucky for her Veterans' Home, and there is still ample funds on hand to carry on other work. Besides this the busy President went up to Columbus, Ohio, and by the very gates of Camp Chase organized a Chapter of Confederate Daughters. Can any Chapter show a better record within a year after its birth?"

PROFITABLE DINNERS.

In the several successful dinners Mrs. Thomas Worcester, the chairman, was assisted by Mrs. Winder, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus,

MRS. THOMAS M. WORCESTER,
President Cincinnati Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Ohio; Mrs. Basil Duke, of Louisville, with ten ladies from the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter who were her guests, and Mrs. Hamilton Stuart Stoner, ex-State President of Kentucky Division U. D. C., who was the guest of Mrs. Dashiel Stevenson, of Covington. Mrs. Stoner is the step-daughter of Gen. John Williams, a hero of the Mexican war (known as "Cerro Gordo" Williams) and a major general in the Confederate war. Among others in the receiving line were: Mrs. Bentley Matthews, Mrs. Bettie Washington-Taylor, Mrs. M. P. Hudson, Mrs. Tarvin, Mrs. Sol Fox, Mrs. Spriggs, Mrs. Louis Goldman, Mrs. Sam Straus, Mrs. Ernest Troy, and Mrs. Stevenson.

Mrs. S. B. Sachs, as chairman of the tables where special parties were served, was a leading spirit, as was also Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, chairman of the press committee, who secured many handsome donations. Mayor Fleischman attended every day, and gave frequent large contributions, while the Third Street merchants donated $500 to the fund for a Confederate Soldiers' Home.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN THE CITY OF "BROTHERLY LOVE."—The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* February 5, 1902, contains the following from "Promoveo:"

To the editor of the "Bulletin:" "Historian," and also "W. H. G.," have done a service to the people of this city and State in calling attention to the absurd and preposterous claims of a few ladies born south of Mason and Dixon's line, with their ridiculous society for keeping in remembrance the traitorous attempt to dismember their country and dissolve the Union of the States. With feelings akin to pity every citizen must have read the vaporings of members, who under the shadow of the old State House air their treasonable beliefs and insult the moderation which we of the North have shown to the ex-rebels who would have destroyed our country. How differently they do things in the South! The citizen of a Northern State may go there for pleasure and spend his money, but let him go there to make a home and how quickly the chivalrous Southerners will let him know the conditions under which he may remain among them. If he is a republican he must give up his political faith and vote Democratic, or he will find the South is no place for him. If he is going to start in business he must keep one place for whites and one place for blacks, for in social affairs the whites are still living "befo' the wah." If you are a school teacher you have no business to go South, because they will mighty quick run you out, as they don't believe in education; they don't want it, and they won't have it. Why even to-day the so-called educated class in the Southern States, their ladies and gentlemen, do not live as well as the intelligent laboring man and his family here in the North. As for cooking, the Southern lady's breakfast is not for one moment to be compared in quality or quantity to the breakfast table of the wife of the laboring Northern man. These are the people who come to Philadelphia for means to earn a living, and still continue to flaunt in the faces of the kindly natured and generously forgiving people of the North their exploded issues and the dead ideas of a former generation. The Bourbons of these United States, they learn nothing, and they forget nothing, and their hearts are as full of bitterness to-day against the North as they were in the memorable years of 1860-61. Out of their own mouths are they judged. They must bear the reproof. But the patience and long suffering of the Northern people will one of these days be roused to speak out and condemn these ex-rebels and their silly societies.

Comment by the VETERAN is unnecessary. Every Southern man and woman, and every fair-minded patriot will deplore such expression. They don't consider the hidden author, but the reflection is none the less upon a paper that prints such articles.

THE NAMELESS HERO.—A little book written by James Blythe Anderson, of Lexington, Ky., has just been issued from the press of A. Wessels Company, New York, dainty in its binding of green and gold, and containing a war lyric inspired by Missouri heroes. The execution of ten brave Southern men who were sacrificed to revenge the death of the traitor, Andrew Allsman, is dealt with. Among the ten was a "Nameless Hero," and every Southern heart will be touched with sympathy when reading the musical, pathetic lines descriptive of this great sacrifice.

History of the Nashville Chapter, U. D. C.

In looking up data and reviewing the work of the Daughters of our beloved Southland, there seems to me to be no especial date of the beginning of this loving service; as I am sure there will never be a time when this labor of love shall end. We will endeavor to do our duty, and will transmit to the generations that follow such love for the Confederate Cause that, while the world shall last, the South shall be the home of patriotism.

Thirty years ago a call was sent to the Southern Woman to assist in sending money, supplies, and assistance to properly support the hospitals of Nashville. No words can ever tell of the devotion of our Southern heroines. They made no sacrifice, but it was a joyous service. And thus began our work. It is not possible to give names of those who helped. They were legion.

Ten years ago there was a call from Frank Cheatham Bivouac upon the Nashville Southern women to assist in securing a home for our disabled soldiers. The call met a ready response, and the Ladies' Auxiliary was formed. This was composed largely of the same noble women who worked so faithfully in the Monumental Association. Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, our first President, was the first to concieve the idea of consolidating the work of all Southern Confederate women in what is now the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Tennessee Legislature passed an act to purchase a home for our soldiers. The work began in the fall of 1889, and was completed May 12, 1892. Capt. B. F. Cockrill was President nearly five years. Our monumental work merged into the Ladies' Auxiliary, and we rendered great assistance to the Bivouac. We had a State organization in 1890, and prior to that a chartered Monumental Association. Our Chapter No. 1 was chartered September 20, 1894, but has been organized since 1890, at which time it was chartered by the State as "Auxiliary to Confederate Home." We have worked under the name of "Confederate Daughters" since May 10, 1892. This Chapter raised $838.75 for the Memorial Institute, besides expending a large amount in Confederate work at home.

The objects of this Association are memorial, benevolent, educational, social, and literary; to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war between the States; to honor the memory of those who served, and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States, and to record the Southern women's part of untiring effort after the war and patient endurance during the four years.

The record of Chapter No. 1 of the Confederate Daughters is long and faithful continuance in active work. Our activities have extended in all lines. I think we have responded to every call, both small and great. The first President of this Chapter was Mrs. M. C. Goodlett; next, Mrs. John Overton, of cherished memory, whose devoted deeds of love to the cause, and kindness to all will ever live in our hearts. Mrs. William Hume filled the chair two years, and our last election called Mrs. Hugh L. Craighead, youngest daughter of Col. and Mrs. John Overton.

Our Secretaries have been consecutively Mrs. Dr. Maney, Miss Mollie Claiborne, Miss Nelly Ely, Miss Mackie Hardison, Miss Early, Miss Eakin, Miss Mitchell, and Miss Martha Hill—all these ladies giving loving service in the most acceptable manner.

Mrs. Dr. Nat Gooch has been our faithful and efficient Treasurer for many years. The entire body of Confederate Daughters have in every way and at all times given noble service. Yet heavy work and great responsibilities have fallen to some, and therefore I mention the names of Chairmen Mesdames M. B. Pilcher, M. P. McGuire, John P. Hickman, George B. Guild, Dr. Maney, John C. Burch, Hugh Craighead, M. C. Goodlett, Isabella Clark, and J. B. Lindsley—all of whom have worked and achieved great successes.

Up to this date, working together, we have accomplished much good: First in rearing a monument to our Confederate soldiers, and annually strewing flowers upon these heroes' graves. We assist in many ways at "Our Soldiers' Home." It has ever been our happiness to visit, cheer, and assist our old Confederates in the Home. Both the chapel and hospital are largely the result of our Chapter's work, the William B. Bate

MRS. WILLIAM HUME.

Mrs. Hume is a Confederate Daughter by right of her father, brothers, and her husband being in the Confederate army. She is a Colonial Dame in right of her distinguished ancestry. She has served two terms as President of U. D. C. Chapter No. 1. While ardent in all charities and Christian enterprises she is enthusiastically devoted to husband, children, and home.

Chapter and Chapter No. 1 uniting in all efforts. Besides giving assistance to calls from sister Chapters, we endeavor to stimulate the love of our members by papers read at our meetings, with records of battles, of lives of our heroes whether private or officer; also in making every effort to cultivate and cherish ties of friendship between members of all our Chapters. Those entitled to membership are: the widows, mothers, wives, sisters, nieces, or any lineal descendants of men who served honorably in our army, navy, or civil service, or who gave personal or material aid to the cause. Just here permit us to render hearty appreciation to Maj. John P. Hickman for kindness and active assistance in

making our constitution, and in giving advice for the interests of our united work.

It is hard to find words which will rightly convey any idea of the soul-stirring purposes of this great organization. God did not implant in our breasts a stronger love than to home and country, excepting that for our Creator. In the six thousand years of the world's history no greater, holier, or grander example of this feeling was ever shown that that shown by our soldiers in the bloody years from 1861 to 1865. It was our privilege to bid God speed to the heroes of that gallant army. Now the still blessed privilege is ours to cherish their memories and attend to their sacred graves. We must be chroniclers of truth, and when dying transmit to the generations which follow such love that teaches, "We must be heroes if we truthfully portray heroes."

Our election of officers for 1902 was a unanimous vote for Mrs. Dr. McMurray as President; Mrs. W. T. Hardison and Mrs. Isabella Clark, Vice Presidents; Miss Martha Hill, Secretary; Mrs. Young, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Merrill, Treasurer; Mrs. William Hume, Historian.

Subscriptions to the Davis Monument.

Subscriptions from South Carolina to the Jefferson Davis monument fund, from November, 1899, to October, 1901, as reported by Chapters:

Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, $84.30; Winthrop College Chapter, Rock Hill, $15; Mrs. Lee C. Harby, Charleston, $25; four daughters of Mr. Poppenheim, Charleston, $50; Mrs. A. D. C., Charleston, $2; Miss Bull's school, Charleston, $1.75; Miss A. Warren's school, Charleston, $1.75; "A.," Charleston, $1; "C. M.," Charleston, $1; Charleston Chapter from entertainment, $423; a member of Charleston Chapter, $2.14, Sumter Guards, Washington Light Infantry, Irish Volunteers, German Fusiliers, Palmetto Guards, through Charleston Chapter, $62; Camp Burnett Rhett, U. C. V., Charleston, $10; Mrs. P. W. Ferrall, Blackville, $78.50; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, $30; three gentlemen of Sumter; fourth and fifth grades of school, Sumter, through Dick Anderson Chapter, $4; C. I. Walker Chapter, Summerville, $25; Edisto Island Chapter, $34; J. D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden, $10; "S.," Charleston, $2.50; Spartanburg Chapter, $25.31; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Blackville, $10: Abbeville Chapter, $25; Marlboro Chapter, Bennettsville, $5; Miss Janey's School, Columbia, $50; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, $50; R. E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, $16; Fort Mill Chapter, Fort Mill, $5; Arthur Manigault Chapter, Georgetown, $20; scholars of Miss Farrow's History Class, Laurens, $2; Chester Chapter, $5; Greenville Chapter, $45; State Division in 1900, $50; Yorkville Chapter, $10; Cash, $8.58; Anne White Chapter, Rock Hill, $10.10; Mrs. Louis McFadden ,Chester, $1.50; appropriation by State Division at the Sumter convention, $75; profits ferson Davis monument: Charleston Chapter, 250 calendars, profit, $37.50; Spartanburg Chapter, 30 calendars, profit, $3.70; Rock Hill Chapter (Ann White), 39 calendars, profit, 5.85; Sumter Chapter, 24 calendars, profit, $3.60; Aiken Chapter, 3 calendars, profit, 45 cents; buttons sold for the benefit of the monument fund: Dixie Chapter, Anderson, 100 buttons, $10; Fort Mill Chapter, 25 buttons, $2.50; Sumter Chapter, 71 buttons, $7.18; Georgetown Chapter, 10 buttons, $1; Florence Chapter, 2 buttons, 20 cents; a friend in Charleston, 50 buttons, $5; odd buttons, 4, 40 cents.

But South Carolina has not sold all the buttons.

The work for this committee for next year seems by a natural sequence to be already planned. Continue with the collection of the manuscripts. Devote some time in your chapter meetings to literary exercises and rest assured that the historical committee will aid you in this direction by preparing other and more interesting programmes for study and reading.

Try planning a pilgrimage each year to some historic spot in your neighborhood. Use the day as a holiday, organize a picnic, have one or two good historical speeches, and you will be surprised to see how much interest will be developed in your chapter.

The true history of the United States is yet to be written; the South has been too busy, first with furnishing statesmen and soldiers to the United States during the first years of its existence and afterwards in rebuilding her destroyed homesteads; the West has been too much occupied in forcing her way through the primeval forests and down into the bowels of the earth, seeking its hidden treasure; consequently the East has been the retrospective section of the country and, as such, has been its historian.

The day must come when a typical American will want to write our history; then he must have material from which to draw his conclusions. It is our duty now to collect and stow away that material.

This is a great work and one which cannot be accomplished by an individual; valuable material must be unearthed and made accessible; details collected and sifted. This work can best be accomplished under the encouragement of public opinion.

Each individual member of this division can be of use. The gray men who wore the gray are fast fading away from our sight, and as we gaze after them with yearning, tearful eyes as they follow their great leaders over to that "land of the leal" let us remember that the life of the individual is short, while the life of a nation is long.

We may not be able to erect monuments to these men commensurate with their deeds of valor and self-sacrifice, but this will not be necessary if we engrave their names and heroism on our hearts and on the hearts of each one of the rising generation around us.

You and such as you are the mothers of the future; into your hands is committed the possibility of shaping that future.

If you transmit to your children Southern ideals of character, manhood, and honor, the reputation of our commonwealth is secure.

"The heart of the womanhood of a nation is the treasure house where all its wealth of honor and nobility is stored. A fearless, indomitable, unpurchasable womanhood makes a fearless, indomitable, unpurchasable nation."

You who believe in the truth and the vindication of truth, come to our aid in this great movement of preserving for future generations not only of Americans, but of all civilized nations on the earth, the true history of the South and her people.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" MISLEADS.

The press generally at the South has commented upon and generally commended the action of the Kentucky Daughters of the Confederacy who tried to suppress the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. H. H. Gratz, a venerable editor of Central Kentucky, writes most ably upon the subject setting forth the harmful effects of the production upon the negro, and boldly asserting the right of objection. Mr. Gratz is over seventy years old, and is noted for his fearless defense of Southern rights, even when such defense is against personal interest and policy.

St. George T. C. Bryan, of 503 California Street, San Francisco, wrote in January:

Editor Bulletin—Sir: Will you kindly find space in your paper for my reply to your editorial, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in your issue of the 14th inst.?

Mrs. Stowe's "Life Among the Lowly," has no potency for good, and as a drama has survived its usefulness. Had it been a correct and not a misleading picture of Southern life during the existence of slavery no one could rightfully object to it. Mrs. Stowe lived to see her wishes as to the removal of slavery accomplished. The critical historian will, in seeking for the unsullied truth, search and sift this story along with much other matter when building up a history devoted to the truth, and hence made acceptable to all quarters of our common country. The story of "The Great American Conflict," what led up to it, the aims of the opposing contestants, and the methods they resorted to in war on both sides, will be truthfully told. Organized effort on both sides, left after the closing of hostilities remnants that crystallized into "Grand Armies," "Loyal Legions," "Grand Camps," "Daughters of the Confederacy," etc. The motive for existence that is behind such organizations it is profitable to study, and "By their fruits ye shall know them." One and probably the chief reason for the existence of "The Daughters of the Confederacy" was the desire with all Confederates that a truthful history be handed down to their children and sent out to the world. Such a duty they owed to their fallen soldiers and to self and all mankind. There can be nothing sectional in this, and that the Southland was the seat of the war made it imperative that those living in its midst and knowing it best should demand a true record of all that transpired. It was not through choice that the "Daughters of the Confederacy" found their homes the centers of strife. That they have taken upon themselves the work of trying to restore their country to some degree of comfort and in educating their illiterates and of collecting facts that make history, and so preserving it from obliteration and falsehood, places the world under obligations to them. Investigation will prove that almost every substantial Southern move inaugurated and aimed to preserve the memorial of the fathers and to relieve distress, want, and sickness, was sustained chiefly by them. Southern men who bore the standard of Dixie, and their children of to-day draw their deepest, best inspiration from the "Daughters of the Confederacy;" and thus the purest and best gift of the Creator was in his mercy spared to the Southland. As women, worthy of the lineage of great sires, they selected the name "Daughters of the Confederacy," a name which unmistakably pledged them to the highest line of duty and self-denial. Like a mother's sweet influence, their spirit spread over the South, even before their name and organization was fully established. And they brought comfort to the needy and sick. Though weak in numbers for the work over such a vast area and having been left in desperate poverty by the war, yet they were strong in the resolve of woman's tender, pure, dedicated heart. By studying what these women have accomplished we become confirmed in the conviction that however widely apart the masses of the North and South may have drifted under the distractions of divided interests and from the pressure of sectional differences that brought on the war, it is seen that charitable forbearance and a strict adherence to the truth and to duty will in time reunite the two sections. The sword only severs and bruises; it strikes down and crushes. God's peace comes in other forms than by invasion and war. The Southern Historical Society publications, the reports of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, and the reports of the "Daughters of the Confederacy" are fitting supplements to the great history of the "War of the Rebellion," published by order of Congress and compiled from the military reports of participants on both sides—North and South.

Asylums for the care of aged and helpless Confederate soldiers and their wives and children were reared by and were dependent chiefly upon the "Daughters of the Confederacy." At Richmond, Va., alone they have assembled the silent ranks of over 15,000 Confederate dead. The care of Confederate soldiers' graves all over the South is left to the tender solicitude and protection of these daughters. Monuments in counties, hamlets, cities all over the South and at points in the North commemorate the love in the hearts of survivors for the "rebel" soldier fathers, brothers, and sons; and these monuments are the gifts from "woman's devotion." A "people without its monuments is a people without a history." Need, then, that the spirit which brought into existence and inspires these "Daughters of the Confederacy" must die?

A prominent historian and professor in a great Northern university, and he a Northern man, describes the Southern women as cutting off their hair and selling it along with their jewels and silverware to sustain their soldiers in the field of war; and he declares that the united South underwent greater hardships, and made greater sacrifices for their cause than did the Hero Fathers in the War for Independence in 1776.

Who, then, sir, may rightfully deny to them the name they have chosen and the task they have dedicated themselves and their children to? Do they not make the world better for having lived in it as "Daughters of the Confederacy?"

Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Miss Lee, of Virginia, assisted Mrs. James Henry Parker to receive members of the New York Chapter given by the President at her beautiful home recently. It was a brilliant social event for the "Southern Colony" of New York.

Champ Ferguson Data Wanted.—Data and incidents relating to Champ Ferguson are wanted by a friend of the Veteran who purposes to do justice to his memory. A good photograph is also wanted and will be returned uninjured.

Leonidas Polk Bivouac, of Columbia, Tenn., reports the death of William T. Porter at his home in Williamsport, Tenn. He served as a private in Companies C and G of the Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, and was paroled in May, 1865. His death occurred September 21, 1901.

After an extended illness, Dr. William H. Johnson died at his home in Adamston, Md., in the latter part of 1901. He was born in 1827, and was a lineal descendant of the first governor of Maryland. During the war he served as surgeon in the Missouri State Guard, and was always loyal to the cause, a warm friend and a wise counsellor.

Tom G. Nixon, of Rogers Prairie, Tex., reports the death of two aged comrades. Rev. Thomas A. Menefee died in Robertson County in December, aged about eighty years. He served during the war in a Texas cavalry regiment, and after the war entered the ministry. W. V. Gustavus, aged eighty-four years, died in Madison County in the same month. He served in Company G, Thirty-Sixth Mississippi Cavalry, under Forrest, and came to Texas in the fall of 1865.

Lieut. Thomas H. Hall died at his home near Black Walnut, Va., in January, 1902, after a long illness. During the war he was a gallant soldier and an officer in Company C, Third Virginia Cavalry. In his death his county and State lose a loyal citizen, always ready to show his devotion to their every interest. He represented his county in the Legislature, and served for a number of years with marked ability as a member of the Board of County Supervisors.

The L. S. Ross Chapter, U. D. C., of Bryan, Tex., passed resolutions expressive of their sorrow in the death of Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin, the State President. Her administration was characterized by great energy and executive ability, and all unite in tribute to her sterling worth of character and charm of manner.

Tribute to Deceased Daughters at New Orleans.

Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, President Louisiana Division United Daughters of the Confederacy, wrote the following tender words in memory of two prominent members:

"It becomes my sad and painful duty to announce the death of two of our most valuable members and beloved Daughters, Mrs. Ruby Mallory Kennedy, Corresponding Secretary of the State Division, and Mrs. Carrie L. Williams, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Lake Charles, La.

"In the 'transfer' of these two precious souls, who have joined the 'choir invisible,' we have suffered a loss of membership, a wrenching of earthly ties, and shed bitter tears over the broken links in the chain of friendship. Our grief is too deep to express in written language. These dear Daughters, among their many virtues, loved their country, and in the temple of their hearts, over the altar, in the highest niche, burned the flames of their ideals of patriotism —the love and pride of an heroic past. Our friends, above whose biers we stand, were in the highest, noblest sense the very flower of true Southern womanhood. For all such we hold faith that there is beyond the veil, beyond the night called 'death,' a land of pure delight, where 'saints immortal dwell,' where sincerity of purpose, virtue, and fidelity to their highest ideals, their heritage, will be a crown of shining light, which will radiate their immortal life with countless waves of joy and gladness that will ebb and flow against the sands of time through all eternity.

"Farewell, dear Daughters of the Confederacy, and yet, again, farewell. All is well with 'the pure in heart.' We need not mourn for you, but for ourselves, and those you loved, and their darkened homes. Our Daughters sleep the peace of death, with the crown of red and white roses tied with the Confederate colors resting over their hearts on their newly made graves—'Earth to earth.' "

Mrs. Bettie W. Flinn.

In Danville, Va., at a meeting of the Anne Eliza Johns Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, resolutions were adopted on the death of a faithful member of the organization, Mrs. Bettie W. Flinn. During the trying years of the Confederate struggle, Mrs. Flinn was ever ready and active in the support, relief, and encouragement of our soldiers, and in the shadow and darkness of defeat, remained inflexibly faithful to the cause and its defenders. She was prompt to relieve the survivors and to preserve and honor the memory of those who died in its defense; was among the first to join the Confederate Memorial Association and to unite with the Daughters of the Confederacy.

F. M. Keller.

W. H. Isom writes from Wartrace, Tenn.: Comrade F. M. Keller was born February 2, 1844, and died December 23, 1900. He enlisted in Company C, Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, in July, 1861. He was in the severe battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga. At Shiloh the Twenty-Third Regiment was in Cleburne's brigade, but was soon afterwards transferred to Bushrod Johnson's brigade, and after the battle of Chickamauga was consolidated with the Seventeenth Tennessee, and was sent through East Tennessee with Longstreet and on to Richmond. Comrade Keller surrendered with Lee's army at Appomattox. After the war he married and became a successful farmer, enjoying the respect and confidence of his neighbors. He was made a Mason in 1867, and was buried by the Fraternity in the family graveyard near Haleys, December 24, 1900. He belonged to William Frierson Camp, No. 83, U. C. V., Shelbyville, and was a zealous member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Maj. John R. McDonald.

Sketch by Dr. R. B. Porter, Town Creek, Ala.:

Maj. John R. McDonald was born near Athens, Ala., March 6, 1843, and died at his home in Court-

land, Ala., January 5, 1902. He attended school at Florence, Ala., but before graduating he enlisted as a private in Company H, Ninth Alabama Regiment, which was sent to Virginia. He was soon elected Second Lieutenant of his company, and was in the first battle of Manassas, and in all the battles that his command participated in until May 5, 1862. In the battle of Williamsburg he was wounded in the right arm, which permanently destroyed the perfect use of arm and hand. Afterward he was ordered to report to Gen. Pillow for service in North Alabama, and was placed in command of Company C, Williams's Battalion of Cavalry, and when Maj. Williams was killed he succeeded to the command of that battalion. In June, 1864, at the battle of Tishomingo Creek he was seriously wounded in the breast by the fragment of a shell. After recovering he rejoined his command and remained with it to the finish.

MAJ. JOHN R. M'DONALD.

Dr. McDonald was twice married; first to Miss Bessie Anderson, in 1868. She died in 1890, and in 1893 he was married to Mrs. Tillie, widow of James H. Foster.

Comrade McDonald was one of the charter members of Camp Fred Ashford, U. C. V., and was elected surgeon of the camp at its organization, and reëlected continuously. He was also Chief Commissary, Third Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., on the staff of Gen. J. N. Thompson.

The writer having graduated with him at the University of Nashville, Class of 1867, and having known him intimately since that time, testifies that he was a brave soldier, broad-minded, generous gentleman.

Henry A. Garrett.

The valor of the Confederate army was the admiration of the world, and ever will glow on the pages of history to the latest time. It is true that discipline and training are potent factors in the perfection and success of great armies, even where intelligence and zeal are wanting in the ranks, when led by able and skillful commanders. The Confederate army was composed of material largely actuated by the zeal of patriotism and intelligence, embracing in its ranks the buoyancy of youth and young manhood; young men in colleges and seminaries, as well as those just engaging in their life pursuits, who at the first tap of the drum threw down their books or instruments of their calling to rush to the defense of their country. Such was the action of the subject of this sketch.

Henry A. Garrett was born in Adams County, Miss., November, 1841. His father, H. A. Garrett, was a native of East Tennessee, and his mother was Jane Dunbar, of the old and distinguished family of that name, of Mississippi.

When the war between the States became imminent, young Garrett, not yet twenty years of age, was attending the law school of the University of Mississippi, at Oxford, but immediately closed the books and studies he loved so well, and whose contents his vigorous mind absorbed so readily, and hastened to join the famous cavalry company, Adams's Troop, under command of Capt. W. T. Martin, who subsequently became a major general in the Confederate service.

The brilliant career of the Adams Troop during the four years' war under its several commanders, is a matter of history itself, hence is the story of its gallant members, of whom Garrett was an active and conspicuous one.

Reared in affluence and social refinement, an ardent student and lover of books, he put behind him all the temptations of the life of peace and cast his lot with thousands of others in like condition, in behalf of his country and into the hardships, the extent of which were happily unforeseen.

Garrett participated and bore himself gallantly in all the battles in which the company was engaged, at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, around Richmond, Gettysburg, and others. After the last mentioned battle he was assigned as a member of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's escort, and after Gen. Stuart's death was a member of Gen. Wade Hampton's escort, with whom he served till the surrender of Gen. Johnston to Sherman.

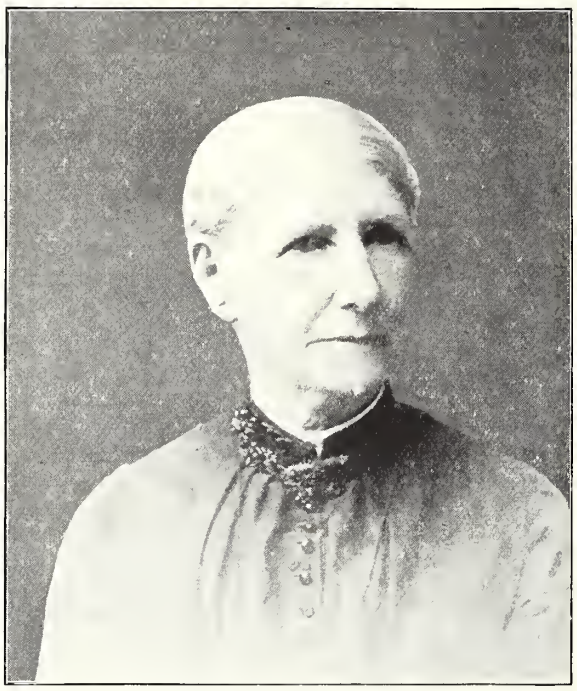
After the war he returned home to take up the broken thread of his career, resumed the study of law, the practice of which he commenced in St. Joseph, La., ultimately becoming a most successful practitioner.

Mr. Garrett was a true Southerner, withal a broad-minded patriot, submitting philosophically to the changed condition of his surroundings, but ever cherishing the memories which made sacred the cause for which he had so gallantly fought. He was generally an attendant upon the Confederate reunions, and the last time the writer saw him was in attendance on the reunion at Memphis in June last. His genial nature and preëminent conversational powers, supplemented by his well-stored mind, attracted and charmed all who came near him.

This gallant soldier and honorable gentleman passed away at his home in St. Joseph, La., on the 10th of October, 1901, after a life of usefulness, kindness, and success, as consistent to honor in peace as he was true to duty in war. D. W.

Miss Mary S. Hill.

No death of recent occurrence has awakened more widespread attention and grief than that of Miss Mary S. Hill, who may be truly called a Southern heroine. Through the streets of New Orleans, at an early morning hour, marched a long line of aged men wearing gray uniforms, with bowed heads and saddened hearts. Before them was borne the remains of a woman whom they had known in adversity, and honored as a queen among Southern sympathizers. The "Florence Nightingale of the Army of Northern Virginia" was dead, and its surviving veterans sought to show their love and appreciation by burying her with military honors, an unusual and beautiful occurrence. She was more widely known and beloved than many a great Southern leader, having taken an important part in nursing the suffering Confederate soldiers, and so quick was her intellect, so trustworthy her allegiance, that Jefferson Davis sent her to Europe in diplomatic service.



MISS MARY S. HILL.

Born in Ireland, she was brought to America in her youth, and lived near New Orleans. When war was declared, her brother, Sam Hill, enlisted in Capt. Monaghan's company of the Sixth Louisiana Infantry, and through him she was led to take up the cause of the South with her whole heart. In her funeral cortege marched Comrade John H. Collins, of Wheat's Battalion, whose empty sleeve spoke silently of the past struggle in which she was a participant, bearing the floral offering of the Army of Northern Virginia, a large heart-shaped design of red roses, tied with broad white satin ribbon.

Shrouded in a Confederate flag she sleeps peacefully in the Evergreen Cemetery, New Orleans. Concerning her services for the Confederacy, the New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "During the terrible seven days battle around Richmond, Miss Hill was in charge of the Louisiana hospital as matron. The hospital itself was under the direction of Dr. Felix Formento. In that time of trial she acted as an angel of mercy and earned the name of the "Florence Nightingale of the Army of Northern Virginia." In order to be near her brother, she on several occasions accompanied the armies in the field, and was looked upon with reverence by all who came in contact with her. Among those who were wounded, who have reason to remember her services with gratitude is Capt. B. T. Walshe, of this city, who received a telegram from the northern city announcing her death.

"Besides giving solace and relief to the sick and wounded, she also did other services for the Confederacy. During the time that Gen. Butler held this city she suffered arrest and was imprisoned in the Julia street prison for women because she carried letters through the military lines investing this city. The British consul interceded for her while she was in prison, and she was released on the ground that she was a British subject. She often acted as the bearer of tidings from wives, mothers and sisters in this city to the soldiers at the front, and the replies sent in answer to them.

"She went north where she died, in order to be near her nephew, William Van Slooten, who was a civil engineer of Brooklyn, but she always retained her love for the soldiers who had worn the gray. When the associations of the Army of Northern Virginia and Tennessee started the Soldiers' Home, she was named as the first matron of it by Gov. Nicholls and served without compensation until the institution could be established upon a firm footing. She took a strong and active interest in all measures likely to be of benefit to the soldiers, and always subscribed to the various entertainments and benefits given in their interest. Her death was hastened by the tragic ending of the life of her nephew a short while before.

Dr. J. R. McDonald.

Capt. R. C. Reed writes from Brick, Ala.:

One of the most manly and popular of men was our late comrade, Dr. J. R. McDonald, who died at his home in Courtland, Ala., January 4, 1902. He was born near Athens (Ala.), March 6, 1843. He was a student at the Wesleyan University at Florence when the war broke out and promptly laid aside his books and enlisted as a private in Company H, Ninth Alabama Infantry, commanded by Maj. Jere H. J. Williams, and was mustered in at Lynchburg, Va., June 10, 1861. When the Company was organized, comrade McDonald was made second lieutenant, though but eighteen years old, and was afterwards made captain of the company for gallantry. He served through the war, though wounded several times, and was finally made lieutenant colonel, but the war closed before he received his commission. After the war he studied medicine, and in 1867 was graduated at the University of Nashville, Tenn., and began practice in his native county. After 1891 he resided in Courtland. In 1868 Dr. McDonald married a granddaughter of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, who died in 1890, and in 1893 he married Mrs. Lillie Foster, who is left to mourn his loss.

Col. W. H. Cowles.

P. C. Carlton writes of him from Statesville, N. C.: William Henry Harrison Cowles was born at Hamptonville, N. C., April 22, 1840, and died at Wilkesboro, N. C., December 28, 1901. He was reared on his father's farm, attended common schools, and clerked in a store. In 1861 he volunteered in a cavalry company being formed by T. N. Crumpter, and was elected first lieutenant. His rank advanced from first lieutenant to major, and then to colonel, and so conspicuous was his gallantry and services that Gen. Vance (North Carolina's War Governor) specially recommended his promotion to a brigadier generalcy. So impressed were his superiors with his ability that as early as the first Maryland raid he was placed in command of the extreme advance guard of cavalry by Stuart, and on the return commanded the rear guard. At Auburn, where Col. Ruffin fell, Col. Cowles rallied the men and continued the charge. At Brandy Station it was he who led the charge and drove the Tenth New York Cavalry out of line and to the rear. Cowles followed them for miles, capturing Maj. Forbes, Maj. Gregg, Commissary, William Buckley, a special correspondent of the New York Herald, and many others whom he successfully brought out, although at the terminus of the charge he was completely in the enemy's lines.

At the battle of Mine Run, on March 31, 1865, he was dangerously wounded, and was left on the field for dead. One of his comrades, John H. Ball, a bosom friend, though a private in Col. Cowles's old company, hearing that he was left "dead on the field," secured a comrade to go with him; and, after a long search, found him and, under fire of the enemy, carried him from the field and back within our lines. The surgeons refused to do anything for him, saying that "it was useless to spend their time when so many others were needing attention." Comrade Ball remained with him during the night, and gave him every attention possible, and as a result his life was saved.

In a hand-to-hand encounter Col Cowles, with a few of his men, almost surrounded by the enemy, were using their sabres, cutting their way out, and a Federal soldier was in the act of shooting him from behind, when John Allen Smith, of Cabarrus County, killed the Yankee. Col. Cowles knew nothing of this till the battle was over, when some one who saw the act told him of it. He at once sought out Smith, and was ever afterwards a devoted friend, and after the war, every Christmas until he died Smith got a Christmas box from Col. Cowles, who erected at his grave a handsome monument, with this inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this—that he gave his life for his friend."

Col. Cowles had the same cavalierly dash about him that characterized his great leader—Jeb Stuart. His was a most attractive personality, and he was a most companionable man and a gentleman. He did the State some service as representative of his district for four terms in Congress.

"Peace to his ashes," and may he slumber quietly and sweetly "beneath the shade of the trees" until the roll call "up yonder!"

Maj. Douglas West.

J. A. Chalaron, T. J. Duggan, and Aristide Hopkins, committee for the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, paid tribute to the memory of Maj. Douglas West, C. S. A., which was approved by a rising vote. They mention him as a chivalric gentleman of the old school and a gallant Southern knight of heroic mold. He answered the call with that calm and fearless composure which distinguished him through life. Seventy-six years had sped since he came into the world, in Wilkinson County, Miss., bearing in his veins the blood of revolutionary sires. The affluence of a typical Southern planter's home had provided for his childhood; the experience, education, polish, and high honor of a soldier father, and of accomplished relatives, had molded his character, stored his mind, cultivated his tastes and manners, and guided his steps to the threshold of manhood. At nineteen, already occupying a position of marked responsibility in the courts of his native State, he volunteered for the Mexican war, in the famous regiment that Jefferson Davis led from Mississippi. His part well performed during his service, he returned, at the end of that war, to the study of the law, in which he graduated, but the practice of which he soon abandoned to embark in commercial pursuits in New Orleans. With prominence and success he followed these until the war between the States broke out. Among the first to start to raising volunteers from Louisiana, he soon became an officer of the First Louisiana Regiment Infantry. He did not proceed with it to Virginia, but was appointed captain in the First Louisiana Regiment Infantry (Regulars), and entered active service. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Shiloh. At Murfreesboro he greatly distinguished himself, leading his regiment to a charge upon a battery that it captured. Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk had him made adjutant general of his corps. At Gen. Polk's death he passed to the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart, who succeeded to the command of Gen. Polk's corps. One of the founders of this Association, he ever took a deep interest in it, and felt a pride in his comrades and in the evidences of their consideration for him, through the several honors they had bestowed upon him. His share of lustre upon our ranks is now removed, and sincerely should we deplore it. Therefore, be it resolved, that this Association, deeply sorrowing at the death of their distinguished comrade, Maj. Douglas West, now place on record this tribute to his memory, and tendering to his family heartfelt sympathy, order that a copy of this report be sent to his sister.

Thomas Billopp White

T. B. White died in Marksville, La., January 16, 1902. He was a son of James White and Sarah Cassandra Kirk, of St. Mary's County, Maryland. His widowed mother moved to Louisiana with her four children during the early '50's. The two sons, James and Billopp joined the Washington Artillery, and campaigned in Virginia. Henry was killed at the second battle of Manassas, and buried on the private grounds of a Mrs. Compton. Billopp sustained a slight wound during the hot fighting in Virginia. Obtaining a furlough he returned to Louisiana, and later he enlisted with the Second Louisiana Cavalry under

Col. Vincent, and was engaged in picket duty at Simmesport, Atchafalaya River, after peace had been declared, the troops west of the Mississippi disbanding at a much later period than those east. During some scouting period he was captured and lay in the cotton-press prisons of New Orleans, many weeks where he was very ill, faithfully tended by the patriotic women of that famed city.

Joseph Hester.

Richard Wharton, who was of the One Hundred Fifty-Fourth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, writes:

Died at his home, Pontotoc, Miss., November, 1901, Joseph Hester, a true and tried Confederate soldier and a member of Hugh R. Miller Camp Confederate Veterans. His parents moved to Pontotoc County in 1843, where his entire life of activity and usefulness was spent. Comrade Hester was born in St. Clair County, Ala., in 1827, and at the beginning of the war he joined Capt. L. M. Ball's company "B," Forty-First Mississippi regiment of Infantry, in which he served to the close. He participated in most of the battles of the Army of Tennessee, Corinth, Perryville, Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and that series of engagements from Dalton on to Atlanta and on to Jonesboro; also Hood's campaign to Nashville. He was surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. No truer braver soldier or better man and citizen wore the gray or has answered to the last roll call that Joseph Hester. It was but natural that such a man should have the confidence of his people. In 1891 he was elected County Treasurer and in 1895 a member of the Board of Supervisors, the presidency of which he held until his death. Respected, honored, loved by all who knew him, "a good man has gone to his reward."

JOSEPH HESTER.

J. S. Caldwell.

James Simpson Caldwell died November 5, 1901 at the home of his brother-in-law, J. R. Handly, in Nashville, Tenn. As he had been in excellent health, the news of his sudden death was a shock to his many staunch friends in this city and elsewhere. He was quiet and unassuming, but a close reader, keeping himself well informed on all subjects of public importance. He joined the Christian Church a few days before enlisting in John Morgan's cavalry in 1862. He was reared at Richmond, Ky., and always manifested the deepest devotion to this home of his birth and boyhood. His remains were buried there according to his wish. Comrade Caldwell was with Morgan on his memorable raid through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. He was captured at Buffington Island in Ohio July 23, 1863, and sent to Camp Chase (Columbus) Ohio. After two months there he was transferred to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, Ill., where he remained until sent on parole to Richmond, Va., March 2, 1865. Under all the vicissitudes and hardships of prison life he ever made the best of the situation and was cheerful with his less hopeful comrades. He was orderly sergeant under Capt. Thomas Collins and Col. D. W. Chenault in the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry Regiment.

When the war was over he walked from Virginia to his Kentucky home and resumed the occupation of merchant. His grave is near that of Capt. Collins, who gallantly led him through those dark days of 1862-63. He is survived by his brother Robert, who was with him in the war, and two sisters, Mrs. C. R. Handly, ex-President of the William B. Bate Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mrs. M. C. Armstrong.

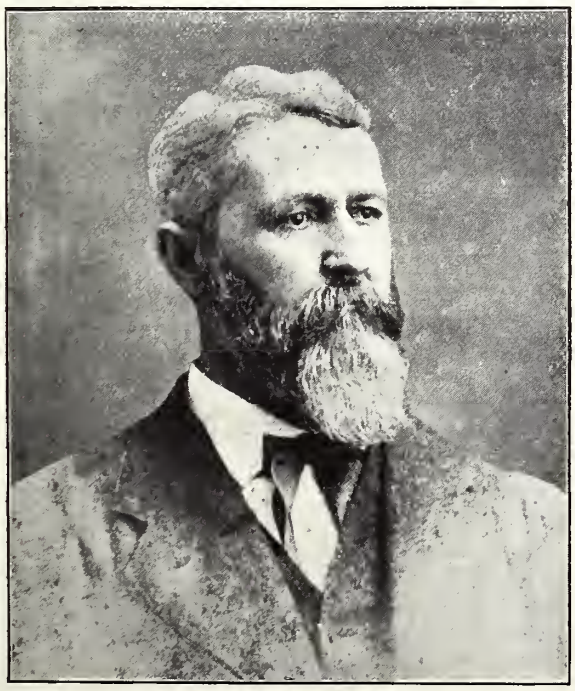
Capt. Horatio Nicholas Perkins.

Capt. H. N. Perkins died at his home, Huntington, W. Va., December 11, 1901, after a long and trying illness, his death ultimately resulting from a gunshot wound in his side received at Fort Donalson, Tenn. He was born in Augusta County, Va., fifty-six years ago, and at an early age, his widowed mother moved to Wytheville, Va. At the age of sixteen years, this gallant boy enlisted in our great war on August 1, 1861. He was in Company C, Fifty-First Virginia Regiment, under Col. G. C. Wharton, Floyd's Brigade. He was in his regiment continuously, through Virginia to Sewell Mountain, West Virginia, where during a winter of great hardships and privation, they did active and noble service. From there his command was ordered to Bowling Green to join the forces of that illustrious leader, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, then on through other points to Fort Donelson, where he was severely wounded. He was carried to Nashville and there tenderly cared for by our own Southern people, and when convalescent, his arm still in a sling, and the bullet never having been extracted from his side, he was commissioned by Gen. Floyd—who had noted and acknowledged his valiant conduct in service—to organize a company of boys under eighteen years of age to act as Gen. Floyd's bodyguard. Capt. Perkins afterward returned to his own company; a few months later he was detached from that service to become agent and telegraph operator for the old Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Company, at Marion, Va. Shortly afterwards he married Miss Sue Shelton, of Bedford County, Va., and who survives him with five children, Messrs. George and Eugene, Misses Elmo and Mary Perkins, and a widowed daughter, Mrs. Lila P. McDonald. At the age of twenty-three he was made Treasurer of Smith County, Va., which office he efficiently held in connection with his railroad duties. He lived in Point Pleasant, W. Va., subsequently, and then at Huntington where he had resided for the past twelve years. He was always courteous, affable, a

successful man in his own business, and highly esteemed by his fellow men and well loved by his intimates. His last reunion with his comrades was in Nashville in 1897. Brave, patient, and cheerful, lovingly devoted to his household, always faithful and loyal to the memory of the great struggle which was the glory and subsequent sorrow of his life. He has passed away from the rapidly fading host, whose deeds are a part of our country's imperishable history. His canteen with his initials scratched upon it was found upon the battlefield, and now reposes in most appropriate surroundings in the War Museum at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Maj. James Turner Stewart.

In the death of Maj. James Turner Stewart, of Savannah, Ga., another of the "Old Guard" has passed into the new life, leaving only to those who knew him the memory of a faithful, valued friend. Maj. Stewart was born at Greenock, Scotland, June 7, 1834. His family was a prominent one. He was the youngest of five children. Maj. Stewart was educated at the University of Glasgow, and was one of the most popular of its many students. He received his degree in 1850. After his graduation followed a long sea voyage, going around the world. In 1853 he settled in New Orleans, engaging in the cotton business with his brother John. He went to Savannah in 1857. He married before the war a daughter of his friend and partner, Frank Reid. When the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861, and though still a British subject, he answered promptly the call of the people with whom he had cast his lot, volunteering as a private in the Savannah Artillery. He was made a sergeant and saw duty with that command at Fort Pulaski. A few months later he was detailed as drill master, performing such duty on the forts around Savannah and on St. Simon and Skidaway Islands. Subsequently he was appointed captain and quartermaster of transportation for the Department of Georgia on the staff of Gen. A. R. Lawton, which was his line of duty until Gen. Lawton was ordered to Virginia. He was then appointed major and quartermaster of Gen. H. W. Mercer's command at Savannah. In the spring of 1864 he joined Mercer's Brigade at Dalton, and after that was in active duty in the field until the close of the war. His duties were arduous and important throughout the Hundred Days' Campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, the march through North Georgia and Alabama and the campaign in Tennessee, including the battles around Nashville, and he was with the rear guard under Gen. Forrest during the retreat. After his brigade reached Tupelo, Miss., it was hurried across the country to Augusta and on into South Carolina to meet Sherman's army, and Maj. Stewart was then ordered back to Augusta with orders to hasten forward troops for the army of Gen. J. E. Johnston. He was paroled at Augusta. Returning to Savannah Maj. Stewart, with the invincible courage and determination that characterized the Confederate soldier, gathered up the scattered threads of his business and went sturdily to work. He was one of the oldest living members of St. Andrew's Society and prominent in other organizations in Savannah. A genial, courteous gentleman, he attracted and held the esteem of those with whom he was thrown in contact.



MAJ. J. T. STEWART.

Ben Jennings.

Tribute of Camp James F. Waddell, U. C. V., Seale, Ala.: Comrade Ben Jennings was born near Lancaster, Ky., in March, 1846, and died in Seale, Ala., December, 1901. He was the son of Maj. Thomas J. Jennings, of Kentucky. He joined Capt. Salter's company of Morgan's command in October, 1862, at the age of sixteen, and was in all of the battles in which his command was engaged until the raid into Ohio, during which he was on detached service. He was conspicuous for his gallantry on many occasions. In business he was faithful and energetic; as a man he was honorable and pure; a true friend, a faithful husband, and a loving father. With him life's sun has set, and the burdens of his days have passed, but he has left a worthy heritage to his loved ones. He was County Superintendent of Education, and also a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity and First Lieutenant of Camp James F. Waddell. May the sod lie lightly on his grave!

George Baylor.

George Baylor was born at "Wood End," Jefferson County, Va., February 13, 1841. He was a son of Col. R. W. Baylor. He graduated at Dickerson College in 1860, and in 1861 enlisted as a private in "Bett's Grays," Company G, Second Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. In 1862 he joined Baylor's Light Horse Cavalry, Company B, of the Twelfth Virginia, and was elected Second Lieutenant, with which he was engaged in many daring raids. In 1865 he was made Captain of Company H, Mosby's Rangers, and on April 13, 1865, fought his last fight with the Eighth Illinois in Fairfax County, Va. In 1866 he graduated in law at Washington and Lee University, Virginia. In April, 1872, he was married to Miss Sallie Beatty, of Maryland. He died at Port Antonino, Island of

specially devoted to the advancement of his home town, and in his death West Virginia loses one of her most loyal and patriotic sons.

W. A. Ferguson.

From Salem, Va., is reported the passing of two prominent citizens. Capt. William A. Ferguson, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens died at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in Pickens County, Ala., and entered upon his business career in that State. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, only a few months after his marriage, as a member of the Fifth Alabama Cavalry under Gen. Joe Wheeler, and from the rank of sergeant rose to command the Regiment, though he declined to accept the rank of colonel. He was captured at Duck River, Tenn., and confined at Johnson's Island a year, where his health was so undermined that he never regained it. After being released he rededicated his best services to the Confederacy and remained fighting until the peace at Appomattox.

J. B. Frier.

Town Sergeant Jacob B. Frier was born at Fincastle, Va., in 1840, and was left an orphan at an early age. With a limited education he secured an apprenticeship in a printing office, and in all his business enterprises he brought to bear that energy and capacity which knew not failure. He was elected town sergeant in 1875, which position he filled the remainder of his life. He made a popular, faithful, and efficient officer. As a member of the Fincastle Rifles he assisted in the execution of John Brown. This organization was afterwards Company D of the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, of which Comrade Frier was made Second Lieutenant, and he was in all the battles of that regiment from Manassas to Appomattox. His right eye was destroyed by a shell wound at High Bridge, near Farmville. His attachment to the principles for which he fought and devotion to his comrades grew stronger with age. The gifts of charity from his hands to the old, worn-out veterans were of daily occurrence—emanating from his kindly sympathy and generous heart.

John S. Harrison.

Died suddenly, at his home near Louisville, Ky., December 16, 1901, of paralysis, John Stewart Harrison, formerly captain in the army, and later adjutant of the Second Regiment of Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. The simple announcement of his death has brought sadness to many hearts, both in his native State of Virginia, where the most of his few surviving comrades of the old Stonewall Brigade reside, and in the State of his adoption. In the renowned organization to which he belonged no one bore a finer reputation for all of the qualities that go to make up the character of a good soldier. In the camp or on the march he was the steady-going sort, took everything at its best, without murmur or complaint. No duty however tedious or disagreeable had any effect on his serene temper. He was always to his intimates the same dear old "Jock," as we affectionately called him among ourselves. In battle he had few equals and no superiors. His courage was of the most unruffled sort; no danger being great enough to have the slightest effect upon his demeanor. While bold to the verge of rashness, he never lost in the slightest degree his entire composure. By the men who served under him he was almost worshiped for his kindness to them, his care for them, and his gallant leadership in battle. Of his record as a soldier no more appropriate words could be said than were said by Scott of the Knightly de Argentine, the stainless warrior who fell at Flodden Field. To his children Jock Harrison has left a great heritage: that of a good name, a true soldier, a spotless gentleman. To them belongs his memory—the memory of the gallant deeds that he did "in the days that were."

W. H. Rose.

G. N. Albright writes from Stanton Depot, Tenn.:

Another of our comrades has passed away. W. H. Rose, a member of H. S. Bradford Bivouac, Brownsville, Tenn., died January 15, 1902, at his home near this place, leaving a wife and several children.

At the commencement of the war Comrade Rose was living in Arkansas. He joined the Arkansas troops and made a brave and gallant soldier. He was a good citizen and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. He was about sixty-two years old.

John W. Hall.

John W. Hall was born April 8, 1827, in Hickman County, Tenn., and was reared in Alabama. He went to Gonzales County, Tex., in 1846. In April, 1846, he joined Capt. Ben McCullough's Company of Texas Rangers, and arrived at Point Isabel, where Gen. Taylor's army was in camp, just in time to take part in the battle of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma on the 8th and 9th of May, 1846. Afterwards, in September, 1846, the Rangers were discharged, and with other comrades he returned to Gonzales County.

On June 3, 1847, he married Miss Mary Mauldin, daughter of Dr. William P. Mauldin. He engaged in stock-raising successfully .

In 1862 he volunteered in Willis's Battalion, Waul's Legion, and went east of the Mississippi River, where he served under Gens. Van Dorn and Forrest until the close of the war. He lost his wife in 1875, and went to the Pacific Coast, where he remained for eighteen years, engaged in mining. He was assistant sergeant at arms of the Nevada Legislature, and held other places of trust and responsibility. A resolution offered in the Nevada Legislature concerning Col. Hall is as follows:

"Col. Hall is a true type of the Southern gentleman of the old school, with a record of kind deeds, enriched by devout Christian faith, exemplified by daily practice, and gentlemanly deportment, endearing him to all the members and attaches. I hope that some one will present to posterity an elaborate account of his bravery on the frontier of Texas, in Mexico, and a full description of the twenty-nine battles in which he was engaged during the civil war. Col. Hall will leave to his children the greatest legacy ever bequeathed by any father: a pure and spotless name."

MRS MARGARET A. E. MCLURE.

The history of events preceding and following her banishment, as given to her friend, Mrs. P. G. Robert and prepared for the Chapter that bears her name is as follows:

Born of Virginia parents, and reared on the soil of the Old Dominion, it is but natural that Mrs. McLure should be in warm sympathy with the South in its war for the maintenance of the liberties won in the long struggle of the Revolution. Her sympathies already enlisted, her interest was greatly deepened by the home coming of her son, Parkinson McLure, who gave up a lucrative position in Denver, and hastened to St. Louis in order to tender his services to his State. He, however, found it necessary to push on farther South, as Missouri was helplessly in the hands of the enemy. After his departure months passed without one word from him; and Mrs. McLure then began the work that was destined to end only with her life—that of helping the Confederate soldiers. She was a constant visitor in the hospitals and prisons, trying to forget her own deep anxiety, and in the fond hope that some tidings might reach her of her absent one. She was soon so well known as the friend of the Confederate soldier, that her house became headquarters for the mail and contraband goods, as well as a refuge for escaped prisoners, and those wishing to join the Confederates. This, of course, brought her under the suspicion of the Federal authorities. One day she left her home with funds to supply the needs of the wretched prisoners in the "pens" of St. Louis, called "military prisons." As she was walking along, some one touched her on the shoulder, (who she never knew) and whispered: "Guards are around your house, and orders for your arrest have been issued." Not wishing to be arrested on the street, she hurried to Ender's store, and taking from her pocket two commissions sent her by Gen. Price, one for a major and one for a captain, mailed them to Col. E. Johnston, a brother of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. She then quietly set out for home, where she was destined to be held a prisoner from that day, March 20, till May 12, 1863. On reaching her house on Chestnut Street (between Sixth and Seventh) she found the guards stationed at her door, who crossed swords at her approach, and forbade her entrance. Advancing quietly, she said: "Your prisoner is not in the house. I am your prisoner, and wish to enter." She was admitted at once and found her parlor occupied by officers, who told her she was not to leave the house for any purpose without permission. While they were talking below, Mrs. Clark, Miss Laura Vaughan, and Miss Lou Merriwether were quietly, but in great haste, destroying the mail and other compromising papers in the custody of Mrs. McLure, who took charge of many hundreds of letters sent back and forth by Ab Grimes, the trusty Confederate mail man. It was a scene to call forth tears from harder hearts than those of these Southern women to see the red flames destroying the messages of love and hope, and the poor, but dearly prized pictures and tintypes, sent to cheer the long weary hours of absence and privation of loved ones in the Confederate army.

A few days after Mrs. McLure's imprisonment, every article in her house was sent off and sold, the house fitted up with cots, put in charge of a matron, and used as a prison for women. And here for weeks some of the noblest and loveliest women of Missouri were held as prisoners.

Mrs. McLure had been but a short time in prison, when she learned that her son, Lewis, a lad of fourteen, had been arrested while at school at Pleasant Ridge Academy, as a spy, tried before a military commission, and put in Gatriot Street prison. Being a fine penman, he was put to work in the office. In a few days a prisoner was brought in who had six hundred dollars on his person. It was of course taken away; and when shortly afterwards he was brought into the office to be sent along with others to the prison at Alton, the prisoner demanded his money. The guard denied that he had had any such amount. The prisoner seeing Lewis McLure still at the desk, appealed to him. The lad at once asserted that he had counted the money. For this offense—of speaking the truth—Lewis was taken away from the desk and sent up to the attic, which had been previously been used as a smallpox hospital. Here he soon sickened, and became so poisoned from the foul atmosphere, that word was gotten to his mother of his need of immediate care if his life was to be saved. She at once requested her faithful friend and physician, Dr. Lemoine, to go and see her son. The Doctor wished to vaccinate him, but was refused permission unless he

MRS. M. A. E. M'LURE.

used virus furnished by the hospital. This he refused to do, but left the prison determined to leave no stone unturned in his efforts to have Lewis released. This was finally accomplished, mainly through the influence of Judge Glover; and Mrs. McLure had the com-

fort of hearing that her son was back at school, though the permission to visit his mother even for an hour was refused.

All this anxiety had greatly worn on Mrs. McLure, and perhaps the kindest order, that the not too kind authorities ever gave, was the one for her banishment. She would have surely broken down completely if she had been kept longer in prison, where the only food served to delicate women was spoiled bacon and hard tack, with coffee so wretched it could not be used even by prisoners, who are not supposed to be too fastidious. The matron proved to be a kind-hearted woman and offered to serve Mrs. McLure her meals in her room, and to add to them some of the delicacies found in the house, but Mrs. McLure refused to fare differently from the others.

On the 12th day of May the order of banishment came, and Mrs. McLure accompanied by her son Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and a number of other Southern sympathizers, were put on board of the "Sultana," and sent under guard to Memphis. There they were transferred to a train, and run out as far as the condition of the road would permit; and then again transferred to ambulances that had been used the day before to move the dead and wounded after a skirmish, and yet bore the bloodstains on the floor. Maj. McKinney, who had charge of the exiles, did all in his power to lessen the hardships of the journey which were great indeed. On one occasion, for instance, no house could be reached, and, bedding being scarce, the party had to spread sheets on the ground and sleep so, as all the blankets were needed for covering. Maj. McKinney seemed greatly surprised at the character of his prisoners, and told them that if he had known it he would have taken his bride along. He would not have made the statement at the end of his journey, for as they reached a point about sixty miles from Okolona, a countryman in brown homespun came out, and asked the ladies in the rear ambulance the meaning of the strange sight—a lot of women and children escorted by yankee troops—and when informed that they were prisoners, replied: "If this is what they are making war on, God help us!" Just as he turned off, the Major rode up and asked what the man had been saying. Before anyone else could think of an answer, the wife of Gen. D. M. Frost replied: "He was telling us that the woods were full of bushwhackers, many hundred strong, and we might run into a party of them at any moment." The color left the Major's face, and it is needless to say he did not then wish he had taken his bride along. He at once asked for a towel, put it on a pole, hurried forward a flag of truce to Okolona, with the request that Gen. Ruggles, who was in command there, would send out an escort for the prisoners. The General came out himself, and escorted them to his headquarters, where they were most kindly and courteously welcomed, and every comfort possible afforded them.

After a few days they received a pressing invitation from Columbus, Miss., to make it their home, which invitation they gratefully accepted, and were most cordially received and entertained, and the weary fugitives soon felt at home in hospitable Columbus. Mrs. McLure was entertained by the widow of the noted philanthropist and Methodist minister, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, where she remained until after the fall of Vicksburg. Immediately after that sad event, the First Missouri Brigade, under Gen. Cockrell and other troops, established a camp for paroled prisoners at Demopolis, Ala. Soon thereafter they dispatched an officer, Lieut. Hale, to Columbus to bring Mrs. McLure, "the soldier's friend," to see them. She had never refused aid or comfort to any Confederate soldier, and set off at once to see what she could do for the poor fellows who were like herself, exiles from home. She went with the expectation of only remaining a week, and was the guest of Mrs. Gen. (?) Nathaniel Whitfield, at their beautiful home, "Gainswood." This invitation was highly appreciated by Mrs. McLure and the Missouri Brigade, who were sorely perplexed when they found that refugees from in and around Vicksburg had so filled up the little town, that not a room was to be had. It proved a most happy arrangement, for when the week's visit came to an end, an invitation so cordial and hearty was extended by Mrs. Whitfield in her own and the General's name, that Mrs. McLure would make their house her home until the war ended. It could not be accepted. Her son soon joined her, and secured a good position, and Mrs. McLure remained until after the close of the war, becoming most fondly attached to the lovely family. They ever remained close and devoted friends.

After all was lost, with a heart saddened for life, Mrs. McLure returned to St. Louis; and it has been the rare privilege of many of us to know how in the evening of her life, when rest and personal comfort would seem to be her paramount object, her whole strength and thought was given to her loved work—the care of Confederate soldiers.

This brief sketch can do but faint justice to this noble woman, and but feebly portray her work for our brave men and holy cause in those dark days. If it but imperfectly records her work and her sufferings its object has been partially accomplished. The writer feels herself unequal to the subject, and wishes some abler pen could do it justice.

There are two things worthy of mention: First, though in her eigthy-seventh year, when these facts were given, she used no written data but furnished facts, names, and dates as if of yesterday's occurrence, so clear and accurate was her memory.

Secondly, that in going over the record of these sad sorrowful days, not one word of bitterness escaped her lips; and I must add that in a close association of over thirty years, the writer has never heard one harsh criticism of any human being. DELIBERATE IN JUDGMENT, FIRM IN PRINCIPLE, UNSWERVING IN INTEGRITY, UNBOUNDED IN CHARITY, our Chapter is honored indeed in bearing the name of Margaret A. E. McLure. Let us strive individually, and as a Chapter, to imitate these four salient characteristics of this most noble woman. The foregoing sketch was written three years ago for the Chapter which bears her name. Mrs. McLure's latest distinct work was as President of the first Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy ever formed—viz., in January 27, 1891. She was elected President for life, and to her deep interest and enthusiasm is largely due the noble work of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri in building the Confederate Home. When the Home was turned over to the State, hers was the first name signed to the applica-

tion for a charter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and she was ever an earnest, faithful member, and a valued adviser to the Chapter to the close of her life.

Meeting with a serious accident, her wonderful constitution battled against the shock for nearly two months, and then when hope was almost assurance that she would rally, she quietly and suddenly fell asleep on January 31, 1902. Loved and admired by all who knew her, adored by veterans and Daughters alike, who, in spite of the severe weather, gathered in numbers to pay their last tribute of respect, she leaves a precious legacy to the Southern heart which will ever keep her memory green.

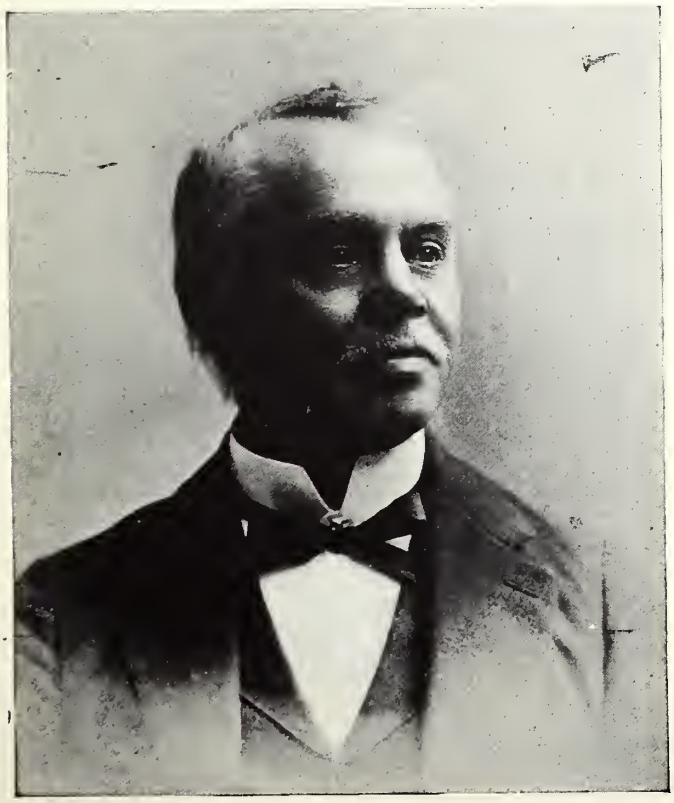
M. A. E. McLure Library at Confederate Home.

Steps have been taken to found the Margaret A. E. McLure Library at the Confederate Home, Higginsville, Mo. The official promulgation of the Daughters reads:

Whereas, From the first year of our organization, our Chapter has always celebrated the birthday of Mrs. McLure; and now that she has gone from us, we desire to preserve her memory and carry on her work as far as possible, so we have decided to invite you to join us in holding a book reception in each year on her birthday, March 24, and send the books in her name to the Confederate Home. Thus we can continue her life work in caring for the comfort of Confederate soldiers. Even a few fresh books from each Chapter will make a valuable and acceptable addition to the Home, the Margaret A. E. McLure Library.

Such a remembrance of her would be more in accord with her wishes, if she could choose, than a monument of bronze or stone.

Death of Charles Broadway Rouss.



MR. C. B. ROUSS.

At his Fifth Avenue mansion, New York City, on March 3, 1902, Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss expired at the age of sixty-six years. He had been in ill health for a long while, but continued at his store until within two or three days of his death.

Mr. Rouss was known for his great success in business and for his loyalty to Confederate association and memories. The press of the country has had much to say of these things, but it seems appropriate to mention in the Veteran something of his personal life not known to the general public. Its editor was requested soon after his death to supply some data for the *Nashville American:*

"For several years I had known Mr. Rouss intimately, and would like to have the Southern people know the man as he was. His was a most strenuous life. While he kept open house, having prepared, on Sundays regularly, splendid dinners, fitting his royal station in wealth, say for fifty persons, his own part of the meal consisted of corn bread and browned ham gravy. The guests at these dinners were usually Southern people, and comprised a few musicians, vocal and instrumental, who rendered, for his pleasure especially, old-time music, and many a poor woman would carry away a $10 or $20 note deftly handed by him. He would go to his great store regularly on Sundays, but it was not accessible to any but a few of his confidential employees; and his business hours, although living miles up town, invariably begun at 6 o'clock.

"His devotion to Robert Ingersoll is well known. I rode with him in his carriage one rainy night over to Jersey to hear the distinguished atheist, but I never wanted to go again. He hired a private box and we were conspicuous auditors.

"But he held higher and different views to Ingersoll. Telling him one evening that I must break an engagement with him to dine with his close personal friend, Col. A. G. Dickinson, he said, 'I will go with you,' but the dinner hour had to be changed, as he would not leave his business until 6 o'clock. En route to the dinner he was delightfully entertaining in matters above his millions. He showed amazing knowledge of astronomy, and mentioning by name some of the furthermost stars and the exact billions of miles away as given, he said: 'When I consider all these things, I feel that we may meet again.'

"He was peculiar about small matters of other people. While in a pleasing conference with him in his private office last Christmas his young son, Pete, in his twenties, and who is now in charge of the immense business, addressing him as 'father,' read over a check for $95 that had been sent from the mother country to a dissipated Irishman who had long been in his employ. He told his father that the man wanted $25 of the amount, but Mr. Rouss said emphatically 'No,' and he sent for the man. He told him of the remittance and that he must take it all or $1 at a time. He reminded him of his having lost a similar amount in one night of debauch a year before. He spent much more time than the check would have been worth to him in behalf of the mendicant.

"Mr. Rouss was very popular with old comrades. He would speak of them as 'horse thieves,' and he was rough of exterior, but he possessed many noble qualities. He was often charged with mercenary motives

concerning the 'Battle Abbey,' while his friends closest to him knew that his purposes were much higher. The Confederate Camp of New York properly boasted of its tall shaft to the Confederate dead who have died in New York and are buried in Mt. Hope cemetery, and while the credit goes to the camp Mr. Rouss gave his personal check in payment, $5,000. In occasional discussion of that and other similar enterprises where he personally paid the bills he never mentioned it.

"He advanced on the Confederate Memorial Fund far in excess of his agreement, and Treasurer Christian, of Richmond, the bonded Treasurer, has $60,000 of the fund, and would have had it all if a similar amount had been paid in according to his propositions.

"No other man who fired a gun or drew a sword in the Confederate cause ever gave more than a mere tithe of what was unstintedly given by Charles Broadway Rouss."

Epitome of Mr. Rouss's Fortune.

The will of Mr. Rouss was left on deposit in the Surrogate's Court soon after its execution of March 17, 1898. The estimates are, personalty at $1,400,000 and realty in New York, $875,000. There is, besides, real estate in West Virginia and other States valued at $500,000.

The will requests the son, Peter W. Rouss, to continue the business, and he has elected to do so. It leaves him the residuary estate, and requests W. W. Rouss, who is made executor, to pay off the legacies as soon as possible so that the estate may be settled and the son be in control.

The business property in Broadway is left to the son and the daughter, Virginia Duane Lee, in common, the son to have the use of it so long as he pays his sister $25,000 a year.

The daughter is to have the farm, Shannon Park, Jefferson County, W. Va. These are the other legacies:

Milton Rouss and W. W. Rouss, brothers, $100,000 each.

Charles E. Timberlake, a nephew, $50,000.

Milton Rouss, George Rouss, Frank Rouss, and Alexander Rouss, nephews, each $25,000.

Lizzie Page, a niece, $25,000.

Mrs. Laura Bell and Annie Bell and Laura Bell, her daughters, each $1,000.

Percy Lee and A. J. Smith, each $1,000.

Grace Taylor and Kate Thomas, each $500.

To Flora E. Faw, a niece, he settled $2,500 a year for life.

Mr. Rouss's gifts to his old home in Winchester, Va., were large, and then he gave $100,000 to the University of Virginia.

Hon. Thomas Stanley Bocock.

The Confederate Museum, of Richmond, has not been more fittingly decorated than with the fine portrait of Thomas Stanley Bocock donated by his wife. Addresses were made by Judge George L. Christian and Hon. John Goode in which many of his excellent traits were described.

Judge Christian gave a geneological sketch, mentioning his father, John Thomas Bocock and Mary Flood Bocock, his mother, who were forceful characters and given largely to good deeds.

Thomas Stanley Bocock was born May 18, 1815, in Buckingham County, in the part of which since 1845 has been Appomattox County, Va., where he died in 1891 at the age of fourscore years less four. His early education was in the school of his brother, Willis P., who was later a distinguished Attorney General of Virginia. He next attended Hampton-Sidney College, where he graduated after two years of study.

As soon as of the requisite age he was elected to the Virginia Legislature. In 1847 he was elected to Congress and continued to represent his district through seven successive terms. For ten years he was Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. In 1859 he and John Sherman were nominated by their respective party delegations for Speaker of the House. That session of Congress convened December 5, 1859, three days after the execution of John Brown. The balloting was continuous at the sessions until February 1, when William Pennington, of New York, was elected by one majority. As a member of Congress he was so conservative and fair that he was often called to the Speaker's chair.

So efficient was he in parliamentary practice that as a member of the Confederate States Congress he was made Speaker on February 18, 1862, and continued Speaker of the House until the war closed.

The responsibilities upon him during that trying period may well be imagined. It was a high tribute to his abilities and his patriotism that he was continued Speaker through that long period.

After the great war closed persistent appeals were made to Mr. Bocock to go to New York by business concerns desiring his influence, but like Gen. Lee he preferred to share the privations of his home people.

In 1868 he was chosen as a delegate to the National Democratic Committee that nominated Horatio Seymour for President.

In 1869-70 he was active as a member of his State Legislature, and was prominent in his efforts to have

THOMAS S. BOCOCK.

properly adjusted the State debt. In 1873 he was urged for a seat in the United States Senate and, at

that time it was thought his prominence in the Confederate Congress made his selection unwise.

The last public address of Mr. Bocock was in behalf of Hon. John W. Daniel, in which he contested the issues with Maj. Daniel's competitor, Mr. W. E. Cameron. In nothing was he more steadfast than in the Christian faith, and when the end approached, he said he felt "inward peace, assurance, and resignation to the divine will."

In Mr. Goode's address he spoke of how he enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. Bocock, "the noble and gifted Virginian whose admirable qualities of head and heart" were lovingly recalled. He was ardently devoted to the Union of the fathers, . . . but after the failure of all efforts for honorable peace, he espoused the cause of the Confederacy with earnest enthusiasm. When the Confederate Congress assembled in Richmond February 18, 1862, he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and "continued to dignify and adorn that exalted station until the Confederacy went down in disaster and defeat."

Rev. F. P. Johnson.

Rev. W. D. Cherry pays tribute to the memory of Rev. Fountain Pitts Johnson, who died at his home near Burns's Station, Tenn., on Washington's last birthday. He was a faithful Confederate, and later a faithful minister of the M. E. Church, South. He was a devoted patron of the Veteran.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman of the Central Committee, Richmond, Va., writes:

To the Confederate Veterans: A little more than two years ago your representatives, acknowledging their failure to erect a monument to Mr. Davis, the only President of the Confederate States, asked the Daughters of the Confederacy to assume this work, promising your help, and we accepted this labor of love. Have the women of the South ever stood back when their dead were to be honored? As Chairman of the Central Committee I ask you have you done your duty—have you fulfilled your promise? If you had we would have already commenced the actual erection of this monument. You have not done your duty. At Louisville pledges were made that have not been kept. Again you promised at Memphis to return home and see that your Camps responded to our call. Gen. Gordon, in his order No. 263, indorsed the resolutions. Mrs. J. Thomas McCullough, President of the Association, has sent appeals to the Camps; Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederate Memorial Association, has appealed to you, and so far thirteen Camps in over fourteen hundred composing the U. C. V. have responded. I do not believe it is indifference to the memory of the President of the Confederate States and the cause he represented. It is not our poverty, or how could we have such magnificent displays at our reunions? It is because the monument has been delayed so long.

But the women are going to build it, and we beg you to at once add $35,000 to the $40,000 now in bank. You can do it; it only means 35,000 people giving $1; how many could give their hundreds! Send it to the Treasurer, Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Richmond; do it at once so that we can report it at Dallas. The Camps have not got it in their treasuries, but collect it from outside. We had hoped to unveil this monument on June 3, 1903. It depends on you. The women ask this as *their monument,* erected to all they hold dear, the Confederate States of America, her President, her Army, her Navy, and her Women.

List of Competitors for Davis Monument.

F. Flores de Mancilas, 234 Bourbon Street, New Orleans, La., given by Mrs. Charles Brown, Birmingham, Ala.

L. Amities, Washington, D. C., given by Mrs. M. M. Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex.

Mr. Amory C. Simons, American Art Association, Paris, France, sent by Mrs. Augustine Smyth, Charleston, S. C.

Mr. Lewis Albert Gudebrod, 229 East Twentieth Street, New York, presented by Mrs. W. W. Read, New York City.

Mr. C. C. Pillars, Jacksonville, Fla., presented by Mrs. R. C. Cooley.

Herbert Barbee, Washington, D. C., presented by Miss Mary Amelia Smith, Warrenton, Va.

George Julian Zolnay, Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, New York, presented by Miss Harrison, Columbus, Miss.

Miss Montgomery, New Orleans, La., presented by Mrs. W. J. Behan and Mrs. J. Pinkney Smith, New Orleans, La.

Miss Enid Yandell, New York, presented by Mrs. Basil Duke, Kentucky.

William Cooper, New York, presented by Mrs. N. V. Randolph.

Charles Albert Lopez, presented by Mrs. John P. Allison, North Carolina.

Valuable Books at Low Prices With Veteran.

Figures in the right-hand column are for the book and a year's subscription to the Veteran. Figures in first column are publishers' prices for the books only.

"Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. J. William Jones (cloth), former price	$2 25	$1 50
"In the Wake of War," by Verne S. Pease	1 50	175
"The Dixie Story Book" by Miss M. Kennard	40	1 15
Rand, McNally's "Pocket Atlas of the World"	50	1 25
Game of Confederate Heroes. Sold for benefit of Sam Davis Monument Fund	50	1 25
"Life of Forrest," by Dr. John A. Wyeth (cloth)	4 00	4 00
"Two Years of the Alabama," by Arthur Sinclair, Lieutenant under Admiral Semmes (cloth)	3 00	3 00
"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows"	1 50	1 50
"Old Spain and New Spain"	1 50	1 50

It will be seen that the last four books are given with the Veteran at exactly the original prices of the books. Two are by H. M. Field, D.D., of that eminent family of four brothers, and he is the sole survivor. Dr. Field is deeply interested in the South, and, desiring the widest publicity to his series of letters written about journeys through Dixie, gives his able services, and more, to enable the Veteran to circulate "Bright Skies." Then his history of Spain is specially interesting to Southern people. Remember, either book and a year's subscription at the publisher's price of the book, $1.50.

The "History of Two Wars" has been advertised more extensively in the VETERAN than has any other book in its history. Endorsements unstinted have been given by the highest men in military and literary life. It is the largest enterprise ever espoused by the VETERAN, and merits the serious consideration of its friends. To those not concerned otherwise, but who pride themselves in a complete library of the best books, notice is given that the edition is limited and it will ere long be impossible to procure copies. In the faith of fascinating every patriot the proposition is made to supply this book and to return the money if the purchaser is not delighted with it. Price, $2. With a year's subscription to the VETERAN, $2.70.

Hon. H. G. Bunn, Chief Justice of Arkansas, writes of "Two Wars": "Gen. French's autobiography has been received and, with great interest and pleasure, read. The twenty-five cents extra sent you was to pay express charges, etc.; just put it down to extra value of the book to me personally if you were out nothing on transmission.

There is a gap—a hiatus—in the Confederate history, in the accounts covering the time between the date of Hood's leaving Atlanta and the battle of Franklin, Tenn., which Gen. French fills up better than any of the war historians.

GEN. BUSHROD JOHNSON'S RECORD.

An entertaining address is printed in this VETERAN by John S. Wise at the medal or badge presentation to Col. Edward Owen, the eminently successful commander of the New York Confederate Veteran Camp. It is not to be understood that this publication is an endorsement of Mr. Wise's course in many things. He wrote an article sometime since reflecting upon Gen. Bushrod Johnson which will be replied to by Judge H. H. Cook. Judge Cook, it will be remembered, is the author of four articles in the VETERAN—in March, April, and

JUDGE H. H. COOK AS A YOUNG SOLDIER.

May of 1897 and March, 1898—upon the severe treatment of the noted six hundred Confederate officers placed under the fire of our own guns in retaliatory measures. Although dead now, it is due to the memory of Gen. Bushrod Johnson that high tribute be paid for his efficiency and faithfulness as a Confederate commander, although a Northern man. Ere long something of the very high qualities of Gen. Johnson may be recorded in the VETERAN, and Judge Cook's able pen will find hearty welcome in that service.

VARIOUS FLAGS UNDER U. S. PRESENT DOMINION.

P. D. Harrison writes from Manchester, N. H., Box 121:

"I began about three years ago to gather data for a history of the Stars and Stripes, and information about other flags that preceded our national emblem in authority over all territory, including every acquisition made since the Revolution, now under the jurisdiction of the United States. The territory now known as the State of Texas has the record for the largest number of different flags that have waved over it. Six standards have been displayed, beginning with the Mexican, before the coming of Cortez.

"I have been aided in this work by Secretaries Root and Long, Senator Gallinger, former Senator Chandler, his successor, Judge Burnham, Representative Sulloway, other officials at Washington, army and navy officers, the late Gen. R. N. Batchelder, once Quartermaster General of the U. S. A., and many others in this and foreign countries. Much of my material has never appeared in print.

"A feature of the work will be the mention of acts of bravery in defending and capturing flags. Accounts of deeds of heroism, where either flag was a factor, are to be given, and no discrimination or partisanship of any kind will be shown, for whether they were achieved by the Blue or Gray every hero was an American, and is entitled to be remembered for all time. Another feature will be mention of the flags that have been returned from one side to the other.

"The Civil War, in several respects, was the greatest conflict the world has ever known, and the prowess of those concerned in it excited the pride and satisfied the ambition for military achievement of every American in every section.

"The future historian—he may be preparing his copy now—will not discriminate in relating the deeds of bravery that were performed between 1861-65, but will credit Gray and Blue alike. The Spanish-American War brought that view conspicuously to light.

"I am very desirous of getting all possible information about the Confederate flag, especially that concerning events where individual bravery was shown under its folds. I already have a list of more than eighty individual acts of notable bravery that were performed under the Stars and Stripes, and desire like information about the Confederate flag. The greater the number the greater my pleasure, as each one will give additional interest and increased value to my work. I apply to you for assistance through reference by Capt. Carter R. Bishop, of Petersburg, Va., who has assisted me in various ways, and refers me to you. He gave me the facts concerning the capture of the flag of the Petersburg Grays in 1863, and its return in 1898. I became acquainted with him through James Anderson, of Springfield, Mass., who, I believe, is the only man who wore the blue that has become a member of a C. V. Camp, he having joined the A. P. Hill Camp at Petersburg.

"In writing the name of your city I was reminded of an event that occurred there in 1862, when the Northern troops took possession. Following their entry, Capt. William Driver raised the very flag he had christened "Old Glory," in Salem, Mass., thirty-one years before. The story of that flag has been written expressly for my work. That flag is still preserved in a Massachusetts institution. I also have the history of the flag that was displayed at Concord, Mass., on the 19th of April, 1775. It is preserved in the Bedford, Mass., library.

"I feel confident that I have the greatest amount of information concerning the flags of our country—excepting the Confederate emblem—that was ever collected."

The VETERAN trusts that comrades who can do so will supply Mr. Harrison with much important data about the flags of a nation that fell.

HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT, C. S. A.

Dr. W. J. Worsham, of Knoxville, Tenn., has written a history of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and it is now ready for sale. This regiment was made up of East Tennesseeans, and many of the members are still living. It was commanded by Col. C. W. Heiskell, of Memphis, who has seen the history and says it is one of the most complete war histories he has read.

The Nineteenth Regiment was brigaded with Zollicoffer's command, and served through East Tennessee and Kentucky during the four years of war.

The writing of regimental histories is a duty the survivors owe to future generations, that their deeds may be recorded correctly; and it is hoped that the appearance of this volume by Dr. Worsham may incite others to do their duty.

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

The best way is via Iron Mountain Route from St. Louis or Memphis through Little Rock to Texarkana, Texas & Pacific Railway, direct to the Dallas Fair Grounds, where the reunion will be held. Rate, one cent per mile each direction. Tickets on sale April 18, 19, 20, limited to May 2. On payment of fifty cents fee to joint agent at Dallas, extension granted to May 15. Low round-trip rates from Dallas, Tex., to Indian and Oklahoma Territory points. Tickets on sale April 25, 26; limited to May 14. Stop-over allowed at Benton, Ark., on the Iron Mountain Route, going and return trip, within limit of ticket, in order to visit the famous resort, Hot Springs. Special round-trip rate Benton to Hot Springs, $1.25. Charming scenery and opportunity to see this famous resort. Free reclining chair cars and Pullman sleepers on all trains. Special Confederate train to be operated from Memphis on the fastest schedule for the reunion. This very cheap rate is open to the public. Now is the best time and opportunity to visit Texas at the lowest rates ever offered. For particulars, map folders, descriptive literature, consult Ticket Agents, or address H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.; R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

Dr. W. W. Sutherland, Southland, Miss., would like to hear from some of the Second Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. C. C. Bartow; also from members of Morton's Battery. Dr. Sutherland served in both commands.

Two Hundred Thousand Cups

"SEAL BRAND"

...COFFEE...

1901, MEMPHIS 1902, DALLAS

GREETING TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS FROM

CHASE & SANBORN

BOSTON CHICAGO

ALL ROADS

will probably sell tickets at reduced rate to the Confederate Reunion to be held at Dallas, Tex., April 22 to 25, inclusive. But if you make the trip, you want to go the best way. You want all the conveniences obtainable. The Texas & Pacific Railway offers you these. It gives you splendid sleeper and through chair car service. It gives you choice of route via Memphis, Shreveport, or New Orleans. It gives you the very lowest rates that can be quoted. It is situated in Dallas. It is the only line with two depots in Dallas, permitting you to alight in East Dallas or down town in the center of the hotel district. It was the first line to subscribe to help entertain the Confederates during their stay in Dallas. It is desirous of your patronage and anxious to have an opportunity to please you. It is no trouble to answer questions. For information about rates, routes, schedules, sleepers, chair cars, etc., call on or write to J. H. Word, S. E. P. A., T. & P. R'y Co., Atlanta, Ga.; C. H. Morgan, T. P. A., Birmingham, Ala.; R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisvile, Ky.; I. E. Rehlander, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.; or E. P. Turner, G. P. A., Dallas, Tex.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

William A. Pitts, Pitts Avenue, Austin, Tex., writes that he has some information he wishes to communicate to the relatives of Col. William P. Rodgers, who was killed at Corinth, Miss.

J. B. Bush, Hennepin, Ill., makes inquiry for a comrade, George Matson, whom he last saw at Winchester, Va., when Gen. Lee was on the way to Gettysburg. Matson was on Gen. Ewell's staff.

Mrs. W. T. Gentry, Summitville, Tenn., wishes information of her brother, George Duncan, who belonged to Company E, Seventh Arkansas Regiment. He went through the battle of Shiloh, and was last heard of as being sent to the hospital at Columbus, Miss.

Through the State of Arkansas from east to west; through its fertile valleys, prairies, and beautiful uplands; through Indian Teritory, "the Promised Land," you will traverse by the "Choctaw Route" to the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion, Dallas, Tex., April 22 to 25.

A. D. Sullivan, Houston, Tex. (1819 Keene Avenue), inquires for Thomas Miles, W. A. and W. D. Melton, of whom they have not heard since they parted in North Carolina. Comrade Sullivan was a member of Company H, Second Arkansas Mounted Rifles, and was paroled at Charlotte, N. C.

P. S. Webb, of Winona, Miss., says he would like to hear from G. W. Roberts, of the First Arkansas Regiment, if living; that he will write him where he can find the Enfield rifle he carried through the war. From the length of the rifle, he judges that it was used by one of the First Arkansas Infantry.

C. L. Daughtry, of Bowling Green, Ky., inquires the whereabouts of Hack Skillman, formerly of Paris, Ky., who, when last heard from, was working near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. Comrade Skillman was a lieutenant in Ward's Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, Morgan's Command, and was paroled at Washington, Ga., in May, 1865.

Nothing too good for the old veterans and their friends. Free chair cars by the "Choctaw Route" to the reunion at Dallas in April.

S. T. East, Greenwood, Miss., would like the address of P. H. Morgan, of Company C, Twentieth Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A.

R. H. Defrese, 111 East Eighth Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., wishes information concerning his brother, Columbus Defrese, who belonged to the Sixty-Third Virginia Regiment, under Capt. Milton Humes, of Company A. The regiment was made up in Washington County, Va. Some comrade said the last seen of him he was lying wounded on the battlefield.

Mrs. Harriet Webb Dunbar, 41 Campbell Street, New Bedford, Mass., has a small Confederate flag which belonged to Capt. J. Hamilton, of the Jeff Davis Guards, in 1861, and she wishes to return to the preson who gave it to him—wife sister, or sweetheart. She prizes the little memento highly, but is desirous of returning it to the one who may prize it much more.

TIMOTHYS.

NEW SPRING FOULARD SILKS.

50 pieces of New Silk Foulards, worth 85c per yard, will open Monday at, per yard 39c

100 pieces of New Satin Liberty Foulards, worth $1 per yard, will be shown first time Monday at 79c

Wash Silks, worth 35c a yard, at 25c

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250 rolls of Royal Brussels, worth $1 per yard, at..... 75c

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NO CHARGE FOR MAKING OR LAYING THESE CARPETS.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

PURE BLOOD Necessary to Life.

BOTANIC BLOOD BALM MAKES IT.

Bad Blood Causes Eruptions, Sores, Ulcers,

Eczema, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism.

BOTANIC BLOOD BALM HEALS EVERY SORE—CURE GUARANTEED.

We see every day people whose faces plainly show that their blood is weak, thin, and diseased.

We want all the readers of the Confederate Veteran to know that we have a splendid blood purifier and blood builder in Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B).

It has wonderful curative powers because Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) contains the curative principles found in its pure, natural botanic ingredients.

Botanic Blood Balm acts directly on the humors and poisons in the blood and kills or destroys them. It purifies, strengthens, and vitalizes the blood.

It heals all ulcers, old eating sores, scrofula, itching skin, humors, swellings, bumps and risings on the skin, pimples, eczema, cancer, blood poison, stops aching bones or joints, backache, bad breath, by giving a pure, healthy blood supply. Whoever heard of any one having these symptoms if the blood was pure and rich? Botanic Blood Balm has cured thousands of cases given up as hopeless, or where the sufferer had spent hundreds of dollars on doctors, patent medicines, or hot springs. Old cases of bad blood that defied treatment in the best hospitals were all cured by Botanic Blood Balm. The most perfect blood purifier made. Thoroughly tested for thirty years. Sold by druggists at $1 per large bottle. To convince that it cures, a sample of B. B. B., also book on blood troubles and special medical advice, sent free and prepaid, if you describe your trouble and write Blood Balm Co., 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga.

A TEXAS WONDER.

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

RIPLEY, TENN., June 1, 1901.

Dr E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir: Having tried various remedies without satisfactory results, I was persuaded to give your "Texas Wonder" a trial. I have used one bottle, and, although my case is one of long standing that baffled the skill of the best physicians, yet it yielded at once to the "Texas Wonder," which I heartily recommend to all suffering from kidney and bladder troubles.

Yours truly, W. H. BRUTON,
Pastor Baptist Church, Ripley, Tenn.

A relative of J. D. Shewalter, who lived in Canton, Miss., when the war broke out, is anxious to secure any information as to his death and burial, or as to his position in the army. He was a man of prominence in Canton, raised a regiment at the beginning of the war, and, she undertsands, was made brigadier general and killed during the first year of the war. Any comrades or friends who can give her any information about him will confer a lasting obligation. Replies can be addressed to the VETERAN.

Subscriber will pay cash for old postage stamps on letters previous to 1870, United States, Confederate, or foreign. Look over your old correspondence, and write to C. E. FIELD,
5546 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Free chair cars via the "Choctaw Route" to the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Dallas, Tex., April 22 to 25.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN REUNION.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to Dallas, Tex., and return at greatly reduced rates, selling April 18, 19, and 20, with final limit for return passage May 2, 1902. Extension of limit until May 15, 1902, to be secured by depositing ticket with Joint Agent, Dallas, Tex., prior to April 30, 1902, and upon payment of fee of fifty cents at time of deposit. For further information, call on any Ticket Agent of the Southern Railway, or write C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A. Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn.

PREACHERS PRAISE

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

OPELIKA, ALA., May 12, 1900.
Having used Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic in my family and known of its use for a number of years, I take great pleasure in recommending it as a valuable household medicine. Its efficacy as a dressing for wounds, burns, etc., is really wonderful, preserving the flesh and allowing it to heal without inflammation or suppuration. It is very popular wherever it is well known.
J. F. PURSER,
Pastor Baptist Church.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Dec. 22, 1899.
Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic is our favorite remedy for cuts, burns, stings of insects, inflamed eyes, sore throat, or any manner of wound or inflammation. Have found it a safe and pleasant cure for colic and other internal derangement. I have never recommended proprietary medicines, but make an exception of this.
SID WILLIAMS, *Evangelist.*

WRITE
SHERROUSE MEDICINE CO.,
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For Free Samples.

ATLANTA and NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE.

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THE SHORT LINE BETWEEN ATLANTA and NEW ORLEANS,

Operate Magnificent Vestibuled Trains between Atlanta and Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans, at which latter point Close and Direct Connections are made for

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In addition to this excellent through train and car service, these railroads offer most favorable accommodations and inducements to their patrons and residents along their line. Any one contemplating a change of home can find no location more attractive nor more conducive to prosperity than is to be found on the line of these roads.

"THE HEART OF THE SOUTH,"

a beautifully illustrated book giving detailed information as to the industries and attractions along these lines, can be had upon application to the undersigned, who will take pleasure in giving all desired information.

B. F. WYLY, JR., Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., ATLANTA, GA.
R. E. LUTZ, Traffic Mgr., MONTGOMERY, ALA.
CHARLES A. WICKERSHAM, President and General Manager, ATLANTA, GA.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

For the Annual Reunion at Dallas, Tex., April 22d to 25th, 1902, the Mobile & Ohio Railroad will make **rate of one cent per mile**, and in many cases less, from all coupon ticket stations. Tickets limited for return to May 2d, with privilege of extension to May 15th. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars.

GILBERT'S

Gravel Weed Compound

SAVED HIS LIFE.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., July 18, 1901.
T. H. Gilbert, Huntsville, Ala.
Dear Sir: About two months ago, when I commenced taking your Gravel Weed Compound, the Improved Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Cure, I weighed 108 pounds. I had no appetite, and scarcely enough strength to walk one hundred yards. I was troubled with kidneys acting eight to ten times every night. By the time I had taken the third bottle of your Gravel Weed I could see a decided improvement in my condition. I have continued its use, and now weigh one hundred and forty-one pounds, have a good appetite, and am able to take charge of my engine for the Southern R. R. Co., where I have run for twenty-eight years. I cheerfully recommend Gilbert's Gravel Weed Compound to my friends as being the best medicine for what it is recommended that has ever been bottled. I think I have tried them all.
Gratefully yours, E. O. MAYS,
Locomotive Eng. So. R. R. Co.

Sold by all Druggists at 50 cents per bottle.
Trade supplied by
SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville.
The HESSIG-ELLIS DRUG CO., Memphis.

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Torsch & Minks Badge Co.,

222, 224 E. BALTIMORE ST.,

Baltimore, Md.,

about the badges you will require for the Dallas reunion, or for any other purposes.

PRICES REASONABLE AND WORK FIRST-CLASS.

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suffer from fleas and insects. XXTIRM kills insects on birds, animals, chickens, plants, etc., and is nonpoisonous. Insects have no lungs, but breathe through their bodies, and for this reason it does not require a poison to kill them. XXTIRM will thoroughly rid your house of roaches, and it also kills the eggs.
Put up in large cans for hotels and public institutions at $1, $2, $3, and $5. Packages sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

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For the purpose of introducing my Home Treatment in certain localities I will for a short time, give to every sufferer wanting a cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption and Weak Lungs **medicines for 3 months' treatment FREE.** No C. O. D. imposition. Write at once. **Dr. M. Beaty, 424 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.**

NOTE.—Dr. M. Beaty, the Throat and Lung Specialist, has an enviable reputation for ability in his profession, and will not promise what he cannot carry out. We advise our readers to write to him. [CHRISTIAN STANDARD.]

"CAMPAIGNS OF WHEELER AND HIS CAVALRY."

The manuscript of this work was presented by Gen. Joseph Wheeler (it having been prepared by members of his staff just after the war) as a legacy to his old command. The official records contain many hundred pages relating to the deeds of these men, and every commander of the Army of Tennessee is on record as commending their courage, their fortitude and steadfast devotion to the cause in which over two thousand of them laid down their lives from Kentucky to the Carolinas.

Less than two years ago, Camp A, Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry, was organized in Atlanta. Members of the camp raised the money for publication of the book, and all the profits over cost will go to the camp for the purpose of assisting indigent members of the old command and to give decent burial to those who are without friends or financial means. Aside from this motive, the association had in view the special one of rescuing from oblivion the record they gave some of the best years of their lives in making. No one can afford to be without this book. Address all orders to Col. John S. Prather, Commander Wheeler's Cavalry Association, Box 512, Atlanta, Ga.

ONE ROUTE TO DALLAS.

In every camp and bivouac plans are going forward to pay an annual visit to the reunion—plans that center upon Dallas, Tex., and include various lines of travel to be chosen and enjoyed. Thousands will make it convenient to pass through Chattanooga, where so many historic battlefields are to be visited, and where tourists from all over the world stop to see Chickamauga Park or to climb the heights of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

To Confederates especially is this interesting ground, for although disaster and defeat were theirs in some of the battles, wonderful bravery and endurance was exhibited here by the men in gray. Histories do not always tell fully how the battle of Chickamauga Creek was fought; but there are soldiers living to-day, wearing the gray, who will stand in the sunset glow upon Lookout Mountain to look off in the distance with a gleam of triumphant fire lighting their fearless eyes. There is naught but honor for Confederates in the memories that cluster about the battlefields around Chattanooga, and when veterans from North and East start on their long journey to Dallas it will be a keen joy to them to let the Queen & Crescent Railroad bring them to this city, where even from car windows battle scenes may be reviewed—grand not only in association, but in exquisite natural beauty.

The Queen & Crescent line does all that latter-day improvement has made possible for the comfort of travelers, and touches other points equally as interesting, including New Orleans, typical city of the Old South. A bit of unwritten history was told the writer upon a recent trip to Chattanooga by a veteran who fought in its battles—a story of mingled pathos and humor, which may be recounted when space allows.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON SOUVENIR Penholders and Paper Knives, made of Hickory from the Hermitage. Send 20 cents (stamps) to CAPT. E. W. AVERALL, 1507 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

The above Souvenirs are genuine, made by a worthy Confederate.—ED. VETERAN.

SALESMEN WANTED.

A COMMISSION BIG ENOUGH TO PRODUCE HEART FAILURE is offered to Traveling Men who desire a salable side line of well-known staple goods (not requiring the carrying of samples).

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GUITAR—Standard size, beautifully inlaid around sound hole, top edge and down back; edge bound with celluloid, finger board is fretted absolutely correct, pearl position dots, best American patent heads, improved metal tail piece. Regular $10 value. **Our Price, $4.20.**

BANJO—38 brackets, 11 inch nickel rim, wired edge, grooved stretcher band, fine calf skin head, hardwood neck, ebony pegs, inlaid frets, pearl positions. Not found in ordinary retail store. **Price $4.75.**

MEIERHOF VIOLIN—Meierhof's Conservatory, Stradivarius model, full ebony trimmed, rich amber or dark red, fine bow with it free. Retailers charge $15.00 for such an instrument. **Our Price, $4.90.**

SEND NO MONEY. We ship C. O. D., subject to examination at express office, the money to be paid to the express agent when the instrument is found entirely satisfactory. Big free Catalogue of Musical Instruments and sundries.

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HOMESEEKERS' RATES (ONE WAY) IN EFFECT MARCH 1 TO APRIL 30, INCLUSIVE.
THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPER EVERY TUESDAY.
TICKETS ON SALE DAILY.

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GENERAL CONFEDERATION WOMEN'S CLUBS, LOS ANGELES.
THE SANTA FE DECLARED THE OFFICIAL ROUTE.
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NO CHANGE OF CARS.
PULLMAN SLEEPERS THROUGH TO LOS ANGELES.

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IF YOU WISH TO SEE THE WONDROUS ROCK FORMATIONS OF NEW MEXICO, THE CANYON DIABLO, THE PUEBLO VILLAGE LAGUNA, THE UNIQUE CIVILIZATION AND SCENIC GRANDEUR OF THE WEST, TRAVEL VIA THE

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INTERESTING, ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE, 10 CENTS POSTAGE.
W. S. KEENAN, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT. GALVESTON.

If afflicted with SORE EYES USE DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

NATIONAL CONVENTION PEOPLE'S PARTY.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to Louisville and return at rate of one fare for the round trip, selling March 30 and 31 and April 1, with final limit for return passage April 4, 1902. For further information, call on any Ticket Agent of the Southern Railway, or write C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A. Southern Ry., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WANTED.—Copies of the *Southern Bivouac* for September, 1882; May, June, and September, 1883. Will pay good price. Address

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

FOR SALE.

A newspaper printed on wall paper, published by J. M. Swords at Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863. It is one of the last copies of the wall paper edition. Apply to G. W. OVERMAN, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

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R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

A Free Picture of Gen. Lee

Any veteran, who contemplates attending the Reunion at Dallas, April 22nd to 25th, will receive a handsome picture of General Robert E. Lee, and a copy of his farewell address (suitable for framing), if he will send us his name and address, and the name and address of the Camp to which he belongs.

COTTON BELT ROUTE

Your best route to Dallas will be via Memphis. The Cotton Belt operates its own trains (two each day) from Memphis to Dallas and other Texas cities without change. These trains leave Memphis, morning and evening, after the arrival of trains via all lines, thus offering you close connections and excellent service.

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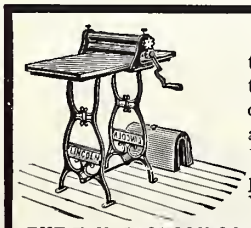
I have been taking Ripans Tabules for the dyspepsia, and they have helped me wonderfully. I do not know any particular way they affect me, but they seem to give vigor to the entire system. I had a sort of languid feeling, but since taking the Tabules I feel spirited and have not that melancholy way about me. I think they are good for a general build-up of the system, as they seem to act like a tonic.

AT DRUGGISTS.

The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, sixty cents, contains a supply for a year.



We will sell this **Kneader** to any reader of the VETERAN at wholesale. We will also pay the freight. Write for price.

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Barber Shop, Russian and Turkish Bath Rooms.

315 and 317 CHURCH STREET.

Also Barber Shop at 325 Church Street.

SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send for catalog. Agents wanted. COULTER OPTICAL CO. Chicago, Ill.

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THE WINTER RESORT OF AMERICA.

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FRISCO SYSTEM

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

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The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

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Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

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Will You Attend the

Confederate Reunion

... at ...

Dallas, Texas, in April?

If so, we hope you will use the **Texas and Pacific Railway.** Chair Cars (seats free) and superb Pullman Sleepers on all through trains.

Will be glad to correspond with you in regard to rates, schedules, sleepers, etc.

Take our line at Texarkana, Shreveport, or New Orleans.

No trouble to answer questions.

H. P. HUGHES,
Traveling Passenger Agent,
FT. WORTH, TEX.

E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEX.

Santa Fe

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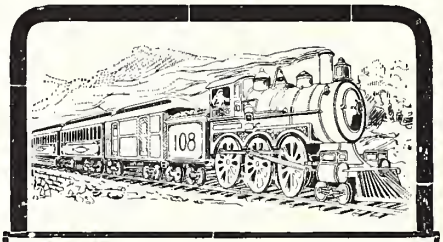

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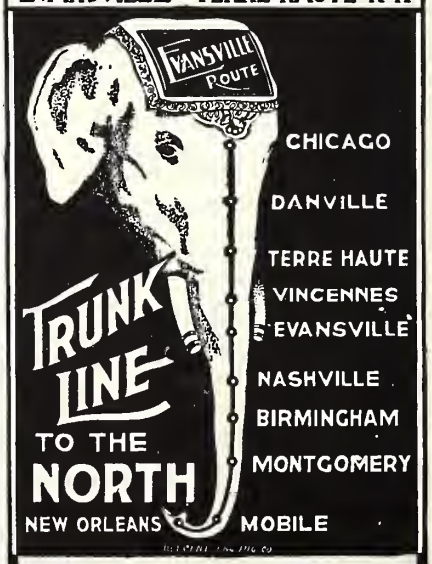

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Capital Stock, $1,000,000 Par Value of Shares, $10 Each

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Col. Crandall was a gallant Confederate soldier, and those who know the history of Crandall's Regiment in the war between the States will be glad to know that he is President of the Confederate Mining Company.

The Confederate Mining Company is a development company. It is the experience of all mining experts that more and larger fortunes are made by the development companies than by buying out and operating established mines. It takes large capital to buy and operate a gold, silver, or copper mine.

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There are no salaried officers or other great expense to be paid out, but every dollar will be used by the managers in developing and working the company's property. Every dollar will be accounted for by a bonded treasurer. No money will be paid out only upon an order from the Board of Managers and the President.

When the ten thousand shares now on the market are sold no more will be offered at that price, and will be withdrawn or sold at par value, ten dollars per share.

Not less than ten nor more than two hundred shares will be sold to any one person or camp.

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Directors for the Company will be elected at the Dallas, Tex., Reunion, April 22-25. All the stockholders are requested to be present.

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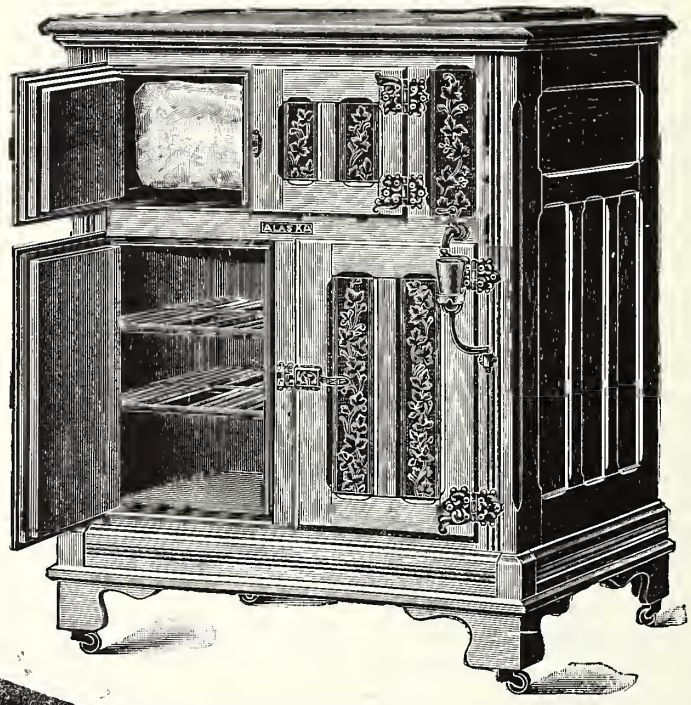

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Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1902 No. 4

Confederate Veteran

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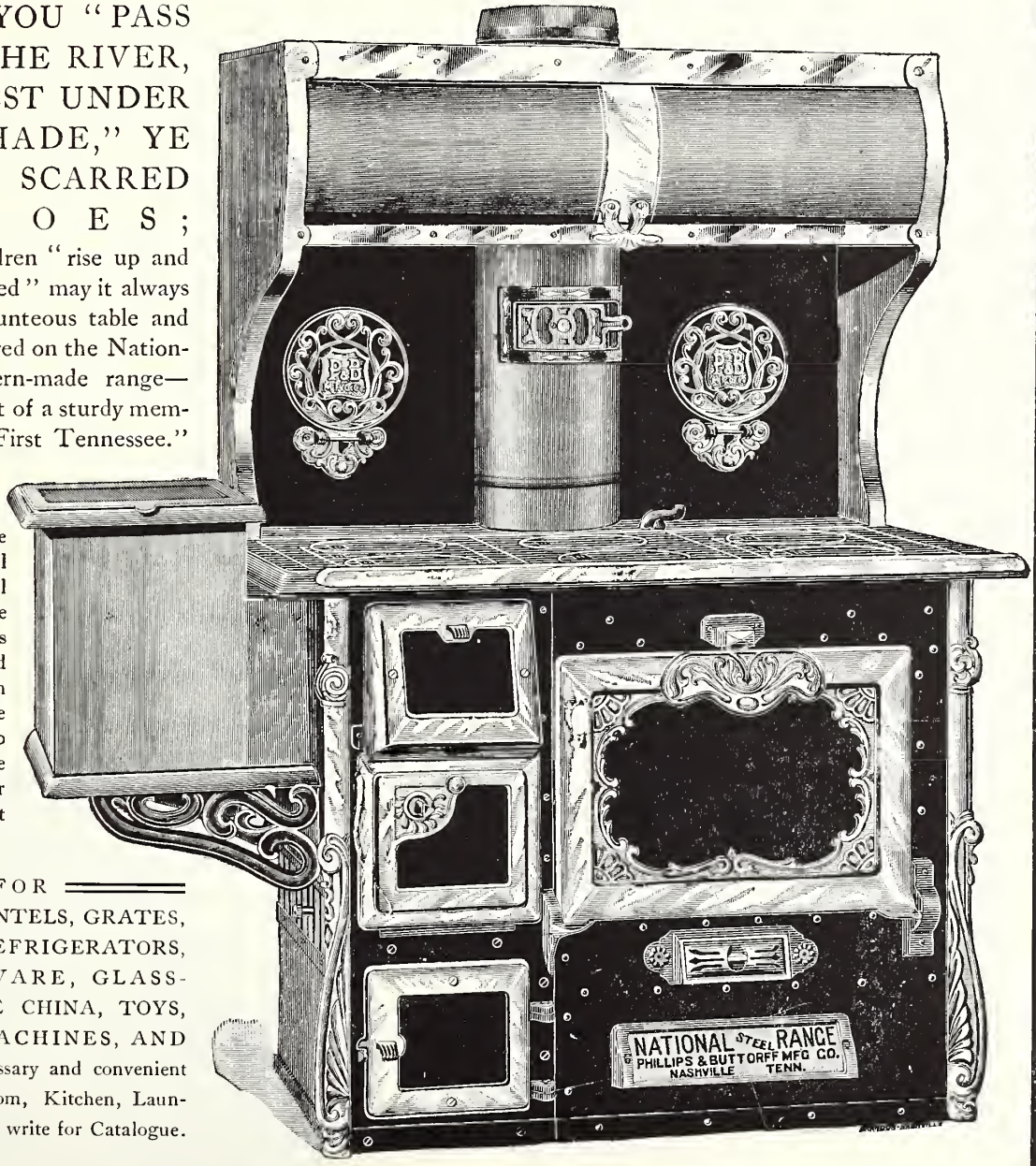

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1902 | No. 4. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

THE REAR GUARD.

The guns are hushed. On every field once flowing
With war's red flood May's breath of peace is shed,
And spring's young grass and gracious flowers are growing
Above the dead.

Ye gray old men whom we this day are greeting,
Honor to you, honor and love and trust!
Brave to the brave! Your soldier hands are meeting
Across their dust.

Bravely they fought who charged when flags were flying
In cannon's crash, in screech and scream of shell;
Bravely they fell, who lay alone and dying
In battle's hell.

Honor to them! Far graves to-day are flinging
Up through the soil peace blooms to meet the sun,
And daisied heads to summer winds are singing
Their long well done.

MISS SUSANNA ROBERTS, SPRINGFIELD, MO.,
Sponsor for Missouri.

Our vanguard, they. They went with hot blood flushing
At battle's din, at joy of bugle's call.
They fell with smiles, the flood of young life gushing.
Full brave the fall!

But braver ye who, when the war was ended,
And bugle's call and wave of flag were done,
Could come back home, so long left undefended,
Your cause unwon,

And twist the useless sword to hook of reaping,
Rebuild the homes, set back the empty chair,
And brave a land where waste and want were keeping
Guard everywhere.

All this you did, your courage strong upon you,
And out of ashes, wreck, a new land 'rose.
Through years of war no braver battle won you,
'Gainst fiercer foes.

And now to-day a prospered land is cheering
And lifting up her voice in lusty pride
For you gray men, who fought and wrought, not fearing
Battle's red tide.

Our rear guard, ye whose step is slowing, slowing,
Whose ranks, earth thinned, are filling otherwhere,
Who wore the gray—the gray, alas! still showing
On bleaching hair.

For forty years you've watched this land grow stronger,
For forty years you've been its bulwark, stay;
Tarry awhile; pause yet a little longer
Upon the way,

And set our feet where there may be no turning,
And set our faces straight on duty's track,
Where there may be for stray, strange gods no yearning
Nor looking back.

And when for you the last tattoo has sounded,
And on death's silent field you've pitched your tent,
When, bowed through tears, the arc of life has rounded
To full content,

We that are left will count it guerdon royal,
Our heritage no years can take away,
That we were born of those, unflinching, loyal,
Who wore the gray.

—*Irene Fowler Brown.*

Memphis, Tenn.

NOTICE TO FORREST'S TROOPERS.

Gen. Tyree H. Bell will command them at Dallas.

The following order has been issued to the members of Forrest's Cavalry Corps by Charles W. Anderson, Brigadier and Assistant Adjutant General:

Greatly regretting his inability to attend the reunion of Confederate Veterans at Dallas, Tex., the Lieutenant General commanding directs me to say that, notwithstanding, the annual reunion of Forrest's Veteran Cavalry Corps for the purpose of reorganization, etc., will be held next fall at some point to be hereafter designated in West Tennessee or Southwest Kentucky.

Yet appreciating the courteous recognition of the corps by Gen. J. B. Gordon, commanding the United Confederate Veterans, and duly mindful of the cordial invitation of the Texas Reunion Association, that we attend the Dallas reunion as an organization, this special order No. 20 has been issued:

"Owing to the inability of the Lieutenant General commanding to attend the reunion at Dallas, Tex., April 22-25, prox., Maj. Gen. Tyree H. Bell is hereby authorized and directed to assume command of Forrest's Veteran Cavalry Corps at that place.

Gen. Bell will establish corps headquarters at Dallas, and Division and Brigade commanders are directed to report to him on arrival at Dallas.

Members of the staff of Gen. Kelley attending the reunion at Dallas are hereby directed to report to Maj. Gen. Bell for duty or assignment. By order of Lieut. Gen. D. C. Kelley.

Assistant Adjutant General C. W. Anderson issued General Order No. 5 from Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 7, 1902 as follows: Announcement of the staff of Gen. Bell, commanding corps:

1. Surviving members of Lieut. Gen. Forrest's Staff: Charles W. Anderson, Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Dr. J. B. Cowan, Colonel and Chief Surgeon, Tullahoma, Tenn.; John W. Morton, Colonel and Chief of Artillery, Nashville, Tenn.; George Dashiell, Colonel and Chief Paymaster, Memphis, Tenn.; William M. Forrest, Colonel and Aide-de-camp, Memphis, Tenn.; Samuel Donelson, Colonel and Aide-de-camp, Washington, D. C.

2. All members of the staff of Lieut. Gen. Kelley, as announced in General Order No. 4, will report to Gen. Bell, at Dallas, Tex.

3. New appointments, as follows: W. M. McConnell, of Fort Worth, Tex., Colonel and Chief Quartermaster; Sidney Smith, Dallas, Tex., Major and Assistant Quartermaster; Charles Richie, Dallas, Tex., Major and Assistant Quartermaster; George E. Seay, Gallatin, Tenn., Colonel and Commissary; George B. Guild, Nashville, Tenn., Colonel and Paymaster.

4. Sponsor, Miss Rebecca Dismukes Donelson, Gallatin Tenn. Maids of Honor: Miss Virginia Leoma Cobb, Kentucky; Miss Lily Vertrees Bell, Dallas, Tex.

The corps organization of the Dallas reunion is as follows:

First Division.—Maj. Gen. E. W. Rucker, Commanding, Birmingham, Ala.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Robert McCullough, Commanding, Booneville, Mo. Composed of Bell's old Tennessee Brigade and all other veterans not otherwise assigned.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. C. Blanton, Commanding, Nettleton, Miss. Composed of all Mississippi veterans.

Second Division.—Brig. Gen. Baxter Smith, Commanding, Nashville, Tenn.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. W. G. Smith, Commanding, Sparta, Tenn. Composed of Middle Tennessee and Alabama veterans.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. G. A. C. Holt, Commanding, Memphis, Tenn. Composed of Kentucky and all West Tennessee veterans, except Bell's old brigade.

After the reunion at Dallas, general line and staff officers who have been temporarily changed will resume their former positions, and the corps organization will continue as announced in General Order No. 4, March 28, 1901.

SUGGESTION AS TO THE ROUSS CONTRIBUTION.

Capt. Jno. W. Morton's letter suggesting a division of the Rouss contribution of $100,000 among the several Southern States should certainly meet with a most enthusiastic accord from every one of them. It should be provided that each State furnishes much to the fund.

MISS ROSA MONTGOMERY, OF ROME,
Sponsor for the Georgia Division at Dallas.

The advantages of a Rouss Confederate Hall in every Southern State are numerous and potent; Confederate interests would be localized, State pride would be stimulated, while in the contribution of relics, souvenirs, and historic matter, there would be commendable rivalry. A room so necessary for the meetings of all Confederate organizations could be set aside for this purpose, and the name of Mr. Rouss would be permanently connected with a dozen or more museums instead of one, and the speedy accomplishment of Mr. Rouss's patriotic endeavor would be realized.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Valued and interesting data for the U. D. C. Department is held over for the May issue, as is much more besides. Contributors patience is sought.

The dedication of a marble shaft to Gen. Bishop on Pine Mountain, Ga., and on the spot where he was killed will be given with illustrations in May VETERAN.

To name a successor to Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton as Department Commander, Army of Northern Virginia, is an important matter that will require prompt attention. The VETERAN is so impressed with the fitness of Gen. C. I. Walker, Commander of the South Carolina Division, for the place that it mentions his extraordinary zeal from the beginning, and his success as the continuous Commander of his State Division from its organization. It would not only honor this suitable man for building up that important department, but it would demonstrate appreciation of his service which has been a credit to the cause everywhere.

The desire of Gen. Clement A. Evans, President of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association, to furnish through the VETERAN a report of the proceedings of their meeting held in Atlanta, Ga., March 28 and 29, 1902, is responded to in an article that follows with brief comment. The editor of the Veteran was in Atlanta hoping to hear the proceedings and to be of any practicable service to the Board, but was informed that, by resolution, neither he nor members of the Atlanta daily papers were to be admitted, but that a report would be furnished. That report is herewith given in full.

The editor of the VETERAN attended a former meeting of the Board in Atlanta, October 20 and 21, 1895, and was cordially welcomed. The members were considerate enough to adjourn to an appointment for a group picture to be published in the VETERAN. One member, Col. Kenan, of North Carolina, had to leave the city, but expressed his regret. President Evans refers to this as a "full report." While confidence cannot be betrayed, friends of the writer are assured that much more occurred in the meeting which would be of interest to the public and gratifying to friends of the VETERAN. This failure is all the more deplored because there will be nothing like so full a meeting at Dallas. It will be remembered that the day after adjournment of the U. C. V. Convention in Memphis publication was made that the Superintendent was reelected for two years from date of Dallas meeting, and the report was signed by all of the Executive Committee. The report of this last meeting of the Board does not refer to that matter which should have had attention.

President Evans furnished the Atlanta *Journal* a brief but merited tribute to Col. A. G. Dickinson, copied in this VETERAN. With pride and gratitude mention is made of the constant and faithful friendship of Col. Dickinson to the VETERAN.

To refuse admission of the editor of the official organ, also the daily press, and to enjoin secrecy by the members is inconsistent with the spirit of the movement. A paragraph put in type months ago seems appropriate now and in this connection.

Never has there a line of criticism of the Board of Trustees appeared in the VETERAN, but it is indeed strange that this responsible body did not repudiate the secret contract made by the Executive Committee with their superintendent to give him, in addition to the large salary of $4,500, the unprecedented percentage and "salary" besides for the many incidentals named in the contract. It is strange that a meeting was not called for special action when these facts were made known; strange they would agree to pay the superintendent the twenty-five per cent and consent that after the sum shall have been raised, he be permitted upon full United Confederate Veteran authority to solicit from those who are not interested in the cause the salary in addition; and, again, it is strange that the Trustees empowered this same Executive Committee to go to Richmond and proceed to the erection of a Confederate Memorial Hall, adopting its own plans and contracts in all respects. Surely, the Trustees will ere long realize their individual responsibilities and act accordingly.

Technically, every Camp of Confederates is in the attitude of indorsing all these things. They are of record as approving the action of the Board of Trustees and its Executive Committee.

This report compared with that at Memphis shows no progress whatever. The facts remain that with the large sum of $15,000 to $20,000 expended by Mr. Rouss in the beginning—the $9,400 raised by Southern people is reduced to $8,684.69—and the conditional sum of $34,425 is what there is to show for an expenditure to the superintendent, allowed him at the Memphis meeting, of $25,023.87.

ROUSS MEMORIAL HALLS.

Capt. Morton's Proposition to Have One In Each State.

The following letter has been addressed by Capt. Jno. W. Morton, Chief of Artillery, Forrest's Cavalry, to Col. A. G. Dickinson, representing the Rouss estate, New York City:

Dear Sir: There is no doubt a wish throughout the Southern States that the patriotic and munificent gift of $100,000 by the late Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York, to commemorate the virtue and courage of the Confederate soldier by the erection of a memorial building as a depository of relics should be made available for the noble purpose intended. It has often been a matter of wonder that this grand gift has not been easily supplemented by the people of the Southern States, but it is a subject of common report that because of

envy, jealousy, or what of a contrariety of disposition, the movement has languished for want of the general coöperation which so exalted and patriotic an enterprise should inspire. Not another generation should be permitted to pass away before substantial and decided action is taken to carry out the purpose of the author of the memorial idea, and to emphasize the approval and sympathy of the Southern people. Why cannot this be done, and at once?

You, as sole representative of the gift, would no doubt be pleased to consider any suggestion toward the solution of the difficulty which would meet popular approbation. With this view in mind, I ask if this could not be accomplished by a fair division of the $100,000 given by Mr. Rouss among the several Southern States, the apportionment to each State to be according to the number of troops furnished by it to the Confederacy, for the erection at its capital of a Rouss Memorial Museum; the funds already subscribed in the States or elsewhere for the same purpose to be applied to the maintenance of the museum or Rouss Hall of each State? The details could be arranged by the Memorial Committee.

Every Southern State harbors, and long has cherished, a State pride which embraces its history, and most especially the valor and glory of her sons in the great Civil War. The vast extent of territory covered by the Southern States, as a whole, render inconvenient to the largest part of them the establishment of a single battle abbey for the entire South. At Richmond it would be further out of the way than if located in some other State.

If each State had the incentive of a Confederate Memorial Museum, all the States would vie with each other in the ennobling work of commemorating the heroism of their sons with results in exhibitions, relics, and souvenirs amply to satisfy the survivors and all of their blood, and to furnish a temple of fame for local, civic, and martial pride and emulation. There is no danger that any State would not do its part. Every one of them furnished heroes by the thousands, and every one of them gave to the cause of the South and to the State names that are dear and familiar to fame.

In this suggestion, it seems to the writer, there is an opportunity fittingly and practically to fulfill the purpose of the Rouss gift for the honor of the Confederate soldier, and at the same time, by connecting his name with it, to perpetuate his generosity forever in all of the Southern States. Instead of having one Rouss Memorial Hall for all the Southern States you can have one for each of them.

MEMBERS OF THE C. B. ROUSS MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, ATLANTA, GA., OCTOBER 21, 1895.

Gen. Geo. D. Johnston, Tuscaloosa, Ala. Gen. C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga. Capt. W. R. Garrett, Nashville, Tenn. Dr. L. C. Tennent, Indian Territory. Col. R. C. Wood, New Orleans, La. Col. J. R. McIntosh, Meridian, Miss.

Gen. Geo. H. Steuart, South River, Md. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Tex. Capt. Jno. Carter, Avon, Ky. Col. A. G. Dickinson, New York City. Col. Jno. B. Carey, Richmond, Va. Capt. Jno. M. Hickey, Washington, D. C.

Maj. J. Ogden Murray, Charleston, W. Va. Hon. W. C. Ratcliff, Little Rock, Ark. Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.

REPORT OF THE MEETING AT ATLANTA OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, MARCH 28, 1902.

The Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association desire to furnish their comrades through the VETERAN, as official organ of the U. C. V., and the press at large, with a general but full account of the proceedings of their meeting held in Atlanta, Ga., March 28 and 29, this year. The call for this meeting was made by the President of the board, and the trustees fully attended. Personally present were Clement A. Evans, Georgia; Robert White, West Virginia; J. Taylor Ellyson, Virginia; Thomas S. Kenan, North Carolina; B. A. Teague, South Carolina; George Reese, Florida; W. R. Garrett, Tennessee; J. B. Briggs, Kentucky; W. D. Cameron, Mississippi; W. G. Ratcliffe, Arkansas; A. G. Dickinson, New York. Those present by proxy were George D. Johnston, Alabama; J. O. Casler, Oklahoma; J. M. Hickey, District of Columbia.

The Convention was in session the greater part of two days and one night discussing fully the affairs of the Association. Gen. Clement A. Evans presided, and Col. Thomas S. Kenan, Secretary. Business was opened by a written address of the President stating reasons for the call, and suggesting order of proceeding. Col. Ellyson, of Richmond, read the report of the Treasurer, Judge George L. Christian, and referred to the very full reports that had been made at Louisville and Memphis, published at the time in the newspapers. The Treasurer's report showed that on January 8, 1902, the sum of $68,684.69 was to his credit with the Virginia Trust Company at Richmond, Va. Also to his credit as treasurer the sum of $34,425 in the Farmers' and Traders' Bank at Covington, Ky. These two amounts are in cash and not in subscription.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

In reviewing the exhaustive report in detail made by the Trustees at Memphis, 1901, the status of the large and generous gift of Mr. Daly of $50,000 reported at that time, had since been seriously affected by his death, and would probably be reduced by compromise with his executors to $20,000. Taking this into consideration, and eliminating all assets that may be classed as doubtful, the following statement was made up by the Trustees themselves to January, 1902, from which no material change has taken place:

MISS FANNIE ENGLAND, VAN BUREN, ARK. Maid of Honor for Third Brigade.

MISS NANA WILLIFORD, BELLEFONTE, ARK. Maid of Honor for Third Brigade.

4*

In the Virginia Trust Company at Richmond, Va., to the credit of the treasurer, $68,684.69; in the Farmers' and Traders' Bank at Covington, Ky., also to the credit of the treasurer, $34,425; the Tennessee Centennial Exposition donation of one-third gross receipts, $6,025.90; the sum of $5,423.30, stated to be in the custody of various camps not paid over; the sum of $1,500 in a few large collectable subscriptions; add to these amounts the sum of $20,000 from the Daly subscription, and also the remainder of the subscription of Charles Broadway Rouss—to wit, $40,000, and it is ascertained that from these seven sources we have an available sum of $176,053.89. Of this amount Mr. Rouss is the contributor of $100,000, and this gift of our generous comrade has been more than matched by subscriptions as reported at Memphis, but the unfortunate reduction of the large Daly subscription has left us where we must raise at least the sum of $25,000 from all sources.

If the question is asked what part of these funds is conditional, the answer is that our whole enterprise is conditioned on the raising of $200,000. The gift by Mr. Rouss is absolutely sure, and we can meet all conditions in thirty days if we will.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

To the question of expenses it is a pleasure to say that Mr. Rouss contributed considerable sums to meet expenses additional to his round subscription of one hundred thousand dollars. In the early efforts of the original committee appointed at Houston by the U. C. V. to organize and raise funds, the expenses of printing circulars to the Camps and distributing pamphlets in large quantities for the public together with the expenses of the first secretary and solicitor of funds, were considerable and were necessarily met in part from donated money. After the charter was obtained, under which this Board of Trustees has acted, the expenses of the continued canvass were still paid awhile by Comrade Rouss, and then an expense fund was authorized to be raised independently of the permanent fund. This board set apart the sum that has come into its hands from the contribution of Camps, Confederates, and all Confederate organizations as the nucleus of a sacred permanent fund not to be used on account of any expenses. Whatever has been raised from contributions of Camps and Confederates generally, is applied to the permanent fund without deduction.

The amounts paid in from other sources have been subject necessarily to expenses and the net result is stated above. The resolution to preserve our cash contributions intact will be adhered to, and all contributors can pay their money direct to the Treasurer at Richmond, if they desire to do so.

THE GIFT OF MR. ROUSS.

During the session Col. A. G. Dickinson, one of our bravest comrades, and always greatly interested in the building of a Memorial Hall, also a trustee for several years as the representative of Mr. Rouss presented a letter of credentials from Mr. P. W. Rouss, confirming fully the original proffer of one hundred thousand dollars, and his readiness to pay the balance unpaid on that sum as soon as the like amount was paid into the treasury of the C. M. A. There was never any doubt upon this point. The assurance through Col. Dickinson was voluntary and presented a renewed claim upon us to promptly respond on our part.

TRIBUTES TO MR. ROUSS.

After many appropriate eulogies and the passage of resolutions in memory of Mr. Rouss, it was unanimously agreed on motion of Col. Kenan, that in the erection of the main Confederate memorial building, the name of the founder, Charles Broadway Rouss, shall be permanently placed prominent in the front thereof, and that the form in which this appropriate honor shall be bestowed will be hereafter determined.

LOCATION AT RICHMOND.

In the matter of any misunderstandings of the action of the trustees in selecting Richmond as the place where the Confederate Memorial Building should be erected, the President stated that if the trustees had acted under a mistake they had not yet gone so far as to be unable to rescind their resolutions adopted at Atlanta. On this ruling Col. Ellyson, trustee for the Virginia division, and resident of Richmond, immediately moved that the Atlanta resolutions be rescinded. Protests by the trustees followed, and on the motion being put it was rejected by the votes of all trustees, excepting only the vote of the mover of the resolution. The committee in charge of negotiations with the people of Richmond was continued, with instructions to report at the meeting in Dallas. There are no good reasons for any fear that the people of Richmond will not do their part.

CONCLUSION.

It is believed that all concerned will see that under the difficulties, for which this board is not responsible; that notwithstanding disappointments which could not be foreseen, and despite of hindrances which should not have occurred, the trustees, within a comparatively short period since the C. M. A. was chartered, to-wit, August, 1896, and fairly at work in 1897—a period of less than six years—have brought this sacred work to that point where harmony and cooperation in liberality on the part of all Confederates will result in the fulfillment of the trust committed to us all alike. Constructions of other great monuments have lingered. The Washington monument at the nation's capitol, designed to be built by States, rose slowly through many years—from 1848 to 1878. The monument to Mary Washington stood incomplete through two or three generations. The monument to our own most illustrous Confederate, the heroic and devoted President of the Confederacy, is still unwrought; and delay of that prime duty is our greatest shame. Appeals of the most fervent kinds have been made on behalf of our Memorial Hall without commensurate response. But with no heart for rebuke, and all heart for sympathy in the work to which the trustees devote their time, toil, and money gladly and without charge of any kind, they (the trustees) say that if all the camps that have subscribed will send their money to our treasurer, if all Confederates and friends will do likewise, if every one who is appealed to by any authorized solicitor will make a memorial contribution, then the sum lost out of our former calculations on account of unpaid subscriptions, will be more than supplied. We will be made able to gather into our bonded treasurer's custody all the scattered amounts mentioned in this report, and be placed in a condition to make a contract for the construction of the Battle Abbey. CLEMENT A. EVANS, *President.*

ANXIOUS FOR SUPPORT TO INDIGENT CONFEDERATES.—We, the undersigned Committee, appointed by the John A. Jenkins Camp No. 993, United Confederate Veterans, while assembled at Dresden, Tenn., on March 22, 1902, do hereby prepare and submit the following resolution, to wit:

We do most heartily and sincerely ask any one that may become a candidate for the next General Assembly of Tennessee to introduce a bill and support the same, which will provide "for the pensioning of all ex-Confederate soldiers who are in indigent circumstances, and all widows of ex-Confederate soldiers who are in similar circumstances." We most cordially ask that this be done, and that the candidates for said office or offices express themselves upon this subject publicly.

J. R. Little, F. E. Garrett, S. H. Darrell, W. A. Thompson, S. P. Scott, and J. W. Phillips, Committee.

These comrades may not be posted in regard to the liberal pension laws now on the Tennessee statutes. If they are they must desire by the foregoing to have the candidates in that section express themselves publicly on the subject.

GENS. CLEBURNE AND ADAMS AT FRANKLIN.

In the *Southern Bivouac* for October, 1885, James Barr, of Company E, Sixty-Fifth Illinois Volunteers, writing from Barwell, Kans., states:

I was somewhat interested in that terrible affair at

MISS ANNA BLACK JAMISON, GUTHRIE, OKLA., Sponsor.

MRS L. W. BEADLES, GUTHRIE, OKLA., Chaperone.

MISS KATHERINE HARRELL, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., Maid of Honor.

MISS AMA FURROW, GUTHRIE, OKLA., Chief Maid of Honor.

Franklin. I was a prisoner near the cotton gin for about three or four minutes; was ordered to the rear by some Confederates, and would have had a trip to Andersonville had it not been for that "devil-may-care" counter charge made by Illinoisans and Kentuckians. Our Col. Stewart (Sixty-Fifth Illinois) tried hard to save the life of Gen. Adams, of Mississippi. Col. Stewart called to our men not to fire on him, but it was too late. Adams rode his horse over the ditch to the top of the parapet, undertook to grasp the "old flag" from the hands of our color sergeant, when he fell, horse and all, shot by the color guard.

I was a reënlisted veteran, and went through twenty-seven general engagements, but I am sure that Franklin was the hardest fought field that I ever stood upon. Gen. J. D. Cox (in his "Franklin and Nashville") censures Gen. Wagner for holding to his advanced position too long, calls his action a gross blunder, etc.; but, as one of Cox's men, I looked upon the matter in a different light. I think if Cleburne had not struck Wagner's two brigades as he did that his brave lads would have broken our line successfully; but, as it was, his men were badly winded with his work with Wagner, which gave Opdycke's and White's men a better chance to check him at the cotton gin. The way I saw it was this: I was acting as orderly and standing a few paces east of the cotton gin. The first Confederate troops that came in view were Stewart's Corps on our left with Cheatham's Corps to the left of Stewart. The Confederate line moved easily and steadily on, until Cleburne was checked for the time by Wagner. The short time lost by Cleburne threw Stewart's line too far in advance. Stewart was first to receive the fire from our main line, and was unable to carry our works, his men who were not killed or wounded being compelled to retire. Now Cleburne, who had not been delayed by Wagner, came up just in time to receive a heavy right oblique fire from the men who had repulsed Stewart's Corps. I never saw men in such a terrible position as Cleburne's Division was in for a few minutes. The wonder is that any of them escaped death or capture.

MRS. M. H. HALL, LITTLE ROCK,
Corresponding Secretary Arkansas Division, U. D. C.

In the *Bivouac* for November, 1885, John McQuaide, of Vicksburg, Miss., wrote:

Some time since I called attention to the inaccuracies of current history in regard to the manner of Gen. Patrick Cleburne's death at Franklin. The subject has been brought to my mind again by Mr. James Barr's letter. It has been stated that Cleburne and his horse were killed on top of the works, which is incorrect. It was Gen. John Adams, of Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps. Early next morning I assisted in putting his body in an ambulance; also the body of Gen. Cleburne. Adams's horse was dead upon the works, with its front legs toward the inner side of the works. Adams's body was lying outside, at the base of the works, when I helped to pick it up. Cleburne's body was not less than fifty or sixty yards from the works and on nearly a straight line from where Adams fell. This may appear strange, as the two Generals belonged to different divisions and different corps; but there were repeated charges made upon the works; when one command was repulsed another would be thrown forward.

SISTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Tom Hall writes from Louisville, Ky.:

Lying sweetly at rest beneath a large granite shaft in the Congregational part of the cemetery at Gethsemane Abbey, Nelson County, Kentucky, are the remains of Amanda Davis, a sister of the late illustrious President Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy, yet strange as it may seem, there are few people aware that he ever had a sister. On this colossal shaft are these words:

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR
BELOVED MOTHER,
AMANDA DAVIS.
BORN NOVEMBER 14, 1800;
MARRIED IN LOUISIANA TO DAVID BRADFORD.
BAPTIZED IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC FAITH AT NAZARETH, KY.,
TAKING THE BAPTISMAL NAME, AMANDA JANE FRANCES BRADFORD.
DIED AT NEW HOPE, KY., IN HER EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR,
OCTOBER 22, 1881.
"MAY SHE REST IN PEACE!"

Through her marriage Mrs. Bradford became related to numerous influential families in Nelson county, prominent among whom were the Miles's, so famed as distillers, cattle people, and raisers of fine horses. The place of burial is immediately where the Monks of Gethsemane who pass away at the Abbey are laid, only a small iron rail fence separating the graves, and there is only one other woman buried in these sacred precincts—Mrs. Miles, one of the most liberal benefactors to this famous Abbey.

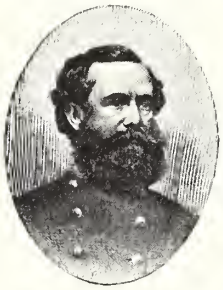
MRS. LEES' GIFT TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Mrs. S. P. Lees, of New York, recently left sixty thousand dollars to Confederate survivors of the war, placing it in the hands of Mrs. C. R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, and Mr. Cabell Bullock, of Lexington, Ky., for disposal and trust. Mr. Bullock is a member of the Orphan Brigade, of whom that organization has reason to be proud—upright and honorable, with no taste for display or false representation. Mrs. Lees was a native of Lexington and a warm Southern sympathizer. Her gift was one which will be far-reaching in its good results. Southern born men and women will never foregt the struggles of the aged Confederate soldiers who are unprovided with pensions.

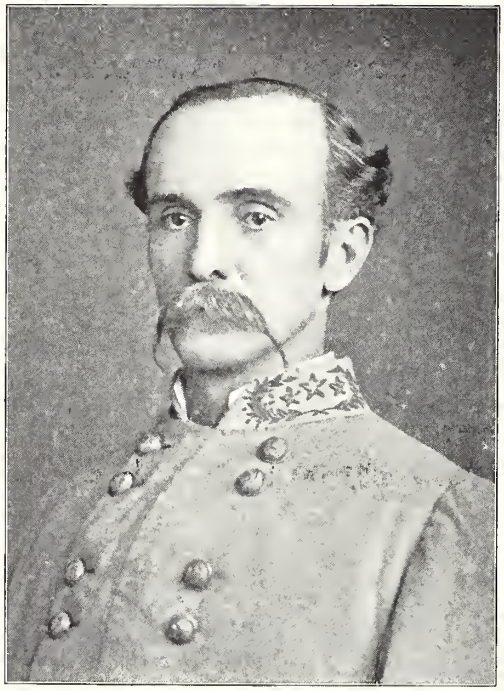
LIEUT. GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, issues from headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., April 11, 1902, in General Orders No. 275, the following:

Overwhelmed with grief, the General Commanding announces to his comrades and countrymen that the great spirit of the chivalrous Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, late Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, United Confederate Veterans, took its flight to join Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Beauregard, Bragg, Hood, Forrest, Stuart, Shelby, Van Dorn, and the hosts of his comrades encamped upon the other shore, at his home in Columbia S. C., at 9:30 A.M., this day.



Truly can it be said that the blood of heroes coursed in his veins, as he was the third bearing the illustrious name of Wade Hampton, his grandfather having fought under Marion and Sumter, and was a major general in the Revolutionary War, his father a hero in the wars from 1812 to 1815, and aide-de-camp to Gen. Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans; and he by his resplendent career grandly and proudly upheld the renown achieved by his heroic sires, as he was one of our greatest soldiers, a statesman without blemish, a peerless citizen and a pure man.



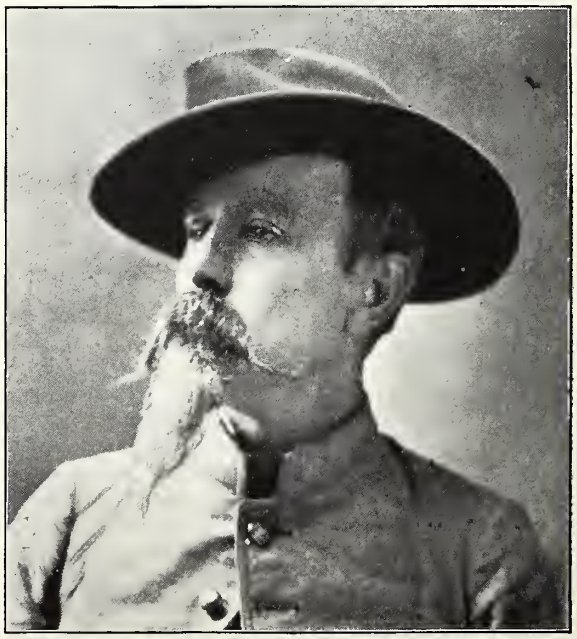
GEN. G. W. GORDON,
Commander Tennessee Division U. C. V.

He joined the Confederate Army as a private, and was successively promoted until he attained the rank of Lieutenant General.

In peace he was no less renowned than in war, and as Governor and United States Senator his conspicuous ability and unsullied integrity shed fadeless luster upon the history of the "Palmetto State."

MISS NELLIE GILMAN, NASHVILLE, TENN.,
Sponsor for Frank Cheatham Camp, which comprises largely Company B.

Miss Katie Daffan, Ennis, Tex., Sponsor for Texas U. C. V.s has appointed the following Maids of Honor for the Dallas Reunion: Miss Lena Blake, Sherman, Chief Maid; Misses Annie Halbert and Myra Winkler, Corsicana; Miss Mary Stone, Brenham; Miss Olive Ward, Dallas; Miss Zephie Durst, Tyler; Miss May Wilson, Sherman; Miss Edna Daffan, Ennis; Miss Mamie Hemming, Colorado Springs, Colo.; and Miss Hester Shepherd, daughter of Judge Seth Shepherd, Washington, D. C.



COL. JOHN P. HICKMAN,
Adjutant General Tennessee Division, U. C. V.

Sword of Lieut. H. S. Rodgers.—"Presented to First Lieut. H. S. Rodgers by the members of Company L, Eighth Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry, 1864." This sword was found after the battle of the 22d of July, 1864, at Atlanta. Those interested can recover the same by writing Gen. A. J. West, Atlanta, Ga.

STONEWALL CEMETERY AT WINCHESTER, VA.

E. Holmes Boyd makes appeal for it:

During our great war eight battles and many skirmishes took place at Winchester, Va., and within a few miles of the town. For nearly four years the Confederates had hospitals here, in which were nursed not only the sick and wounded of the armies operating in that vicinity, but many wounded were brought from Sharpsburg and Gettysburg. Those killed in action were generally buried on the battlefield, while those who died in the hospitals were buried in the graveyards in or near the town.

In the summer of 1865 the ladies of Winchester, who had been active in the hospitals, formed a Memorial Association, the object of which was to gather in one cemetery all the Confederate dead within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles, and to observe a memorial day. The Shenandoah Valley had been laid waste, as is well known, and the people were poor, but this did not prevent these noble women from undertaking and completing the work. The Legislature chartered the Stonewall Cemetery Company, the land was purchased and paid for, and by the united efforts of the Memorial Association and the officers of the cemetery, with liberal contributions from other Southern States, within eighteen months after the surrender at Appomattox, the remains of about three thousand Confederate soldiers were removed from other graveyards and the several battlefields and laid in Stonewall Cemetery, the remains of each being in a separate coffin and in a separate grave, and each grave marked with a neat painted wooden headboard on which were inscribed the name and company, except a few unknown.

MISS IMMOGENE SHAPARD, MEMPHIS,
Youngest Daughter of the Confederacy.

Stonewall Cemetery adjoins Mount Hebron (our citizens' cemetery), and through the liberality of the late Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York, the two are inclosed in one, with a handsome and substantial iron fence over a mile in length. Mr. Rouss died on the 3d of March, 1902, and his remains now lie in the magnificent mausoleum he erected in Mount Hebron. He will be long remembered as a brave Confederate and the friend of all Confederate causes. His contribution of $100,000 to the Confederate Battle Abbey will make its erection possible.

Stonewall Cemetery is laid off into lots, drives, and walks, with a large mound in the center in which are buried 829 unknown and unrecorded dead, known to have been Confederate soldiers, but their names and commands are unknown. The dead of each State are buried in separate lots. When the enterprise was undertaken it was thought that as the South regained its prosperity each State would put up head stones and erect a suitable monument. The people of Winchester, with aid received from other sources, have erected a monument to the Ashby brothers (Gen. Turner Ashby and Capt. Dick Ashby), who are buried there in one grave, a beautiful shaft in the Virginia lot, and a splendid monument to the unknown dead, the latter at a cost of $10,000. The shade trees, planted over thirty years ago, add materially to the beauty of the grounds.

The following States, besides Virginia, have put up head stones: Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, and these, with the exception of Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas, have erected marble or granite monuments.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Florida have contracted for a monument and head stones, and the Daughters of Tennessee have arranged for a monument, and on the 6th of June next (our Memorial Day) the Florida and Tennessee monuments will be unveiled.

Eighty graves have no head stones, and none are provided for, seventy of which are from Alabama and ten from Arkansas. There are ten graves in the Arkansas lot with head stones, there being twenty in all.

The wooden head boards are rapidly decaying, many of them have already fallen, and it is hoped that the good people of Alabama and Arkansas will not allow these graves to remain unmarked, and that they will, with the people of the other States who have not already done so, erect suitable monuments of marble or granite.

The cemetery is beautifully located, is kept in good order, and on the 6th of every June is visited by thousands of people from this and the adjoining counties of Virginia and West Virginia, who bring flowers and evergreens and place them upon the graves. Committees of ladies see that no grave is neglected.

The 6th of June, the anniversary of the death of Gen. Turner Ashby, is our Memorial Day, and for thirty-six years it has been observed, and the crowds

that come now are equal to those of former years. Confederate Memorial Day is probably observed here more generally than in any other town in the South, and many of those who now bring flowers and evergreens are grandchildren of those who brought them in 1866.

Our people will continue to care for these graves, but think they have a right to appeal to those States that have not as yet marked the graves of their brave sons, or have not yet erected monuments to their memory. Will not the people of Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Texas erect suitable monuments in their respective lots, and will not the people of Alabama and Arkansas put up marble or granite head stones?

Our friends in most of the Southern States, and especially in Alabama, rendered very material aid in the early struggles of the cemetery, and without their contributions our efforts could not have been successful at that time.

Permanent provision has been made for the care of Stonewall Cemetery. A portion of the land purchased was conveyed to the Mount Hebron Company in consideration that the latter would for all time to come take care of Stonewall, and our friends can rest assured that Stonewall Cemetery will be as well cared for in the future as it has been in the past.

MISS ANNE HOBSON, GREENSBORO, ALA.,
Sponsor for Alabama Division, U. C. V.

GOOD DEEDS OF A VIRGINIA LADY.

R. C. McPhail writes from Graham, Tex.:

When the Army of Northern Virginia returned from the first Maryland campaign, four soldiers, weary, foot-sore, and dirty from the march, stopped, I think, in Orange County, Va., at an elegant mansion and asked for something to eat. It was late in the day. A lady with a beautiful face, and perhaps thirty-five or forty years of age met us at the door in answer to our call and request for food. She expressed the loftiest sentiments of love for our Southern cause, and kindly invited us to the parlor, but we protested, as we were not in a condition to enter, but told her we would be content to rest in the yard under the trees. She urged us to go into the parlor. She excused herself to go and order a meal prepared, and soon we were treated to a real old Virginia supper, the like of which we did not have again during the war.

After supper our hostess led the way back to the parlor, where we remained the balance of the evening, during which time she wrote our names, companies, and regiments in a book. She told us that she never turned soldiers away, but did all she could for them. She said that after each battle she compared the published lists with hers to see if any one of her boys had been killed or wounded. At bedtime she showed us the room in which we were to sleep. Again we protested, telling her that we must not sleep in her beds, and we slept on the floor.

She informed us that she was the wife of Dr. Hill, a brother of Gen. A. P. Hill, each of whom was then with the army. I wish to find out if this dear woman is yet alive. If so, I would like to see her address in the VETERAN. Also if either of those three comrades are still alive.

B. F. Holland, Bartow, Fla., requests the words of a war song which at one time was much sung in Virginia to the tune of "Kitty Wells," and he thinks it was called "Lee's Surrender." The words are something like these in substance:

I never shall forget the day
  Lee and his soldiers had to part;
There was many a tear to wipe away,
  And many a sad and aching heart
For the soldier must part with his rifle,
  That trusty companion lay aside,
While his heartfelt emotions he must stifle
  As he yielded up his Southern pride.

The apology published in the last VETERAN by R. J. Cooke seems not to have satisfied those who are familiar with the man and his methods, as may be seen by the following, which has been furnished the VETERAN: "The enforced retraction by Rev. R. J. Cooke, of U. S. Grant University, of the slanderous language which he used against the Daughters of the Confederacy, does not satisfy the outraged public, and nothing but his dismissal from that institution will satisfy the better class of his town people. His persistent use of offensive language against the South at various times is consistent with the article complained of, which was: "If Herr Most was locked up for anarchy, and Emma Goldman was denied free speech for her sentiments on that subject, the Daughters of the Confederacy ought to share a like fate." This insult to the fair women of this section will not be condoned by his cowardly efforts to squirm out of his difficulty. Conservative, patriotic people in every community should take strong measures to require the resignation of any man as a teacher in their midst who is capable of writing such language as he used in his paper."

THE TEXAS RANGER'S FLAG.

Mrs. Maude McIver Rountree, Birmingham, Ala.:

When the small remnant of that glorious Eighth Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers, meet with the other veterans in Dallas this spring, they will doubtless have with them two flags—one old and battle-worn, the other fresh and bright, but both inexpressibly dear to the heart of every living Ranger.

In the history of the former flag four States are closely connected, as it was made in Tennessee, presented in Alabama to a Texas regiment, and was found by an Indiana regiment, who held it until 1899.

It was made by Miss Mary McIver, who still resides in Nashville, Tenn., assisted by Miss Robbie Woodruff, who died some years ago. The material used was a blue silk dress of Miss McIver's, and was lined with a white satin wedding dress. It bore a circular field of blue, with the motto, "God Defend the Right," "Terry's Texas Rangers," with a Texas star in the center, and was taken to the regiment by Miss McIver's brother, John S. McIver, September 12, 1864, and presented by Col. Gustave Cook near Florence, Ala.

On October 22, 1864, after the Rangers had joined the Army of Tennessee under Gen. J. B. Hood on his march in the rear of Gen. Sherman, and after taking Dalton and cutting off the communication of Sherman with Thomas at Nashville, the Confederate army fell back toward Blue Mountain. Hood's rear was ten miles south of Gaylesville, Ala., on the date named, and he ordered Harrison's Brigade to reconnoiter in the direction of Rome, Ga. Gen. Tom Harrison obeyed the command and met Wilder's Division, which with a like purpose was advancing, and our command was forced by overwhelming numbers to retreat. In the confusion the standard bearer of the Rangers, Count Jones, in passing through the woods, lost the flag from the staff. The next day it was found by Maj. Wicler, of the Seventeenth Indiana Regiment. He is now a resident of Dallas, Tex.

Having lost all hope of ever recovering the flag, Miss McIver made another, lined with a part of the same wedding dress and had it presented to the Rangers during the Confederate reunion held in Nashville in June, 1897.

In March, 1899, the Legislature of Indiana passed a concurrent resolution to restore the flag to the Rangers and appropriated $250 to defray the expense thereof. It was taken to Dallas, Tex., by Gov. Mount, of Indiana—who has since died—accompanied by his staff and members of the Legislature and of the G. A. R.s, thus emphasizing the appreciation of the true soldier for the men he fought. Gov. Mount remarked during his address: "We come to return in love a battle flag we took in anger." Every Texas Ranger well knows that their flag was never captured, and at the time of its return Maj. George B. Guild published the facts of the case, in which he says: "The loss of the flag, which was torn from the staff in the dense woodland, was considered quite a joke by the Tennessee portion of the command, who always thought it should have been given to them. The Texans understood this and took delight in guying the Tennesseans about it. But after this occurrence the tables were turned, and the Tennesseans would cry out to the Texans: "Look here, boys, what did you do with the flag our girls gave you?"

MISS MARGARET ALLISON,
LAKE CHARLES, LA.,
Sponsor for Louisiana Division, U. C. V.

MISS SARAH RUTH FRAZIER,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
Sponsor for Tennessee Division, U. C. V.

MISS JOSEPHINE CROWE,
SHEFFIELD, ALA.
Chief Maid of Honor for Alabama Div., U. C.

EMBARRASSED BY THE RECORD MADE.

BY W. L. SANFORD, SHERMAN, TEX.

After reading the debate in Congress concerning admission of ex-Confederates to Federal Soldiers' Homes, Mr. Sanford soliloquized as follows:

My record's such that I should somewhat hesitate to go
And seek admission to the home for Federals, for you know
I chanced to be with Johnston when McDowell made a play
To rid the earth of Beauregard, and so we marched that way.
'Twas at Manassas Junction, which the Federals call Bull Run,
And in the stirring summertime of eighteen sixty-one.
The Government officials and society turned out
From Washington to see us run in ignominious rout.
They found us without searching, and before the day was gone
That gay assemblage burnt the wind in flight to Washington.
Oh! there was wild confusion, and that thoroughfare of old
Was strewn for miles with fans, silk hats, and epaulets of gold.
Three thousand killed and wounded were the only ones who stayed,
And so I am embarrassed by the record that we made.

And then I was at Seven Pines, and at Mechanicsville,
At Gaines' Mill and Frazier's Farm, and bloody Malvern Hill;
For seven days the battle raged, and when its wrath was o'er
Abe Lincoln said he needed just three hundred thousand more.
But scarcely had we rested, when again at old Bull Run
We hurled Pope's shattered columns in defeat to Washington.
He tried to drive a wedge of steel 'twixt Lee and Jackson's corps.
Then Lincoln found he needed just six hundred thousand more
To quell the rebel rising in the fierce secession States.
And then he had no surplus men, as history relates.
And later on at Fredericksburg, with Burnside in command,
They rashly stormed the flaming heights where we had made a stand.
Twelve thousand dead and wounded was the penalty they paid—
And I'm somewhat embarrassed by the record that we made.

And then, as luck would have it, I was with the daring throng
That bayed Joe Hooker's army, trenched one hundred thousand strong.
We had one-third his number, but that mattered not, for we
Were led by grim old Stonewall, and the great commander, he
Who, in a soft slouched hat of brown and faded cape of gray,
Was worth full fifty thousand men on any battle day!
When Jackson gave the order, his immortal veteran corps
Shot by and flanked the enemy by fifteen miles or more,
And burst upon his right and rear, in their historic way,
While Lee with fourteen thousand kept the battle front that day.
We scattered them like chaff, although outnumbered three to one—
They faded from our vision like mist before the sun.
We didn't leave enough to make a decent dress parade;
And, therefore, I'm embarrassed by the record that we made.

And then I had some trouble in the spring of sixty-four,
When Grant appeared upon the scene and pushed his forces o'er
The Rapidan toward Richmond. And the journey, I would state,
Consumed eleven months, although the distance is not great;
He might have made it in a week, but found along the way
Some serious impediments in ragged coats of gray.
We met him at Cold Harbor in the blithesome month of June,
Our uniforms were faded, but our muskets were in tune!
The hand of the dread angel that smote Egypt in the night
Was not more deadly than the hands we lifted in that fight.
He charged, recoiled; then stormed again, and failed with all his power,
And lost ten thousand on the field in less than half an hour!
Such deeds seem superhuman, and their memory will not fade,
And that's why I'm embarrassed by the record that we made.

THE BATTLE.

BY J. E. STINSON, CHIKASHA, IND. T.

All day the booming cannon had told where the battle lay;
The rattle of the musketry had come to us that day,
As we hurried forward to the front, where comrades long had tried,
With bravery such as Southrons had, to stem the battle tide;
And when we neared the conflict, and smoke arose to view,
But few of us were cowards then, although each soldier knew
That in the ranks of foemen, who would meet him on that plain,
Were men whom fire of battle had tried and tried again.

Our serried ranks moved quickly on, our banners in the air,
A challenge to our foemen waved, in proud defiance there;
And many a spotless handkerchief was waved as we went by,
By many a beauteous maiden hand, who bade us win or die;
For had not the invader left smoldering in his track
The blacken'd ruins of many a home, the lonely chimney stack,
A constant grim reminder of what had once been dear,
A cruel desolation, which made the landscape drear.

And mothers, wives, and sisters looked on with joy and pride,
Though many a Southern woman's heart was then most sorely tried;
They saw us go where some must fall, where cruel death must reign,
And only a loving God can know how great the woman's pain—
The agony in their aching hearts when husbands, brothers, sons,
And sweethearts dared most certain death to free beloved ones;
And, though they smiled through bitter tears when bidding us to go,
None save the woman ever knew the depth of woman's woe.

The waving trees, though green and fair, the iron shot had torn,
The daisy and the violet, the waving blades of corn,
Were trampled in the bloody dust, beneath the feet of man—
Or 'neath the mighty charger's hoofs, which, screaming as he ran,
Did trample wounded men beneath his cruel, vengeful leaps,
Until he, too, was added to the bloody slain in heaps.
All honor to these soldiers now, for brave they were and true—
All honor to the dead left there, they did all men could do.

And when this strife came to an end and peace once more had come,
The tattered banners furled for good, and stilled the tap of drum;
Although our cause was lost to us, our flag had ne'er been stained;
We kept it pure through all these years, and honor still remained;
And though on many a battle plain our boys now sweetly sleep,
Our loving hearts still bleed for them—in silence we still weep—
The God of love was with us then, and he with us will stay,
For he alone was victor, and smiles on us to-day.

The Tennessee Conference and Soldiers' Home.—The Tennessee Conference Journal, M. E. Church, South, contains the following resolutions offered by A. T. Goodloe and S. M. Cherry, which were unanimously adopted by the Conference:

Resolved: That we, the members of the Tennessee Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in session at McMinnville, Tenn., rejoice to hear the good tidings brought to us by our brethren, W. L. Jackson, D. C. Kelley, and B. T. Smotherman, of the religious interest taken by the Confederate veterans in the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, within the bounds of Brother Jackson's (Hermitage) circuit, and we are especially glad to hear of the recent revival held there by these brethren.

That we fondly cherish the memory of all that these Confederates have sacrificed in the past in connection with the fierce warfare in which they were engaged for conscience's sake, and earnestly desire that their service in the army of the Lord may bring victory to them over every enemy of their souls, and a triumphal reunion at our Father's home on high.

That we send our warmest greetings of love and sympathy to all the inmates of our Confederate Veterans' Home, with the assurance of our perpetual interest in their present and eternal welfare, and that

we do most heartily pray for them that the choicest blessings of the Lord may rest upon them at all times."

Rev. A. T. Goodloe in reply, thanking the Conference for the resolutions, added: "We also are very thankful to the Tennessee Conference Sunday School Board for furnishing us our Sunday school literature the past year free of charge, postpaid. We are under obligations to Dr. D. C. Kelley and Rev. B. T. Smotherman, and especially to Rev. W. L. Jackson, who was pastor of Hermitage Circuit four years—the extent of our pastoral limit—and served the old soldiers with all faithfulness and success in their home, while attending to his pastoral work at large. Revs. D. C. Kelley and B. T. Smotherman assisted him in the revival held there.

MONUMENT TO WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Comrade George W. Lawrence, of Sweetwater, Tenn., wrote the following eloquent appeal for the VETERAN, and his letter has the ring of truth and purpose. His ideas, however, seem extravagant to those who know how slow the masses are to act in such matters. He says: "A $250,000 monument should be erected to perpetuate forever the deeds of the mothers, wives and sweethearts of the men who fought through the dreadful war of 1861-65, at a central point in our beloved Southland—say Memphis, Nashville, or Chattanooga, Tenn., Birmingham, Ala., or Atlanta, Ga. Comrades, are there not twenty-five survivors of the war between the States who will pledge and pay $1,000 apiece for such an object? Are there not fifty Confederate veterans whom the Lord has prospered, ready to pledge and pay $500 each for this cause? Are there not five hundred survivors of the struggle who will pledge to pay $200 each for this glorious cause? And are there not one thousand more comrades of the gray who will pledge and pay $100 each to perpetuate the heroism and valor of these women? If this number will respond at once to me the means will be available and I will record each name with the amount given, and as soon as the sum is complete will notify all through the VETERAN. Then delegates may be appointed to meet at some central place and organize by electing a president and vice president, a secretary and a treasurer, a committee composed of one from each Southern State, to select the location of this woman's monument, and a building committee to proceed at once to erect said monument. Let us hope that on an appointed day in the near future this monument may be unveiled to the admiration of the whole Southland, and may it be a personal reminder to our children and our children's children throughout succeeding generations of how we honored our mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the days of the Confederacy.

Comrades, do not glance over this article hastily, but read it carefully and respond at once to a cause that is so precious to us all. Many, very many of us, will answer the last roll call before another reunion. I for one would like to live to see such a monument unveiled. I have reached my three-score years and ten and am afflicted bodily, but my heart and mind are deeply in earnest in this cause. I am willing to contribute to this cause as long as I live.

How many mothers kissed their sons as they helped them to buckle on their armor, bade them go forth to the field of battle and die if need be for what they believed to be right? How many wives kissed their husbands for the last time as they took up arms? Such as Polk, Albert Sidney Johnston, Zollicoffer, Hatton, Stonewall Jackson, and many, many privates. Sweethearts parted with their loved heroes. Nor was this all—amid the smoke and clash of battle the Southern women spun, wove, and made the material that clothed the boys in gray. When the last gun was fired and the immortal Lee surrendered at Appomattox, those who survived the din of the battle returned in tattered garments to desolated homes, where they were met and welcomed by loving women. Nor did they stop here. With hearts and hands they helped to rebuild the wasted and desolated country, and as soon as they saw some well fed and clothed, sympathy went out to the fallen braves. The Daughters of the Confederacy have with their own hands procured the means to erect suitable monuments to those who fell fighting for what they believed to be right and just. They have gathered the bones of those who fell by the roadside, in fence corners, and woodland, and have tenderly laid them in public cemeteries where the sodded graves are marked with marble slabs, and once each year strewn with lovely flowers. They have asked that they be allowed to erect fitting monuments to their dead who sleep at Arlington Heights, at Fortress Monroe, Camp Douglas, Camp Chase, and Johnson's Island, but thus far they have been denied the privilege. All this has been done without State or National aid.

And now I bid women of the South, go on with your work of love. God has greatly blessed you. Our beloved Southland is once more prosperous, and with her cotton, oil, coal, iron, copper, and zinc industries has become a rich and happy country. Comrades, to show that this appeal to you is no idle whim on my part, I will be one of a thousand to pledge and pay $100 or I will be one of five hundred to pledge and pay $200. Let me know how much you are willing to give for such a worthy cause.

Polk Prince, Guthrie, Ky., thinks he shot Kilpatrick:

I was a private in Company B, Duke's Regiment of Gen. John H. Morgan's Command. After Gen. Morgan was captured in Ohio I was with the Second Brigade under command of Gen. "Cerro Gordo" Williams. When in the spring of 1864, Sherman began his advance from Snake Creek Gap to Resaca, Ga., I was on our picket line, and a party of five or six of the enemy rode up in the woods near where I was sitting on my horse. They did not see me until I fired on them with my spencer rifle. Then they hastily retired. I saw that I had shot one of them in the leg—my horse having moved his head just as I fired, my shot went lower than I intended. Soon after this a youngster in citizen's dress, and mounted on a small horse, came riding up near me, and I "called" him in. He was badly scared, of course, but claimed to be a reporter for the Cincinnati Gazette. On questioning him he told me of the party I had fired on, and that Gen. Kilpatrick was wounded in the leg. This was in front of Resaca—Gen. Johnston having fallen back to this point from Dalton. I would like to know if Gen. Kilpatrick was wounded at that time. The man I shot was riding a white or gray horse.

TRIBUTE TO THE EIGHTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

A correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal*, published at various places during our great war, writes of the Eighth Tennessee, January 22, 1864. This was when facts were fresh, and thousands known to bear witness for or against the report. It is given here to verify the tributes after so many years:

The Eighth Tennessee Regiment was enlisted in May, 1861, at Camp Trousdale, Tennessee, under the command of Col. Fulton, of Fayetteville, a gallant and competent commander. It was soon ordered to Northwestern Virginia, and, being incorporated in the command of the lamented Donelson, passed through the arduous campaign in that region, under the great Gen. Lee, with credit to its endurance and discipline.

The regiment was ordered from Virginia to the coast of South Carolina, where the command performed important picket duty, covering a long line of coast defense.

In May, 1862, the brigade to which the Eighth was attached was ordered to Corinth, Miss., where it was engaged nearly every day for many weeks in heavy skirmishes with the enemy. From thence it followed the fortunes of the Army of Tennessee, and was engaged actively in the battle of Perryville, Ky., where its gallantry was highly complimented by its corps, division, and brigade commanders for gallantry and good conduct on that bloody field.

It returned to Middle Tennessee, and on the hard contested field of Murfreesboro sustained as heavy a loss as is probably recorded in history. The Eighth went into the fight with four hundred and fifty-seven officers and men; it lost, in killed and wounded, three hundred and ten men. Col. Moore, its then gallant commander, was killed on the field in the beginning of the fight, when the command devolved on Lieut. Col. (now Col.) John H. Anderson. It lost in commissioned officers thirty out of thirty-seven, and seven out of the ten captains. The colors were shot down four times. The color bearer and color guards, eight in number, had seven out of the eight killed and wounded. Six of its companies, after the battle, did not have a commissioned officer left. Two of the companies had every commissioned and noncommissioned officer killed and wounded. One company lost twenty-three men out of thirty killed and wounded. Another went in with sixty-seven men, and lost fifty-two. There were only forty-six men out of the four hundred and fifty-seven who went into the battle who came out without being struck somewhere with Yankee lead or iron. The clothes of many men were riddled with bullets. The regiments captured in the battle and brought out with them four hundred and twelve Yankee prisoners, and six pieces of artillery, and was engaged for four hours under this heavy fire, with what results to themselves and the Yankees this record has shown.

At Chicamauga the Eighth was in the hottest of the fight, and fought with its usual heroism, standing in front of a galling fire of grape, shell, and musketry for over three hours, and being slow to retire when ordered to do so by the commanding officer.

At Missionary Ridge, on the right, near the mouth of Chickamauga River, it encountered with the brigade, isolated from the army, a large body of Sherman's Corps, and fought them with great spirit across the narrow stream for half an hour, until the brigadier general, seeing that the enemy were sheltered by the railroad embankment and protected from the charge by the stream, and hearing that a large body of the enemy's cavalry had crossed the Tennessee and probably gone round to attack him in the rear, ordered his command to retire, which was done in good order.

Such is the record of the Eighth. The facts speak for themselves, and are full of encouragement. An army composed of such men should never despair.

Col. Anderson, the present permanent commander of the Eighth, entered the army as a captain in the Tenth Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, under Col. Allman, one of the best and bravest officers of the Confederate army. He was at the bombardment of Fort Henry, and the battle at Fort Donelson, escaping from capture with Brig. Gen. Bushrod Johnson, on whose staff he acted in the battle of Shiloh, and having two horses shot under him in that ever-to-be-remembered and glorious action. He was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Eighth by Gen. Bragg, at Tupelo, Miss., and since the death of Col. Moore on the field of Murfreesboro has commanded the Eighth in every battle, and with intrepid coolness and with a blended courage and judgment that marks the commander. Col. Anderson at present commands the brigade.

EXPERIENCES IN BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

Comrade J. H. Nichols writes from Leeville, Tenn.:

Thirty-nine years ago, December 31, 1862, I was in the Confederate line of battle on Stone River, near Murfreesboro, Tenn. Early in the morning the Federals were "feeling for" our line with bomb shells, and before we were feeling the effect of their musketry. At the battle of Perryville, two months before, all the commissioned officers in our company but one were killed and wounded; and I, being orderly sergeant, had to act in the capacity of first lieutenant, while Lieut. William Wallace had charge of the company. I did not "gird on my sword," but carried my gun into the battle, and while I commanded as a lieutenant, I fought as a private.

All that morning I was oppressed with a dark foreboding that evil awaited me that day, and sure enough it came about eleven o'clock. Our company had been so reduced in the Perryville battle that we had only twenty-three left, and in the Stone River (Murfreesboro) battle, only six escaped unhurt. My right and left file were both killed before I was wounded. The enemy had three columns of men in front of us, pouring in the shots thick and fast. The front column was lying down, the next kneeling, and the third standing. Our men were falling so fast I saw that we must be reënforced soon or be defeated. Just then I received an ounce minie ball in my right hip which completely paralyzed my right leg. For some minutes I lay on the ground watching the maneuvering of the enemy, but fully realizing the great danger to which I was exposed. I determined to try to leave the field. I arose, but immediately fell to the ground. I summoned all of my strength, and it seemed to concentrate in my left leg, so I did a first rate job of hop-

ping for about one-fourth of a mile, where I took shelter behind an oak tree near a pond of water. Tip, tip went an occasional ball into that pond, but I felt much safer there than I did on the field. A few steps from me was the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad track, and a little farther was Stone River with a low bluff on the South side. Down the railroad the enemy was sending a load of grape shot every few minutes. I was anxious to take shelter under that bluff, so immediately after a load of shot went rattling down the road, I hopped across as quickly as possible, but had not much more than cleared the track when another load of shot came crashing down, making the splinters fly from the crossties.

Under the bluff I found many wounded men. Here, among other wounded officers, I saw Capt. Bluford Savage in the shades of death, but he died without a groan. He was a brother of my old colonel, John H. Savage. By the assistance of my messmate, C. N. Ballard, who was wounded in the hand, I was able to make my way up the river to the ambulance, and was taken to Soule College. My wound was severe, and so sure were the doctors that I was going to die that they declined even to dress it. My father chanced to be in Murfreesboro, and he obtained permission to carry me home. It was about ten months before I was able to walk on crutches, and most of the time for ten years thereafter I was on crutches.

DEATH OF A UNION SOLDIER AT SHILOH.

C. L. Gay, an Alabama veteran, writes that Joe T. Williams, of Montgomery was a member of Company D, Twenty-First Alabama Regiment, and tells this:

A comrade and I were searching the battlefield of Shiloh for some missing men of our company, D, of the Twenty-First Alabama Regiment. In passing through a swampy thicket near where that regiment charged the Fourth Ohio Regiment early in the morning, we heard the voice of a wounded man crying: "Boys! boys!" Thinking it might possibly be one of our men we went to him. He first begged for a drink of water, which I gave him out of my canteen. After he was wounded, he had rolled into the edge of this thicket in order to protect himself from being run over by the flying ambulances, artillery, and cavalry constantly passing near. His left knee cap was entirely shot off and he was extremely weak from loss of blood. His pitiful appeal to help him we could not and would not resist after talking to him. His name was John Burns, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Company B, Fourth Ohio Regiment. He begged to be carried to our field hospital where he might receive attention, and if possible get word to his loving mother, being her only son. He had a small Bible in his hand with his thumb resting inside on the fourteenth chapter of St. John. His thumb being bloody it made a bloody spot on this chapter. He desired that this Bible should be sent to his mother, showing where he last read.

Our field hospital being a few hundred yards in the rear, we carried him there and requested our surgeon, Dr. Redwood, of Mobile, to examine him, which he did in a few minutes, the hospital being crowded with patients. On examination the doctor found his wound to be fatal and his physical condition too weak for an operation. He was eighteen years old. When the doctor told him there was no hope, he inquired if there were any Christians present. We told him yes. In the meantime several of our comrades had gathered around him. He requested a prayer, to which one of us responded, all being deeply touched, then repeating a few lines of his mother's favorite song:

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal stand;"

which he requested us to sing with him. This song begun there was taken up through the entire camps, even back among the Federal prisoners. All around then bid him good by. He handed me his Bible and requested me to hand it to Sergeant Stevenson of Company B, Fourth Ohio Regiment. This sergeant knew his family, and he wanted him to send it to his mother and tell her he "died a Christian." The next morning I went to the hospital and learned that he was dead. As his body lay there I thought his face bore the most peaceful look I ever saw. I learned this Fourth Ohio Regiment was a part of Gen. Prentiss's Brigade which we had almost entirely captured and had them corralled near our lines. I told my captain about the incident and requested a pass to the prisoners to see if I could find Sergeant Stevenson. He granted my request, and I soon located the Fourth Ohio Regiment and inquired for Company B. On approaching their squad I asked for the sergeant, calling his name. He came forward to know what I wanted. I inquired if he knew John Burns. He said, "Yes; have you all got him?" I replied: "No, he is in glory." I then told him of his death. He was visibly affected, and I could not restrain myself. He said: "Johnnie Burns was the best boy I ever saw; he was a pet with the company. I boarded with his family in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was his Sunday school teacher in the Baptist Church." Other comrades gathered near and heard of his death, all being very much affected, and expressed their gratitude to me for what I had done. During my entire service of three years I frequently noticed the fondness which existed between Ohio and Alabama soldiers.

This narrative I have frequently told, and now, in my declining years, I desire it published. After the battles are over there still exists that tender tie between mankind and human sympathy which is wondrous kind.

Comrade J. E. Wilson, Commander of Camp 770, U. C. V., at Los Angeles, Cal., has organized a Camp of Sons in that city with thirty-six charter members, and he hopes to see a large camp of Sons there during the year. The officers are: Commander, W. B. Scarborough; Lieutenant Commanders, A. C. Harper and A. T. Jergins; Adjutant, Emmet H. Wilson; Surgeon, B. F. Church, M.D.; Quartermaster and Treasurer, J. E. Wilson; Chaplain, N. Newby; Color Sergeant, J. W. Brock; Historian, H. T. Gordon.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 144, U. C. V., San Antonio, Tex., elected for the ensuing year W. W. Sloan, Captain; J. W. Baldridge and J. E. Fitzgerald, Lieutenants; C. H. Bertrand, Adjutant; J. B. Magruder, Treasurer; J. E. Bethel, Officer of the Day; T. J. Largen, Chaplain; John Burns, Vidette; M. C. Kelley, Color Bearer; R. F. Alexander, R. D. James, and Hart Mussey, Trustees.

BATTLE NEAR ADAIRSVILLE.

J. R. Watkins writes of how the First Tennessee held the old Octagon House near Adairsville, May 17, 1864:

We had gotten to Adairsville, the army had gone into camp, and were drawing rations. All at once we saw our cavalry thundering along the road at full retreat and firing back towards their rear. An order came for us to go forward and occupy an old octagon house in our front.

The Federals were advancing—were even then nearing the octagon house. The race commenced as to which would reach the house first. We succeeded and a part of our command was sent to occupy and hold an old barn across the road. But soon we made the dust fly while running for dear life to the house. We barely got in when we found the Federals had nearly surrounded it, in the yard and garden on the opposite side. The balls were flying through the glass in the windows and flattening themselves against the opposite wall, when some fellow hallooed out "Boys, this is nothing but a lath and plaster house," and we should have had a regular stampede had it not been for Col. H. R. Field, who seized a musket and threatened to shoot the first man that would try to get out of the house. The exterior of the house was stone.

We soon found out, however, that the walls were solid brick, so ran to the windows, upstairs and down stairs, and then opened a musketry fire upon our assailants. The shot and shell would scream through the windows, while the plastering would fall upon the floor, and the solid shot from their cannon would penetrate the walls with a terrible unearthly jar as if ten thousand earthquakes had come together and threatened to grind the old house into powder. At length a shell loaded with shrapnel burst and exploded in the room right in our very midst. When the smoke slightly cleared we saw eight men in that little band weltering in their life blood, and many others wounded. In other rooms similar scenes were being enacted. Thirty-four corpses in that old building were weltering in their own blood. In the meantime the Federals had set fire to the stable and barn which lit up the darkness of night, and we could see dark shadows of blue coats in the bright glare of the burning barn. It being night, the bright blazes and flashes from our own and the Federal guns, looked like a hot blast furnace at midnight.

When we first got into the house the walls were white and decorated with beautiful pictures, and lace curtains and sofas, settee and piano, and other things pertaining to a luxurious home. When we came out, shattered wrecks of every kind of furniture were scattered all over the floors, and the walls looked like an old and dilapidated wall begrimed with smoke and soot, the curtains all torn down and trodden under foot and bloody.

After fighting for some time we found that nearly all of our cartridges had been shot away; Col. Field called for volunteers to go back to the main line for cartridges. There was but one way open through the fiery circle to the Confederate supply wagon, and to pass thither and return seemed impossible. When Col. Field called for volunteers, there was a moment pause, while the cheeks of even those brave men who had fought a hundred battles, paled at the thought of the desperate venture—but Charley Ewin and Lieut. Joe Carney stepped from the ranks and offered to go.

We got out of the back window and started, when Col. Field said: "Hold a minute, boys, I'll divide the fire with you." We had to run the gauntlet of that circle fire while the balls plowed up the ground all around us, ripping it up with a tremendous and unearthly thud. We got to the ammunition train, and each of us got as many cartridges as we could carry and started back; two of us got back, but one fell back just as he threw the cartridges in the window, saying, "here, boys," and then fell back a livid corpse. Meantime Col. Field stood with folded arms and looked on, exposed to the fire of ten thousand muskets as he divided the fire with us.

The Federals in the meantime, after having made charge after charge, finally reached the house. Then was enacted a scene of blood and carnage and death almost without a parallel in the history of the war. Having surrounded the house, they demanded our surrender, which Col. Field refused; then they attempted to take it by storm, but we had fought and held our position so long that we had lost all consciousness of fear, and every man determined to die before he would consent to surrender. Our blood was up and we held the house.

Elections in War Times.—Mr. R. T. Quarles, who has much to do with old records in the capital of Tennessee, hands the VETERAN a document that shows how elections were held in war times: The official vote of the Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment C. S. A., on the 18th day of August, 1864, for Congressman from the eleventh district of Tennessee.

Headquarters Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment, August 18, 1864.—In obedience to a proclamation of the Governor of Tennessee, Capt. J. N. Thompson, Adjt. J. W. Childress, and Lieut. V. B. Moore will proceed to open and hold an election in this regiment for a member of Congress from the eleventh Congressional district of said State to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. David M. Currin. They will report to these headquarters as early as possible the result. G. W. Pease, Lieut. Colonel, Commanding Regiment.

Camp Fiftieth Tennessee, August 19, 1864.—In obedience to the order above, we, the undersigned, appointed to open and hold an election for a member of Congress from the eleventh Congressional District of Tennessee, do certify that on the 18th day of August, 1864, at the camp of the Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment, near Atlanta, Ga., open and hold said election, when there were eighty-four votes polled, and that Capt. M. W. Clusky, Vaughan's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, received eighty-four votes and Gen. John L. Sneed received none. N. J. Thomson, Captain Company K., John W. Childress, Adjutant Fiftieth Tennessee, V. B. Moore, Lieut. Company A, Fiftieth Tennessee.

A letter from J. H. Simpson, of Watson, Miss., to the *Home and Farm*, presents some of the grievances of the old "boys," and although his suggestion in regard to the "old time camp" may be a little impracticable, the vision conjured up by that presents a feature that would be enjoyable to many.

Do let us improve the order of reunions.

FISHER'S HILL AND "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

A comrade, whose address was misplaced:

The writer was a member of Company B, Fourth Georgia Volunteers, the brigade consisting of the Fourth, Twelfth, Twenty-First, and Forty-Fourth Georgia Regiments, commanded by Gen. Phil Cook, successor to Gen. Doles, who was killed at Coal Harbor in June previous. The division was commanded by Gen. Ramsuer, the successor to Gen. Rodes, who was killed a few weeks previous at Winchester. I had been wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. on May 12, and had been absent from my command till I reached it, about a week before this battle, in camp at Strausburg.

I found the morale of the army very bad. It was not disaffection or disloyalty to the cause for which they had so long fought, but they reasoned this way: "We are confronted with an army four times that of our own; Lee is besieged at Richmond and Petersburg; Sherman is marching through Georgia; we are cut off from the Trans-Mississippi Department; our ports are blockaded; our army is daily diminishing, with no material for recruiting; our families are in want and destitution at home, while the Federal government has abundant resources at home and all Europe from which to recruit their armies." With these conditions, they felt and maintained that there was no hope for our success. As sensible men, then why should they sacrifice their limbs or lives for a hopeless cause, however righteous? This was plain to every sensible man, and it is a well-known fact that for intelligence and social standing the privates in the Confederate army ranked up well with the officers.

Early's army had just met with reverses at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, which were calculated to strengthen the argument I have here recited. Many of the rank and file expressed the belief, and it was a frequent assertion, that our army would not repel an attack with the same composure and courage as formerly. At Fisher's Hill Sheridan's cavalry got in the rear of Early's command, and attacked it, causing a stampede of a portion of it, hence the apprehension of being flanked and the almost universal opinion among the soldiers that we were liable to break the first time we were vigorously attacked.

The evening of the 18th of October Gordon's, Ramsuer's, and Pegram's Divisions had orders to deposit knapsacks and baggage, and we took up the march about dark, with Mosby leading, through the mountains, where neither vehicle nor horse could go, over ravines and along rugged pathways in single file, arriving at our destination on the left flank of the enemy about three o'clock in the morning. Requests were sent to our command for two men from each company to volunteer for a purpose not stated—it was supposed by all to capture a picket. I was one of the volunteers from my company, but instead of capturing Federal pickets, which had already been done, we were ordered to follow immediately in the rear of our respective companies when the engagement began, and shoot any man who attempted to run out of the battle. We took this position, but of course had no idea of obeying such order, nor was there any occasion for it. We surprised many of the enemy in their camps, and their speed in retreating was equaled only by that of Early's entire command in the afternoon of the same day.

At early daylight we began the attack. Gordon and Ramsuer both came under my observation, gallantly leading the charge. The latter was afterwards killed. As is well known, the Eighth and Nineteenth Federal Army Corps were routed in a few minutes, and several hundred prisoners captured, with artillery, guns, knapsacks, canteens, etc., in abundance. Our army was advanced and formed a line of battle on a hill, with woods in front of my immediate command. This position we held till the enemy attacked us, about four o'clock in the afternoon. Gen. Early says in his official report: "We continued to hold our position until late in the afternoon, when the enemy commenced advancing and was driven back on the right center by Ramsuer, but Gordon's Division on the left subsequently gave way, and Kershaw's and Ramsuer's did so also when they found Gordon's giving away, not because there was any pressure on them, but from an insane idea of being flanked."

This is a correct statement of the case as far as it goes, except that the enemy was not driven back on the right center by Ramsuer, nor did Gordon's Division break first. The whole line of battle broke simultaneously. We did not even see the line of battle where I was when we broke. We heard the commands being given by the Federal officers and their advance through the timber. The skirmishers only were visible.

I was a picket one hundred yards in front of the line of battle conversing with a member of Hays's Louisiana Brigade, which alligned Cook's Brigade on the left. He said that the army would break at the first fire, as I too believed. I could see our line of battle for half a mile to the right, and the whole line started simultaneously, and before any general engagement. During the stampede I saw Gens. Early, Gordon, and other officers attempt to check the rout, but they could not rally twenty men in any one place. The soldiers were not scared. It was not a panic, it was not fear of the enemy or want of loyalty that caused the rout. They were demoralized; had lost confidence in the ultimate success of the cause, in each other, and in Gen. Early.

Remember this was Stonewall Jackson's old corps, which had fought in a hundred battles. For intelligence, courage, and fortitude, military critics have said there were no soldiers in ancient or modern times superior to the Confederate army. Certain it is that up to the conclusion of the spring campaign of 1864 had these troops been placed in any reasonable position, and told to hold it at all hazards, all the armies of the Union could not have driven them from it. They could only have killed or captured them. Had Early pressed the enemy when they were on the run, and when our troops were under the excitement and stimulation of success, he would have gained a great victory, which, however, would have neither shortened nor prolonged the war, as the destiny and duration of the Confederate government were settled at Gettysburg.

But I am tired of that fiction of "Sheridan's ride." But for this combination of Early's blunder and the demoralization of the Confederate army, Sheridan's ride could have easily been "Sheridan's rout." I have

always had a contempt for Sheridan as a military hero, because he acquired so much renown by accident rather than by courage and generalship.

Of course Early's Corps at this date was a mere fragment of itself when in the meridian of its strength of numbers and efficiency, and at this stage of the war no reasonable man could expect ultimate success of the cause for which we had so long contended.

HISTORY OF CONFEDERATES IN MARYLAND.

The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland was organized in 1871, "to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the late war between the Confederate States and the United States of America; to honor the memory of our comrades who have fallen; to cherish the ties of friendship among those who survive, and to fulfill the duties of sacred charity toward those who may stand in need of them."

In 1874, by means of an appropriation from the State, the bodies of the Marylanders who fell in the Confederate service were gathered from all the battlefields from Gettysburg to Richmond. Comrades were employed for this purpose, and brave soldiers were taken from fence corners and hedge rows, where they had been laid years before. These bodies were reinterred in the Confederate lot in Loudon Park Cemetery. "The Confederate Soldier," a central monument, by Volck, and others to Companies H and A of the First and Second Maryland Infantry, and that dashing cavalryman, Lieut. Col. Harry Gilmor, were erected. This beautiful burial plot contains now about five hundred bodies. It is the property of the Society, and provision has been made for its perpetual care by payment to the cemetery company. About $10,000 was expended upon this work. The bodies of all the Confederate prisoners who died in Baltimore are also buried in our lot, and each grave is marked with a marble headstone, with the name, regiment, and State, whenever known, of the soldier who sleeps beneath. Since 1873, the society has always arranged for the observance of memorial day, June 6, (the anniversary of the battle of Harrisonburg, where Ashby was killed while cheering on the First Maryland Regiment). This lot has been enlarged, since the original purchase, at an expenditure of some thousands of dollars. In June, 1896, a Confederate concert at Music Hall realized over $1,200 for this object. In 1878, about $1,000 was realized, by means of a musical festival, for the Lee monument at Richmond. In 1880, a life-size statue of a Maryland Confederate Infantry soldier, on a marble base, suitably inscribed, was erected by the society in Stonewall Cemetery, at Winchester, Va. The statue, cut from Sicilian marble, is a fine and costly piece of sculpture. In 1882, a donation of above $600 was made to the Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va., which relieved that society from financial difficulties, and enabled it to carry on its work at that time. In 1885, a bazaar held under the auspices and patronage of the society, realized about $31,000, which was invested in an annuity fund, producing an annual income greater than could be realized from any other form of investment, which is distributed in cash, to needy and worthy comrades, and also used for the burial of the dead. The disbursement of this fund has been committed, under the supervision of the Executive Committee of the parent Society, to the Visiting Committee of the Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line, and such is the character of their work that no Confederate soldier is denied assistance while living, or permitted, in death, to lie in a pauper's grave. No matter how unfortunate his circumstances in life, a respectful burial, with proper attendance, in the Confederate lot, is accorded him. The needy are cared for, the dead are honored. The Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line also dispenses a fund to its needy members and their families. These two funds have averaged about $4,000 per annum, distributed in cash. In 1886, a monument was erected on Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, to the Second Maryland Infantry. It is a massive granite block, costly and imposing, and its position and inscription testifies to the valor of the men who fought where it stands. In 1888, the Association of the Maryland Line secured from the Legislature of Maryland the former United States Arsenal Building, at Pikesville, as a Confederate Home, with an appropriation of $5,000 a year for two years. The rooms were furnished as memorial offerings, and the home now shelters about 125 inmates from different States, but citizens of Maryland at time of entry. The Legislative appropriation has been increased to $9,000 per annum. In 1898, a second bazaar was held, which realized about $20,000, of which $4,000 was allotted to the Daughters of the Confederacy in consideration of their aid; a part was expended for the enlargement and use of the Confederate Home at Pikesville, and the balance reserved for the fund of the society referred to above. In 1901, September 12, annually (anniversary of the Battle of North Point), a tournament and reunion was held at the Confederate Home, the proceeds from which amounted to over $2,000.

The annual banquet of the society is given on January 19 (Gen. Lee's birthday), at which many distinguished Confederates have made, from time to time, addresses, and numerous pamphlets have been published by the society. The only public appearances of the Society are at the annual banquet and on Memorial Day. It has made no public parades except on the occasions of dedications of monuments at Gettysburg (Pa.), Richmond, Lexington, Winchester, Front Royal, and Staunton (Va.), and Hagerstown and Frederick (Maryland), or at the funerals of distinguished comrades. The society numbers about 1,000 members. An accurate record of each member, certified by commanding officers, or comrades, is entered in the historical register of the society, and it is intended that this register and roster shall be finally deposited with the Maryland Historical Society. No unworthy soldier or deserter is permitted to become a member. The successive presidents have been: Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble, 1871; Maj. John R. McNulty, 1875; Lieut. McHenry Howard, 1877; Brig. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, 1883. The last named has been continued president, although out of the State (in Virginia) much of the time.

Dr. J. E. Stinson, of Chickasaw, I. T., desires information concerning C. C. Majors who lost his left leg in some battle of the war and spent his furlough at Dr. Stinson's home, near Union Springs, Ala., toward its close. Majors claimed to have brothers on the Union side. Dr. Stinson is the author of a poem entitled "The Battle," written for the VETERAN.

Confederate Generals Who Were Reared North —In his "Two Wars" Gen. S. G. French names the following men of the North who held rank as general in the Confederate States Army: Samuel Cooper, Samuel G. French, New Jersey; Charles Clark (also Governor of Mississippi), R. S. Ripley, Bushrod R. Johnson, Otto French Strahl, Daniel H. Reynols, Ohio; John C. Pemberton, William McComb, Johnson K. Duncan, Pennsylvania; Daniel Ruggles, Albert G. Blanchard, Albert Pike, Edward Aylesworth Perry, Massachusetts; Walter H. Stevens, Archibald Gracie, Daniel M. Frost, Martin L. Smith, Franklin Gardner, New York; John R. Cooke, Missouri; Hoffman Stevens, Connecticut; James L. Alcorn, Illinois (was Governor of Mississippi and United States Senator); Danville Leadbetter, Maine; Francis A. Shoup, Indiana.

Gen. Lee's Opinion of the War.—A comrade, in talking recently with Tennessee's beloved ex-Governor, James D. Porter, about Gen. R. E. Lee, gives an interesting reminiscence that deserves place in the Veteran. He reports the following: "An engineer officer was sent from Virginia to the Army of Tennessee early in the war before the battle of Belmont, and he was talking to Col. Porter, Chief of Staff, to Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham and others, while on duty near New Madrid, Mo., about its probable duration, when the engineer mentioned being present with Gen. Lee and some of his officers at Richmond, and that Gen. Lee in the conversation predicted that the war would be long and disastrous, and that the Americans would become the most military people on the earth. He referred to the great resources of the Federal government, to what it had and its ability to bring recruits and supplies from every other country in the world. The staff officer referred to was with Gen. Leonidas Polk, but didn't remain long with the department, and his name is not recalled."

At their last annual convention, held at Meridian, May 7-9, 1901, the Mississippi Division U. D. C. elected the following officers: Mrs. Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Honorary President; Mrs. J. D. McInnis, Meridian, President; Mrs. C. F. Hooker, Jackson, and Mrs. J. M. Berry, Port Gibson, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Lily McDowell, Holly Springs, Recording Secretary; Miss Elise Featherston, Holly Springs, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. R. D. Robison, Corinth, Treasurer; Mrs. Ida V. May Hardy, Hattiesburg, Historian.

Dr. Deering J. Roberts, Secretary of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy, of the Confederacy, writes:

Please kindly tender through the pages of the Veteran my sincere thanks to the adjutants and commanders of the various United Confederate Veteran Camps, for their prompt response to my circular letter of January 1, and the communication from Dr. D. D. Saunders, President of this Association.

E. B. Walker, editor of the Democrat, Clinton, Ky., writes in January, 1902: "No paper or magazine came to my desk during 1901 that I enjoyed more than I did the Veteran."

President of Tennessee Division Confederate Soldiers.—The weekly Town Talk of Alexandria, Rapides Parish, La., contains the following: "We notice that Mr. W. G. Loyd, formerly of Alexandria, and who joined a company here which saw hot service in the Confederate army, was, at the thirteenth annual reunion of the State Association of Tennessee, United Confederate Veterans, held at Lewisburg recently, elected President of the Association. His friends in Rapides will be glad to know of the honor that has been conferred upon him."

Comrade Loyd has endeared himself to a wide circle of people in Tennessee, and is as faithful a Confederate as served in the war.

In Search of Comrades.—W. T. Moore, of Whitney, Tex., writes the Veteran in the hope of tracing some living members of J. R. Chalmers, Ninth Mississippi Volunteer Regiment. He was a lonely Texas boy when he enlisted in the company and went from Lagrange to Pensacola, Fla., afterward joining the Fifteenth Texas Infantry, fighting bravely until the last gun was fired in defense of the Confederacy. At the Memphis reunion he was unable to find any of his old comrades, and hopes to do so at the coming reunion at Dallas, Tex. Should any of them see this inquiry he would be glad to meet or correspond with them.

Extracts from an old newspaper state: "Thad M. Carden enlisted in the Confederate army at Knoxville, Tenn., May 6, 1861. Paroled at Kingston, Ga., May 12, 1865. Elected Second Lieutenant November 13, 1861; elected Captain October 10, 1862; promoted to Major July 10, 1863. Captured by the Federals at Paris, Ky., July 13, 1863. Escaped from Johnson's Island December 28, 1863; recaptured January 6, 1864. Escaped from Point Lookout April 20; recaptured on the steamer City of New York May 13, 1864. Arrived in Richmond May 25, 1864."

Cuyler Smith, of Atlanta, Ga. (No. 717-718 Austell Building), desires to correspond with any survivors of the Confederate navy who were familiar with the operation of the submarine torpedo boats of that time, or officers or men connected with their construction. Mr. Smith is preparing an article on this subject, and says: "I am undertaking this work in the hope that the world will find out that the principles first put to practical operation by the Confederate navy are those that will eventually form the navies of the world."

Back Numbers of the Veteran Wanted.—The following back numbers of the Veteran are wanted to complete files, and any subscribers who are willing to dispose of their old copies will confer a favor by communicating with this office: All of '93; '94, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10; '95, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12; '96, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11.

Robert C. Crouch, Morristown, Tenn.: "Should any friend of I. L. Derrick, Company I, Fifteenth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Brigade, desire information, his grave can be located. He was killed in December, 1863.

PORTRAITS OF THE GOVERNORS OF TENNESSEE—SEE NOTICE ON PAGE 82.

SINCERE APPRECIATION OF A LITTLE "YANKEE."—It was a lovely day in June; the cemetery was abloom with flowers, and the grass lay like an emerald carpet upon the ground. Fragrant blossoms had been strewn upon the graves of Southern soldiers by white-robed children, and around the beautiful Confederate monument garlands of red and white roses, intertwined with ribbons of the same color, with silken flags, had been arranged in dainty and loving remembrance. Beneath this monument stood an odd little figure in strange, pathetic contrast to the children who had scattered flowers. Her dress was old and soiled, her small feet bare; a great limp sunbonnet shaded her passionate little face, and her small fists were clinched.

"They ought ter be ashamed of theyselves," she said energetically, speaking apparently to herself, for no one else was near. A woman standing behind, however, heard the remark, and asked curiously: "Who ought to be ashamed of themselves, little girl?" "Them Unions," replied the child, her hands still clinched behind her, and her eyes on the beautifully decorated monument.

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Them Unions. I am one of them, but they ought ter be ashamed of theyselves cause they didn't do nothin' like this for their soldiers on Decoration Day. I was here, an' they didn't put er single ribbon on them Yankee graves over yonder," pointing with a firm little finger in the direction of numberless headstones showing whitely on the green turf of a distant hillside. "They fought for ther Union, though," she said stoutly, and the woman laughed softly.

RECORD OF ALL C. S. A. VETERANS.

Col. R. H. Lindsay, of the Sixteenth and Twenty-Fifth Louisiana Regiments, sends requests from Shreveport, La.:

As the years pass one by one, and the old veterans pass on to the other shore, it is almost impossible to obtain the necessary information required by widows to obtain pensions. And the day is not far distant when there will be no more reunions. It should gratify the Sons and Daughters of Veterans where the names of their ancestors, fathers, brothers, and friends enrolled, giving the name of company and number of regiment they served in.

Now to accomplish this, I suggest that the inclosed resolution in substance be passed at Dallas reunion:

Resolved, That each camp be requested and urged to collect the names of every Confederate veteran who enlisted in any arm of the service and was honorably discharged in their respective jurisdictions, and that said rolls be forwarded to some point in each State to be published in inexpensive form so that veterans or their families can procure them at a fair price.

The above resolution would not be so difficult to carry out as some might think, as many of the commissioned and noncommissioned officers have the roster of their companies still on hand. Could not all the Camps send their rolls to the VETERAN for publication by States? Then future generations would know who took part in the Civil War of 1861-65.

Col. Lindsay would be gratified to see what the "Old North State" has done in this respect. On the bookshelves of the VETERAN office there are four volumes—"Roster of North Carolina Troops"—aggregating 2,523 pages. They comprise a record of every soldier from that State in the Confederate army who lost his life or was honorably discharged at the close of the war. This set of books were sent with the compliments of H. A. Brown, who was promoted from Company B to the command of the regiment. Other States may well follow the lead of the "Tar Heels," whose record has never been eclipsed.

CONCERNING COL. SYDENHAM MOORE, OF ALA.

N. B. Hogan writes from Springfield, Mo.:

In the February VETERAN, page 70, Col. Sydenham Moore, who commanded the Eleventh Alabama Infantry, is suggested as the probable "Alabama colonel" referred to in a letter from Mrs. Anne M. H. Brockington, of Groton, Conn. The incident of which Mrs. Brockington writes transpired in 1865, three years after Col. Sydenham Moore had laid down his life in heroic defense of Southern rights. I witnessed the fall of this brave and gallant officer while leading his regiment in a victorious charge upon Gen. Casey's fortified lines at Seven Pines on Saturday noon, May 30, 1862. I was then a private in Company A, Eleventh Alabama Infantry, and was near Col. Moore at the time. We had marched down from Richmond, a distance of five miles, and were advancing in line of battle when we came suddenly to the edge of an open field across which we could see the works of the enemy about two hundred yards distant. We had overrun and captured the Federal pickets in the timber, and our approach was not known by the men behind the formidable works until with yells we rushed across the open ground, never stopping until we had climbed the breastworks and captured all their cannon, their splendid camp equipage, and a good warm dinner. Although our sudden appearance and impetuous charge took the enemy by surprise our victory was dearly won. The Federals quickly formed their lines in the trenches, the artillerymen sprang to their guns in the redoubt, and instantly a terrific fire of small arms, grape, and canister was poured into our faces; but without wavering our lines closed up as fast as our boys fell, and with wild shouts pressed right up to the mouths of the hostile guns, and at close range poured such a hot blast that those who were not made prisoners took to their heels and soon took shelter in the dense wood near by. When within fifty paces or less of the enemy's battery, which was flanked on either side by parallel lines of well-constructed earthworks, Col. Moore who, on foot, and near the right file of our company, threw his hand to his right side and staggered as if in the act of falling. Several of the boys rushed to him and gently laid him down. Soon afterwards he was taken to the rear where Dr. Ash, our regimental surgeon, dressed his wounds. Col. Moore's watch had been struck by a Minie ball which glanced into the abdomen and taking a downward course, inflicted a mortal wound. He lingered a few hours and his heroic spirit took its flight.

After the death of Col. Moore, Lieut. Col. Stephen F. Hale, ex-member of the U. S. Congress, took command of our regiment, and at Gaines's Mill he fell mortally wounded while leading us in a desperate assault in which we drove the enemy and captured a fourteen-gun battery in the historic peach orchard. This was Thursday, June 27, 1862, only a few days after Seven Pines. Col. Moore served one or two terms as Lieutenant Governor of Alabama before the war, and was very popular both as a civil and military officer.

After the death of Cols. Moore and Hale, Capt. Sanders was made colonel of the regiment, and was said to be the youngest officer of that rank in Lee's army. I know that none were braver than he. He was stern but kind, and always looked after the comfort and safety of his men, and as the war progressed he grew continually in their estimation.

Our brigade was made up of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Fourteenth Alabama Regiments, and until my capture at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox commanded it. He died in Washington, D. C., a few years after the war.

At Seven Pines my company suffered the following casualties: J. E. Adams, Charles J. Adams, Wesley Nored, and Marshall Noed, killed; Lieut. W. H. Hollomb and Jessie Parker were wounded, while James E. Adams was badly wounded in head and left for dead.

Ho for Dallas!

BAD TREATMENT OF PAROLED CONFEDERATES.

Hon. F. W. Washington, Murfreesboro, Tenn.:

After the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., Gen. Johnston sent word to Gen. Sherman that he had six hundred artillery horses, and asked what he must do with them. "Put your boys on them and send them home to plowing," said Sherman. I was fortunate enough to get one. Maj. A. L. Landis, Brigade Quartermaster, was the owner of four fine mules and a wagon that he had used as an army wagon since his enlistment. He said he would take his wagon home with him, and invited eight of us to mount our artillery horses and go with him, saying that it would take us much longer, but would be the best, and we accepted his offer. We were quite busy for two days getting ready.

A lot of brown domestic, ticking, spun cotton, etc., had been sent from Richmond to Greensboro that Gen. Johnston ordered to be cut in ten yard pieces and distributed among the natives. They were notified, and I witnessed a part of the distribution. There were about one hundred women and children, families of poor Rebs who were in the army, around the depot.

The little bundles of goods were thrown out of the depot windows, and such rushing, grabbing, and snatching I never saw. They were all poorly clad; it was a very sad sight.

The next day Maj. Landis called the eight boys together and we started on our homeward march, each with his parole in his pocket. We had an old tent, a skillet, oven, and a frying pan, which were placed in the wagon, also our blankets, knapsacks, etc.

Several pieces of fine gray cloth, such as the officers' suits were made of were given to the boys. I had enough to make a full suit, and I expected at least to be a brigadier general when I got home. Maj. Landis had a few bales of spun cotton in the wagon to trade for butter, eggs, etc., on the way. We mounted our fine artillery horses and journeyed across the mountains to Knoxville. On our route we found the spun cotton better than gold. One lady said that she would trade us anything she had for our spun cotton, except her children. In crossing the mountains the scenery was grand beyond description. It seemed strange that our people should go to Switzerland, thousands of miles off, where they would see nothing half so grand.

We passed through Knoxville early in the morning, but did not stop. Gen. Stoneman, the Federal Cavalry commander, still had possession of the town. We saw several hundred blue coats there. That day we got about twenty miles beyond Knoxville and had just selected a place to camp for the night, when a squad dashed up and said: "We have come after you fellows; you must go back to Knoxville with us. Hitch up." Maj. Landis, in charge of our band, said: "We could not think of going back before morning." "Well," they said, "you will have to feed us and our horses," which we did.

The next morning we started back to Knoxville, and arrived there about three oclock in the afternoon. We were taken at once to the provost marshal's office, a sandy-headed villain. He is the only man I ever desired to kill. We were marched with bayonets on either side to the wretch, when he said to us: "You fellows show your paroles, if you have any." We had nothing to do but hand them out. He then said to the guards: "Take these fellows, quick." We were marched to the jail and up stairs and all nine of us were crammed into an iron cage about five feet square, and the cage locked. When we asked for supper the guard said: "No; you are too late for supper; you will get nothing until morning." The cage was made of two-inch tire-iron, and there was a bar running across the floor way six inches. In the same room there were three other cages occupied by Rebs that were to be shot in a few days. They sang and yelled the entire night. Of course we could not have slept on feather beds. In our cage there was just room for half to lie down, the other half would stand around the iron wall and look at the others rest—if it could be called rest. We had no blankets, nothing but the floor and bars of iron to lie on. O what a night it was! It has now been thirty-seven years, but its memory is very fresh in my recollection yet.

The next morning we were directed down to a breakfast; it was hardtack. While we were eating a Yank opened the gate and began to call a list of names. We went there, and he said: "You fellows step out as your names are called." The names of all our party were called except Maj. Landis and Capt. Oliver. The seven were marched to the scoundrel's office again. He gave us our paroles and said: "Now you fellows leave here on the first train; if I see you here to-morrow I will put you back in that cage." I forgot to say that the sandy-headed villain ordered all of our horses, mules, and wagon to be taken to his quarters. There were nine good horses, four fine mules, a good wagon loaded with knapsacks, clothing, spun cotton, a few blankets, our fine suits of gray cloth, some chickens, turkeys, eggs, butter, etc. He made a good haul.

We followed his advice, took the first train; there were about fifteen box cars for stock, very filthy. After going about one hundred miles, and while we were passing through a long, deep cut at a fearful rate, there was a loud crash and every car was thrown off the track against the rocks. One car was full of Yanks just behind the tender. It was uncoupled, and away it was taken with the locomotive. Three were killed, and a great number had broken bones and bruises. It was about ten o'clock at night. Our party climbed up the rocks, made a fire, and sat by it until eleven o'clock next day. By that time they had the cars on the track and we were off again for home. Everything from then was all right.

We arrived in Murfreesboro in due time, which is but five miles from my home, where I met my precious little wife and two dear little boys. The reader can imagine how I felt.

Sometime afterward I learned that Maj. Landis and Capt. Oliver were kept in jail two weeks longer and made to sweep around the tents of the officers.

Gen. McLaws on the Private Soldier.—The following extracts are from a letter of Gen. Lafayette McLaws to H. W. Graber, of Dallas, Tex., showing his appreciation of the services of his company, the Texas Rangers, while on duty with him from Savannah, Ga., to Bentonville, and his estimate of the regard due a private Confederate soldier. It was dated at Savannah, Ga., April 9, 1897, and says:

"Your letter of the 5th reached me yesterday evening, and it gave me great pleasure to receive it, for I have very often spoken of the Texas company which formed my escort for a great deal of the time during this campaign, and always in praise of its daring spirit and its devotion to our cause, and there is no one in the company whose name I have mentioned more often than yours, for I saw more of you personally than of most of them, as you were for some time connected with my scouting party.

"Of the things done in those days there are many that I would like very much to hear related by those who were participants. The conduct of the enemy was so exasperating that there was no treatment too harsh as a punishment for their misdeeds, and I have always regretted that there had not been more scouting parties organized to follow in the wake of Sherman's army and on his flanks.

"Your company, acting as scouts as well as escort, in small parties, encouraging individual daring and enterprise, was equally as efficient as a much larger body moving in compact body under one head.

"I shall always remember with pleasure the duties you performed while acting as my escort, and also

the pleasure I had in my personal intercourse with you individually. I always kept in my mind that the private soldier was entitled to be treated with respect due to a gentleman, if his behaviour warranted it—this in our Southern army.

"You will oblige me by assuring all of Company B of my high regard and respect for them individually as brave and honorable men, and collectively as an organized company, for I gave them a chance to show their character in both ways and was sorry to part with you all.

RE-ENLISTMENTS BY THE CONFEDERATES.

Col. William D. Pickett writes from Four Bear, Big Horn County, Wyoming, under date of January 25:

Though separated for years from my old comrades of the Army of Tennessee (Confederate), yet through the VETERAN I am kept posted on all subjects of mutual interest. My attention has just been attracted to an article in the January number calling for information as to what regiment or command, whilst in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., in the winter of 1863-64, first, in mass meeting, passed resolutions agreeing "to reënlist to the end of the war." During 1901, the VETERAN called for this information, and there have been several articles furnished on the subject.

Miss Alma Wilson was sponsor for Joseph E. Johnston Camp 119, U. C. V., Gainesville, Tex., at the Memphis reunion. Dan J. Wilson, the father of Miss Wilson, entered the Confederate service at the age of fifteen in Company A, Thirty-Third Regiment Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. He received two wounds at New Hope Church, first over the eye and then in the hand. At Big Shanty he was wounded in the throat; at Franklin, Tenn., he was severely wounded in the body, and later was shot in the hip; he was again wounded at Kingston, N. C. Miss Wilson's mother was Mary F. Kennedy. She had three brothers in the Confederate army, one of whom lost his life at Chickamauga. Miss Wilson is highly cultured and beautiful, a fit sponsor for any Confederate Camp.

The writer was at that time (and to the end of the war) attached to the staff of Lieut. Gen. Hardee, to whose corps Cheatham's Division was assigned, and remembers distinctly this matter and its far-reaching bearing on the fortunes of the Confederacy. At that time the Confederate army at Dalton was under the command of Gen. J. E. Johnston, scarcely 40,000 strong, and was confronted by Sherman's army of at least 100,000 men, which was ready to pounce down upon it in the early spring. The term of enlistment of Johnston's army, originally, was for three years, and was about to expire, or at least by the time the campaign of 1864 should open. It was of grave concern among all thoughtful men. True, the troops could be held under the conscript law. Even if willingly held, with the probable necessity for the reorganization of regiments and brigades in the presence of a powerful enemy, it would have been perilous; and the outlook was indeed gloomy. Apparently without premonition the first ray of light to illumine the gloom was a morning announcement that the men of Vaughn's Brigade in mass meeting, had volunteered to "reënlist for the war." This act seemed to electrify the army. It was taken up by every command of Cheatham's Division, and within a week every man had "reënlisted for the war." After passing through Cheatham's Division it was followed by every command of the army of Tennessee, and I believe the entire Confederate army.

I cannot recall that any particular effort was made by any one to start this wave of patriotism. Certainly at the time no one was given the credit for it. The movement appeared spontaneous. The news of this patriotic and valorous act, with a copy of the resolution, was published widely in the Southern papers, and it had a wonderful effect in reviving the drooping spirit of the South.

My distinct recollection is that this movement was started in Vaughn's Tennessee Brigade of Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps. If it started by regiments, it commenced in the consolidate One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee and the Fourth Tennessee. I am not sure that Gen. A. J. Vaughn was then in command, for in an action on the Gilgal Church line, in the rear of Marietta, he had his foot shot off and may not have been in command. This brigade, under various commanders, had covered itself with glory in many battles.

There should be no difficulty in getting at the facts of this matter, as there must be many officers and soldiers of Cheatham's Division still living who are cognizant of the facts. Maj. Joe Vauly, of Nashville, and Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Memphis, occur to me in this connection. Better evidence still could be found in the files of the newspapers of that period. The Louisville *Courier,* conducted by that grand patriot, W. N. Halderman—still living—and the Memphis *Appeal* were then being published in Atlanta. The files of these papers should be authoritative evidence.

This matter should be thoroughly ventilated now that it is up is my excuse for going so much into detail. Cer-

tainly no event in her history confers higher honor, under all the circumstances, upon Tennessee and Tennessee troops. There should be erected in the capitol grounds at Nashville a monument dedicated to "Tennessee Valor," and inscribed on it should be a copy of the first resolution passed for "reënlistment," and below it the names of the Tennessee commands that adopted it in regular order.

KINDNESS OF GEN. JEFF. C. DAVIS.

Interesting Reminiscences by Capt. McCauley.

In the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, we charged the right flank of the enemy. We surprised and routed their first line, driving it in wild confusion for some miles, when suddenly we encountered a new line secreted in a cedar glade. At this point I saw Gen. J. E. Rains fall from his horse, mortally wounded, and as I turned to tell one of my men that Gen. Rains had fallen a Minie ball penetrated three of my ribs and paralyzed my right leg. I was carried to the field hospital and from there to the residence of Mr. B. W. Henry, where I remained undisturbed for about three weeks, receiving the best of care and attention. My wound was healing nicely, though I was still confined to my bed when a Federal officer with six guards came into my room and said he had orders from Gen. Jeff C. Davis to take me to his headquarters. After walking a mile and a half I was halted in front of Gen. Davis's headquarters and left alone. When the General saw me he advanced toward me, saying: "Who are you." "My name is McCauley." "What are you, and who brought you here?" "I am a captain in the Confederate army." I was offering an explanation, when I saw the officer who had conveyed me there, and pointed him out to the General. The General called the officer to him and asked him about the same questions he had asked me, and then, with a closed fist and pointed finger said: "There are some men that do not seem to have a d—— bit of sense. I told you to go out into the country and bring in our men that may be straggling out from camp." The General then took me by the arm, asked me into his marqee, and told me to lie down on his cot. I thanked him, but declined his offer, and when he asked why, I told him that my wound was bleeding. He then placed a camp stool near me and asked me to sit down; which I did with thanks, as I was feeling very weak and sick. The staff seemed to be busy drawing up reports and maps of the battle. The General asked me whose brigade I was in and on what part of the line. I told him, and added that we surprised and routed one line of his men, and pursued them about one and a half miles, then encountered a second line posted in a cedar glade, and found them very stubborn; that at this place Gen. Rains was killed and I was wounded. The General's face indicated much interest, and he said: "I placed the line in the cedars and know the very spot on which Gen. Rains fell." I gave him all the information I could relative to the positions occupied by the opposing armies, and asked him to assign me to some place to spend the night, as I was very weak and sick. He asked me where I wanted to go, and I mentioned Mr. Henry's. He gave me a note written by himself, saying: "I will send you to the provost marshal and he will send you where you want to go." He directed a courier to get an ambulance, but I told him I did not want to ride as the jarring would tear my wound, and he said that he had a good, old gentle horse; I thanked him and accepted the horse. On account of the wound in my leg I had difficulty in mounting, seeing which the General took hold of my leg, lifted it gently over the saddle, stepped round to the other side of the horse, placed my foot in the stirrup and asked how I felt. He then gave me his hand with a fond "good by." We soon reached the provost marshal's office. That officer, after requiring me to sign a parole of honor, ordered the courier to conduct me to Mr. Henry's home.

The worry and exposure I had gone through gave me fever, and caused my wound to inflame. At this time Mrs. Betsy Sublett, Mr. Henry's sister, came to visit the family, and at once took charge of me. For a few days I did not know what was going on, but when I awoke, I found myself encased in a wheat bran poultice. My wound began to heal, and in a short time I was almost well. I reported to the provost marshal at Murfreesboro, where I found Gen. G. W. Gordon. He had been wounded and was under the care of the Misses Dromgoole, who did so much for the Confederate sick and wounded in the hospitals at Murfreesboro. In a short time the Federals made a shipment of Confederate convalescents from the hospitals at Murfreesboro to the penitentiary at Nashville.

I left Nashville in a few days and went to Louisville where I met a friend who gave me a twenty-dollar bill, bank of Tennessee. This bill I sold to a Yankee sutler at Camp Chase for $16 in greenbacks. After being at Camp Chase for about thirty days we took a through train to Philadelphia. I lost my hat en route and next day I asked the commanding officer if he would send a guard out with me so that I might buy a hat. He said no, but he would get me one if I had the money to pay for it. I gave him a five dollar greenback, all I had left out of the twenty-dollar Tennessee bill. The officer never came back, and I went on from Philadelphia to Fort Delaware bare-headed.

After staying on a little island in the Delaware bay near the Forts for about six weeks, we took passage on a steamship (the State of Maine) for City Point on the James River, were exchanged, and rejoined our commands at Shelbyville, Tenn., the last of May, 1863.

I fought through the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Kennesaw Mountain, and all of Hood's and Sherman's battles around Atlanta, Ga., except one, and I never was half so mad with the whole Federal army as I was with the officer who stole my hat money.

T. J. Young reports from Austin, Ark., that Camp James Adams, No. 1036, U. C. V., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: S. W. Blackwood, Commander; T. J. Young, Adjutant; Donald Starritt and John Reid, Lieutenant Commanders; D. H. Jackson, Quartermaster; Dr. G. W. Granberry, Surgeon; Grandison Apple, Chaplain; J. D. Burkhead, Officer of the Day; M. G. Apple, Treasurer; W. J. Lawrence, Sergeant Major; Henderson Sowell, Color Bearer; Zack Reid and J. C. Haggard, Color Guards.

It would be well if all Camp elections were reported to the VETERAN, especially in changes of Commander and Adjutant.

DISCUSSING UNITED STATES PENSIONS.

BY HON. WASHINGTON GARDNER, OF MICHIGAN.

In a discussion upon the Pension Appropriation Bill in Congress some weeks ago, the propriety of admitting Confederate Veterans into the Federal Soldiers' Homes was the theme. There were two notable speeches on the subject, one by Mr. DeArmond, Democrat, of Missouri, and the other by Mr. Washington Gardner, Republican, of Michigan. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Gardner referred to the "generous" treatment of Mexican war veterans, and this statement, made certainly in good faith, put some Southern members to critical responses, whereby the good that he said in the noble tribute he paid Confederates was to some extent obscured.

The VETERAN knows well, and is ever proud to honor Washington Gardner. Its editor is proud of his course, since he has been a reader of its pages for over nine years. Mr. Gardner, in his advocacy of opening Federal Soldiers' Homes to the Confederates, said, concerning that and the abuses of pension laws:

I was much interested in the remarks of the gentleman from Virginia on the pending bill, and particularly in his clear and somewhat exhaustive setting forth of the generous treatment of the ex-Confederate soldiers by the people of the South. If the deserts of these men, seamed by the storms of time and scarred by the bullets of battle, are to be measured by the devotion to the cause which they believed to be right, too much cannot be done for them by those whom they sought to serve.

There seemed to be a difference of opinion among the friends of the ex-Confederate soldiers on that side of the Chamber as to whether or not they should be admitted to Soldiers' Homes supported, in the language of the distinguished leader of the minority, "by the Government they sought to destroy." These differences you gentlemen must settle among yourselves. While, as an ex-Federal soldier, I cannot withhold my admiration of the spirit which declares "we will care for our own," at the same time I predict the day will come when the doors of the National Homes will be open and welcome extended to the aged and dependent survivors from both sides in that great conflict.

The gentleman from Virginia may be criticised now for his advocacy of the proposition, but the time will come when he will be commended for his sagacity. I speak only for myself when I declare that if it is a choice between the two, beautiful as the sentiment is, it were better to feed the hungry and shelter the living Confederates than to care for the graves of their heroic and immortal dead. (Applause.)

But certain it is that among the most important secondary results of the short and decisive conflict with Spain were the bringing about of a better understanding, of greater mutual regard and good feeling between the North and the South than had existed during the preceding forty-five years; the demonstration that whatever differences might have existed in other years between the sections, they do not exist now, and the service of notice on the civilized world that in estimating the result of an appeal to arms against the United States they must reckon on the united strength of the people who followed Farragut and Semmes on the sea and Grant and Lee on the land. . . .

A study of the casualties in the great wars of modern times reveals the fact that none is comparable to those in the war between the States. The South would be unworthy of her heroic defenders did she not seek by self-imposed taxation to care for the maimed and shattered survivors of the legions which again and again staked everything on the gage of battle and lost. Certainly the Government cannot be less grateful to those whom she summoned to defend her life or die in the attempt. While I would be classed among those who believe the nation has gone to the limit of liberality in the matter of pensions to its soldiers, yet I resent the assertion that it ever has or will or can pay the men who fought its battles and saved its life. All it can do is to express in a tangible manner, through the pension system, its appreciation of their valor and sacrifice and devotion.

That the distribution of pensions is not equitable no well-informed person will deny. Many men are on the roll for more than they deserve, judged by any service rendered or hazard taken; many are receiving less than is their right under the intent if not the letter of the law. But these inequalities are inseparable from the system. It is as impossible to separate the deserving from the undeserving among the pensioners as it is to separate among the survivors the real soldier from his imitation. Every man who served in the ranks and at the front knows the battles were fought and the hardships endured, as a rule, by mere skeletons of regiments. There were skulkers and cowards in every battle and in both armies, and yet the men who never fired a gun at the foe on either side, and who shirked duty and hardships whenever and wherever possible, to-day share in the common glory of American valor and sacrifice in war.

I agree perfectly with the gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Talbert) that the pension roll should be "a roll of honor," and so does every true soldier among the survivors of the Union army, whether pensioners or not. If the gentleman knows or can devise any system by which the "deserters," "bounty jumpers," "camp followers," or "coffee coolers" (to use some of his favorite phrases) on the pension roll can be detected, he can rely on the assistance of the great body of the Union soldiers to make that system effective to the removing of the last one of the unworthy from that column of heroic, battle-scarred men who quarterly answer to the roll call of a nation, glad to remind its defenders of its unfailing gratitude. That there are unworthy men among the survivors of the Union army who are willing to take advantage of the Government's bounty is but another evidence of the truth of the general principle that under like circumstances men are at all times alike. The same difficulties were experienced with the men who fought under Washington in the Revolution, under Scott in Mexico, and under Lee in the rebellion. Indeed, by its own statements the South is confronted by this same difficulty in more than one State whose generosity seeks to care for the disabled and needy Confederates.

I was surprised at the statements of the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Gaines) relative to the surviv-

ing Mexican war soldiers, which was, in effect, that they were not liberally treated. Does not the gentleman know that they are on precisely the same footing as the Union soldiers in so far as wounds or disabilities incurred in the service and in the line of duty is concerned? Does he not know that every honorably discharged soldier of the Mexican war, though he were perfect in health, rich in purse, or enjoying the emoluments of lucrative office, was put on the roll as a pensioner when 62 years of age? Does not the gentleman know that the survivors of no war in our history have been so generously dealt with as those in the war with Mexico? At this time almost one-half of the survivors of the Mexican war receive from $12 to $72 per month, and all the remainder receive $8 per month.

"The Spanish-American war soldiers who have been pensioned receive," says the Commissioner of Pensions, "an annual average largely in excess of the average annual value of the pensioners of the civil war." Almost exactly two-thirds of the Spanish war soldiers now on the pension roll receive from $8 to $72 per month. No such showing as this can be made relative to the pensioners in any previous war in our history. When we remember that for every 6 of the survivors of the civil war who applied for pensions within a given time 20 of the survivors of the Spanish-American war have applied, it makes us wonder whither we are drifting.

Of those who interrupted Mr. Gardner, Mr. Mann said: One might be led to suppose from the gentleman's remark that he was intending to criticise the Spanish war veterans for applying for pensions so numerously. Do I understand that the gentleman does mean to criticise those soldiers?

Mr. Gardner resumed: I had two sons in the Spanish-American war. One of them came home showing clearly the marks of the service upon him. Those boys had not been mustered out ten days before they were receiving blanks from the pension agents to make out an application for a pension. I want to say to you that I believe that was a very general condition of things throughout the list of those who had experience as soldiers in the Spanish-American war. I want to say, further, that in the particular cases to which I have referred the letters, to my certain knowledge, went into the waste basket. . . .

Mr. Chairman, in conclusion, as I was about to say when I was diverted from the line of my remarks in relation to the Spanish-American soldier, I certainly would be the last man, with two sons on the rolls, to cast any aspersions upon that splendid body of young men who went forth from the North and the South, from the East and the West, and who struck down Spanish sovereignty in the western world. I am not here, gentlemen, to cast a reproach upon my own flesh and blood, but I believe that I ought to state the truth as I see it. Twenty of these young men to every six who served in the Union army are to-day applicants for pensions from the United States.

The civil war veterans fought more and harder battles and endured greater privations than any army ever marshaled on this continent, save only the army that they faced on the field of conflict. When it comes to that I bow to the Confederate soldier, who, considering the almost worthless money in which he was paid, the meager clothing and camp equipment with which he was supplied, and the scant rations upon which he was fed, gave the sublimest exhibition of devotion to a cause which he believed to be right that this continent ever saw. (Applause.) And yet, let me say that these men, my comrades of the Union army, who fought the battles and endured the hardships that they did are outclassed as pension claimants by more than three to one from those the great body of whom never left the American soil nor endured any hardships beyond those incident to the routine duties of the camp in a friendly country. At Gettysburg twice as many men, in round numbers, went down on the two sides as Shafter took under the flag of our country into Cuba. (Applause.) Almost twice as many men in the desperate encounter on the field of Chickamauga, and so it was again and again in that gigantic struggle in which Americans on either side contended for the mastery. My sons laughingly speak of themselves as "tin soldiers."

HON. WASHINGTON GARDNER.

They ridicule the idea of being pensioners upon the Government for what they did. It was no fault of theirs and their comrades that they did not fight. They sought to discharge every duty imposed. . . . I am not passing any reflection upon the men who were injured by wounds or who are suffering from disabilities contracted in the service and in the line of duty. This Government is great enough and rich enough to care for all the men who suffered in its defense or at its command. But what I am saying is that it is well for us to pause when we are appropriat-

ing $140,000,000 and to ask whither are we tending in this matter of pensions.

In view of the fact, so well stated yesterday by the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Gaines), that there is a constant stream of applicants coming from across the seas, and that notwithstanding the great and increasing mortality among the survivors of the civil war our pension disbursements keep at the maximum and are likely to indefinitely, ought there not to be the closest scrutiny of all legislation upon this subject?

We have to look the question in the face and meet it not wholly from the standpoint of sentiment, much less from that of mere personal, or political, or partisan advantage, but as men who have sworn to do our duty as legislators for the whole people.

I am a pensioner. I am willing to stand by what I say. There is not a wakeful hour of my life by day or night when I do not suffer from wounds received in battle. I know what it means to carry the knapsack and the rifle, the haversack and the canteen, for three long years as a private soldier. I speak from the standpoint of experience when I say we have gone to the extreme of liberality.

Mr. Chairman, I am not here as the advocate of the policy of the present Commissioner of Pensions, nor am I here to defend all or many of his rulings, but I am here to declare it as my belief that so long as he keeps within the law and seeks to administer his great and difficult trust without fear or favor according to law he should have the honest and hearty support of men of all parties in this House and all good citizens throughout the country. (Loud applause.)

Hon. Edmund Waddell, United States District Judge for the Eastern Virginia District advocated the bill of Robert W. Blair (1886) on these grounds: That while the Federal government was providing money for expositions, and appropriating large sums to alleviate the sufferers from floods and devastations in different parts of the country, that surely it should provide homes for the indigent of a section which for nearly thirty years had paid millions of dollars of taxes into the United States treasury. He contended that it was not seeking favor or surrendering principle to ask for Federal legislation to aid the needy ex-Confederate, but was the assertion of a right which belonged to the South

MISS LEOLA STIDHAM,
EUFAULA, I. TER.,
Sponsor Indian Territory Division.

MISS TSIANINA GRAYSON,
EUFAULA, I. TER.,
Chief Maid of Honor I. Ter. Div.

AROUND THE LAST CAMPFIRE.

BY ALBERT GREENWOOD, NEWPORT, IND.

The sun had gone down while the army was trying
To check the assault of a numberless foe;
Around us were scattered the wounded and dying,
Who fell while repelling that last awful blow.
There yet, in our hearts, was the hope of evading
The columns we knew that no more we could meet.
Our cartridges failed, while daylight was fading,
And with bayonets bare we must fight and retreat.

From the day that Manassas (first page in our history)
Was written in blood and with pencils of steel,
To the evening now past, in its corpse littered glory,
The army that met us had met us to reel.
"Now the bravest are killed, and the weakest have perished,
And famished and faint are the few that remain;
Gone from our hearts are the hopes we have cherished,
That led us in triumph o'er mountain and plain."

The smoke of the battle hung dismally o'er us;
Far away in the south was a light in the sky,
While we, whispering, talked of the morning before us,
And the graves where the dead of our battles stil lie;
Of the comrades we knew when the war cloud was bursting,
Whose corpses were strewn over hillside and plain;
Of the battle just fought, until hungered and thirsting,
We wondered if we could renew it again.

Home was a subject we scarcely could mention,
Though never forgotten, long passed from our sight;
From the morning our captain had first called "Attention!"
Our days were in battle, our marches at night.
Yet sometimes a word or a look would remind us,
And often the thought would go back through the years,
Of home and of friends; but the vision would blind us,
Though the thoughts of our hearts were too bitter for tears.

Then we slept and we dreamed that a long line of battle
Was coming once more, like a wave on the sea;
And the roar of the guns and the musketry's rattle,
Were loud where our graves, in the morning, would be.
In our slumber we felt for the cartridges, missing,
And then for the bayonet, broke in the fray;
Our missiles were gone, and the bullets were hissing,
Around and among us, the last of the Gray.

We lived through the scenes when in hope we were younger,
And walked o'er the paths that in childhood we trod;
We tried in our dreams to appease our keen hunger,
And restlessly turned in our couch on the sod.
Then blossoms were white, the magnolia was blooming;
And beneath there were forms like the houri's of old;
But their voices were lost in the cannon's dull booming,
And o'er us the battle cloud vividly rolled.

We were 'roused from our dreams by the officers' warning,
And stood to our arms ere a soldier could see;
The march was resumed in the dawn of the morning,
The last time we formed as "The Army of Lee."
We were going once more, with no thought of returning;
We were following Lee, without counting the cost,
And we silently marched by (the embers still burning),
The last of our campfires. The Southland was lost.

MR. LAMB AND THE RIXEY BILL.

"But what are the facts in the State of Missouri? The Legislature of that State appropriates money for the homes of Confederate soldiers and Union soldiers, and they are kept separate and apart. You see these wise legislators deal with human nature as they find it in Missouri. What does my friend (Mr. DeArmand) say? We were moved to tears as he drew a sad picture—all the sadder because oftentimes true—of the unfortunate, hopeless, and disconsolate old soldier seeking a shelter to protect him from the storms of winter. That is all right; but how is it, my friends, when this old soldier feels that he is the recipient of a charity, and that he has not rendered a *quid pro quo* for his home? How will he feel then? . . .

"When you throw them together the Federal soldiers will say: 'I am at home. I won my right here in the forefront of battle, striving to preserve the Union. Why are you here, Johnny Reb? If your side had won where would I be now. You have not won your way here. You are a "charity patient."'

"It seems incredible that a Southerner, a Confederate, should use such language, should employ such reasoning as is found in the above quotation from the Hon. John Lamb in his speech in Congress on the Rixey Bill, as reported in the dispatch of January 26. On what ground does the Federal soldier base his right to a place in a soldiers' home? That he fought at the bidding of his State. On what ground does the Confederate soldier base his right to a place in a soldiers' home? That he fought at the bidding of his State. In the one case, that of the Federal soldier, he was engaged in a war of coercion, to force the "Union" upon the South. In the case of the Confederate he was engaged in a war of defence, in repelling invasion. The United States for four years consisted only of the States of the North, and the Government at Washington, which called the Union soldier into action, was the agent of Northern States only. The Southern States for four years formed the federation of the Confederate States of America, and the Richmond Government, which called the Confederate soldier to battle was the agent of these States. In violation of the American principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, that a community has an inalienable right to alter its form of government, and that just governments rest on the consent of the governed; in violation of the Constitution of the United States, which gives the Federal Government no power to coerce a State, the United States entered upon this war of criminal aggression. After the most heroic and glorious struggle the Confederacy fell. And the Confederate soldier stands to-day the representative of the noblest cause for which a people may strive, the right of self-government.

The States are now all again in one Union, a Union based this time on coercion, not on consent. Theoretically the States are all equal, theoretically the citizens are all equal. The Federal Government, alike the agent now of Southern States as of Northern States, taxes all alike. But who gets the millions expended in pensions? Who gets the support of Soldiers' Homes, for which all alike are paying? The veterans of the Northern army and their families. But look at the State of Missouri. Take her as a type of the present "Union." Northern historians claim that Missouri was not a State of the Southern Confederacy, and that she never seceded. Our Confederate calendars give us the exact date of her secession. We know that she was represented in the Confederate Congress. The star of Missouri makes one of the thirteen stars of the Confederate flag. One hundred thousand of her sons wore the gray and battled for Southern rights. Does Missouri say to the Confederates: "We cannot give you a home except as a charity patient. You have rendered no *quid pro quo*." No, she says to the Confederate veteran: "You have won your right to a place here in the forefront of battle, fighting for your State as one of the States of the Confederacy." To the Northern soldier she says: "You believed your State was in the Union, and so you answered the call of the Government of the United States."

Mr. Lamb makes his Yankee say to the Confederate: "If your side had won where would I be now?" Why, just where he is at present. Is it possible Mr. Lamb can ask such a question seriously? The Southern States had no wish or desire to interfere with, or "break up" the Northern Union. The Confederate States, if they had been able to *secure* their independence—do not forget they were *in possession of independence* for four years—would have been perfectly willing to leave the Government at Washington to itself, to look after its own soldiers and its own affairs generally. In President Davis's Inaugural Address, February 22, 1862, he says of the Confederate States: "War of conquest they cannot wage, because the constitution of their Confederacy admits of no coerced association. Civil war there cannot be between States held together by their own volition only. This rule of voluntary association, which cannot fail to be conservative, by securing just and impartial government at home, does not diminish the security of the obligations by which the Confederate States may be bound to foreign nations. In proof of this, it is to be remembered, that at the first moment of asserting their right of secession these States proposed a settlement on a basis of a common liability for the obligations of the general government." And Mr. Davis thus defines the position of the Confederates in the war forced upon them: "After the struggles of ages had consecrated the right of the Englishman to constitutional representative government, our colonial ancestors were forced to vindicate that birthright by an appeal to arms. Success crowned their efforts, and they provided for their posterity, a peaceful remedy against future aggression. The tyranny of an unbridled majority, the most odious and least responsible form of despotism has denied us both the right and the remedy. Therefore, we are in arms to renew such sacrifices as our fathers made to the holy cause of constitutional liberty."

Is it still impossible for the Northern republican to see himself as others see him? Is he not yet ready to make some atonement for the great wrongs he has inflicted upon the Southern people? Robbed and plundered in war, are we still to be, for an indefinite period, robbed and plundered in peace? For it is robbery to take money from us by Federal taxation to support Northern soldiers and their families, while at the same time not one cent from our taxes goes to the support of the Southern soldier and his family. Either let the Federal government cease paying pensions and supporting these so-called "National" Homes (where the North

is the "nation" meant), leaving it to each State to look after its own veterans, as is done now in the States of the late Confederacy, or let the injustice of one-sided Federal legislation cease, the United States government providing alike for Federal and Confederate, and putting them in separate homes, as is done in the State of Missouri. If, however, it is hopeless to expect such fairness and justice from a republican majority, let us earnestly pray that Southern congressmen may succeed in some measure in line with the Rixey Bill, the one for instance advocated by another Virginian. This is to secure for the benefit of Confederate veterans "the captured and abandoned property fund," now lying unclaimed in the United States treasury, money which most certainly belongs to the Southern people.

VIRGINIA.

METHODS OF BUSINESS AT THE MEMPHIS REUNION.—Capt. W. P. Tolley, member of the Committee on Resolutions for the U. C. V. at Memphis reunion stated in his report to his camp: . . . "It is deemed not improper to suggest that something ought to be done to prevent the gathering of such vast crowds at our annual meetings. The place at which the reunion is held, as well as the convention itself, is always fearfully overrun with people, outsiders who are brought out on such occasions only by the cheap rates of transportation offered by the railroads, and an idle curiosity to see the sights. They go there without any interest whatever in the welfare of the organization, or sympathy with its objects. If the railroads could be induced to extend their rates only to veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and to the Sons of Veterans, this would reduce the attendance considerably. Some such measure as this would give relief.

There was one other matter of importance that I tried to get before the committee, and then the convention. But in consequence of the crowded condition of things in the committee, and the adjournment of the convention a day earlier than had been set in the programme, it was impossible to get a hearing. This was in relation to the Underwood-Cunningham law suit. It is believed by many of the most prominent veterans that there is something wrong in this matter. The merits of this case may be seen to some extent in the following paragraph, that occurs in the proceedings of the reunion, as published in the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* of May 30:

"'By the adoption of the report of the trustees of the Memorial Association, the convention approved of paying Gen. John C. Underwood over $25,000 for his work in securing the amount necessary to validate the Rouss offer of $100,000.'

"I desired that a committee of seven impartial members of the Association should be appointed to investigate this matter thoroughly and report at the next reunion. It certainly ought to be looked into."

BEAUVOIR PURCHASED BY SONS OF VETERANS.

Mississippi Sons of Confederate Veterans decided to purchase the old home of Jefferson Davis and convert it into a retreat for ex-Confederates. The move will recall the good deed of Mrs. A. McCoy Kimbrough, of Greenwood, Miss., who rescued the place from wreck and ruin in which it was left after the passing o fa severe cyclone or tornado some years ago. The beautiful old mansion greatly damaged was an object of regret to every passerby who knew its history. Mrs. Mc. Kimbrough restored the ruin and today "Beauvior" is in good codition. This is but one example of the ready patriotism of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Whenever a Southern object is neglected some great-hearted woman is sure to be stirred, and the Sons of Veterans are never found in the rear when the bugle callof advance is sounded, The Sons will see that old "Beauvoir" is kept in order and as a shelter for needy veterans, suitably perpetuates the memory of the South's first and only President.

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY., AS TOLD IN AN OLD LETTER BY J. A. BRUCE.—Mr. A. C. Bruce writes from Atlanta Ga., inclosing some extracts from a letter of his brother, John A. Bruce, who was in the battle at Perryville, where the Rock City Guards, of Nashville, suffered a very severe loss. The letter bears date at Lebanon, Ky., November 12, 1862:

Dear Brother: October 8 was a notable day to me. Bragg and Buell had a hard fight at Perryville, Ky., but our Gen. Bragg won the victory. I was wounded in the thigh and taken prisoner and carried to Lebanon, Ky., and placed in the hospital until I could recover sufficiently to be carried to prison. There were twelve killed and thirteen wounded in my company. Arch Moore, George Driver, Bob Ballowe, and Eugene Wharton were killed. I was near Col. Patterson and saw him fall from his horse. I was not in the fight very long, only fired five rounds before I was shot down. We had nearly reached a battery we were charging at the time. One ball struck my clothes lightly, one went through my coat sleeve, one through my coat pocket, one took off my cartridge box, one went through my haversack, and the next one brought me down while in the act of loading. It struck me in the thigh and I dropped my gun and walked about twenty yards and then commenced to crawl. Just at that time Col. Patterson was killed and some one helped me on his horse which was being led to the rear. It was a great help to me, but I was afraid, for the time—that I would be shot in the back while riding to the rear. I have the bullet which struck me. It struck something beforehand, as it was split in two.

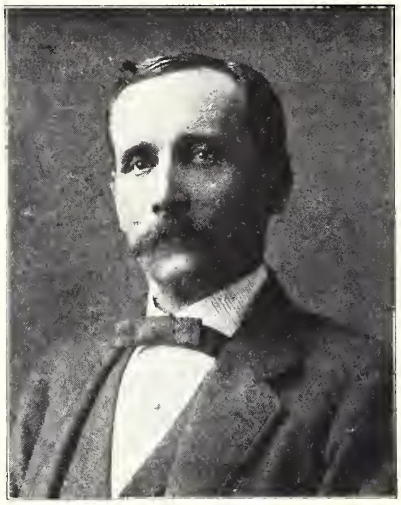
JNO. A. BRUCE.

John A. Bruce was in Company B, Rock City Guards and was carried a prisoner to Camp Chase, Ohio, and in about twelve months was exchanged, coming through Richmond on his way to join his regiment. He was killed in April, 1863, in a railroad wreck near Liberty, Va., and was buried there by the Ladies Memorial Association of that city. Mr. Bruce was a brother of Mr. J. H. Bruce, of Nashville.

John D. McCall (President Texas Home Mutual Fire Insurance Company), Austin, Tex., inquires for any members of Company D, Nineteenth Mississippi Infantry, with which he served in the great war.

WHAT AN ENTERPRISING CONFEDERATE IS DOING.

Andrew R. Blakely was born in Bangor, near Belfast, Ireland, January 24, 1841. He was educated in a national school, and at the age of fifteen had passed his first examination for admission to Trinity College, Dublin, and the aim of his parents being to mae him a churchman, doctor, or lawyer, but his love for the sea and adventure overcame his obedience and ambition, and he embarked on a sailing ship, landing in New Orleans in his sixteenth year with as much nautical experience as he cared for. He secured work in a grocery house, where he remained until 1861. He was then a member of the Washington Artillery and volunteered with his company for active service, following their misfortunes and participating in all the battles of his command until the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, when he received several wounds and losing his right eye. With others of the badly wounded he he was left in some deserted cabins on the battlefield, and eighteen days afterwards was captured and sent a prisoner to Washington City. He was soon afterward exchanged. After recovering from his wounds, being unfit for active duty in the field, he was detailed as a clerk in the Treasury Department, where he remained until the close of the war.



A. R. BLAKELY.

Returning to New Orleans, he secured the position of cashier of the St. Charles Hotel, then kept by D. M. Hildreth & Co., Mr. O. E. Hall being the resident and managing partner. Later Col. R. E. Rivers leased the St. Charles and engaged him as room clerk or cashier until 1878. Then he made his first trip north, and was engaged as cashier to the Stetson House, Long Branch, now called the West End. He was ten seasons at West End, the latter half of which time he had an interest in the business, alternating between there and New Orleans. In the winter of 1878 he went with Mr. F. T. Walton as bookkeeper and manager of the St. James, New York, where he remained during the period of its greatest success. In 1884 he accepted the steward's position in the Winsdor, New York City. At the end of the year Messrs. Hawk and Weatherbee gave him an interest in their business. He severed his connection with the Winsdor in November, 1895, having secured the lease of the New St. Charles in New Orleans, which opened on February 1, 1896. It became a success from the start and is to-day one of the best kept and most popular hotels in the country. Comrade Blakely liked to talk about the St. Charles. He is proud that it is absolutely fire proof. The great hoted has ample accommodations for 700 guests, with over 150 private bath rooms, 450 private parlors and bed rooms, alcoved, single, and en suite. It is steam heated and lighted throughout with electricity. Drinking water is filtered, distilled, and aerated, and the ice used is made from this water on the premises, which is as pure and as healthful as any imported or native water in the country.

NEW ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

The Turkish and Russian baths for ladies and gentlemen are among the finest in the country. They are of marble and luxuriously fitted up, with experienced operators in attendance. The Colonade and adjoining glass-enclosed Palm Garden on Parlor Floor afford delightful open-air promenades and lounging places among tropical plants and shrubbery. The St. Charles is kept on both the American and European plans, with first-class dining room and restaurant service. This superb hotel has added much to the prosperity of New Orleans and to its attractions as a winter resort. As the natural stepping stone to the great South American continent New Orleans is destined to become one of the greatest of American cities. Comrade Blakely is a firm believer in New Orleans, and in addition to his hotel duties is actively connected with the strong organizations working for the city's growth and prosperity. He organized and is ex-President of the New Orleans Progressive Union; is ex-President of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States and Canada; is a member of the Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, Citizens Protective Association, and several others. He was one of the Vice Presidents from Louisiana to the Pan American Exposition. He is on the staff of Gen. J. B. Gordon and of Gen. Jastremski.

Mr. Blakely is a widower with a son and two daughters living. Although sixty-one years of age, he looks hardly old enough to have been a Confederate soldier. He is active as a sure enough "boy," (the term comrades apply to each other), and attributes his good physical condition to his fondness of athletics, in which he has always moderately indulged.

MAJ. JOHN W. TENCH, OF FLORIDA.

Maj. John W. Tench was born and reared in Coweta County, Ga. He attended "country" and village schools, and then became a student at the University of Virginia. He took a business course at Nashville, Tenn., and studied law in the office of Judge Hugh Buchanan, in Newnan, Ga. When the great war began he enlisted with the Newnan Guards as a private, the company becoming part of Ramsey's First Georgia Regiment of Infantry. After a year's service in Virginia, the term of enlistment, the regiment was mustered out. He immediately reëntered the service as Third Lieutenant, Company K, First Regiment of Georgia Cavalry, in which he served until the end of the war, having been promoted to captain and then to major. He served as Adjutant of his regiment, also Brigade Adjutant, and Adjutant General of his Division. He was made Judge Advocate of Gen. Will T. Martin's Division Military Court, and was detailed on courts martial, also to military courts of inquiry and examination, all before he was twenty-four years of age. His promotions in his regiment were for skill and gallantry in the field. Immediately after the surrender Maj. Tench was chosen for two terms to represent his native county in the State Legislature.

In December, 1867, he married Miss N. E. Hawkins, of Union, S. C. For four years Maj. Tench was a trustee of Davidson College, North Carolina, and he was a member of the celebrated Tax Payers' Convention of South Carolina in 1875, also of the Railroad Convention at Hendersonville, N. C., in

MAJ. JOHN W. TENCH.

1876. He moved from South Carolina to Florida in 1879, and has farmed and done editorial work on newspapers and magazines since. He has also had experience in surveying railroads, etc. In 1888 he was quarantine officer during the yellow fever epidemic. In 1901 the Governor appointed him a commissioner to the Charleston Exposition, and last fall his county authorities delegated him to manage the county exhibit at the Jacksonville Fair. In that capacity he secured for his county thirty-one premiums. In January last his services were procured by his county commissioners in putting an end to a scarlet fever epidemic. He is Adjutant of the Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., which is growing and has already an enrollment of one hundred and fifty members. He is also Lieut. Col. and Paymaster General on the staff of Gen. E. M. Law, the Commander in Chief of the U. C. V. in Florida.

SOMETHING OF SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR.

Miss Annie Hobson, appointed by Gen. George P. Harrison Sponsor for the Alabama Division, U. C. V., to the Dallas Reunion, is the sister of the distinguished naval hero, Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson. She is widely known and admired for her own merit and attractions. Miss Hobson's family is distinguished since colonial days for leadership in every higher walk of life. Her father, Judge J. M. Hobson, of Greensboro, Ala., is one of the most popular men of the Alabama bar. During the great war he was Captain of Company E, Second North Carolina Regiment. She is the granddaughter of Chief Justice Richmond Pearson, of North Carolina, and great niece of Governor Morehead, also of North Carolina. On her maternal side she is descended from one of Tennessee's most distinguished families—White, and descends directly from Gen. James White, and is a great niece of Hon. Hugh Lawson White, who was the nominee for President against Van Buren. Her ancestors have served with distinction in all of the wars of the country. Miss Hobson is a typical Southern girl. In appearance she is tall, graceful in carriage and manner. She maintains the reputation of her distinguished ancestry in culture and refinement.

Miss Elizabeth Murphy is the daughter of Attorney General George W. Murphy, a brave ex-Confederate soldier, who was severely wounded at the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Harrisburg, causing him to lose the use of one arm. A native Arkansan, born at Hot Springs, and educated at Little Rock, Miss Murphy is from good Southern stock; a queenly brunette she represents the highest type of young Southern Christian womanhood. While modest and retiring to a degree she is yet brave, resolute, and self-reliant, as evidenced by the fact that when her father was elected Attorney General and his health failed Miss "Bessie," as her friends are wont to call her, went into the office, reading briefs, examining and noting authorities, and preparing cases for the Supreme Court, and that too with such thoroughness and intelligent conception of the legal questions involved that opposing counsel have quite often been heard to express the wish that the Attorney General, instead of his handsome daughter, would brief his cases.

Miss Pearle B. McCreery is a daughter of Hon. John W. McCreery, ex-Senator from West Virginia, who served in Company C, Second Virginia Cavalry, General Lee's Brigade from September, 1863, to the close of the war. He is Judge Advocate, and ranks as Major on the staff of Gen. David E. Johnston.

Miss Ethel Sharpe, of Birmingham, unhappily is so ill that she cannot attend the reunion, and Gen. Rucker has appointed Miss Memphis Payne, of Jackson, Tenn., who was one of Miss Sharpe's Maids of Honor as Sponsor. Gen. Rucker has also appointed W. M. C. Hill, of Huntsville, Tex., his adjutant general for the occasion of the reunion.

Miss Mary B. Roberts, Maid of Honor to Miss Emeline Willis, is a daughter of James A. Roberts, of Nicholasville, Ky. He was under the command of Gen. John H. Morgan in Company B, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. Misses Willis and Roberts will represent Jessamine County at Dallas under appointment by Gen. J. B. Taylor, U. C. V.

Gen. Tyree H. Bell has appointed Miss Rebecca Dismukes Donelson Sponsor of his Corps for the Dallas Reunion. Miss

MISS ELIZABETH MURPHY, LITTLE ROCK, Chief Maid of Honor for Ark. Div., U. C. V.

MISS ELIZABETH CONWAY, TEXARKANA, ARK., Sponsor for Arkansas Division U. C. V.

Donelson is of one of the historic families of Tennessee, being the daughter of Capt. John Branch Donelson, of Gallatin, Tenn., a niece of Capt. Sam Donelson, of Forrest's staff, and

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, ENNIS, TEX.,
Sponsor for Texas Division.

MISS NENA BLAKE, SHERMAN,
Chief Maid of Honor for Tex. Div.

MISS EDNA DAFFAN, ENNIS,
Maid of Honor.

a granddaughter of Gen. Daniel S. Donelson, who commanded first a brigade and then a division in the Confederate Army until his death in 1863. Her Maids of Honor are Miss Virginia L. Cobb, of Kentucky, and Miss Lily Vertrees Bell, of Dallas, Tex. Miss Cobb is the daughter of Capt. R. L. Cobb, of Cobb's famous Kentucky Battery. No artillery officer in the Army of Tennessee stood higher for his skill and gallantry than did Capt. Cobb, a section of whose battery, under the command of the lamented Capt. Frank P. Gracey, fought under Forrest in the battle of Chickamauga. He was also with Forrest on the Tennessee River raid and commanded, with a section of veterans, the captured gun boat. Miss Bell is the daughter of Tyree Bell, Second, of Dallas Tex., and a grandniece of Maj. Gen. Bell, commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

MISS CLARA BRUCE HALDEMAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Sponsor for Army of Tennessee Department U. C. V.

Miss Mary Lou Sykes, Chief Maid of Honor for the Mississippi Confederates at the Dallas Reunion, is a native of Aberdeen, daughter of Capt. E. L. Sykes, who was one of the youngest volunteers from Mississippi in the great war.

MISS MABEL SMITH, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,
Maid of Honor for Tennessee Division, U. C. V.

She is a great favorite in social circles, a member of one of the largest and most influential families in the State. She is a niece of the late Col. W. D. Holder of the Seventeenth Mississippi in the Army of Virginia, cousin of Judge E. O. Sykes of the First District Court, and of Gen. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Adjutant General to Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C.V.

PHOTO ENGRAVING OF TENNESSEE GOVERNORS.

The print on page 168 of the Governors of Tennessee is from fine photo engravings on a sheet 18x21 inches. It represents all of the Governors but McMinn. Judge R. L. Caruthers, though shown in the list, never served. He was elected while the Federals had possession of the State capitol.

This picture of the Governors (price fifty cents) is offered as a premium for two subscribers. Any friend already taking the VETERAN can have the picture of this group, post paid, who will send a subscription for some one not already getting it. Order now.

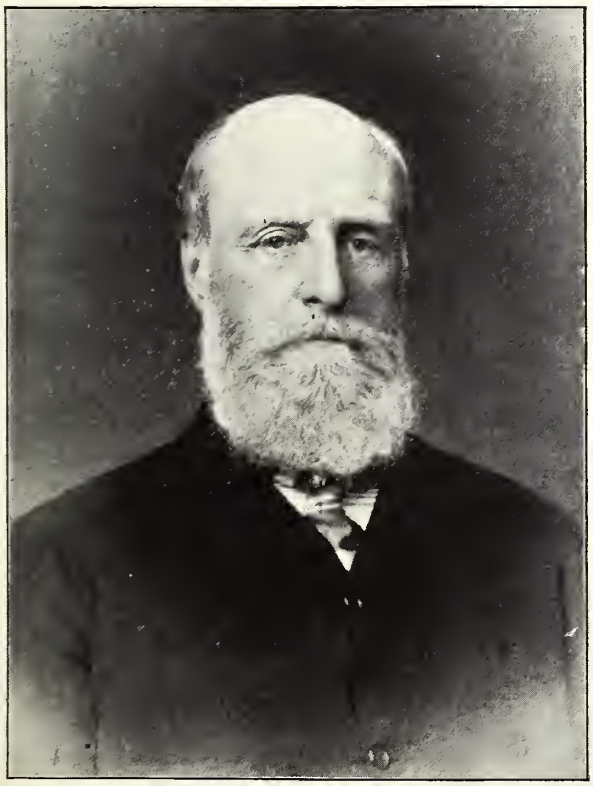
COL. ANDREW G. DICKINSON.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, wrote the following tribute to Col. A. G. Dickinson, of New York City, for the *Atlanta Journal,* after the meeting of C. M. A., as reported elsewhere:

"Col. A. G. Dickinson, whose valued connection with the Battle Abbey was mentioned yesterday in the *Journal,* has been from the beginning one of the most earnest and useful friends of that enterprise. He was present in Atlanta in October, 1895, when the movement was organized, as the representative of Mr. Rouss, at which time he made a great impression upon the large committee assembled from all parts of the South. Afterward he was made a trustee of the Confederate Memorial Association, and has participated in its deliberations as a trustee as well as the accredited representative of the generous founder of the institution.

"The trustees have always felt their indebtedness to his sagacious counsels and hearty work, and I am sure the final success will be due in great degree to this gallant Confederate soldier, who has the hearts of his comrades with him.

"A comrade, in writing of him, also states: 'One of the most recklessly brave men in the Confederate service was Col. Andrew G. Dickinson, of Caroline County, Va., who was adjutant general of John B. Magruder.' After early service in his native State he achieved distinction in Texas, and on account of his gallant conduct has been called the 'hero of Galveston.' Col. Dickinson received a military education, served through the war, achieved success in business, traveled extensively, receiving several dintinguished honors, and quite recently re-

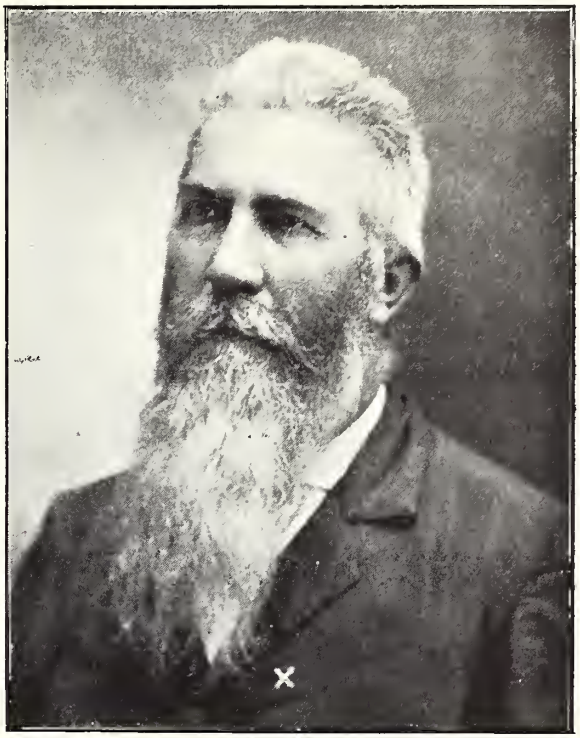


COL. A. G. DICKINSON.

turned from a tour in all parts of the globe. Affable, courtly in address, gifted, generous, honorable and brave he is an ideal Confederate in whom the trustees of the Battle Abbey confide and with whom they are glad to work out the South's great memorial hall to the finish.

COL. WILL A. MILLER.

Lieut. Col. Will A. Miller enlisted as a private at Bastrop, La., in February, 1862, with the "Morehouse Stars," James H.



COL. W. A. MILLER.

Stevens commanding. The company was attached to the Twelfth Louisiana Infantry. He was soon appointed orderly sergeant, and after serving fourteen months was elected lieutenant, serving as such until surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865, with Gen. J. E. Johnston's army. He was with the regiment in all important engagements except the campaign of Gen. Hood from Atlanta, Ga., to Nashville, Tenn., and return. He was married to Miss Sallie P. Thomas at Marion, Ala., April 3, 1864. They reside at Arcadia, La. Col. Miller, while a gallant soldier in the field, has served in the U. C. V. on the staff of six major generals, and is now serving as commissary general on the staff of Maj. Gen. Jasstremski.

QUIRK'S SCOUTS AT DALLAS.

J. N. Gaines writes from Triplett, Mo., that he expects to have in Dallas a tent at the Fair Grounds with the sign, "Headquarters Quirk's Scouts, Morgan's Cavalry, C. S. A.," where he hopes to "meet every man, white or black, who may be there that ever served with Morgan." He will also have a register in which to record their names and postoffices.

Dr. B. G. Slaughter, of Winchester, Tenn., is actively interested in this movement. He quotes from Col. J. W. Bowles, of Louisville, Ky., who commanded Company C., of the Alabama Squadron, and who led many of the perilous charges of these daring and intelligent men, a fine tribute to the extraordinary achievements of this command.

John W. Morton Camp 1443, U. C. V., has been organized at Milan, Tenn., W. H. Coley Commander, J. J. Collins Adjt.

ORIENTAL HOTEL, DALLAS, TEX.

Headquarters of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at the Dallas reunion are to be in a LARGE TENT by the Oriental Hotel. All friends of the Veteran and of S. A. Cunningham may find the place easily.

A TEXAS WONDER.

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

RIPLEY, TENN., June 1, 1901.

Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir: Having tried various remedies without satisfactory results, I was persuaded to give your "Texas Wonder" a trial. I have used one bottle, and, although my case is one of long standing that baffled the skill of the best physicians, yet it yielded at once to the "Texas Wonder," which I heartily recomment to all suffering from kidney and bladder troubles.

Yours truly, W. H. BRUTON,

Pastor Baptist Church, Ripley, Tenn.

Dr. E. J. Jones, Bristol, Va.-Tenn.: My father, Col. R. W. Jones, was the first captain of the Tiger Bayou Rifles of Carroll Parish, La. In the spring of 1861 he went to New Orleans to obtain uniforms for his company, and while there he was presented with a handsome sword, with his name and that of the donors engraved thereon. He took his company to Richmond, Va., and it was there incorporated with the Fourteenth Louisiana Regiment of infantry, known at that time as the Polish Brigade. He afterwards became colonel of the regiment, and when his command was ordered to Yorktown he exchanged his sword with some officer for one more suited to active service, and in the stirring times that follwed he was unable to again get his sword. My father died in 1886. I am very anxious to find his sword, and will appreciate any information of it that can be procured through the VETERAN.

John H. Lester, of Deming, N. Mex., is very anxious to complete his file of the VETERAN, and offers three years' subscription to the VETERAN for each volume complete of '93, '94, and '95, and will give three months' subscription for each number of January and August, '96, and November, '97. Write him before sending any copies.

"Pride of the South"

The Maxwell

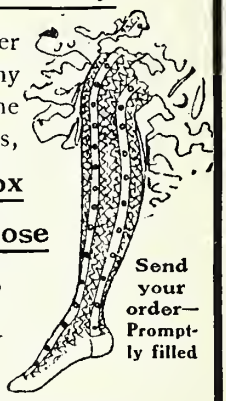
Nashville, Tennessee

Special Offer in Hosiery

We will deliver by mail, to any address in the United States,

One Box Ladies' Hose

Lace and plain, fashioned feet, extra long, elastic top,



Send your order—Promptly filled

3 Pair for $1

TIMOTHYS.

NEW SPRING FOULARD SILKS.

50 pieces of New Silk Foulards, worth 85c per yard, will open Monday at, per yard 39c

100 pieces of New Satin Liberty Foulards, worth $1 per yard, will be shown first time Monday at 79c

Wash Silks, worth 35c a yard, at 25c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

WHOLESALE CARPETS.

250 rolls of Royal Brussels, worth $1 per yard, at..... 75c

500 rolls of Imperial Brussels Carpet, worth 85c per yard, at 59c

300 rolls of Velvet, extra quality, worth $1.50 per yard, at..... $1

NO CHARGE FOR MAKING OR LAYING THESE CARPETS.

TIMOTHY DRY GOODS AND CARPET COMPANY,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

W. T. Moore, of McKinney, Texas, writes that Captain R. M. Burton, of Company C, Fifty-first Tennessee Infantry, who now resides at Rock Hill, Tex., wishes to once more possess the sword which he so gallantly carried during his service for his country.

On the 29th of September, 1864, Capt. Burton left his regiment between Alabama and Jonesboro, having been detailed to go to West Tennessee to procure clothing for his regiment, and he had as companions Eugene T. Harris and Maj. Thomas G. Randles. They passed through Selma, Ala., and he left his sword in charge of Capt. John T. Shirley, who built the Arkansas Ram and the Tennessee. When Wilson made his raid into Selma, Capt. Shirley left the city, and left the sword at the house where he was boarding. Capt Burton does not know what place this was, nor whatever became of Capt. Shirley. The sword was an officer's dress sword with metal scabbard, and had "R. M. Burton, 2nd Lieutenant, Co. C, 51st Tenn., Donaldson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division," engraved on the blade. He will be delighted to get possession of it again.

The VETERAN is pleased to present the advertisement in this issue of J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co., Louisville, Ky. George C. Norton, who is president of the corporation, is a naitve of Georgia; and served four years in the Eighth Georgia Regiment. Captain Norton went to Louisville in September, 1865, and has been with this house for over thirty-six years, building up the leading wholesale Dry Goods House of the South. He will be in Dallas at the reunion, taking his daughters, Misses Jessie and Edith, with him. Miss Jessie Morton is first Maid of Honor to Miss Margie Weissinger, sponsor for the Kentucky Division. Many of Captain Norton's old comrades will remember delightfully his attention to them at the reunion in Louisville.

Camp "Stonewall" was recently organized at Gainesville, Fla., with an enrollment of 130. John B. Dell was made Commander, and John W. Tench, Adjutant.

NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

M. O. Sherrill, State Librarian, Raleigh, N. C., announces the completion of the North Carolina Regimental Histories, the sale of which will be through him. These valuable books will be sold at $1 per volume, five volumes in the set, with 34 cents additional to each volume for postage, or 25 to 30 cents for expressage to nearby States. The engravings in each volume are worth twice the amount charged for the book.

North Carolina leads in publishing the history of her Confederate regiments, and it is hoped that other Southern States will be aroused as to the importance of preserving in this form the deeds of those who so cheerfully responded with life and property to the call of the South.

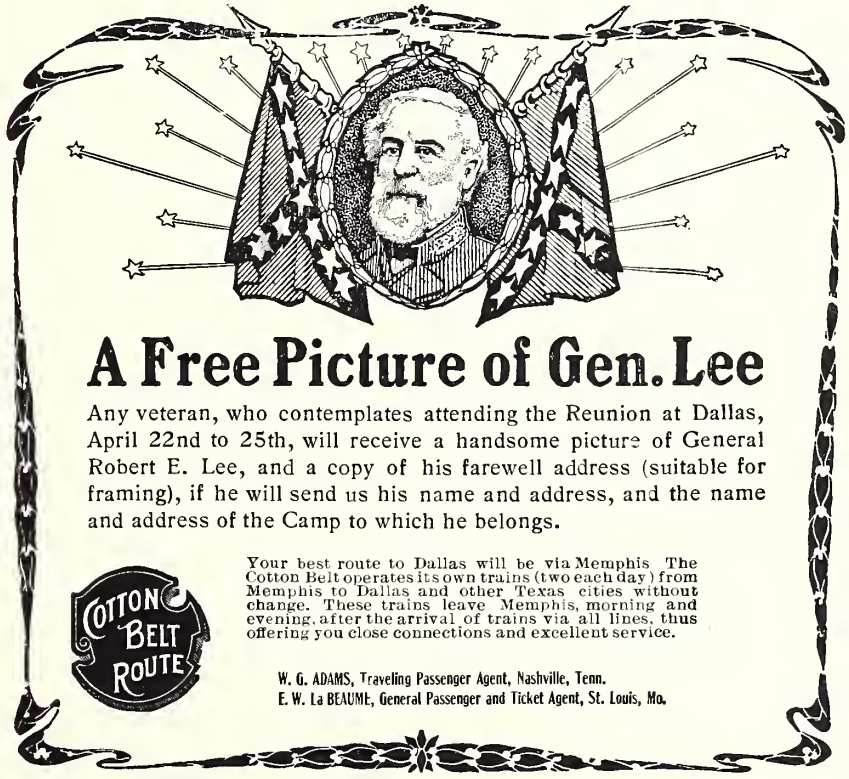
For 44 Years

C. P. BARNES RINGS have been the standard for quality among Southern people. They are true to Carat and Weight, and always correct in style. Your mother and her mother, your father and his father wear C. P. Barnes' Rings. May we make yours?
No charge for engraving Initials, Names and Mottoes.

No. 1, 18 kt. Gold, - $3 75
" 2, " " - 4 75
" 3, " " - 8 00
" 4, " " - 10 00
No. 1, 10 kt. " - 2 75
" 2, " " - 3 75
" 3, " " - 6 50
" 4, " " - 8 00

Write for our Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

C. P. BARNES & CO.
504-506 W. Market St.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.



A Free Picture of Gen. Lee

Any veteran, who contemplates attending the Reunion at Dallas, April 22nd to 25th, will receive a handsome picture of General Robert E. Lee, and a copy of his farewell address (suitable for framing), if he will send us his name and address, and the name and address of the Camp to which he belongs.

COTTON BELT ROUTE

Your best route to Dallas will be via Memphis The Cotton Belt operates its own trains (two each day) from Memphis to Dallas and other Texas cities without change. These trains leave Memphis, morning and evening, after the arrival of trains via all lines, thus offering you close connections and excellent service.

W. G. ADAMS, Traveling Passenger Agent, Nashville, Tenn.
E. W. La BEAUME, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL to SUBSCRIBERS

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a full-sized **ONE DOLLAR** package of **VITAE-ORE**, by mail, **POSTPAID**, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. READ this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitae-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine rocklike substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water, drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Give age, ills, and sex.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card

In answer to this, address **THEO. NOEL COMPANY** (Dept. F. E.), **527, 529, 531 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

FREE

For the purpose of introducing my Home Treatment in certain localities I will for a short time, give to every sufferer wanting a cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption and Weak Lungs **medicines for 3 months' treatment FREE.** No C. O. D. imposition. Write at once. **Dr. M. Beaty, 424 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.**

NOTE.—Dr. M. Beaty, the Throat and Lung Specialist, has an enviable reputation for ability in his profession, and will not promise what he cannot carry out. We advise our readers to write to him. [CHRISTIAN STANDARD.]

SPECIAL TRAIN TO DALLAS.

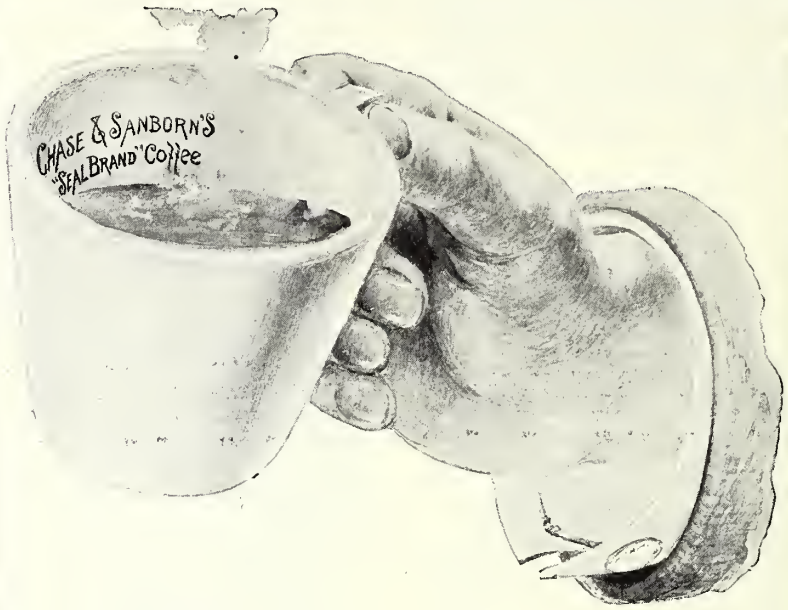
The Southern Railway, for the accommodation of the Confederate veterans and their friends going to Dallas, will operate a special train, leaving Knoxville, Tenn., Sunday, April 20, at 11 A.M., arriving at Dallas afternoon of Monday, April 21, enabling passengers to secure boarding houses before night, and keeping them out on the road only one night. Regular trains from Bristol, Asheville, Middlesboro, Jellico, and intermediate points will connect with this special train at Knoxville. Regular trains from Atlanta, Rome, Dalton, and intermediate points on the Southern Railway from Cedar Town and intermediate stations on the Central of Georgia Railroad, and from Oakdale and intermediate points on the C. N. O. & T. P. R. R. will connect with this train at Chattanooga. Tickets will be sold to Dallas and return at one cent per mile traveled. For schedules, rates, etc., apply to various ticket agents. C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

SUMMER SCHOOL, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to Knoxville, Tenn., and return at one fare for the round trip, selling June 16, 17, 18, 28, 29, and 30, and July 11, 12, and 13, with final limit for return passage August 15, 1902. For further information call on any ticket agent of the Southern Railway, or write to C. A. Benscoter, Assitant General Passenger Agent.

REDUCED RATES TO ASHEVILLE.

On account of the Southern Student Conference of Y. M. C. A., June 14-23, 1902, and Annual Conference of Y. W. C. A., June 13-23, 1902, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to Asheville and return at one fare for the round trip, selling June 13 and 14; final limit for return passage, June 25, 1902. For further information call on any Ticket Agent of the Southern Railway. C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn.



Two Hundred Thousand Cups

"SEAL BRAND"

...COFFEE...

1901, MEMPHIS ✦ 1902, DALLAS

GREETING TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS FROM

CHASE & SANBORN

BOSTON CHICAGO

PAY ONE PROFIT—SAVE TWO.

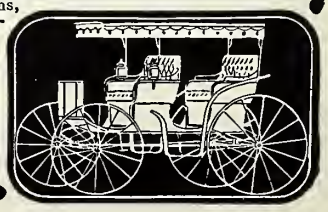
By our Manufacturer's One Profit selling system you can buy Vehicles and Harness direct of us and save the Jobbers' and Retailers' profits. Freight? Yes, you pay the freight, but so does the dealer. If he pays it he charges you a profit on freight also. Do you see?

$45.90 FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY LEATHER BOOT and BACK CURTAIN, Long Distance Axles, Spring Cushions, End or Side Bar Springs, Hickory Gear Woods, Full Bolted "B" Grade Wheels.

CANOPY TOP SURREY, $59.65

Full Fenders, Oil Burning Lamps, Spring Cushions, Full Bolted Wheels, 1⅛ Steel Axles, End or Brewster Springs, Fine Finish. **Every Vehicle Guaranteed Two Years.** Our Complete FREE Vehicle and Harness Catalogue gives full descriptions of these and many other styles. Write for it NOW.

SUTCLIFFE & CO., Louisville, Ky.



THE BATTLEGROUND.

BY HELEN GLASGOW.

In this story Miss Glasgow has given a strong and delightful view of Virginia home life before and during the civil war, and the dramatic pictures of that bloody struggle, during which the State was debatable ground, are heightened in effect by the fascinating background of old-fashioned culture and refinement of the ante-bellum gentlefolk. The two girls are charming types of Southern "belles," and the masterful delineation of character, both of white master and black slave, vies in interest with the delightful humor which every now and then completely carries the reader away. It is one of the most human and illuminating pictures of those terrible times that has ever been written. The sweet face of Betty Ambler as the frontispiece makes an impression which is not lessened by further acquaintance with her character, and Dan, as the hero, is a type of those

"Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas."

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

T. J. T. Kendall, Dallas, Tex., writes that during the coming reunion he will have a tent on the grounds, where all men who were engaged in the "Squatter Sovereignty" or "John Brown" war in Kansas in 1856, and those who were with Walker in Nicaraugua will make their headquarters. They will meet there, register their names and residences then and now, and talk over old times and have a good time generally.

W. S. Broome, attorney at Gainesville, Fla., wishes to ascertain the company of the Tenth Florida Regiment with which James A. Holder surrendered at Appomattox. If there is any surviving comrade who can supply this information, it will be appreciated.

U. D. C. STATIONERY

with emblem in gold and colors on Paper and Envelopes. Name of Chapter and officers also printed on if desired.

PRICES.

100 Sheets Double Note Paper (printed in gold and colors)	$1 75
500 Sheets Double Note Paper (printed in gold and colors)	3 50
100 Envelopes to Fit (printed in gold and colors)	1 75
500 Envelopes to Fit (printed in gold and colors)	3 50
100 Mailing Cards	1 75
Each Additional 100	75
50 Applications	50
100 Applications	75
500 Applications (if taken at one time to one address)	3 00

We also furnish Embossed Stationery on Gray Colored Paper at 40 cents per 100 extra for paper, and 30 cents per 100 extra for envelopes to match.

FOSTER & WEBB,
General Printers, Stationers, and Engravers,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

GOOD POSITIONS.

You may, without paying to the college a cent for tuition, until course is completed and position secured, attend one of Draughon's Practical Business Colleges, Nashville, St. Louis, Atlanta, Montgomery, Little Rock, Shreveport, Ft. Worth, and Galveston. Send for catalogue; it will explain all. Address: "Credit Dep't., Draughon's College," at either of above places.

Attention!

Mark Time

with one of our watches and you will

Never Get Left.

We will send you, express prepaid, a full 17 jeweled adjusted American watch in a standard 20-year gold-filled case for $18.50. These watches are close, accurate, time pieces; thoroughly guaranteed, and all right in every way. We will stake our reputation that these are the best values you can possibly get for the money. Will gladly refund your money if you are not well pleased when you get the watch and examine it and try it for one month. We guarantee the case to wear, the same as solid gold, for 20 years. We have four sizes, ladies', boys' or young men's, men's medium and large. All come in open or closed cases, and in plain or engraved patterns. For a good rolled gold chain add the wholesale cost of $1.50. We will furnish the same cases and same works in 7 jeweled movements for $12.50.

Geo. R. Calhoun & Co.,
Jewelers,
Nashville, Tennessee.

References: The Editor of the VETERAN; Union Bank and Trust Co.; our many customers throughout the Southern States.

WRITE TO THE

Torsch & Minks Badge Co.,

222, 224 E. BALTIMORE ST.,

Baltimore, Md.,

about the badges you will require for the Dallas reunion, or for any other purposes.

PRICES REASONABLE AND WORK FIRST-CLASS.

The Only Pipe or Cigarette Tobacco Made which Does Not Bite or Burn the Tongue

Made in Old Virginia.
Nothing Like It on the Market

Mahogany Blend Tobacco

Samples sent by mail on receipt of ten cents

P. T. Conrad, Richmond, Virginia.

Does Your Roof Leak?

OLD ROOFS MADE GOOD AS NEW.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little, goes far, and lasts long. **Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.** Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted. *Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co., 413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

$15.25 **$15.25**

To

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suffer from flees and insects. ***XXTIRM*** kills insects on birds, animals, chickens, plants, etc., and is nonpoisonous. Insects have no lungs, but breathe through their bodies, and for this reason it does not require a poison to kill them. ***XXTIRM*** will thoroughly rid your house of roaches, and it also kills the eggs.

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to have this High Grade, 1902 model, Bicycle sent to your Express Office for examination? Write us a postal and we send the wheel. We make this offer because you must see the wheel to appreciate it. No picture or description will do it justice. It is up-to-date in Design, Size and Trimmings; weighs twenty-two pounds, AND WE GUARANTEE IT

To Carry a Rider Weighing 600 Pounds.

Send for it. Examine it freely. If satisfactory, keep it and pay agent **$9.95**, and express charges. If it don't please you, return it to us.

It is the wonder bargain of the year—the leader in our line of great values. Write us for full description and large free Catalogue of Bicycles and Sundries. Write today.

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I had nervous indigestion and a general derangement of the entire system. It had been a continual torture for 12 years. My blood became very poor and at times my toe and finger nails would be diseased. After eating I would sit in a chair and put my feet on something to keep them from swelling, and at times would take off my shoes for the misery I had. Whenever I experience anything to remind me of past aches I cannot be too elated to tell what Ripans Tabules have done for me. I still take one now and then, because I know how bad I have been. They were just what I needed.

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Gravel Weed Compound
The Great Tonic.

CURED MR. STEGALL AFTER THE DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

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Dear Sir: I have suffered for several years with pains in my back and loins, my kidneys acting every fifteen or twenty minutes during the day. At times I could not handle my engine without help. Some of the best doctors in Memphis said I had bladder trouble and rheumatism, but their treatment did me no good.
I was advised by a friend to try Gilbert's Gravel Weed Compound. I began to improve before I had used up the first bottle. I have taken now six bottles of your medicine, during which time I have not lost a day from my work, have continued to improve and I am now able to make full time on my engine, which I have run for seventeen years. I am sure your Gravel Weed Compound is just what you claim for it—the greatest tonic on the market.
Yours truly, J. W. STEGALL,
Engineer for Southern Railway.

Sold by all Druggist at 50 cents per bottle.

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Pictorial and Descriptive Account of all its details, official and social, including interesting stories and anecdotes by Confederate veterans, never before published, will appear in the Reunion Edition of the Dallas Morning News
WRITE FOR IT. **April 23.**
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NO CHANGE OF CARS.
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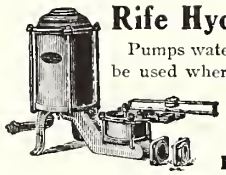

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Length	Depth	Square Mesh	9 thread twine	12 thread twine	16 thread twine
20 ft	4 ft	1 in.	$0.75	$0.85	$1.10
30	5	"	1.30	1.15	1.85
40	6	"	2.00	2.25	2.90
50	6	"	2,50	2.90	3.60
60	8	"	4.00	4.35	5.35
25	6	3-4	1.85	Knit Creek Seines, mounted complete, made of No. 6 twine.	
15	5	1-2	1.35		
12	4	3-8	1.15		
10	3	1-4	1.20		

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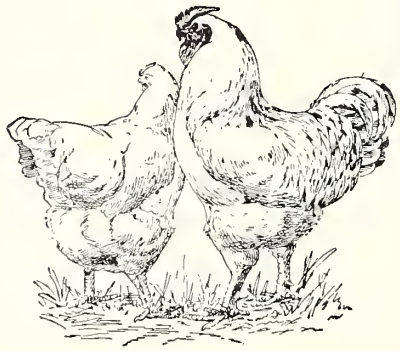

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I want you to know that **BOSWELL'S** White Wyandotte hens lay in the winter, when eggs are most in demand. Why go on raising common fowls when you may have these standard-bred birds and increase the egg-production so as to startle you? Mine are the world-famed **Duston** stock, vigorous and prolific, correct in every way. **Enough said.** Send me an order for eggs now, and hatch your fall-laying pullets.

White Wyandottes Exclusively.

EGGS, $2 PER 15.

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A NEW FAST TRAIN

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and

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And principal points in Texas and the Southwest. This train is new throughout and is made up of the finest equipment, provided with electric lights and all other modern traveling conveniences. It runs via our now completed

Red River Division.

Every appliance known to modern car building and railroading has been employed in the make-up of this service, including

Café Observation Cars,

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Will You Attend the

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... at ...

Dallas, Texas, in April?

If so, we hope you will use the **Texas and Pacific Railway.** Chair Cars (seats free) and superb Pullman Sleepers on all through trains.

Will be glad to correspond with you in regard to rates, schedules, sleepers, etc.

Take our line at Texarkana, Shreveport, or New Orleans.

No trouble to answer questions.

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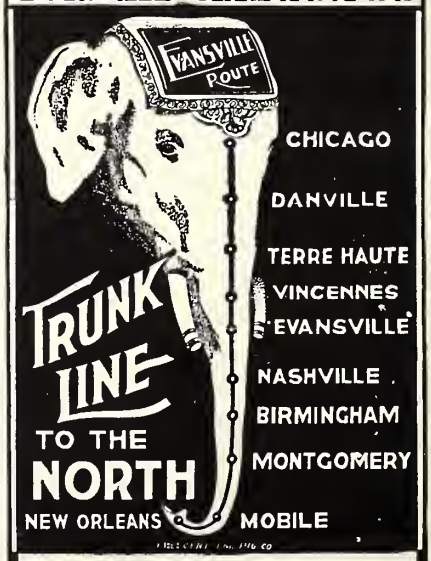

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LIFE INSURANCE WRITTEN AND PLACED during 1901, over - - - - -	273 MILLIONS
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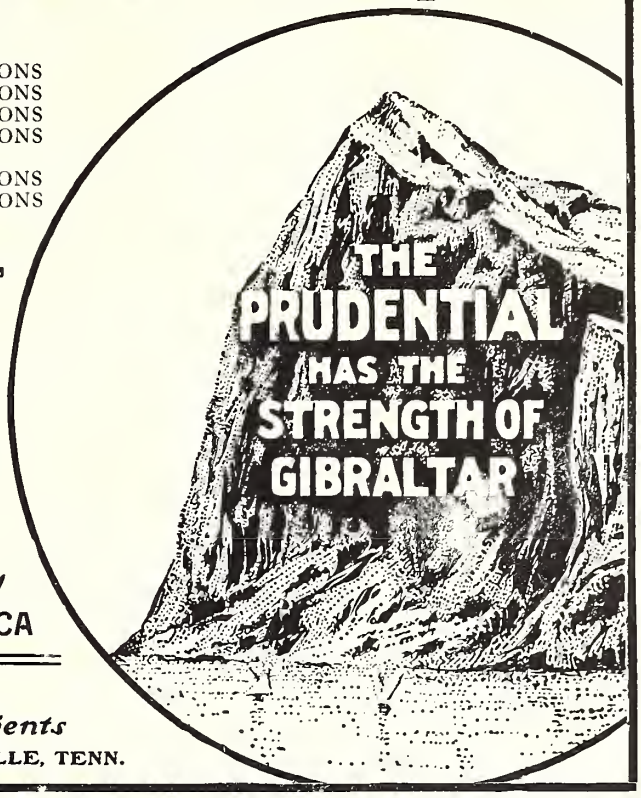
SURPLUS, nearly - - - - - - - - - -	7 MILLIONS

Policies in Force nearly 4 1-2 Millions, Covering Life Insurance of over $703,000,000, Surrounding with Absolute Protection

More Than One Million Families

A Progressive Company in which the Safety and Advancement of Its Policy-Holders' Interests Are the Chief Considerations



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APRIL THE CHOCTAW ROUTE **22 to 25**

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Scenic Arkansas, Beautiful Indian Territory and the Black Lands of Texas

Through Service From All Principal Points

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"Choctaw Route," best way to the Dallas Reunion United Confederate Veterans, in April.

Take the "Choctaw Route" to the Confederate Reunion, Dallas, Tex., in April. Excursion rates.

Low rates to Dallas and return by the "Choctaw Route" for the reunion, April 22 to 25.

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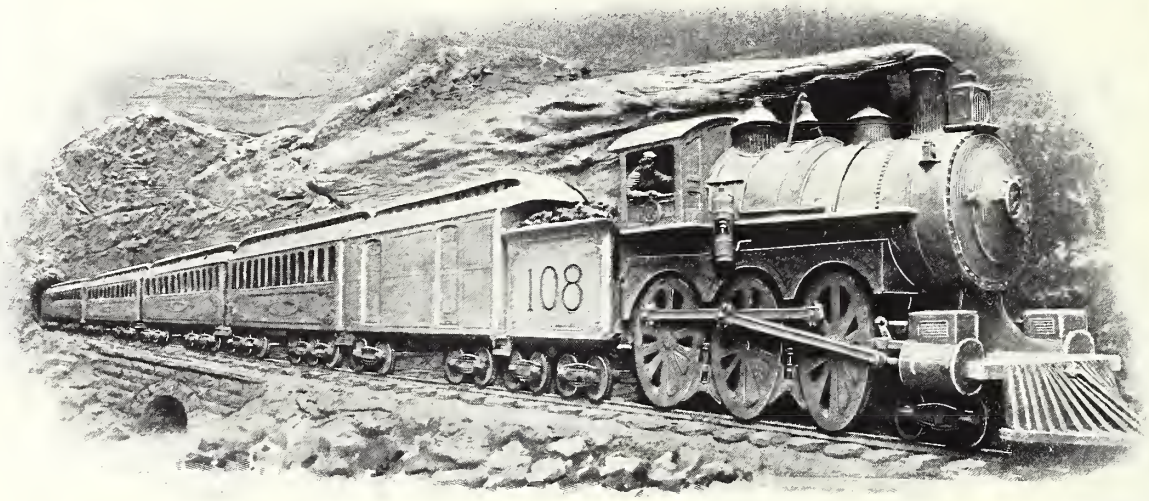
DALLAS, TEXAS, APRIL 22–25, 1902.

Low Rates via the

N. C. & St. L. Ry.

BATTLEFIELDS LINE.



TO THE DALLAS REUNION.

ONE CENT PER MILE

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Tickets Sold April 18, 19, 20, 21. Limit May 2, 1902.

By Depositing Ticket at Dallas, Extension of Limit to May 20 may be obtained.

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Fine Diamond Rings.

2984
$200.00 to $300.00.

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$125.00 to $175.00.

2981
$75.00 to $100.00.

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$50.00 to $65.00.

2980
$40.00 to $60.00.

We fully warrant our goods. Send the amount you wish to pay, and we will make a good selection for you. The difference in price is regulated by the weight and quality of the diamond.

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$75.00 to $100.00.

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$20.00 to $30.00.

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$18.00 to $25.00.

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$20.00 to $30.00.

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$7.50 to $15.00.

If goods are not satisfactory, we will exchange or promptly refund the money.

Fine Plain Gold Wedding and Engagement Rings.

2950
18 Karat, $10.00.

2951
18 Karat, $8.75.

2952
18 Karat, $7.50.

2953
18 Karat, $5.00.

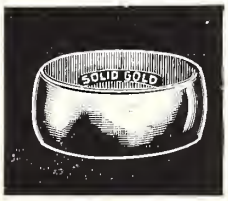
2955
18 Karat, $4.00.

2956
18 Karat, $5.00.

To get the correct size, measure the finger with a narrow piece of writing paper. No charge for engraving.

2958½
Solid Gold, $6.00.

2959
Solid Gold, $5.00.



2960
Solid Gold, $4.00.

2963
Solid Gold, $2.00 to $3.00.

All Goods Warranted as Represented. Money Refunded if not Satisfactory.

Fine Watches.

All Watches described on this page are stem wind and stem set. Fully warranted.

Gold Filled Ladies' Watches,
Warranted 20 to 25 years, $15.00 to $25.00

Gold Filled Gents' Watches,
Warranted 20 to 25 years, $16.50 to $30.00

Gold Filled Watches for Boys and Girls,
Will wear 10 to 15 years, $8.00 to $12.50

All orders intrusted to us will have the most prompt and careful attention. Remember, we return your money if you want it.

14-K Solid Gold, $30.00

It is impossible to adequately describe our magnificent stock of watches, therefore we mention only a few prices.

Solid 14-K Gold Ladies' Watches,
.....$20.00 to $50.00

Solid 18-K Gold Ladies' Watches,
.....$35.00 to $65.00

Solid 18-K Gold Gents' Watches,
.....$75.00 to $150.00

The great success of our four page advertisement in the November Veteran encourages us to again ask for a share of your patronage.

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DRESS GOODS, DOMESTICS, WHITE GOODS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS. UNDERWEAR. HOSIERY. FANS. PARASOLS. LACE CURTAINS.

J. W. Thompson Feb 03

WE MANUFACTURE THE WELL-KNOWN BRANDS OF

TIGER CLOTHING AND STAG SHIRTS.

On account of the large demand for these goods we have been compelled to enlarge our factory, which will more than double our capacity and at the same time enable us to fill and ship all orders promptly.

We control the output of IROQUOIS MILLS' finest grade HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

We are agents for SOUTHERN COTTON MILLS, and ship direct Brown Sheetings, Cotton Plaids, etc., in bale lots from the mills.

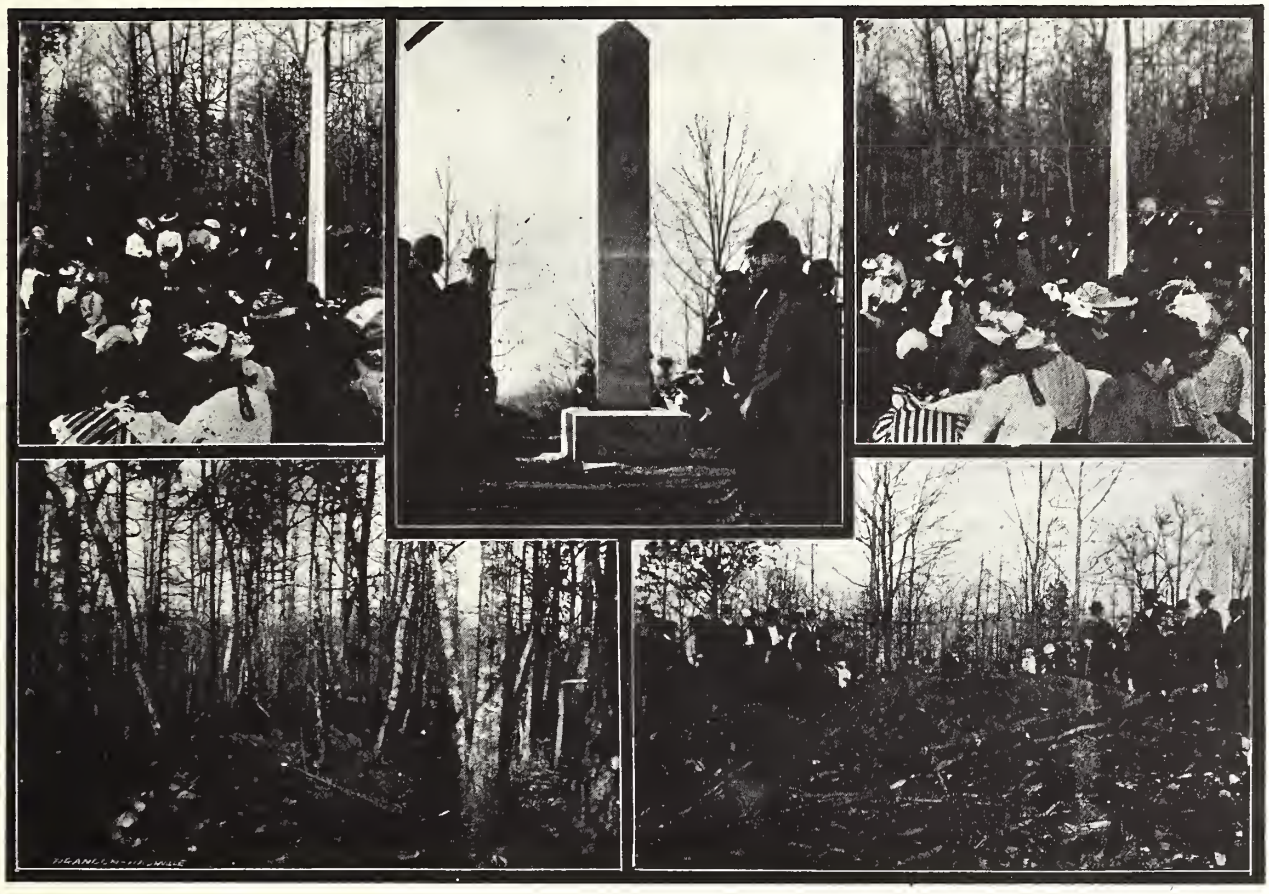
When interested call for prices and samples.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUES.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., June 3, 1902, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for Sixth Circuit reversed again the judgment of lower Court in the libel suit against the M. E. Publishing House and S. A. Cunningham. After the ruling of Court on April 17, a remittitur of $10,000 against said Cunningham being entered, the Court heard additional argument and has again reversed the case and remanded it for a new trial.

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1902 No. 5

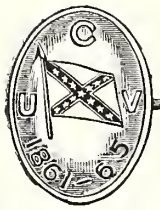
Confederate Veteran



Honoring the Memory of Gen. L. Polk.—The tribute paid to the memory of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk by J. Gidd Morris and wife of Marietta, Ga., in the erection of a marble shaft twenty feet high on the top of Pine Mountain, Ga., on the spot where he was killed, is a notable event in Confederate history. Comrade Morris is a quiet citizen living on his farm near Marietta. He is a loyal veteran and has for some years sought to influence the Georgia Division, U. C. V., to erect some tribute to Gen. Polk. When there was lack of response he determined he would do it himself. Inquiry of Comrade Morris as to the considerations brought the following points: The prime motive for the undertaking was that the Southern people owed this debt to the brave Christian gentleman and soldier. For years he had sought to influence action at his state reunions without encouragement. After many conferences with his patriotic wife he determined to erect it by her help. It was his idea to do it quietly, but when his enterprise was found out it was determined to make the event a public occasion.

In a letter, comrade Morris states in part:

When we commenced this two years ago we did not know Gen. P. had any living relations. Last winter I spoke to Rev. Mr. Pies, a minister of Marietta, and he wrote to a William Polk, of New York, in regard to this work, and I received a most beautiful letter from him. I did not answer until April 1, and stated that we would put it up on the 5th. It rained and prevented. A few old veterans found it out and would have it made public. Since then we have received letters from two of his daughters, one from New Orleans, the other from Nashville, and the son in New York, expressing in beautiful language their heartfelt thanks toward us sufficient to fully repay us for all that we did. Nothing has been done for this in thirty-eight years. It is my native state and home county. My father before and after I was born was a great admirer of James K. Polk, and I learned in time of the war that Leonidas Polk was a near relative. That and other reasons that I have neither language, nor time to give, induced the undertaking. (See p. 204.)



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Makes a Useful and Appreciated Present.

DESIGNS FOR U. C. V. BUTTONS PATENTED FOR EXCLUSIVE USE OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, July 14, 1896.

Lapel Button.

Lapel Button, Gold, each	$1 00
Lapel Button, Gold Plated, each	25
U. C. V. Hatpins, Gold Plated, each	50
U. C. V. Cuff Buttons, Gold Plated, per pair	50
U. S. C. V. Cuff Buttons, Gold Plated, per pair	50
U. C. V. Uniform Buttons, coat size, per dozen	50
U. C. V. Uniform Buttons, vest size, per dozen	25

Uniform Button.

Send remittance with order.

Information furnished in regard to regulation U. C. V. uniforms, uniform material, and insignia of rank. *Orders for lapel buttons must be accompanied by the written authority of your Camp Commander or Adjutant.* Address J. F. SHIPP, O. M. Gen'l, U. C. V., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

PREACHERS PRAISE

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

OPELIKA, ALA., May 12, 1900.
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J. F. PURSER,
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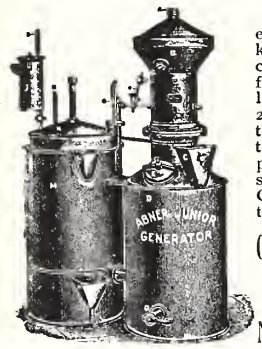

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1902 | No. 5. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

More than usual interest comes of the late Convention at Dallas. It was generally accepted that there were more visitors than have ever attended a reunion, and the success was beyond what could have been expected socially. Although the attendance was unprecedented, there was less difficulty than usual in finding comrades. This may be attributed to the method of registration devised and executed by Gen. H. W. Graber, the plan of which will be submitted in the VETERAN ere long.

Visitors who sought the VETERAN tent were doubtless the most disappointed as a class who went to Dallas. As advertised in two issues a large fine lot adjoining the Oriental Hotel had been gratuitously offered, and a large tent had been procured. Imagine the annoyance on arrival there on Monday to find the entire area leased and then sub-let for a "Merry-go-round" with its noisy attendants, while tents for "side shows" were being placed. A choice spot had been secured as a restaurant for Church benefit, but the ladies were wise enough to abandon it. A large sum for lease had been given, and the agents declared that they forgot about giving the use of it to the VETERAN, and really seemed to regret it very much. Mr. McIlhenny, Manager of the Oriental, generously gave a lot across from the ladies' entrance to the hotel—on opposite side—and there many friends and patrons called during the reunion.

Notice is now given of the aspiration to have a reunion of VETERAN patrons at New Orleans in the way of a reception with refreshments or an excursion. It would doubtless be a congenial company. Keep this project in mind.

Arrangements, generally, by the management resulted most satisfactorily. The spirit of hospitality and unselfishness was manifested in many ways. It may be said that everybody, everywhere, realized the nature of the gathering, and Dallas people honored themselves by the occasion. The spirit of a lad at the Nashville reunion prevailed. That little fellow was asked by a Veteran how he could find the general headquarters; and, after designating clearly the way, was requested to go and show him the way. That was done without murmur, and when a coin was offered, he said: "No, sir; Confederates can't pay for anything in Nashville!"

There were some creditable scenes in the parade—U. C. V. Brigade Commanders, wearing stars in gold wreaths, marched on foot, and beautiful girls who were sponsors marched in line with their fathers or other escorts. Such things gave a charm to the parade not heretofore enjoyed. The three Veteran Companies from Tennessee were a credit to Dixie land.

The *Dallas News* appropriately reviews the event:

Last week was the red letter week in the history of Dallas. The reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was one of the most notable gatherings ever held in the South, and the manner in which the crowds were handled and the guests of the city entertained was in many ways remarkable.

It was the largest gathering of people ever assembled in Texas, and doubtless the largest that has ever assembled in any city of 60,000 inhabitants in the United States.

The facility with which the crowds were handled as to transportation, sleeping accommodations, and meals, according to the testimony of the visitors themselves, eclipsed experiences in all previous reunions. The entertainments proper were at least equal to those provided by other cities, and the general effect of the reunion was such as to send the great majority of the visitors home singing the praises of Dallas and of Texas.

The gathering was remarkable for its good humor. Anger and impatience were conspicuously absent during the week. There was an almost total absence of crime, a total absence of fighting and brawling. There were no serious accidents, either in transporting the crowds to and from Dallas or during their sojourn here. It was a splendid crowd and it was splendidly handled.

To successfully entertain more than one hundred thousand people redounds greatly to the credit of Dallas. It must be convincing evidence to everybody that Dallas is a city of some proportions, and that it is likewise a city whose people are alert and energetic as well as hospitable.

The reunion has served to bring Dallas conspicuously to the attention of a large number of people who visited it last week and will now be witnesses for her, and their testimony will bring the city prominently to the attention of thousands of other people.

In the same way the event will undoubtedly prove beneficial to the State of Texas at large. Thousands of the visitors came here with the intention of making side trips through the State for the purpose of investigating its resources and opportunities; others charmed by the splendid panorama spread out before them as they rode through the beautiful country surrounding Dallas, pushed out to learn more of it. A good percentage of the visitors have made such trips with the intention of locating in the Lone Star State. Others who do not intend to locate in Texas, returning to their homes, will relate what a great and grand State it is. There never has been a gathering in Texas quite so promising as this reunion of Confederate veterans, because no previous gathering has been so large nor so composed of the very class of people that Texas needs and is trying to attract to the State.

Aside from these matters of material benefit, it has been a source of pleasure and satisfaction to our people to entertain the old veterans and to know that they have been pleased. The material benefits fall to Dallas and to Texas because of duty well performed.

Railroad Man's Estimate of Attendance.

A prominent railroad man yesterday said that one line had brought 24,000 people to Dallas. That he considered a good average, and said that if the number was multiplied by six, it would indicate the total number of visistors—144,000.

From this he would deduct 30,000 for the visitors who went back and forth to other towns, "see-sawers," and those who returned from side trips—that is to say, he estimated that 30,000 of the passengers arrived in Dallas twice during the week, leaving 114,000 as the total number of visitors.

It will be some time before the exact number of visitors will be definitely known, for the auditing departments of the railroads have bushels of ticket coupons yet to check. Things are mixed up to some extent, because many passengers arrived in Dallas over other lines than those for which they had tickets. As a rule the several lines honored any ticket to Dallas, and would not put an old veteran off because he had boarded the wrong train.

An estimate by one railroad official places the total number of visitors at 120,000, half of them from points in Texas. A very considerable number of these people rode in sleeping cars. The Pullman Company had on the ground during the entire week, its general superintendent, A. R. Boothby, of St. Louis, and the division superintendents from Galveston, Fort Worth, Memphis, and the City of Mexico, besides a corps of extra conductors and porters. They handled on account of the reunion 110 sleeping cars (60 standard and 50 ordinary sleepers), besides eight Pullman private cars. Mr. Boothby estimates that there were 37 people to the car, making a total of 4,346 Pullman passengers.

Gov. Sayers' Welcoming Address to Veterans.

Mr. Chairman, and you, my comrades, of the United Confederate Veteran Association: Thirty-seven years have come and gone since the termination of our Civil War—a war without a parallel in the history of nations ancient or modern. That great conflict was the result of a difference between the sections as to the proper interpretation of the Constitution arising at the very organization of our Federal Government and increasing in strength and bitterness until its culmination in an appeal to arms. Other causes have been assigned and they doubtless had a measure of influence, but it may be insisted, without danger of successful contravention, that it was for the faithful and strict observance of the Constitution, as so understood, and for the right of local self-government under such interpretation, that the South made contention and upon that issue mainly was the war fought by it.

But, however, this eventful and critical period in our country's history may be viewed, and whatever the opinions that may be entertained as to the causes which led to so unprecedented a struggle among a people of the same tongue and blood, all are agreed that at no time and in no land has ever been shown greater courage, fortitude, and devotion than by the men and women of the South during the four years of our civil strife. The test was a supreme one, and it was fully and fairly met. Though defeated and sorely stricken, the South emerged from the contest with the shield of its honor unbroken and the flag, under whose folds it had so often marched as well to victory as to defeat, untarnished by crime. Those who fell, rest in honored graves. Nor have they been forgotten. Today this mighty gathering, after so many years, from every part of the Southland, attests, with convincing emphasis, the enduring affection for them among the living. Of our dead it may, in all truth, be said:

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

But magnificent, beyond all description, as was the exhibition of American genius, courage, and steadfastness to duty, in this great conflict of arms, the reconciliation that has taken place between the States, that had warred so fiercely and so long, will give to historians a theme with which to adorn its brightest and fairest pages. To its accomplishment, it is indeed gratifying to recall, the ex-President of the Confederacy contributed in no small degree. In one of his latest public utterances of the people of the South, said he:

"Men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie for love of her I break my silence and speak now a few words of respectful admonition. The past is dead. Let it bury its dead, with its hopes and aspirations. Before you lies the future—a future of expanding national glory before which the whole world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and take your place in the ranks of those who will bring a consummation devoutly to be wished—a reunited people."

Patriotic and inspiring indeed are these words, and worthy are they of perpetual remembrance. In the

gloom of his own misfortunes and amidst the gathering shadows of an advanced age, the great Southern leader thus spoke to the people, by whom he had been so long and so highly honored, and by whom he was so well loved, in the language of patriotism, of hope and of promise. Happy are we, my comrades—in reconciliation complete—to live in such a land and in the enjoyment of such institutions; and with all reverence, I pray Almighty God that henceforth and "until the last syllable of recorded time," the United States of America may be without internal strife and that all the States from ocean to ocean and from northern to southern boundary, may dwell together in love and unity, and that our flag may forever float on every sea, a world-recognized emblem of power, peace, and freedom.

My comrades, it is to me a sincere pleasure as the chief executive of this great State, and in behalf of all its people, to extend to you a most hearty welcome. I tender you the cordial and friendly greeting of every citizen wherever residing, and bid you feel at home with us. We are much honored by your presence, and trust that your enjoyment while here may be complete—that your deliberations may be harmonious, that the ties and affections born of war and of comradeship in the time of privation and danger may be renewed and strengthened, and that this great reunion may always abide with you as a most pleasant recollection.

In Memory of President Davis.

The memorial service to President Davis was held at St. Matthew's Cathedral.

The large choir robed in purple cassocks and white surplices entered the cathedral led by the crucifer singing the processional hymn, "For all thy saints who from their labors rest." Rev. Richard Elliott Boykin, of Abingdon, Va., acted as the bishop's chaplain, preceding him, bearing his staff. Dean Hudson Stuck read the opening sentences from the burial service of the prayer book: "I am the resurrection," "I know that my Redeemer," etc., "I heard a voice from heaven," etc. Following were sections of psalms, including Nos. 1, 15, and 91, the lesson from the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, hymn 396, the apostles' creed, the versicles, the Lord's prayer, collects from the burial service and the visitation of sick. Hymn 336 was sung and following was Bishop Garrett's address. He said:

"All great events are intimately connected with the men who take the principal part in them. It is given to very few of the great men of the world to see the full significance of the movements in which they are engaged. Neither is it permitted to us to foresee the good results which often ensue from disastrous failure. When the heathen Saxons overran England and founded the heptarchy upon the ruins of British religion and rights, no one could then foretell that out of this disaster the Anglo-Saxon race should arise to dominate civilized humanity in these latter days. Constitutions of small States, though right in themselves, are often too narrow in the base to allow of future development. This was the case with the original Constitution of the United States. There can be no room for question that each sovereign State reserved to itself the right to withdraw from the Union. Nor is there room for doubt that he, whose memory we revere to-day, stood well within his constitutional right when he so affirmed. The original Constitution contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. The great Civil War discovered the fact, and by the terrible argument of the sword in the hands of overwhelming numbers, eliminated them forever. Had the soverign rights of the individual States been maintained, the unity of the English-speaking race which to-day may dictate terms to the whole world, could never have been effected. The boy, well born, educated in the best schools of his day, rich in personal experience of war, familiar with the arts of peaceful industry, trained in the statesmanship of the Union, familiar with the duties of a Cabinet Minister, clear of intellect, gentle to the humblest, equal to the noblest, was well qualified to take up the grave and solemn obligation of the high position to which he was elected as President of the Confederate States. Few were his equals in the day of his power, and none his superior in the hour of defeat. It is easy to dwell in glowing terms upon the glory of those who, with limited resources and sustained by constantly increasing numbers, come marching back in triumph from the fray.

MISS SARAH ELIZABETH LEMEN, HEDGESVILLE, W. VA.,
First Maid of Honor West Virginia Division U. S. C. V.

The tread of serried ranks shakes the solid pavement as they pass with flying banners, gleaming helmets, beating drums, whistling fifes, and all the blare of trumpets. This indeed is the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. But vastly more imposing to my limited range of vision, is the sad and silent return of those scarred veterans of a hundred fights who met and defeated often three times their number on many a hard fought field in defense of their homes, their mothers, their wives, their sweethearts—return to ruined cities and the smoking ashes of their once beautiful estates. Here it was that Davis and Lee and Johnston and the rest loomed up large before the world, and left to humanity an example of greatness of character unequaled before or since. But whatever may be said in poetry or prose of those half clad, half starved, and wholly noble Confederate soldiers, it is at the feet of the women of the South that the greatest tribute of admiration should be laid. These ladies of high birth and gentle breeding, educated in foreign schools, and brought up in the enjoyment of wealth and luxury, with a spirit greater than the greatest turned their white hands to menial labor. With their

own fair fingers they made shoes of saddle skirts for their fighting brothers, cut their finest carpets into blankets, sewed the homespun into clothing, and while they buried their treasured family silver to save it from conquering robbers, they worked the soil to draw from its prolific breast nourishment for themselves and children. These were the greatest sufferers, these were the peerless heroines of the world's history. Preserve your organization and hand on to posterity the priceless treasure of a stainless name."

The anthem, "What Are These That are Arrayed in White Robes," was sung by the choir.

The bishop proceeded to the altar and said the prayer for the President of the United States and gave the benediction. "The Nunc Dimittis" was sung and the services closed with the recessional hymn 196, which the choir sang softly and sweetly.

Southern Memorial Association.

The third annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was opened at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, corner of Harwood and Commerce Streets. The organization is made up of the Ladies' Aid and Memorial Associations, organized during the war and immediately thereafter. In 1861 the women of the South sewed for the Confederate soldiers and associations were formed by degrees, for the purpose of supplying food and clothing and to look after the wounded and sick, and they continued their work by caring for the graves of the Confederates. Its work is now strictly memorial and historical, its purposes being to unite in one general confederation all Southern and Confederate memorial associations in existence and hereafter to be formed. Three members of the organization are Mesdames Samuel Alston, Archinard Mitchell, and C. I. Fayssoux, all of whom were charter members of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association organized in New Orleans in 1871. This memorial association unveiled the first Confederate monument on April 10, 1874.

The officers of the Confederated Memorial Association are as follows: Mrs. W. J. Behan, of Whitecastle, La., President; Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, of New Orleans, Recording Secretary; Miss Sue H. Walker, of Fayetteville, Ark., Corresponding Secretary; and Miss Julia A. Garside, of Fayetteville, Ark., Treasurer.

In her annual address the President said:

"We have increased in strength and numbers and now have thirty-five associations enrolled. There seems to be a revival of interest in all Confederate work. This is shown by our increase in the membership of the different associations and the organization of many others, particularly in Missouri, where the women are so loyal and so zealous. We must persevere in our efforts to interest other memorial associations and it is recommended that each vice president undertake this work, which is indeed a duty that we owe to the women who worked and suffered and prayed during the four years of our heroic struggle for right and justice."

She said that during the past year she had received letters from Hugh Lewis and Major Oakley, two generous and warm-hearted Union soldiers, who for the past few years have cared for the graves of one hundred and thirty-nine Confederate soldiers buried in Madison, Wis.; that for many years these gentlemen had assisted Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman in her work of love and that since Mrs. Waterman's death had continued to carry out her wishes. Mrs. Waterman was a native of Baton Rouge, La., but resided in Madison, Wis., for many years. Since Mrs. Waterman had been called to her reward the president said that the question was as to the future care of these graves. Communications on the subject, she said, had been referred to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Alabama for the reason that a majority of the soldiers were enlisted from that State. She stated that her attention had been called to the condition of the graves at Springfield, Ill., and that in this case nothing could be done because it was a national cemetery, whereas the Madison cemetery was the property of that city.

She called attention to the fact that at the last reunion at Memphis a resolution was adopted by the United Confederate Veterans looking to the care of the graves of Confederate soldiers in Northern cemeteries and she recommended that the Memorial Association should respect this matter and leave it in their hands.

She stated that a promise was made at Louisville, Ky., in 1900 to unite with the Daughters of the Confederacy in the erection of a monument to President Davis, of the Confederacy, and urged the members to devote their best efforts toward its fulfillment.

Mrs. Behan stated further that there is a movement now on hand to have June 3, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, generally observed throughout the South as memorial day, so that on that day, which would be known as Confederate Memorial Day, the whole South would unite in doing honor to the memory of the heroic dead. She continued by saying that if this proposition was accepted by the United Confederate Veterans that it would go far toward the making of history by impressing on the children of the South the name and fame of the President of the Confederacy.

Miss Fay Lane, Miss Mayme McNealley, Miss Eva M. Scott, Maids of Honor.

Miss Frances Yeates, Sponsor R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth.

A letter was read from Mrs. N. V. Randolph, chairman of the central committee in charge of the work of erecting the monument at Richmond, Va., in which she said, among other things, that the treasurer's report showed $40,000 in the bank drawing 3 per cent interest and that the directors had pledged themselves to raise the amount to $50,000, and hoped that the

sum would ultimately reach $75,000. She stated that it had been agreed to erect a memorial arch not only to the men who led, but to the men who followed.

A resolution was introduced by Mrs. M. Louise Graham, of Louisiana, and adopted, to the effect that it was the understanding of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association when it raised funds to go for this purpose that the monument be for Mr. Davis alone, as President of the Southern Confederacy, and that no other issue be complicated with this one idea. It was stated by members of the Confederated Association that it had subscribed something over $1,200.

Reports were read from memorial associations in Springfield, Mo., Richmond, New Orleans, Petersburg, Va., Camden, and Montgomery, Ala.

The annual report of Miss Sue H. Walker, the corresponding secretary, was read.

Committees were appointed as follows:

Badges—Mesdames John B. Richardson and H. H. Ward, of New Orleans, and J. A. Hurst, of Baton Rouge.

Credentials—Mesdames J. A. Hurst, and John B. Richardson, of New Orleans, and Jeff D. Williams, of Fayetteville, Ark.

Resolutions—Mrs. M. Louise Graham, of New Orleans, Miss Belle Morris, of Mexico, Mo., and Mrs. W. J. Haden, of Springfield, Mo.

The Ladies' Confederated Southern Memorial Association adopted a motion that whenever the members in convention assembled heard "Dixie" played, the association should recognize it as a national air and stand and suspend business.

Two memorial associations were admitted to membership, one from Waco, the Ross Memorial Association, and another from Bryan.

The association is opposed to the erection of an arch at Richmond. Instead, the association is in favor of a monument of President Davis and him alone.

Opposes Arch For President Davis.

There seems to be a difference of opinion between the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Confederation on this subject. The Confederation has three members on the board of directors and is in the hopeless minority as to representation. It is protesting against the construction of a memorial arch for the reason, they say, that there are already a great number of Confederate monuments and that the impression was, when the Confederation subscribed to the fund, that it was to be a monument of Mr. Davis. Mrs. Humphreys, of Memphis, was present and she came as a delegate instructed especially against the building of the arch at Richmond.

Mrs. Leroy Valliant, of St. Louis, was tendered a vote of thanks as a recognition of her zeal in organizing memorial associations in Missouri.

Two Soldier Brothers at Dallas.

Two brothers who served in the Confederate army came to Dallas last Tuesday for the express purpose of meeting. They had met only once before in thirty-five years, and that was eighteen years ago.

T. T. Hunter is from Arizona. He served in Rhett's Battery, Charleston, S. C., in Lee's army, and is now the commander of the only Confederate veteran's camp in Arizona, Camp Winnie Davis, U. C. V., No. 1244.

John A. Hunter, the other brother, lives at Rayne, La. He served in Gibson's Brigade, Breckinridge Division, from Shiloh to the battle of Spanish Fort, after the surrender of Lee.

"I'm going home and make my arrangements to be at the New Orleans reunion next year," said the Arizona pioneer, "and I won't have so much trouble in finding John then."

Among the visitors to the reunion was an aged negro from Bossier Parish, La., named Henry Johnson. He went to the war with his master, Joseph Hodges, and into the firing line with him and when he was shot down carried him on his back for four miles to the rear. Johnson is now a prosperous farmer and owns 320 acres of land. He is highly respected by his white friends and proud that he "was a Confederate soldier."

The Body of Venerable Women at Dallas.

The following resolutions were passed by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association at the third annual convention, April 22-25, 1902, Dallas, Tex.:

The Committee on Resolutions beg leave to report that we have concurred in a resolution of condolence to the family of our late lamented sister, Miss Moody White, whom an all-wise Providence has removed from our councils in the budding of her usefulness.

Resolved, That this convention unanimously adopt the resolution as passed by the New Orleans Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and by the United Confederate Veterans in convention assembled at Dallas, to make June 3, a universal Memorial Day throughout the South.

Resolved, That we extend thanks to Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie and the Dallas Reunion Committee, also to the officers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, for this most beautiful place provided for our meetings.

Resolved, That we return thanks to Dean Stuck, of St. Matthew's Cathedral, for the most solemn opening to our convention in memory of Mr. Davis; to Bishop Garret for his oration, and the choir for its beautiful contribution of song.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to Col. William H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, for his tender and generous care of 2,200 Confederate soldiers buried at Camp Chase, and also for his kind invitation to attend the ceremony of the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead buried at Camp Chase.

Resolved, That we extend our sense of appreciation to Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff United Confederate Veterans for his services and kindly helpfulness in all the arrangements for our convention; also to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, for use of his parlors.

Mrs. Louise Benton Graham, Chairman; Mrs. W. J. Haydon, Miss Belle Morris.

Col. Woodward, of Wilmington, N. C., said:

All in all perhaps the late reunion brought together a larger number of veterans who had been longer separated than any previous reunion. I was appointed by Gen. Gordon as chairman of the committee to look after official sponsors and maids of honor, and had my hands quite full. Nevertheless it was pleasant work, and I enjoyed myself immensely.

Dr. J. B. Cowan, of Tullahoma, Tenn., was on this "trying detail" with Col. Woodward.

SAM LAURENCE.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, of Louisville, Ky., but temporarily East, writes from Graham Court, New York City, concerning the genial, gallant aide:

It gives me pleasure to furnish you the following data in regard to Sam Laurence, in reply to your request. I first met him at Murfreesboro some weeks before the battle of December 31, 1862, when he was a clerk in the adjutant general's office of Gen. John C. Breckinridge's Division, under Col. John A. Buckner, A.A.G. I was then a member of Gen. Bragg's staff and my duties, as well as my personal relations with Gen. Breckinridge, led me frequently to the latter's headquarters. My attention was early attracted by the pleasant countenance, the polite manners, and efficient work of young Laurence, who was the general favorite of every one at headquarters, and particularly of Gen. Breckinridge. I then learned that serving as a private in the battle of Shiloh in the Fifteenth Mississippi infantry, he had exhibited such distinguished gallantry that Gen. Breckinridge selected him to bear to Richmond the Federal flags captured on the field. Being slight of figure and an excellent penman, intellectually bright, and in all other respects commendable, Gen. Breckinridge further showed his appreciation of his worth by taking him into his military family in the capacity stated, where he continued until the close of the war.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge, Gen. Breckinridge was transferred from the Army of Mississippi to command of the Department of Southwest Virginia, with headquarters at Dublin Station, and I was assigned to duty with him as chief of staff. Of the few

MISS MARY LAURENCE.
Only child of Sam Laurence. She resides with her stepfather, Dr. Mallory, Mayor of Bowling Green, Ky.

SAM LAURENCE.

connected with his old staff who accompanied him was Sam Laurence, who then became associated with me personally and officially from February, 1864, until May 1, 1865, when I received my parole at Greensboro, N. C.

That period of hard and active service included the direction of sixteen posts along a department front of two hundred miles, the Shenadoah campaign culminating in the battle of New Market, operations with Gen. Lee from Hanover Junction to the Chickahominy, including the second battle of Cold Harbor, and the campaign in the Shenadoah under Gen. Early, comprising the battle of Monocacy, the advance upon Washington to within sight of the dome of the capitol, the battle of Winchester, and continuous activity in the field, with constant skirmishing or fighting for three months.

By the nature of his assignment, it was not incumbent upon Sam Laurence to expose himself in battle, as he could well have remained in the rear with the wagon train, but in no instance did he ever avail himself of the privilege. On the contrary, if he could get to the front in no other way, he would push ahead afoot, and always manage in some way on the eve of battle to secure a horse and bear his full share of service and danger, eagerly seeking assignment as bearer of the general's orders to dangerous parts of the field, or reconnoitering well to the front and reporting the results of his observations. At the same time, he was always in place for the more special duties of his position, methodical in the care of the records of the command and the issuing of current orders in the department and the field. I recall no instance in which he was ever out of place or out of humor, but always alert, cheerful, and thoroughly efficient. It can well be understood, therefore, how I came to be attached to him by very strong ties, especially when he always exhibited for me a most affectionate disposition. So that when I parted with him it was with mutual regret.

I saw him but once after the war. He was living in Grenada, Miss., where his fine business capacity and energy brought him prosperity. During the last yellow fever epidemic which scourged that town, perhaps in 1878 or later, he went to Kentucky and while there came to see me at Frankfort, where I then lived. It was a great pleasure to both of us. When I heard of his death it was with great sorrow, for during my service in the army I do not think I met with a braver soldier or a more perfect gentleman. Though but a private, I hold him in my memory as equal in merit to those of highest rank.

NOTED FAMILY OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR.

Beginning from the oldest to the youngest by numbers. No. 1. A. Bruce Hill, sitting on the sister's left; No. 2. James M. Hill, standing behind No. 3; No. 3. J. Sloan Hill, sitting on the sister's right; No. 4. Frontis W. Hill, standing behind the sister; No. 5. Mrs. Ermina A. Buford; No. 6. E. Wallace Hill.

The above are the five brothers and one sister now living of the family of John S. and Henrietta D. Hill, who, with one brother and sister, were living at the outbreak of the war, 1861, in Tipton County, Tenn.

The father visited his boys in the army at Chattanooga, and was with them until after the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, and served in the hospital until he contracted a fever and started for home. He died on the road within about thirty miles of home in November, 1863, aged fifty-six years.

The mother, who aided materially in getting supplies out of Memphis while under Federal military government for the boys in the field, lived to the ripe age of seventy-seven years. The fourth son, William Thomas, entered the service in the fall of 1861 at the age of seventeen, and died in camp at Henderson Station in January, 1862.

A. B., the eldest son, served first as a musician in the Ninth Tennessee Infantry from May, 1861, to August, at which time he returned home, and assisted in organizing a company of over one hundred men and boys, some being only sixteen years of age. At the organization of the company, October, 1861, he was elected corporal, and at the organization of the regiment—the Fifty-First Tennessee Infantry—December, 1861, he was elected first lieutenant. At a reorganization of the regiments, as there was a surplus of officers in the Fifty-First and Fifty-Second Tennessee Regiments which were consolidated, and he being at home on sick furlough, his commission as lieutenant was cancelled, as it was supposed he would not be able to resume his duties. But soon after he procured a horse and entered the service again in the cavalry regiment of Col. Rube Burrow as sergeant from June to October, 1862, when his commission as first lieutenant was, on application to the Secretary of War, revived. He reported again to his old company and served at Vicksburg, Miss., and Port Hudson, La.; was at P. H. during that memorable bombardment on the night of March 14, 1863. His command was transferred from Port Hudson to Tullahoma, Tenn., where in May, 1863, he was elected captain of Company G, his original company, and was in command of the company at the battle of Chickamauga. He was in the three months' North Georgia campaign; was under fire almost daily—the "hundred days' fighting." On the eve of Gen. Hood's movement into Tennesseee he was sent to Macon, Ga., for post duty, in which capacity he served to the close of the war. He was never wounded or captured, and although of not very robust health, was only four days in the hospital during the war.

James M. entered the service in the spring of 1862 in the Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry Company, and served as orderly sergeant of that company under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and was in all the battles in which his regiment engaged up to the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., where he was severely wounded in the thigh, and rendered unfit for future service.

J. Sloan enlisted in the first company organized in Tipton County in May, 1861, which became Company C of the Ninth Tennessee Infantry, serving as high private throughout the war. He engaged in the many battles that his regiment fought, some of which were Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and all the North Georgia campaign, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., with Joseph E. Johnston's army.

The sister, Ermina, has contributed her service in aiding the cause. She and Miss Mary White left home in Tipton County in a buggy all alone, when all of West Tennessee and North Mississippi were filled with roving bands of blue coats, and made their way safely, with such supplies as they could carry, such as socks, shoes, shirts, blankets, etc., to Tupelo, Miss., the nearest railroad point, and arrived about November 1, 1863, at Chattanooga, where the army was then stationed. They remained with the army until after it retired to Dalton, then returned safely home again.

The care of a mother and two sisters and a little brother fell on the shoulders of Frontis, who was then about sixteen years of age, this duty was performed faithfully and well by one so young.

The six are all now past the half century year. Three of the brothers—Bruce, Frontis, and Wallace—are elders in the Presbyterian Church, while the other brothers and sisters are all Presbyterians.

Maj. Albert Akers, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Tennessee, will deliver the address at Winchester, Va., on Confederate Memorial Day, on June 6, when monuments to the Tennessee and Florida Confederate soldiers buried in Stonewall Cemetery will be unveiled.

RELIEF BY STATES FOR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

Inquiry was recently made by the VETERAN of the Treasurer of each State as to the amount of money appropriated annually for the benefit of ex-Confederates of the different States, and from the replies received the following statistics are given:

Alabama levies a tax of one mill for relief of needy Confederate soldiers, and the amount distributed is raised on the assessment of taxes for each year. The amount for 1901 was $257,905. The State has no Soldiers' Home.

Arkansas appropriates $76,800 for pensions, of which $26,800 is applied to the support of pensioners at the Home, and about $50,000 to those who live at their own homes. There are no benefactions from any other source.

Florida has an appropriation of about $100,000 annually for Confederate pensions, and in addition applies $1,500 each year to the support of the Home at Jacksonville.

Georgia pays out $853,500 annually to her pensioners, and there is an additional appropriation of $15,000 for the support of the Home. Many Camps and Associations furnish rooms in the Home, each costing $65 for furniture.

Kentucky has no State appropriation for Confederate benefactions. An active effort is now being made to establish a Confederate Soldiers' Home, and it will succeed doubtless as ardent Confederates of means are coöperating in the movement.

Louisiana pays in pensions to Confederate veterans the sum of $50,000 per annum, but after July of 1902 the sum will be $75,000. In addition there has been appropriated the sum of $18,200 annually to the support of the Soldiers' Home, with extra appropriation of $1,500 for repairs and improvements to the buildings each year. Besides these amounts, the sum of $2,000 was given in 1900 for laundry, baths, etc., in the Home. The sum of $130 is allowed for the support of each inmate, the Legislature to increase or decrease the appropriation according to the number of inmates.

The State of Maryland pays no pensions to Confederate soldiers or their widows, but an annual appropriation of $9,000 is made to the support of the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville. This, with many liberal individual donations, have enabled the management of this Home to maintain it in high degree. It is one of the most aristocratic benevolent institutions in the country.

Mississippi has made no appropriation for her Confederate soldiers, but strong effort is being made to establish a Home. It hardly seems creditable that Mississippi, whose men fought so valiantly and so faithfully, is making no provision for these gallant survivors, but such is the report in response to the VETERAN's inquiry.

Missouri as a State has appropriated nothing to the relief of her Confederate soldiers, but through the efforts of the Confederate element of that State a manificent Home was established at Higginsville, and has been maintained in the same way. The impression has prevailed for some time that the State was helping, but the response to the VETERAN's inquiry is "none." Members of the Missouri Legislature have been liberal as individuals.

North Carolina appropriates annually $200,000 for pensions to her Confederate soldiers, $13,000 to the support of the Home at Raleigh, and $18,000 for disabled soldiers in addition, a grand total of $231,000.

South Carolina has not yet made provision for a Soldiers' Home, though this has been brought before the General Assembly several times. Her annual appropriation to the relief of Confederate soldiers and their widows is $150,000, but as the Act failed to make available more than $100,000 for 1901, there will be over $200,000 for disbursement in 1902. The widow of a Confederate soldier to get benefit of the pension law must be sixty years old, and have an income of less than $150.

Tennessee appropriates $150,000 for pensions to Confederate soldiers, and in addition pays $100 annually for support of each inmate of the Soldiers' Home. There are $127 inmates for 1902. The Pension and Home Laws are very different. Pensions are allowed only to those whose total disability came through active service, while the Home Law cares for men who have become disabled since the war.

Texas has appropriated for the two years from September, 1901, $400,000 for Confederate pensions, the limit for such purpose under the provisions of the law being $250,000 per annum. The Confederate Home at Austin is owned and maintained by the State, and for the period mentioned has an appropriation of $80,000, the occupants of the Home receiving no part of the appropriations for pensions.

Virginia pays annually $300,000 to Confederate pensioners, and in addition $35,000 to the Lee Camp Soldier's Home, and $5,000 to the Home for Confederate Widows. The Lee Camp of Richmond, it may be said, inaugurated the Soldiers' Home movement in the South. By wise, judicious investments this Camp has property interests that help largely to supplement Confederate charities in the Old Dominion.

West Virginia pays nothing to the Confederate soldier. The disabled survivors of the war in that State are looked after by the Camps of the United Confederate Veterans and Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

THE STORY OF "UNCLE SAM."—Samuel Wilson was the eldest child of twelve in a family that resided near Mason, N. H. During the second war with England, he and a brother were contractors for the government supplies, and he was known as "Uncle Sam," and the title starting with him was applied to the government. "Uncle Sam" Wilson died in New York State in 1854, aged eighty-eight years, but "Uncle Sam" as applied now will live on while the government lasts. The Wilson home was recently sold after its retention by the family for 122 years.

H. W. Todd (P. M.), of Folosa, Tex., who was a member of Company B, Second Regiment Mississippi Cavalry, inquires for Robert Stout, from the Southern part of Tennessee, who joined his company near Guntown, Miss., and served gallantly to the end in 1865, and asks: "Will some comrade now tell me of him—if dead, write date and place of death, and if alive, give post office."

MONUMENT AT CAMP CHASE CEMETERY.

Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, O., known and esteemed throughout the South, crowns his labors for the Confederate dead of Camp Chase prison as above indicated. In a circular letter of May 10, he states:

Floral and memorial exercises at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery will take place Saturday, June 14, 1902, 2 P.M. At the same time will take place the dedicating of the fine stone arch and unveiling of the bronze statue of a Confederate private soldier, six feet, four inches tall, placed on top of the arch, facing southward—toward the homes of the dead heroes. The exercises are expected to be in advance of any services of this character that have ever occurred.

It is hoped that there will be a donation of flowers on this occasion, surpassing any such decoration heretofore. Those sending will please have them shipped so they may reach here on June 13, the day before the service, and pay the expressage on them, as other expenses are quite heavy.

All money donations will be acknowledged at once, and those of flowers immediately after the service. In sending money donations, please mention whether for flowers or for the expenses of the day and grounds. Reports will be made to Adjutant General Moorman at New Orleans and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville.

Come to the service if you can, and bring as many with you as possible. Have your newspapers make mention of the services to be had on June 14, and give it as much publicity to your camps as possible.

This is the first memorial ever built by an ex-Federal soldier to Confederates. The program is not yet completed, but Gov. Nash, of this State, will make an address, and it is hoped that Gen. Gordon will be present.

Hope you and yours will attend, and show the coming generations that we are friends in peace.

UNION VETERANS DECLARE THE TRUTH.

In the March, 1902, VETERAN appears an extract from the Philadelphia *Bulletin* of February 5, 1902, signed "Promoveo," in which the man with the meaningless non de plume says: "The citizen of a Northern State may go South for pleasure and spend his money, but let him go there to make a home and how quickly the chivalrous Southerners will let him know the conditions under which he may remain among them. If he is a republican he must give up his political faith and vote democratic, or he will find the South is no place for him."

Now, Mr. Editor, the writer of this was a Union soldier during the war, and the gentlemen whose signatures follow those of the writer of this article were all Union soldiers and they speak by the card and know whereof they speak when they say, as we most emphatically do, that there is not a word of truth in that slanderous article written by "Promoveo." The undersigned Union veterans have lived in the South since shortly after the close of the war; our homes and our business are here; we are Republican in politics, and we hurl the base insinuation back in the teeth of "Promoveo" when he says we must give up our political faith and vote Democratic! Our political faith was never called in question. The most charitable thing we can say of "Promoveo" is that he has tackled a subject on which he is not posted. There is no doubt but that he never was South of Mason and Dixon's line. If he had been his slanderous effusion of base calumny would never have been written. During the decades we have been in the South, we have met and mingled with the men who met us in volleying lines; the chivalrous Southerners who, with bayonets aslant and aglow, contested with us on many a hard fought field in the days of the early sixties! And we can testify to the fact that the men who gave us the hardest blows meet us now at reunions with the loudest cheers and the warmest hand grasps. And this is the people this "Promoveo," with pen dipped in gall, dares to slander! An anonymous writer is generally considered a coward, and when a man hides his identity behind a hidden pen name, if he refuses to come out and reveal himself when called on, he may be spelled coward, too.

There are other things in this miserable screed which can be easily refuted, but we take his shallow-pated effusion in its entirety and deny in toto every line of it. Apologizing for trespassing on your valuable space, but recognizing in this instance that the end justifies the means, we are,

Yours very truly,

Signed. Samuel F. Sweinhart, Postman, late of Company C, Indiana Volunteer Infantry; Ed Greenleaf, U. S. Commission, late First Lieutenant Vermont Battery; J. W. Skinner, Carriage Maker, late One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth New York Volunteers, Company C.; J. F. Hummel, Stone Contractor, late of Company A, Seventy-Ninth O. V. I.

HIGH TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATES BY GEN. SCHOFIELD.—Investigations of the bill to create "a general staff for the army" induced the taking of testimony by the Committee of Congress that contained some interesting data. Gen. J. M. Schofield, for instance, who was at the head of the army upon retirement, through age limit, in illustrating his views in favor of giving the Commanding General more authority, said: "I would make one General at the head of the army, and I would have three lieutenant-generals and then the proper number of officers in the grades under that. The Confederates during the civil war were a great deal wiser than we were in that respect. They were better soldiers and better educated and knew more about it. They carried off the greater proportion of the best blood that we had, to tell the truth, and they organized their army scientifically."

[The editor of the VETERAN mentions, with pride, in this connection that Gen. Schofield was present at the National Dedication of Chickamauga Park some years ago, but had in no way been recognized until he, having the honor of personal friendship with Hon. Adelai Stevenson, Vice President of the United States, and who by virtue of that office was master of ceremonies, impressed with the merit of the case, sent a note to Mr. Stevenson suggesting that the Assembly "would be pleased to rise in honor" of the General. The Chairman acted at once and the military hero, who had shown by his life that the war ended in 1865, made the next speech.]

LIEUT. GEN. LEONIDAS POLK.

On the front page of this VETERAN there are several views of Pine Mountain and the earth works made there in 1864. They were made on the day of dedicating the marble shaft erected by Mr. J. Gidd Morris to the memory of Lieut. Gen. (and Bishop) Leondias Polk. There were present several hundred people, and the ceremony was quite interesting and appropriate. The freshness of the earth works was amazing. There did not seem to have been a human being about the spot except to erect this monument and to cut the way through trees for vehicles. The rains seem to have fallen lightly upon the earth works. The point is much more elevated than had been the impression of at least one who recalls the day and the sad hour that the news of Gen. Polk's death was passed along the lines. Comrade Morris has sad memories of the war. He says: "The Yankees in overwhelming numbers came down here and destroyed or took away the last moveable piece of property of my father, drove my mother from her home, and killed my brothers on their own soil."

LIEUT. GEN. L. POLK.

MISS FANNY E. MORRIS.

Miss Fannie Morris whose picture is herewith is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gid Morris.

On the north side is engraved the word "North," and the following, "Veni, vidi, vici, with five to one."

On the south side of the monument is inscribed the word, "South," the Confederate flag, with the dates 1861 and 1865, and the following:

"In memory of Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, who fell on this spot on June 14, 1864.

"Folding his arms across his breast he stood gazing on the scene below, turning himself around as if to take a farewell view. There standing, a cannon shot from the enemy's guns crashed through his breast and opened a wide door through which his spirit took its flight to join his comrades on the other shore. Surely the earth never opened her arms to allow the head of a braver man to rest upon her bosom; surely the light never pushed the darkness back to make brighter the road that leads to the Lamb, and surely the gates of heaven never opened wider to allow a more manly spirit to enter therein.

"Erected by J. Gid and Mary Morris April 10, 1902."

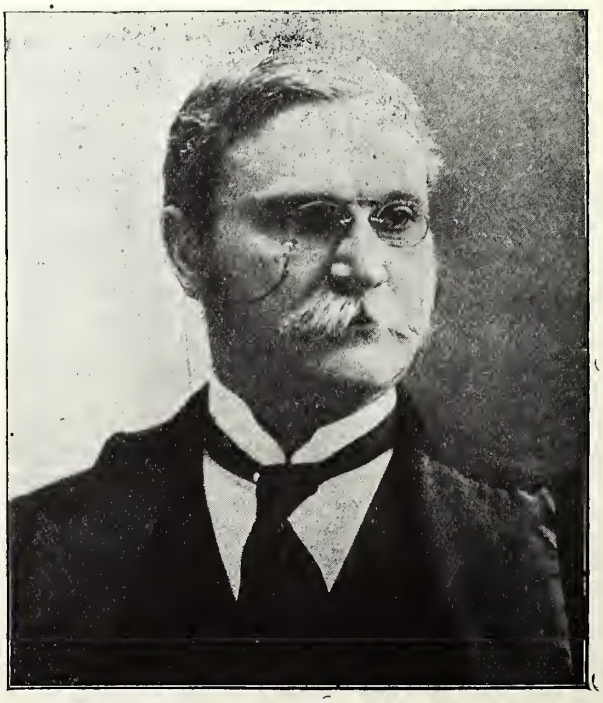
From the monument, which marks the exact spot where Gen. Polk fell, there is a grand panoramic view for miles in all directions. The trunk of the chestnut tree which was struck by the shell which glanced and instantly killed Gen. Polk, is still standing, and nearly every one present took a piece of wood from it as a souvenir. After the unveiling "America" was sung by a choir composed of ladies and men of Marietta, and they also sang "Shall We Gather at the River?" at the conclusion of the exercises.

Benjamin H. Hill donated to Comrade Morris an acre of land on the apex of the mountain for the purpose. Addresses were made after a prayer by Rev. S. R. Belk, eulogizing the high character of Gen. Polk, Capt. W. J. Hudson, Col. Charles D. Phillips, of Marietta, Gen. A. J. West, of Atlanta (commanding the U. C. V. in that part of Georgia) by Gen. C. L. Walker, of South Carolina, and Hon. Henry Richardson, of Atlanta. A message of gratitude from Gen. Polk's relatives was delivered by a Tennesseean.

Mr. Morris, the donor of the monument, in response to calls, made a patriotic speech. He and his noble wife received the hearty congratulations and thanks of nearly everybody present. Capt. A. J. West, of Atlanta, helped to bear the body of Gen. Polk from the spot where he fell. Mrs. T. J. Hardage, to whose home the remains were taken, was present. She is now eighty-two years old. She seemed to be much affected by the proceedings.

FROM GEN. LEONIDAS POLK'S POCKETS.

When Gen. Polk was killed on top of Pine Mountain, his body was taken to Atlanta. A. J. West, Brig. Gen. U. C. V., has a card which was read at the dedication of the shaft: "In the pockets of Gen. Polk were found his book of common prayer for the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and four copies of the Rev. R. C. T. Quintard's little work entitled, "Balm for the Weary and Wounded." Upon the fly leaves of each of these little volumes, indicating for whom they were intended, were inscribed the names of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Lieut. Gen. Hardee, and Lieut. Gen. Hood, with the compliments of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, June 12, 1864. Within the fourth volume was inscribed his own name. All were saturated with blood which flowed from the wound."



DR. W. M. POLK, NEW YORK, ONLY SON OF GEN. POLK.

MEMORIES OF MARTYR SAM DAVIS.

When the group of ladies attending the U. D. C. Convention of Tennessee were going from the site of the Sam Davis Monument, Mrs. Samuel Orr remarked that she was the only one present who was in

SITE FOR SAM DAVIS MONUMENT, CAPITOL HILL, NASHVILLE.

Pulaski at the time of the execution. Being asked for her recollections of the event, she kindly stated:

When Gen. Dodge came to Pulaski with the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps, they captured several prisoners. Of those taken, Sam Davis was captured fifteen miles out of their lines. wearing his arms and his full Confederate uniform. On searching him, they found plans of the fortifications at Nashville, Pulaski, etc. He was taken to Gen. Dodge's headquarters, who questioned him about where he got them. He admitted that they were given to him, but positively refused to tell by whom. Gen. Dodge, believing that they had been given him by a Federal officer high in rank, and that there was a traitor in his own camp who could do him more harm than that young boy soldier, proposed to give him his freedom and a safe pass back to the Confederate lines if he would tell who gave him the papers. He stoutly refused to do it. Gen. Dodge convened a military commission to try him as a spy, thinking that would induce him to reveal the name, but he still stood firm in his refusal. The Court Martial tried him and condemned him as a spy.

Several ladies visited him as often as permitted to do so, and gave him all the consolation and comfort they could, as also did Mr. Lawrence, the minister of the Methodist Church, to whom he committed a few keepsakes for his mother, just as he was about ascending the scaffold. About ten o'clock on the morning appointed, with his arms pinioned, he was taken from the old jail, on the northwest corner of the square—which Gen. Cheatham made his soldiers tear down while halted in front of it during the Hood raid—and seated on his coffin in a wagon he was conveyed to the scaffold at the top of East Hill, a little north of and across the street from the house now occupied by the family of Hon. James McCollum, deceased. The gallows was surrounded by a hollow square of soldiers four deep. He calmly and firmly stepped from the wagon and sat on a bench and watched them take his coffin from the wagon. He quietly asked Capt. Armstrong how long he had to live, who told him, "Just fifteen minutes," adding, "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty." Young Davis answered: "It does not hurt me; I am innocent; I am prepared to die, and do not think hard of you." The martyr seemed surprised at the manner of his execution.

Capt. Chickasaw, one of Dodge's staff, having galloped his horse from headquarters, approached and asked him if it would not be better to save his life by revealing the name of the one who gave him the papers, that it was not too late. He indignantly answered: "Do you suppose I would betray a friend? No, sir; I will die a thousand times first. I will not betray the confidence of my informer." He then mounted the scaffold with Chaplain Young of the Federal army, who had been very kind to him, and asked him to pray with him. After the prayer, he quietly and serenely gave up his young life for his devotion to right and principle.

Never did there rest over a people a darker, heavier gloom than spread over Pulaski that day. The doors and windows of every house were closed. All hearts were sad, and all eyes were weeping. Well do I remember lying down on a bed and covering up my head with a pillow to try to shut out the sound of the fife and drum by which they were marching to the gallows. Many of the common soldiers and officers boldly stigmatized it as murder. Gen. Sweeny was extremely sympathetic. In the afternoon after the execution in the morning he made a visit to Rev. Mr. Caldwell, of the Presbyterian Church, and expressed himself very freely about it. He walked the floor with his fist clinched in the most excited manner, and denounced it in the strongest language, saying that it was "an outrage, an everlasting stigma on the United States." He said: "You talk about martyrs and heroes, this is the greatest martyr, the grandest hero, the bravest man that ever died." I shall as long as life lasts honor Gen. Sweeny's memory for speaking those brave and noble words for Sam Davis.

Comrade E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo., who lost a leg at Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864, and who had sent three dollars for the Sam Davis monument, added five dollars to his subscription at Dallas.

The committee intend to resume the monument movement at an early day.

About Enlisting in the Spanish War. — Tim Murphy tells a good story about a Southern friend who asked if he intended enlisting: "At fust," he said, "I tho't I would, an' then I kinder tho't I wouldn't. I ain't afraid of fightin'; that ain't the trouble. I was talkin' it over with Tom Owen, and after I'd about concluded to jine, an' after discussin' it with him, then I made up my mind final. Yo' see, I reckon it would be too big a surprise to the boys that's done been dead these thirty-five years. They'd see me a comin' through the pearly gates, maybe, if things didn't come my way, with a blue uniform on. They don't know about this affair, an' my appearance would amaze 'em some. Then they'd rise up an' holler, 'Deserted, darn him!' So, thinkin' it all over, I concluded to avoid shockin' them angels that wore the gray, an' I'll stay at home."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

This is the beginning of the dull season with the VETERAN. In the summer months traveling agents "lay off" and many subscribers wait for them. Publication expenses go on just the same, however, and a little patriotic consideration would be very helpful. The collection of subscriptions costs thousands of dollars each year which sum could be saved to the work if patrons would not wait to be called upon. A multitude of generous friends delay through negligence. Won't you consider this personal? Don't hesitate to inclose money in letters or deduct the cost of money order. Many subscribers whose times have expired refuse to remit what is due—even some who have been personally favored by the VETERAN. To make up for these misfortunes, won't you attend to your subscription and voluntarily commend the publication to some who do not take it?

The United Daughters of the Confederacy Department has been encroached upon lately by the VETERAN meetings and the reports herein are not regular in their arrangement. The credit to Miss Green in heading misleads to some extent. The errors and omissions should be charged to the office management.

Reports from the Dallas reunion are less complete than was expected. That of Gen. Evans, President Board of Trustees is in type, but is held over, that of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans is also deferred. Officials and members of that important organization are requested to forward any data and reports promptly for the June VETERAN, which is to be advanced.

Prompt and hearty coöperation on the part of all loyal Confederates in behalf of this wide-spread and permanent record should be exercised. The management places stress upon these needs. The "Last Roll" is growing so fast that a glance will indicate the importance of working "while it is day." Several pages of this department are held over.

Sufficient attention is not given the associate interests of the VETERAN. No book or other premium is offered without it possesses distinctive merit; and the concessions made in such connection are as liberal as ever may be expected. Don't overlook what is said on this subject. Take, for instance, the story of "Two Wars." You have seen much about it in the VETERAN and it is a work that will always be of interest and value as long as history is preserved. The VETERAN is proud of having issued such a book. These are recent comments of the multitude received:

Gen. H. V. Boynton, of the U. S. Army, and President of the Chickamauga Park Commission writes of it: "I have read no war book on either side of late that has given me more pleasure. It is vivid, full of interest, and crowded with such details as make it attractive throughout."

Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stéwart writes from Chattanooga, Tenn.: "This book is exceedingly well written and is unusually interesting. Gen. French participated in both wars—the Mexican and the Confederate. Most of the time he kept a diary, and has always been noted for his attention to details and accuracy of statement. The reader can rely on the narrative of facts as thoroughly correct. I recommend the book especially to all Southern young men who wish to inform themselves in regard to the causes of secession and its justification, the history of the war itself which was caused by secession and the infamies of reconstruction"

The etchings of Gens. R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston as illustrated in the February VETERAN deserve prompt attention by every man or woman who admires those gallant Christian heroes. They are $10 each by the publisher, whereas this supply was procured, so that any of them are offered with a years' subscription for $5 each.

"Two Years On the Alabama," by Lieut. A. H. Sinclair, is a superb octavo volume of 350 pages illustrated for $3 with a year's subscription.

"The Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest," by Dr. J. A. Wyeth (Cloth, $4), with the VETERAN one year, $4.

"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," is a well printed volume by the eminent author, Rev. Henry M. Field, the only survivor of the four distinguished brothers, Daniel, Dudley, Stephen J. (U. S. Supreme Court), and Cyrus W. Field. This book was $1.50, and yet it is furnished with the VETERAN for a year for $1.50, making the book 50 cents.

If anybody will buy any of these and don't find conditions as represented their money will be returned.

NOTE FROM BISHOP FITZGERALD.

Editor Confederate Veteran: The last issue of your periodical was certainly one of the very best. As I read it two suggestions came into my mind:

First, that with its wide circulation its advertising patronage ought to be much larger than it is. For the benefit both of the magazine and of advertisers it would seem desirable that you should expand in this direction. The VETERAN reaches our best people; they have social position and influence, intelligence and a fair share of money; they all would be profitable customers to the right sort of advertisers.

Second, I feel assured that in your advertising pages you would appeal to none save the right sort. You could not afford to print anything that was doubtful; you should not wish to do so. Self-interest, journalistic honor, and the sanctity of a cause hallowed by traditions of heroism unsurpassed and a chivalry that touched the topmost heights of human attainment—all combine to make us sure on this point.

A third notion comes into my head as I pen this note—namely: That I myself could almost wish that I had something to advertise, so that I might set a good example and demonstrate the soundness of these suggestions. In the fullness of the meaning of the word, let me subscribe myself cordially and sincerely. Your friend, O. P. FITZGERALD.

Nashville, Tenn., May 27, 1902.

MEMORIAL DAY FOR ALL.

Gen. George Moorman sends official General Orders No. 287 with reference to June 3, the birthday of President Jefferson Davis as universal Memorial Day throughout the South and fixes that as the day for decorating Confederate graves everywhere.

A resolution to fix the 3d day of June, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, as "Southern Memorial Day," was adopted by the "Ladies Confederated Memorial Association" of New Orleans at a meeting held March 19, 1902, and the matter presented to all the camps through a circular letter, and the adoption of the resolution was ardently advocated by Mrs. W. J. Behan, the patriotic and splendid President of the "Ladies Confederated Southern Memorial Association."

In conforming thereto the following resolution was presented at the Dallas reunion—viz., "In order that our children may be fully instructed in all that pertains to the rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy, and that the date of the birth of its first and only President will be indellibly impressed on their minds and hearts, and generally observed with appropriate ceremonies, be it

Resolved, That the United Confederate Veterans in convention assembled at Dallas, Tex., do ratify and adopt the resolution as passed by the "Ladies Confederated Memorial Association" of New Orleans, making June 3, as the universal Memorial Day throughout the South, said resolution to be effective June 3, 1903."

The resolution was unanimously adopted by the committee, but when reported to the convention it met with opposition from the Georgia delegation and others. After discussion the following amendemnt was offered by Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee—to wit:

"I move that the State of Georgia, and any other State which so desires shall be exempt, and that the resolution so amended be adopted."

And after further discussion the resolution as amended by Gen. S. D. Lee was almost unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Without explanation as to the cause of the objections from Georgia, it is presumed that those comrades will coöperate and that we may have a memorial day as distinct as May 30th is used by the other side.

The suggestion, in May VETERAN, of Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of the South Carolina Division to succeed the late Gen. Wade Hampton as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department U. C. V., is pleasing and the more since proceedings culminated in his election. Other promotions are set forth by Gen. George Moorman in the appointment of Thomas W. Carwile, Commanding Second Brigade South Carolina Division to be Major General and command the South Carolina Division U. C. V.

The Alabama Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held their annual Convention at Demopolis. Full proceedings were not reported in time for this VETERAN. Greetings were passed by telegraph between the Alabama and Tennessee Divisions.

In the election of officers the following were chosen to serve for the ensuing term: President, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, of Opelika, Ala.; Vice President, Mrs. R. G. Lewis, of Birmingham; Second Vice President. Mrs. George W. Taylor, of Domopolis; Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. W. Williams, of Opelika; Treasurer, Mrs. J. N. Thompson, of Tuscumbia; Historian, Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, of Mobile; State Registrar, Mrs. Holland.

The memorial portrait of Miss Emma Sansom was presented by the U. D. C. to the State Department of Archives and History. Mrs. A. L. Dowdell presented the portrait, and Hon. T. M. Owen accepted it in the name of the State.

The Convention will meet next year in Tuscaloosa.

"THE CONFEDERATES."

The *Midland Methodist* in a recent issue states:

Little, indeed, must be the soul that grows morbid with misgivings and malice at the reunion of the grizzled veterans of the —— cause. Let these old battle-scarred heroes have their times of revived associations and happy reminiscences. Let them march together on crutches and wooden legs, with empty sleeves dangling at their shoulders, and an occasional green patch over an eyeless socket. Let them talk of thrilling days gone by in bivouac and on battlefield. Let them compare notes of Bull Run and Chancellorsville and Chickamauga and Gettysburg. They suffered enough, and showed courage enough in those perilous days to entitle them to all of the consolation they can get now out of stirring memories. Small the soul and mean the heart that charges these valiant men with treasonable principles. They represent the flower of the Southern manhood—as true and brave a type as breathes the air of American freedom. . . . The soldiers of the South are as loyal as any citizen of the land. Having startled the whole world with an intrepidity of spirit, a dauntlessness of daring, a brilliancy of execution, and an almost marvelous capacity of endurance in the face of overwhelming forces, they surrendered in honor, and have been living through these years in a loyal submissiveness not less heroic than their many successes which would have kindled a Napoleon's pride.

We of the South are proud of the records of those men who shouted about Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Gordon in those days gone by. We are proud of their silent comrades who sleep in unmarked graves and in unkept cities of the dead. Some of us who were entirely too little to know anything about those dreadful days of war, have read the story with patriotic pride, and we rejoice to know that honor to the memory of the brave soldiers of our sunny South does not mean dishonor to a reunited country. Let nobody get scared over the Dallas meeting.

Thanks are tendered Dr. W. M. Green, Assistant Editor of this paper, for the following:

Our confrere of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, S. A. Cunningham, has been honored with the military decoration of "colonel." He went through the Civil War as a private, and is worthy of any honor, even general-in-chief—which he is around here.

The "military decoration" refers to the appointment on staff of Gen. J. B. Gordon. It should not mislead in the matter of title, however, for the editor of VETERAN enjoys the distinction of being "Mister."

TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

The survivors of Terry's Texas Rangers, in convention desiring to express their gratitude before departing for their respective homes adopted resolutions in which they say:

The limitless hospitality and attention shown us

GROUP OF TEXAS RANGERS AT DALLAS.

by Comrade Henry W. Graber and his estimable family was so untiring and numerous and so considerate that we find difficulty in expressing our heartfelt thanks and appreciation; we feel that we can never repay the debt and in parting can only leave sincere wishes that in the years yet in store for our esteemed comrade he and his family may be happy and prosperous.

Signed as follows: Company A—Capt. Rufus G. King, Superintendent Confederate Home, Austin; R. N. Beaver, Gatesville, Tex.; C. T. Freeman, Duchess, Ky.; J. DuBose, Rockdale, Tex.; W. H. Jones, Marlin, Tex.; C. M. Pearre, Guion, Tex.; M. T. Turner, Gatesville, Tex.; Sam Gott, Rosebud, Tex.; Lige Davidson, Rosebud, Tex.

Company B—John D. Cochran, Cochran, Tex.; J. M. Crain, Galveston, Tex.; W. P. Devers, Georgetown, Tex.; J. Perry Bryan, Quintana, Tex.; H. W. Graber, Dallas, Tex.; W. D. Cleveland, Houston, Tex.; W. R. Webb, Houston, Tex.

Company C—G. W. Archer, Mexia, Tex.; William Owens, Elgin, Tex.; T. J. Oliver, Dallas, Tex.; T. W. Willie, Mount Calm, Tex.; Tom Burney, Groesbeck, Tex.; A. M. Shannon, Galveston, Tex.

Company D—W. C. Smith, Karnes, City, Tex.; Perry Green, Throckmorton, Tex.; R. Stroud, Alhambra, Cal.; George R. Allen, Childress, Tex.; S. M. Watkins, San Marcos, Tex.; Charles W. Stone, Lockhart, Tex.; John M. Claiborne, Rusk; C. G. Caldwell, Austin, Tex.; James C. Connor, Austin Confederate Home; T. A. W. Hill, Smithville, Tex.; F. H. Corbell, Colorado City, Tex.; R. B. Shipp, Fresno, Cal.; T. A. Hill, Weimar, Tex.; Richard Burger, Bastrop, Tex.; John D. Hill, Smithville, Tex.; W. A. Standifer, Fort Worth, Tex.

Company E—G. H. Bruce, Ardmore, I. T.; J. M. Brownson, Victoria, Tex.; F. Noelke, Sherwood, Tex.; C. C. Littlefield, Leesville, Tex.; Ben Shuler, Gonzales, Tex.

Company F—F. F. Hooper, Calvert, Tex.; J. B. Allen, Clarksville, Tex.; J. A. Holman, Comanche, Tex.; W. B. Simpson, Hackley, Tex.; J. K. P. Blackburn, Lynnville, Tenn.; Nat Holman, La Grange, Tex.; O. W. Alexander, Wellington, Tex.; Fritz Lindenberg, Hallettsville, Tex.

Company G—Sam Maverick, San Antonio, Tex.; Hugh L. Talley, Goliad, Tex.; J. T. Pryor, Belton; Joe G. Booth, Austin, Tex.; E. M. Phelps, Austin.

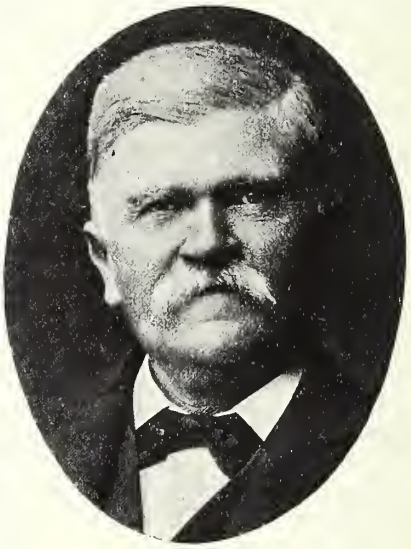
Company H—W. H. Albertson, Lake Charles, La.; E. A. Bolmes, Austin, Tex.; Dave Terry, Austin Confederate Home; Duncan McArthur, Ardmore, I. T.

Company I—W. F. Holcombe, Luling, Tex.; John N. Houston, Luling, Tex.; W. H. Kyle, Nursery, Tex.; J. D. Carithers, Newark, Tex.; George W. Littlefield, Austin, Tex.; James F. Miller, Gonzales, Tex.; C. M. Bradshaw, Abilene, Tex.; James H. Cobb, Gonzales, Tex.

Company K—J. H. Pinchback, Fort Sill, Ok.; R. M. West, Courtney, Tex.; R. L. Dunman, Coleman, Tex.; A. W. Proctor, Whites Creek, Tenn.; John Farmer, Houston, Tex.

Company L—J. M. Callaway, Concord, Tex.

The cordial and most earnest expressions of the Rangers to Comrade Graber were well merited. His splendid home was opened from the beginning and never closed, and none of his fifty or more guests can ever recall the Dallas reunion without delightful reminiscences of their stay at his home.



HENRY W. GRABER.

Comrade Graber had experiences after the war in resenting insults by negro soldiers whereby he had to obscure his identity for years, so that recuperation from the havoc of war was retarded much more than it was with his comrades. However his integrity and zeal overcame all obstacles and he stands at the forefront as a typical Confederate veteran.

Sword and Pistol of Capt. Louis Wagner.—Mr. John P. Nicholson, Gettysburg National Park:

"At the second battle of Bull Run Capt. Louis Wagner, Company D, Eighty-Eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was wounded and taken prisoner. Whilst lying upon the field, he gave to a surgeon or officer of an Alabama regiment (?) a plain black leather belt with sword and an officer's revolver with "Captain Louis Wagner, Company D, 88th Pa.," engraved on the butt. It would appear from the official records that the Eighty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment was opposed by the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Alabama, of Wilcox's Brigade. It may be possible to procure some information of the sword or revolver from some of the officers or men of these commands, or others connected with the hospital. Any cost for their return will be cheerfully paid by Gen. Louis Wagner, Philadelphia, Pa."

THE REAL CAUSES OF THE WAR.

What Hon. John H. Reagan said of them at Dallas:

The much-beloved survivor of the Confederate States Cabinet, Hon. John H. Reagan, though in a sick bed for weeks previous to the reunion, prepared a paper which was read by Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the author being too feeble to make an address. He wrote:

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The war between the States, 1861 to 1865—measured by the size of the armies, by the number of battles fought, by the number of soldiers killed, wounded, and missing, and by the amount and the value of the property destroyed, was much the greatest war of modern times. It grew out of great causes, and was not, as has been often alleged by those interested in perverting its history, a causeless war, brought about by ambitious political leaders of the Southern States.

In the vindication of the truth of history I propose to state the principal causes which led to that war.

At the conclusion of the war which separated the American colonies from the crown of Great Britain, these colonies formed a Federal government, to which they gave exclusive jurisdiction over all questions of foreign policy, and over questions involving interstate relations, reserving to the States exclusive jurisdiction over all questions relating to their local rights and duties.

While this is clearly implied in the plan and constitution of the new Federal government, it is distinctly asserted in the tenth amendment to the constitution which was adopted soon after the ratification of the constitution, and reads as follows:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

In the formation of the constitution, and adoption of the Federal government, two very important and conflicting sets of opinions existed as to what the form and character of the government should be. And these conflicting opinions became the more serious because entertained, on each side, by men of known patriotism, and of great ability. One party to this conflict of opinion doubted the capacity of the people for self-government, to be modeled somewhat on the plan of the British constitution, omitting royalty and aristocracy, but to be made strong enough to control refractory States, to protect the lives, persons, and property of the people, and to preserve peace and good order in society. The other party to the conflict of opinion claimed that the American people had sufficient intelligence and virtue to enable them to organize and to so administer government as to successfully accomplish the same purposes. And those who took this view succeeded in getting it engrafted in the constitution, placing the necessary limitations on the powers of the Federal government, and preserving to the States and the people all the power not so delegated.

When the Federal government was put in operation under the constitution those representing the foregoing views classed themselves respectively as federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton, and as republicans (now democrats) led by Thomas Jefferson. The federalists, who distrusted the capacity of the people for self-government and favored strong government, on the one side, and the republicans, who believed in the capacity of the people for self-government, and who sought to preserve the rights of the States and the largest liberty of the people on the other side, continued the contest for the shaping and controlling of the character and policy of the government beyond what was prescribed by the letter of the constitution, and thereby to abridge the rights of the several States, and thus also to endanger the liberties of the people.

The contests of opinion on this vital question continued to divide the people continuously from the foundation of the government until 1861-65, when, as a result of the war, the constitution was changed in important particulars, the doctrine of State rights was overthrown and the right of property in negro slaves was denied, and the millions of dollars of what was then property was confiscated in plain and distinct violation of the constitution.

This was one of the great questions which endangered the perpetuity of the Union.

Another cause of danger to the Union was the revenue policy of the government. The constitution provided for a tariff for revenue, for the support of the government. The tariff policy was perverted into a policy of protection and fostering some industries at the expense of others, in plain violation of the constitution, by taking the property of some people from them without compensating them for it and giving to others who paid nothing for it, enriching some of the people and impoverishing others of them, by operation of unjust and unconstitutional legislation. This came near involving the country in a civil war about the year 1832 and gave rise to the nullification measure of South Carolina.

The acquisition of foreign territory was another cause which threatened the perpetuity of the Union. The acquisition of the Louisiana territory, the acquisition of Florida, the admission of Missouri as a State,

MISS MARY LOUISE SYKES, ABERDEEN, MISS., Chief Maid of Honor for Miss. Div.

MISS MALVINA MAY SCOTT, ROSEDALE, MISS., Sponsor for Mississippi Division.

and the annexation of Texas, and the acquisition of the Mexican Territory, caused much violent discussion and threats by the New England States to secede from the Union, they assuming that these acquisitions increased the power of the agricultural states to the disadvantage of the manufacturing states, and when the United States, in 1812-14, became involved in the second war with Great Britain, the same New England States, in their opposition to it, threatened to secede from the Union.

All these conflicts of opinion were in a large measure sectional, as between the Northern and Southern States and produced in the minds of patriotic citizens more or less anxiety for the safety of the Union and the preservation of the peace of the country.

To these causes of disturbance was added the protracted agitation of the slavery question, which threatened most dangerous results. The question as to whether the States of the Union should be free or slave was a question for each State to decide for itself, and that had been the uniform practice.

I shall show that it was the purpose of the abolitionists of the free States which had no jurisdiction or authority over the subject of African slavery in the States where it did exist, to secure its abolition through the agency of a popular majority of the people of the United States, in plain violation of the constitution, which left to the several States the sole jurisdiction and authority over all their local institutions and domestic affairs, and that, too, without compensation for them, though they were of the value of about three billions of dollars.

A review of this question is necessary to a proper understanding of what has been done in this country in relation to it.

MISS PEARL B M'CRURY,
BECKLEY, W. VA.
Sponsor for First Brigade, W. Va. Division.

MISS JESSIE WOODS HIGGINBOTHAM,
BUCKHANNON, W. VA.
Chief Maid of Honor.

A Northern sectional anti-slavery party was organized and in the year 1856 placed in nomination for the office of President John C. Fremont, of California, and for the office of Vice-president William L. Dayton, of New Jersey. These candidates received 114 electoral votes, all being from the free States of the North, though they were not elected, thus demonstrating its purely sectional character. Four years later, 1860, the anti-slavery party nominated Abraham Lincoln for president and Hannibal Hamlin for vice president, and this ticket secured 180 electoral votes, exclusively from the Northern free States and was elected, demonstrating its sectional character, and showing that it commanded the support of a majority of the electoral college and of the people of the United States. This greatly alarmed the people of the Southern States.

During and before the American revolution African slavery existed in all the American colonies, and the African slave trade was carried on by the consent and policy of those colonies.

Bancroft, in his history of the United States, volume 1, page 159, says, speaking of the colony of Virginia: "Slavery was not introduced by the corporation," meaning colony, nor by the desire of the emigrants, but was introduced by the mercantile avarice of a foreign nation and was riveted by the policy of England without regard to the interests or the wishes of the colony." On the same page he says: "Slavery and the slave trade are older than the records of human society; they are found to have existed wherever the savage hunter began to assume the habits of pastoral or agricultural life," and with the exception of Australia, they have extended to every portion of the globe." On page 166 he says: "The traffic of Europe in negro slaves was fully established before the colonization of the United States, and had existed a half century before the discovery of America."

Later slavery and the slave trade became offensive to the most enlightened nations of modern times, and this view was embraced by many of our people. After the people of the Northern States had got rid of the slaves by selling them to the planters of the Southern States, the opposition to it in those States grew until it became a controlling element in their politics.

In addition to what was to be expected by the South from the two foregoing canvasses for president and vice president by the anti-slavery party, there were many other indications that its ultimate aim was to free the slaves of the South, break up the social and industrial conditions of that section, with the vast sacrifice in property interests which would necessarily follow its consummation.

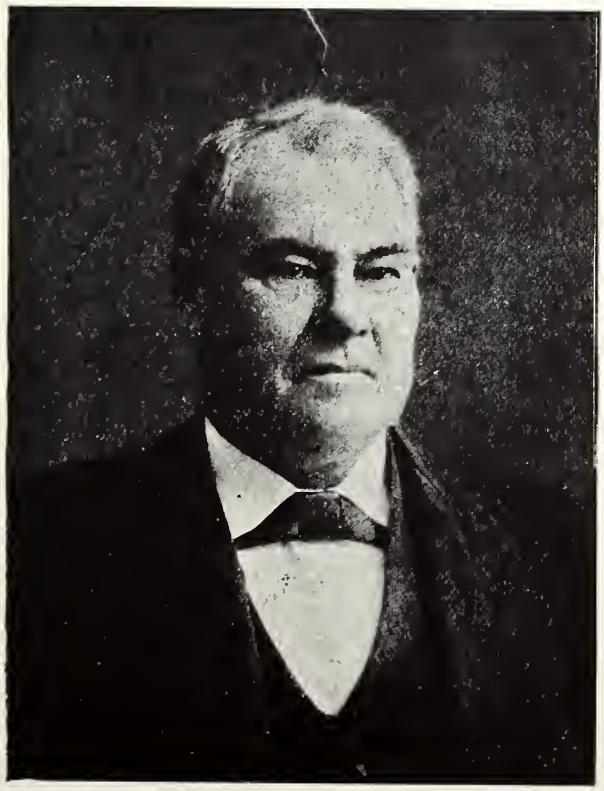
Hon. William H. Seward, who was one of the prominent candidates for the presidency, and who was the most influential member of the party, and who became secretary of state under President Lincoln, declared that the slavery question presented "an irrepressible conflict." That could only mean that the agitation must go on until the people of the non-slave holding States could secure the abolition of slavery by unconstitutional means, for there was no other way to accomplish their purpose. Later, Abraham Lincoln, afterward President of the United States, declared "that this country could not remain half free and half slave." That could only mean that the agitation must

go on until the people of the States where slavery did not exist could secure its abolition in States where it did exist.

In the meantime war occurred on this question in Kansas, which called out the most angry feelings on both sides. And the notorious John Brown organized in the Northern States an armed company with which he invaded the State of Virginia for the avowed purpose of inaugurating a war of races between the whites and blacks, and carrying with it murder and arson. He and some of his associates were arrested, tried, condemned, and hanged for this great crime. As an indication of the temper of the Northern people, instead of condemning the acts of these felons in many cases they draped their churches in mourning for John Brown and eulogized him as a saint and martyr.

As further evidence of the aggressive determination of the anti-slavery men to force a conflict with the South on this question, I call attention to the fact that many of the Northern State legislatures before the war passed acts making it a penal crime for any of their officers or citizens to aid in the enforcement of the provision of the constitution and the acts of Congress, which had the approval of the highest court, for the rendition of fugitive slaves, thus nullifying the constitution and laws on this question, the members of the legislatures violating their oaths to support the constitution.

When Southern members of Congress made appeals to the Northern members to aid them in sustaining the constitution and in the protection of their rights they were answered by the statement: "We have the majority and you have to submit." I make this statement on personal knowledge. We were thus notified that a popular majority of all the people of all the States was to be substituted for the provisions of the constitution which limit the powers of the Federal government and protect the rights of the several States.



HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

It should be here stated that if African slavery was wrong it was a National wrong, inherited from the governments which preceded ours and was supported by the constitution and laws and by the decisions of the courts, and if it was to be abolished it should have been at the expense of the whole people. To this suggestion anti-slavery men gave no heed.

The people of the South were thus compelled to face the question of submitting to the destruction of their property rights under a violated constitution or of trying to secure the relief and protection they were entitled to by withdrawing from a union hostile to them and seeking the protection of friendly governments.

The anti-slavery men had much to say about the sin and wickedness of slavery, and about the slaveholders' rebellion as a means of inflaming the Northern mind. In addition to what I have said about the universality of slavery, among the nations in the past, I may call attention to the fact of the existence of slaves and the slave trade among the ancient Israelites; a people under the immediate guidance of God; and to the repeated injunctions of the Christ our Saviour to servants to obey their masters. And to the fact that Gen. Washington, who commanded our armies during the revolution, who was the president of the convention which formed the Constitution, and who was twice elected president of the United States, was the owner of a greater number of slaves than any other citizen at that time, being the owner of about 300. That Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, Gen. Jackson, Mr. Polk, and Gen. Taylor were all slaveholders; and a great number of devout Christian men and women were the owners of slaves. Are all of these to be branded as criminals, as wicked and to be despised and their names cast into oblivion along with our violated constitution and laws?

I am well aware of the sophistries, false statements, and perversions of history employed by the victorious party for the purpose of ignoring these great facts, and upon which they base the charge that the ex-Confederates were rebels and traitors, and that through their ambitious leaders they brought about a causeless war. We must content ourselves with the consciousness that in the Union we sought only the enforcement of the constitution and laws, for the preservation of the rights of our States and for the protection of our people; that when we could not have these in the Union we attempted to withdraw our States from it, in order that we might enjoy our rights in peace under friendly governments. And we can safely appeal to the final arbitration of history as it shall be written, when the passions and prejudices of the war shall have died out, for the vindication of our memories against the base and false charges of treason and rebellion.

While the cause for which we contended was lost we see the evidence, from year to year, that our people are as proud of the record they made for their rights and for liberty as was ever any conquerors in the history of the past. And they are as proud of their success in restoring good government and prosperity to the people since the end of that disastrous war as they are of the grandeur of the struggle they made for independence.

GEN. BEAUREGARD AT SHILOH.

Col. Alex Robert Chisolm, Aide to Gen. G. T. Beauregard writes—32 West 21st Street, New York:

I did not expect to again trespass on the columns of the VETERAN, but I consider the letters of Gen. L. J. Walker and Gen. H. W. Graber in your March number so very unjust to that distinguished soldier and patriot Gen. G. T. Beauregard that I must ask your kind indulgence.

1. Gen. Beauregard was not "sick in his ambulance" on the field of Shiloh. In company with Gen. A. S. Johnston he rode his horse from Corinth to the field about twenty miles, April 5. They camped in the forest that night about one hundred yards apart. The medical director, Dr. R. L. Brodie, and Dr. Samuel Choppin rode their horses, but they had an ambulance. They persuaded Beauregard late that night to sleep in the ambulance. I slept under it.

At daylight Beauregard was on his horse, he did not again enter the ambulance which was thereafter used by the surgeons for the wounded. I never saw it after the fight commenced. He was on his horse most of the two days, at times well to the front, notably when he seized the colors of the Eighteenth Louisiana ordering them in French to follow him. He did the same in English with a Tennessee regiment. In this charge the enemy were driven back more than a mile.

2. Walker quotes from Gen. Polk's report, which does not agree with the report of his leading Division Commander, Gen. Cheatham, who writes ("Rebellion Record" Series 1: Vol. X., Part 1, page 440): "Many regiments having entirely exhausted their ammunition, a halt of some time was necessary for the purpose of replenishing, and before proper preparations were made darkness prevented further operations that day."

3. Col. C. D. Venable, Fifth Tennessee of Polk's Corps, (Ib. p. 434) writes: "I flanked to the left about 300 yards; in a very few minutes the shelling from the gunboats was unbearable, killing and wounding my men, therefore I retired to a ravine and remained until dark."

These officers who were on the front line do not agree with Gen. Polk's statement, they evidently considered it too late to make another attack that night.

4. The battle had been favorable for the Confederates up to this time, but Buell's 20,000 fresh men were arriving. Gen. J. Ammen, commanding Nelson's advance brigade, writes: (Reb. Rec'd Series I., Vol. X., Page 328) "At 1 o'clock P.M. marched for the battlefield, crossed river on steamboats with greatest practicable expedition, reaching top of the bank. Gen. Grant directed me to support a battery one quarter of a mile to the left, which in a few minutes was attacked. The enemy continued to assail the battery until the close of the day, but were repulsed by the Thirty-Sixth Indiana. Gen. Grant ordered the Sixth and Twenty-Fourth Ohio Regiments one-half mile to the right on a part of the line threatened by the enemy."

Gen. William Nelson writes (Ib. page 323): "The Thirty-Sixth Indiana drove back the enemy and restored the line of battle at 6:30 P.M. Soon afterward the enemy withdrew, I suppose owing to darkness."

Gen. Don Carlos Buell writes (Ib. 292): "Nelson arrived with Ammen's Brigade at this opportune moment, opened fire on the enemy, and repulsed him. Night having come on, the firing ceased on both sides."

Gen. Grant writes (Ib., page 109): "At a late hour a desperate effort was made to turn our left and get possession of Pittsburg landing, transports, etc., which were guarded by the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, four twenty-pounder Parrotts, and a battery of rifled guns. There is at this point a deep and impassable ravine for artillery or cavalry and very difficult for infantry. At this moment the advance (Nelson) of Buell's column arrived. An advance was made on the point of attack and the enemy soon driven back.

Gen. Webster, Grant's chief of artillery, writes that he "placed eighty pieces of artillery in position on the hill protecting Pittsburg landing."

5. Now what were our troops doing at this time? Gens. Chalmers and Jackson were the closest to the Pittsburg landing making desperate efforts to take the hill.

Chalmers writes (Ib., page 550): "Received orders from Gen. Bragg to drive the enemy into the river. My brigade together with that of Brig. Gen. Jackson filed to the right and formed facing the river, and endeavored to press forward to the waters edge, but in attempting to mount the last ridge we were met by a whole line of batteries protected by infantry and assisted by shells from the gunboats. Our men struggled vainly to ascend the hill which was very steep, making charge after charge without success, but continued to fight until night closed hostilities on both sides. This was our sixth fight of the day. My men were too exhausted to storm the batteries on the hill. We formed line and slept on the hill, I with my men." Yes, and there I found him at daylight on the 7th, being attacked as the enemy made their first advance against our right.

6. Brig. Gen. John K. Jackson writes (Ib., page 555): "Chalmers was on my right. Without ammunition, with only their bayonets, my men steadily advanced under a heavy fire from light batteries, siege pieces, and gunboats. Passing through the ravine they arrived near the crest of the opposite hill upon which the enemy's batteries were, but could not be urged further. Sheltering themselves against the precipitous sides of the ravine, they remained under this fire for sometime. In the darkness some of my regiments became separated."

7. Gen. Daniel Ruggles writes (Ib., page 472): "I retired just as night set in."

8. These official reports will go to prove that the battle raged until dark, and that Beauregard did a wise act when Bragg informed him that he "had been to the Tennessee River, and there were none of the enemy between owl and Lick Creeks."

It was then in my hearing that he said to Gen. Bragg: "Withdraw your men from the fire of the gunboats." Bragg was partly right; he had found portions of the river front free from the enemy.

9. Col. David Urquhart, confidential aide and warm friend of Gen. Bragg, writes Gen. Thomas Jordan as follows: (Page 551, Roman's Beauregard) "The plain truth must be told that our troops at the front were a thin line of exhausted men, who were making no further headway, and were glad to receive orders

to fall back. One-third of the army were scattered in different parts of the field, plundering the Federal encampments. Gen. Beauregard's order for withdrawing the troops was most timely, otherwise the collection and reorganization that took place that night could not have been in condition to make the obstinate head which it did on the next day against Grant's and Buell's combined armies up to the moment when it was withdrawn, carrying off so considerable a part of the enemy's captured artillery; and in such good order that Buell's and Grant's armies did not venture to follow."

10. Gen. Beauregard withdrew from the field on the 7th, not because we were beaten in the fight; but for the reason that Lew Wallace, Buell, and Grant had such numerous forces that we were in danger of being surrounded. Wallace was gradually extending his right to seize the road to Corinth.

11. On the bloody field of Shiloh 10,699 men of the Confederates were killed, wounded, and missing out of a total of 40,000 in the army.

The Federals on April 6, numbered about 40,000 Grant (page 36) states that "Buell brought 20,000 and Lew Wallace 5,000. Total, 65,000 for the two days." Their losses were in killed, wounded, and missing, 12,190 men.

The Confederates being the attacking party on the 6th their losses were mostly on that day. They had no reënforcements.

12. I do not believe that any soldier who was in the battle will agree with Gen. G. J. Walker (who was not in the fight) "that Beauregard had better have been a thousand miles from Shiloh." Such an unjust statement from a Southern soldier I consider unworthy of criticism.

13. The death of Gen. A. S. Johnston at 2:30 P.M. on the extreme right in the peach orchard was a great loss, but it caused little or no delay in the battle, for all the balance on the field were acting under direct orders from Beauregard; he it was who concentrated the artillery and infantry on Gen. Prentiss' division, resulting in its surrender at 5:30 P.M. on the 6th. We lost some valuable time in corralling the prisoners.

Col. Alexander Robert Chisolm.

Col. Chisolm is Past Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York. He was born November 19, 1834, in Beaufort, S. C. He owned one-half of Chisolm's Island and two hundred and fifty slaves.

As lieutenant colonel and aide de camp he served on the staff of Gen. G. T. Beauregard from March 2, 1861, until May 6, 1865, when at Newberry, S. C., he bade him a sad farewell.

In company with Gen. Stephen D. Lee and Senator James Chestnut, Jr., he carried to Maj. Anderson the demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter, which being refused, they gave the order to Capt. George L. James, commanding Fort Johnson on James Island, to fire the signal gun at 4:30 A.M., April 12, 1861.

Accompanying Beauregard to Virginia, he was in the battles of Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run. He conducted Col. R. C. W. Radford's Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, known in history as "The Black Horse Charge," to the attack on the turnpike where "Col. Corcoran, of the Sixty-Ninth New York and his flag, with between sixty and eighty prisoners, together with fourteen pieces of artillery, were captured, creating the great stampede (Reb. Recd. Series 1, Vol. II., pages 532 and 533). "I cannot," Radford writes, "speak too highly of the conduct of Col. Chisolm, aide to Gen. Beauregard, who volunteered to guide my command by the nearest route to intercept the retreating enemy. He was among the foremost in the charge, and distinguished himself by his gallantry, coolness, and bravery. He was of great assistance to me." (Ib. page 533.)

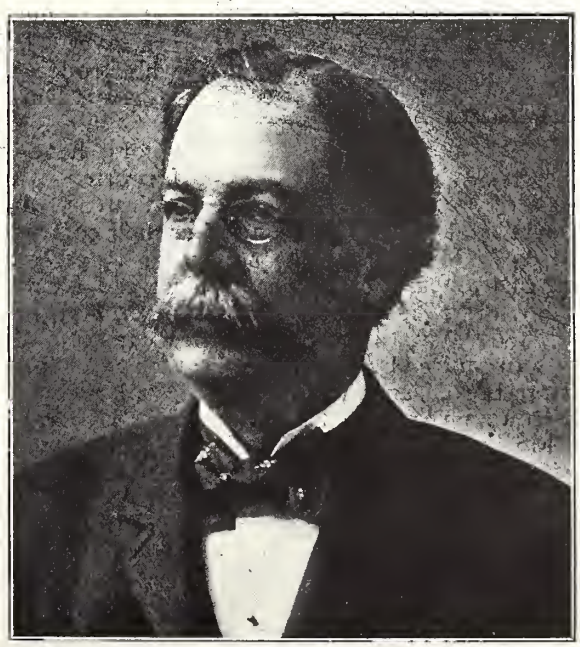
He accompanied Beauregard to the West, serving in the Shiloh and Farmington battles, then back with his general to Charleston. He was actively employed for eighteen months in the memorable seige of that city, and in the battle of Oulustee or Ocean Pond in Florida. Thence he went back to Virginia to take an active part in the battles of Drury's Bluff, the mine explosions, and numerous fights at Petersburg.

Again he went West, thence to Charleston and Savannah, finally to Greensboro, N. C., where, after the surrender of Gen. Lee, he was ordered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to meet Gen. Hartsuff, Gen. Sherman's Adjutant General, and in his name to give and receive the final parole for all the troops under his command about April 30, 1865. "Under the terms of a Military Convention entered into this 26th day of April, 1865, at Bennett's House, near Durham's Station. N. C., between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, and Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding the United States army, in North Carolina." (Memoirs of Gen. Sherman, Vol. II. page 363.)

Col. Chisolm served four years and six weeks.

The following order was issued August 31, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.:

"Lieut. Col. Chisolm, Aide de Camp to Gen. Beauregard, will proceed to Richmond, Va., and deliver to the honorable Secretary of War nineteen (19) of the enemy's colors captured in the recent engage-



COL. ALEX. ROBERT CHISHOLM.

ments on the line of the Weldon Railroad. He will return upon the completion of this duty. By command of Gen. R. E. Lee. W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*"

On a previous order he had taken in like manner twelve standards of colors to the Secretary of War in Richmond.

K. F. Peddicord, Palmyra, Mo., gives experiences:

"In the penitentiary!" This was repeated by the prisoner of war to the blank stone walls of cell 63, as two iron doors clashed together with a report like a platoon volley. J. L. Williamson, Lieutenant Company G, Third Kentucky Cavalry, preceded, and Lieut. Isadore Wellington, Company G, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, entered after me. We were the last of the 119 line officers of Gen. John H. Morgan's Cavalry sent to cells for close confinement in the "Western Penitentiary" of Pennsylvania at Alleghany City.

Morgan's men fell heir to this extra punishment as an act of retaliation, Gen. Forrest having, they said, treated Streight's raiders in like manner. Morgan's men submitted without a murmur of complaint to this treatment through nearly eight months of imprisonment.

K. F. PEDDICORD.
In his uniform of the sixties.

It is now thirty-eight years since this likeness was taken. Many of us had our photographs taken at the same time by an artist from Pittsburg. I am wondering how many of those gallant troopers are yet living who rode with Morgan, Duke, and Quirk. Survivors have not forgotten the "Western Penitentiary," and perhaps will remember their comrade of "Cell 63." He entered the service as Orderly Sergeant of Company C, Morgan's Squadron Kentucky Cavalry, organized near Bowling Green, Ky., in the fall of 1861. Was later Orderly Sergeant of Quirk's Scouts, organized by Gen. Morgan at Black Shop, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., in the fall of 1862, largely of old squadron men and great favorites of the General.

During the fall and winter of 1863 and 1864, Gen. Morgan and sixty-eight of his officers were confined in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio.

The line officers of Morgan's Cavalry captured on the Ohio raid and their place of confinement were almost lost sight of during the time our noted chief was in the Ohio penitentiary, where he was receiving and enduring more than his share of abuse, although he never failed to treat his captives with kindness, and even gave them assistance if needed. There was never a prisoner of the legion captured by him who could not testify to his generous treatment, and he has often been defended by such. I still have the names, with company, regiment, also home address of those 119 officers. My cell was on the second floor, just opposite was James W. Hewitt, Lieutenant of Company F, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, who could be seen in his "Two Step Countermarch" each day until he wore the stone floor hollow. He called Capt. Birmingham up and requested him to have a loom put in his cell, saying that he wished to write his mother that he was in the penitentiary weaving. The warden refused his request, saying he had no orders to put them to work.

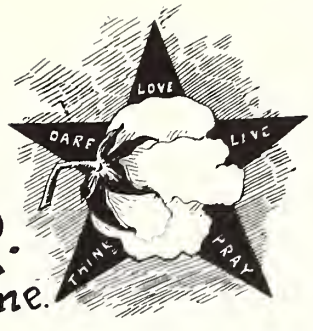
Lawrence R. Peyton, Company I, received in some way a sample bottle of the celebrated Pittsburg "Hostetter's Bitters," and because he would not tell from whom it came, was put in the dungeon for several days on bread and water.

Soon after we reached Point Lookout, Md., about the 20th of March, 1864, this brave comrade was shot and killed while a prisoner by a sergeant named Young, of the Sixth New Hampshire, mention of which was made at the time by the Baltimore papers.

My eldest brother, C. A. Peddicord, was a member of the "Summer Greys," Company K, Second Tennessee Infantry, mustered in at Richmond, Va., May 14, 1861, and the youngest, C. J. Peddicord, was a member of Ben Hardin Helm's First Kentucky Cavalry. He was taken out of prison at Gallatin, Tenn., during Gen. Payne's reign, and shot near the farm of a Mr. Malone because he refused to guide or inform on his friends. C. A. Peddicord was fatally wounded in an encounter at the close of the war with three ex-Federal soldiers at Glasgow, Ky., and died near Glasgow Junction, where both lie buried at the family grounds of the "Old Bell Tavern."

CASUALTIES AMONG NORTH CAROLINANS AT GETTYSBURG.—Mr. Bellamy, of North Carolina, in Congress, March 27, 1902, said: "The old North State was the next to the last of the States to go into and form the present Union; and yet so devoted was she that when she once gave her heart and hand to it, she was the last State in the South to reluctantly withdraw from it. Then when she, with sorrow, decided to break away from the old Union, she dedicated her all to the new Confederacy, and became the first to lose the life of a son, at Bethel, and was the last to lay down her arms at Appomattox. And sir, she contributed more soldiers to that cause than did any one of her sisters. But she accepts the arbitrament of war, and now vies with her sisters in her loyalty and devotion to her first love, but treasures with pride and sacred reverence the conspicuous part she bore in the Confederacy. In the table of statistics the gentleman (Mr. Warnock) puts at the head a Texas regiment as having sustained the greatest loss during the war. Mr. Chairman, it is a well-known fact that the regiment that sustained the greatest casualties in deaths and wounds in the great battle of Gettysburg was the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, which lost ninety per cent of its men and at its head its gallant colonel, Harry Burgwyn, while the Second North Carolina Battalion took into that great engagement two hundred men, of whom there was not one who was not killed or wounded.

Daughters of the Confederacy.



Conducted by Nancy Lewis Greene.

So close are the interests of the Confederate Veterans and Sons to those of the Daughters of the Confederacy, that anything which occupies the one is sure to awaken enthusiastic response and support in the other. The bond uniting the three organizations is rooted in a chivalry and reverence which will never die out in the South. It is natural, therefore, that the Dallas reunion should be the chief theme of interest to the Daughters now as well as to the Veterans and Sons. Chapters in Texas made elaborate preparations for assisting in the work of entertainment, and the Woman's Southern Memorial Association, which met at the same time, brought many prominent U. D. C.'s to the city.

The Chattanooga Chapter.

Many who went to the reunion traveled by way of Chattanooga where great battlefields lie, and for this reason a glance at the Chattanooga Chapter U. D. C. will be appropriate and entertaining just now. It is strong, self-reliant, and influential. Numberless monuments, white and glistening in the sunlight, standing at the very gates of this thrifty Southern city to commemorate the deeds of Northern dead, served to remind its women of their own noble heroes lying in unmarked graves, and with what good results? About the sloping stretch of land which lies peacefully beneath the shadow of Lookout Mountain, silent with the dust of sleeping soldiers, a substantial stone wall will be placed and an archway erected in May, a memorial of which the South will be proud, and an ornament to the city which claims as residents the devoted women of the U. D. C. who have already raised the necessary funds for their commendable purpose.

In May, when all the earth will don garments of green, and wild flowers brighten the mountain sides, when the river will laugh at the return of summer, and the rugged peaks which now serve to recall memories of privation and suffering will be softened into objects of landscape beauty, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Chattanooga are going to dedicate their work of love. They have labored long and devotedly to attain this object, and with no help from outside influence, at the same time meeting the demand upon them for contributions to other and general causes. Garden parties, dinners, and entertainments have been planned and carried out with good result, and they are now rewarded with the consciousness that enough money has been raised to erect the archway and wall.

The one hundred and fifty-two members of this Chapter, which enjoys a steady growth, work together with enthusiasm and without friction. The wall to be dedicated on Memorial Day is but the crowning touch of a system of improvements which they have kept up in the Confederate cemetery, where nine hundred and five Confederate soldiers lie buried. The grounds have been beautified by degrees. Macadamized roads are bordered by beds of flowers and long stretches of blue grass turf. The enclosing wall and arched gateway will cost thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, and is to be constructed of dark gray stone. "As near alike to the old Confederate gray as we could get it," said the popular president of the chapter.

Much benevolent work along other lines has also been done and sufficient money is given the chairman of the benevolent committee for the relief and support of old and needy veterans. The officers of the Chattanooga Chapter are Mrs. W. E. Love, President; Mrs. S. J. A. Frazier, Vice President; Mrs. William Pendleton, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. B. McClatchey, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. E. Robinson, Treasurer; Mrs. D. E. Burkham, Registrar; Mrs. C. S. Leach, Historian. Mrs. Love who has a sunny face and disposition was a delegate to the last General Convention, and is deservedly popular. Mrs J. P. Smartt, a former president of the Chapter, who was one of its earliest helpers and most influential workers, possesses all the Southern woman's inherited charm of manner and gracious hospitality.

On Chattanooga and Chickamauga Battlefields with a Confederate Veteran.

A glorious sunset was painted upon the sky back of Lookout Mountain. The highest peak, sharply etched against a background of crimson and gold, seemed strangely elevated and remote to one standing in the city below. Above shadings of softest rose color a cloud curtain of indigo hung darkly, and falling gradually veiled, as it descended, the mountain top.

Very beautiful are these sunsets at Chattanooga, shedding peaceful light upon scenes of bloody warfare. History recounts the battle of Lookout Mountain, but there are facts yet to be learned, and I glanced furtively up into the face of the man who had fought in the war between the States, wondering just what word of mine would best serve to set him talking. He had worn the gray, and his features were stamped with that undefinable blending of nobility and sadness which is so often depicted in marble on Confederate monuments. It was the expression that made me feel as if I had known him always, but such men are reticent and it was with some misgiving I asked: "Won't you tell me something about the battles?" His eyes were piercing as he responded, with a trace of sarcasm: "Are not your histories satisfactory?" "Not entirely," and his lips curved in a smile.

"Just beyond is Chickamauga Creek," he said, "where the Confederates drove every Federal general

but one from the field with a small force, the opposing army believing us to be very strong. Thomas was the only one who stood his ground in the confused retreat which followed. Over to the right is Missionary Ridge, where Cheatham's Division, in which I fought, lay entrenched during another battle; but it is not of these things I would speak. I recall a few comic incidents," and he seated himself comfortably. "Preceding the retreat of our division toward Dalton, the Confederate line was broken, and every fellow looked out for himself in the scramble for shelter.

"Between our position and the woods lay a road which was under heavy fire, and on the other side a broad and thick briar patch. I was barefooted, but went through those thorns without a scratch. How I did it is still a mystery to me."

After a pause he continued. "I never stood in Yankee shoes but once and came to grief that time. After the battle of Nashville, when we were marching toward Pulaski, Tenn., without shoes or hose, the sand cut my feet until they were blistered and bleeding. Pulaski had been vacated by the Federals and on their camp ground I found and appropriated a pair of discarded and delapidated old shoes. Several hours later we were lined up for inspection to ascertain which soldiers stood most in need of foot covering and I was ruled out on account of my acquired possession, failing to receive new shoes until we reached Corinth, Miss. We were very hungry on the march, and ate corn from the horse's troughs."

"Did you do much foraging?" I asked mischievously. "Not a great deal," he responded, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Once we saw some vicious sheep in a pasture and stopped to kill them. Again we staked off claims in a farmer's sweet potato patch, each fellow standing guard over his plot. In the night a squad of soldiers marched into the field and called 'halt!' We believed them to be Federals and rejoined our regiments, leaving the potatoes in possession of some of our own comrades who had planned the coup.

"These memories are dim and distant but very real," he added, reflectively. "Like old Lookout at the present moment. See the glow is all gone and nothing but black, hard outlines remain where the gilded mountain stood an hour ago." His head drooped and sadness was uppermost now in the face of the Confederate veteran.

R. E. Lee Chapter, of Wheeling, W. Va.

Miss F. J. Jordan, Secretary of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Wheeling, W. Va., writes:

"The Robert E. Lee Chapter was organized June 4, 1897, at the residence of Mrs. Robert White with not a dozen members, and it now numbers 57. During the last year three hundred dollars was given to charity; a widow of one Confederate and a daughter of another have been assisted, and the sick son of a Confederate soldier was taken to the city hospital at the expense of the Chapter. During a recent meeting it was decided that marble headstones should be placed at the graves of all Confederate soldiers buried in and around Wheeling, so that those who wore the gray might not longer remain unknown.

Sending contributions to memorial funds and assisting those in need are sincere pleasures to the members of the R. E. Lee Chapter. They are justly proud of a gavel which has been presented made of wood from the birthplace of Stonewall Jackson, and when used to call a body of enthusiastic workers to order, it reminds them of one of the greatest and bravest of generals who served his country fighting for the "Great Cause."

On the 18th of March Wheeling had the pleasure and honor of welcoming Gen. Fitzhugh Lee who delivered his interesting lecture "Peace and War in the United States and Cuba." The opera house was filled with a most appreciative and enthusiastic audience, who listened to his instructive discourse with rapt attention. After the lecture Gen. Lee was the guest of honor at a reception given by the Daughters of the Confederacy at the home of Mrs. Charles Taney, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion in Confederate colors. The drawing-room was decked in red and white roses, while the dining-room was fragrant with carnations of the same hue. The orchestra, stationed behind a screen of palms and rubber plants in the hall, played "Dixie" as the General arrived. Fully two hundred visitors called to greet the guest of honor and ladies in the receiving line.

A fine historic banner was presented to the camp at Concord, N. C., by the Dodson Ramseur Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of Cabarrus County, N. C., of which Mrs. J. P. Allison is President. D. W. Moore is standard-bearer, and is doubly proud of the honor as he held a like position for his regiment in the sixties. He volunteered in July, 1861, joined Company C, of the Thirty-Third Regiment North Carolina Troops, and was with his command regularly with two exceptions. He was captured at Fredericksburg December, 1862, was prisoner for six weeks and had fever in the spring of 1864. With these exceptions his service was continuous. He was wounded four times —at the battle of Chancellorsville and at Gettysburg while coming out of the famous Pickett charge. After Gettysburg he was promoted to color-bearer for his regiment, and he carried the banner with honor until the last of July, 1864 at Deep Bottom below Richmond, where Gen. Butler made the attempt to turn the River by cutting a canal. Here Moore and his major got ahead of the command, and before the command could get out of the marsh, the two were right on the enemy's line of battle, and when the line opened fire the gallant major was killed. Comrade Moore received two wounds, and was never able to return to his post. By the timely aid of one of the corporals the flag was saved.

The U. D. C. in Philadelphia.

The recently elected officers of the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Philadelphia, Pa., are: Mrs. James T. Halsey, Honorary President; Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, President; Mrs. S. Naudain Duer, Vice President; Mrs. James H. Hoffecker, Recording Secretary; Miss Gertrude Agnes Byers, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. John D. Emack, Treasurer.

Mrs. Halsey, a daughter of Gen. Dabney H. Maury, declined to be renominated for President, owing to ill health. Five years ago, with only seven women, she

organized the Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Philadelphia, and has, within that brief period, by her untiring energy and devotion to the cause, the proud satisfaction of seeing its membership increase to nearly ten times that number.

MRS. TURNER ASHBY BLYTHE,
President Gen. D. H. Maury Chapter U. D. C. of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Blythe, who succeeded Mrs. Halsey, is well fitted for the office. She was Miss Hunniwell, of Atlanta, Ga., and is the wife of Mr. Turney Ashby Blythe, a near relative of the distinguished cavalryman, Gen. Turner Ashby, who was killed during "Stonewall" Jackson's glorious campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, in the spring of 1862.

Mrs. Duer, who was Miss Josephine Poe, of Baltimore, is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Margaretta Hough, the first woman to be banished from Baltimore by the United States government, after the breaking out of the great war, on account of her love for the Confederacy.

Miss Byers is a daughter of Ellwood Byers, of Virginia, who was a member of the "Albemarle Light Horse," Second Virginia Cavalry.

Mrs. Hoffecker, was Miss Meade, of Leesburg, Va., and Mrs. Emack was a Miss Kramer, of Columbus, Ga.

The Chapter has a constantly increasing list of members, and the funds now in bank are sufficient to take up the remains of the Confederate dead who lie buried here in the National Cemetery, and remove them to Richmond, Va., and there place a memorial over them as soon as the consent of the United States Government can be obtained.

The work now occupying the Chapter is the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Memorial Bed for Confederate Soldiers in the Mary Washington Hospital in Fredericksburg, Va., in which this Chapter feels a deep interest. Thus the work for the living and the dead goes on in this noble Chapter.

United Daughters in Virginia.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant writes of them:

"Ole Virginny," the land where the "corn and taters grow," would like to occupy sufficient space in the Veteran columns to record some of the work accomplished in her borders during the past six months by the Virginia Division U. D. C.

"All is quiet along the Potomac," but the quiet is of peace and not of inactivity. The Chapters on the banks of this historic river, Mary Custis Lee and Seventeenth Virginia Regiment, are at present deeply engrossed in arrangements for the bestowal of the Southern Cross of Honor on June 3. The Mary Custis Lee will probably on this date, as in the past, forward a contribution to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, a most appropriate manner of celebrating the birthday of our President.

The Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter has recently forwarded a donation to the Home for Confederate Women, at Richmond, Va. These two Chapters have the honor of holding between them three of the division officers, Mrs. A. C. Wyckoff, a most interested and energetic worker being Division Registrar, and the well-known sisters, Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Alexander, without whose presence a U. D. C. Convention would appear incomplete, holding, one the office of Division Custodian, the other Division Secretary. All Daughters who were in Montgomery two years ago will recall Mrs. Alexander's beautiful appeal in behalf of the fence for Bull Run, or Groveton Cemetery. This fence has now been purchased, and is in process of erection. We know you will rejoice with us, and we thank each one who responded to our appeal. The Chapter Secretary in her report gives full measure of praise for all aid received, and adds that "butter and eggs, a country woman's currency, didn't buy the fence."

In the same section of the State R. E. Lee Chapter is doing good work. Located at Falls Church, a popular place of residence for Washington officeholders, the path of the Chapter has not always been strewn with roses, nevertheless a donation has recently been sent to the Home in Richmond, and aid given Chapters of the Division in monumental work.

The Chapters of the Piedmont section, Culpeper and Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, prove that "there's life in the old land yet," although the Thirteenth Virginia is only a little more than a year old, the 19th of January was celebrated with most elaborate ceremonies; thus we should always remember Lee, "the noblest, bravest, best of all."

Black Horse Chapter, Warrenton, with a membership of forty-seven, and in a town whose population

does not exceed twelve hundred, has given $425 to the President Davis Monument. Can that record be excelled?

The Chapters of the Hill City, Lynchburg, are never idle. The Kirkwood Otey has, in the past few months, bestowed Southern Crosses of Honor, upon her Veterans, and now has several plans in view for further honoring our "knightliest of the knightly race." This Chapter has. for several years, supported a room in their city hospital.

The Old Dominion is, primarily, a charity Chapter, visits sick Veterans, assists those in need, and endeavors never to let an opportunity for aiding a Confederate soldier pass unnoticed. Both Chapters are in close touch with Garland-Rhodes Camp of Confederate Veterans.

Our sisters of the Southwest—Pulaski, Wythe-Gray, and McComas—lament bad weather, bad roads, etc., and yet have in no wise failed in duty. Wythe-Gray will have the honor of entertaining the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans at their next annual meeting, and is deeply interested in the historical department of our work, which, under the skilled direction of our State Historian, Mrs. Philip E. Yeatman, will attain larger proportions this year than ever before. McComas will shortly entertain the Veterans of Giles County at their annual reunion, and wishes at that time to inaugurate a movement for her monument.

"Where Shenandoah brawls along, and burly Blue Ridge echoes strong" our valley Chapters are bravely holding their own. Shenandoah never disappoints the Division in any way. Recently $35 has been donated to monumental purposes outside of the town, and $500 sent to the Home for Confederate Women. Mrs. James H. Williams, President of this Chapter, organized the neighboring one, at Mt. Jackson. Three hundred and fifty-three soldiers who died in hospital are buried here. A fence protects the graves, but they are not marked, and since it is impossible to designate each grave with the name of the comrade who rests there, the Chapter desires to erect a monument in the center of the square, on which shall be inscribed the names of these patriots whose dust sanctifies Virginia's soil. These men were from Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, and Maryland.

Appomattox is zealously laboring for a memorial to her soldiers, while the noble seven of the Mildred Lee Chapter, Martinsville, have completed their monument. This Chapter has increased in membership recently, but the wonderful fact remains, that seven women raised a sum sufficient to erect a monument costing several thousand. In the last six months they have contributed to the Davis monument, the Home for Needy Confederate Women, sent two Veterans to the Soldiers' Home, and assisted other Chapters.

The Gloucester Chapters contemplate a union of forces, neither Chapter being large, and as they are in the same locality they feel that union would strengthen both, and enlarge their field of usefulness.

Princess Anne commenced work in a most businesslike manner. leasing and furnishing their assembly room.

The "Dr. John Thompson," another of our wee infants, has materially aided in caring for the wants of a Confederate veteran during the past winter.

"Beverly Martin" paid the expenses of a veteran to the Soldiers' Home.

The "Governor William Smith" petitions for "just one word of praise," but their modesty is only exceeded by their deserts, for they are doing nobly—caring for veterans, contributing to the Davis monument, and collecting historical reminiscences.

The "Twin cities by the sea" are as famous for their loyalty to our cause as for the beauty of their location. Norfolk, Pickett-Buchanan Chapter is the largest of our Division, and presents each year a report which would be creditable for a dozen Chapters. For several years this Chapter has supported many Confederate widows, expending in this work alone many hundred dollars each year. For many years Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Vice President of the Division, was President of the Pickett-Buchanan.

Portsmouth Chapter never fails to most appropriately celebrate the birthday of our peerless Lee. Since our last convention they have aided Confederate widows, assisted needy veterans, purchased a Chapter flag, and are now greatly interested in the historical collections. Daughters are they of noblemen. The peers of the bravest in all the world!

Two new Chapters have been added to our roll call—the Jubal Early, at Rocky Mount, with a charter membership of eleven, and the William B. Terry, at Bedford City, with a charter membership of eleven. There is also a bright prospect for several others.

Having mentioned the Home for Needy Confederate Women repeatedly in the foregoing, I wish to add, in explanation, that this enterprise is not in any way connected with the United Daughters. nor with the work of the Virginia Division. Donations have simply been given by the several Chapters as to any other Confederate charity.

With a Treasurer, Mrs. Charles M. Blackford, who never fails to keep the finances in order, a Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. Mande Carter, whose one desire is to remember that Virginia "expects every man to do his duty," and all other officers alike as earnest in the several departments, with committees who keep our Division motto, "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet; lest we forget, lest we forget," ever before them, Virginia looks proudly forward to a year of growth and prosperity, and in New Orleans will ask the Daughters to drink a health to "brave Virginia. the Old Dominion State."

Eligibility Papers in Virginia Division.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President Virginia Division U. D. C., writes of the care to preserve them:

I have been asked so frequently as to how the Virginia Division handles the application papers of its members in order to guard as far as possible, against loss by fire or other accidents; that possibly the following may be of interest to the Daughters of other Divisions: The Custodian of the Division has charge of the blank applications, which are furnished Chapters at their request, and at the expense of the Division. Each applicant for membership is requested to fill out two of these blanks, identical in every particular. If, for any reason, she fails to do this, the Chapter Registrar makes an exact copy of the one blank presented the Chapter. After the application has been duly acted upon by the Chapter, signed by

the Chapter committee, President, and Registrar, both blanks are forwarded the Division Registrar, who signs and registers them, returning both to the Chapter Registrar. One paper then remains in custody of the Chapter Registrar, the other is forwarded the Division Historian. The Historian, after gleaning from the papers sent her such data as she thinks will be of importance and interest to the Division, forwards them to the Custodian, in whose possession they remain, together with all other valuable papers, books, or mementoes of which the Division is possessed, the place of residence of our Custodian being the domicile of the Division.

Probably there appears a superabundance of "red tape" in this; however, I am sure that any Division or Chapter which has had to contend with lost or destroyed applications will appreciate the wisdom of this plan, which, after all, is quite simple.

First Presentation of Crosses in Virginia.

Mrs. James A. Scott, of the Kirkwood Otey Chapter, Lynchburg, writes:

This, the seventh year of the Kirkwood Otey Chapter, finds the organization in the most flourishing condition financially and otherwise. New interest is being manifested, and in the future we intend to accomplish even more than in the past. It was a very interesting and inspiring occasion, in commemoration of Gen. Robert Edward Lee's birthday, when the Kirkwood Otey Chapter, U. D. C., presented Southern Crosses of Honor to the members of Garland Rodes Camp, Confederate Veterans. No incident in the history of Lynchburg ever exactly paralleled this presentation programme, and the scene was most unique and impressive. The Veterans in numbers from seventy to eighty marched into the assembly hall amid the friendly and enthusiastic greeting of an immense audience. The President of the Chapter, Mrs. Charles M. Blackford, occupied the chair and directed the proceedings with marked ability and grace, assisted by the talented and queenly Secretary, Mrs. N. D. Ellen. This is the first Chapter in the State of Virginia to thus honor the Veterans.

The Kirkwood Otey Chapter has also furnished most comfortably a room in the Masonic Hospital, where it secures treatment for sick and disabled veterans, and for their families who are unable to provide themselves with such comforts. This Chapter has undertaken the loving task of uniforming our Camp of Veterans, and under the skillful and able guidance of Mrs. R. D. Apperson, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, we expect to raise, in the near future, the amount necessary to accomplish this end. The Kirkwood Otey Chapter proposes also to place headstones to the graves of the Virginia soldiers buried in our soldiers' cemetery, and to ask each State Division of U. D. C. to mark the graves of their dead soldiers buried here. The Virginia Legislature recently appropriated $100 through the Ladies' Memorial Association for this cemetery, and under their directions this Chapter will endeavor to carry out the principal object for which it was organized—to-wit: "To honor the memory of those who fell in the service of the Confederate States, by erecting monuments and dedicating memorial tablets to our dead." The Chapter has paid $125 to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, and if this may not be sufficient, we stand ever ready to do our duty to the memory of our beloved President, who alone wore the chains and manacles for us—"The one single victim of thousands in war."

Our membership has increased nine since October, and the members are very enthusiastic, our meetings having been more largely attended this winter than ever before.

On the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Lynchburg, we will unite with the Memorial Association and Veterans in celebrating Memorial Day, at which time the Kirkwood Otey Chapter will again present "crosses" to the Veterans, when we hope to have Gov. Montague make the presentation speech on behalf of the Chapter.

We give these details that others may know that we have not been idle, and with best wishes for the U. D. C., and thanking the Veteran for its kindness, and wishing it the greatest success, which it most justly deserves.

Worthy Work to be Done at Shiloh.

The Savannah Chapter of the U. D. C. wants a monument, and Mrs. J. W. Irwin, President of the Shiloh Chapter, writes from Savannah:

A duty long neglected has been that of marking the graves of the heroes who fell upon the field of Shiloh. Justice alone would demand a permanent testimonial in recognition of their valor and self-sacrifice. Cognizant of the fact that this obligation has been disregarded these many years, or, at least, having no tangible existence, the Daughters of the Confederacy living near this historic field have felt impelled to take up the important work. Hence, Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, U. D. C., was organized about two years ago at Savannah, Tenn., the prime object being the erection of a monument on the battlefield of Shiloh in memory of all Southern soldiers who participated in that battle.

This is a large undertaking, indeed, a gigantic one, if the testimonial is to be commensurate with the grandeur of the object. Many Southern States had troops engaged in this battle; therefore Shiloh Chapter has asked aid of other Chapters in those States whose sons fought and fell in this memorable conflict, and whose sacred dust commingles with the blood-stained soil of historic Shiloh.

The little band of women who have undertaken this work, animated by a laudable ambition, and with due appreciation of the responsibility in so vast an enterprise, nevertheless realize that unaided its accomplishment will be long deferred. While other memorials may be placed upon the field of Shiloh, and doubtless are at this time, in contemplation, this monument will stand as an evidence of the loyalty and devotion of the Daughters of the South. It is intended as a tribute, not from one chapter alone, but from all who shall have contributed toward its erection. Let us hope that the Daughters everywhere will rally to our assistance and that at no distant day we may erect an enduring monument to the fame of the heroes of Shiloh!

Wade Hampton in the Palmetto State.

Sent by a member of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, S. C. Action of the Chapter:

On Friday, the 11th, the solemn tolling of all the

church bells in the little city of Anderson, S. C., announced to the people that Gen. Hampton, their leader, their chieftain, South Carolina's best-beloved son and "Grand Old Man," was dead. The sadness that fell on every loyal heart was too deep for words, but as best they might the citizens expressed their grief.

The first action taken was by Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, who before the bells had ceased to toll, placed an order for a floral offering to be sent in the Chapter's name to be placed upon his casket. The offering was a large anchor typical of Hampton, the anchor of South Carolina's hopes in the dark days of '76. The colors were Confederate red and white in honor of Hampton, the brave Confederate soldier. The card expressed only the love and reverence of the Robert E. Lee Chapter.

On Saturday a committee of the Chapter was called together, and the following resolutions adopted:

Whereas the almighty and most merciful God has seen fit in his infinite wisdom to remove from among us our venerable and well-beloved leader, guide, and friend, Gen. Wade Hampton, be it

Resolved, 1. That we, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., express our sincere sorrow in this grievous loss.

2. That we dedicate a page in our minute book to the memory of the man who by his coolness, courage, and sagacity rescued our beloved State in 1876 from the noxious mire of carpetbag rule and negro supremacy—the man whose steady order, "Keep the peace!" prevented riot and achieved a "bloodless revolution."

To the memory of the gallant leader of Hampton's Legion, one whose Confederate record is the pride of Carolina, a man whom a nation might mourn:

General Wade Hampton.

by a union soldier.

The soldier sage in peaceful sleep
  Has bowed his honored head,
But still his words and deeds we keep secure,
  He is not dead.
His fearless heart, his iron will,
  His earnest love of truth,
They guide the acts of freemen still
  And live in changeless youth.

No braver arm in battle heat
  For Freedom dealt its blow,
No cleaner mind in council seat
  Our land will ever know;
And yet, through all his bright career
  No glory seems to vie
With that meek Faith, so calm and clear,
  That lit his closing eye.

His grateful country long has sealed
  His service with its praise,
And all the honors earth could yield
  Adorned his latest days.
He rests from all his toils and cares;
  His high, unsullied brow,
That never turned from duty, wears
  A brighter laurel now.

Augusta, Ga., April 12, 1902.

Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Corresponding Secretary, writes:

At the regular meeting of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, April 30, the following motion was made by Mrs. N. V. Randolph and carried:

"The Confederate Memorial Literary Society offers the Museum, the 'White House of the Confederacy' (being fireproof), as a repository for Confederate relics from the different States, said relics to be placed in the 'Battle Abbey' (if so desired by the parties depositing) when that building is completed. . . . "

At this meeting the Maryland Vice Regent reported a most valuable donation from Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, to the Maryland Room, containing an autograph order from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart four hours before he was killed, and the original order of Jubal A. Early to burn Chambersburg.

The Texas Regent reports a portrait of Gen. Sam Bell Maxey ready to be sent to the Texas Room. She says: "The Texas Room belongs to this great State. Let us make it a credit to our people, and show appreciation fo rthe glory of the past. 'The poor ye have with you always,' but this generation must preserve Confederate memory for future generations."

Capt. Frederick M. Colston, of Baltimore, has also presented a portrait of Judge Campbell, of Alabama. Relics, letters, papers, and portraits continue to be received by each room, and the number of visitors and interest continues unabated.

HOW METHODISTS HELPED A CONFEDERATE.

Dr. E. E. Hoss, editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate,* writes of "A Touching Case:"

In twelve years we have never yet made an appeal through this *Advocate* in behalf of any individual person, and we hesitate to depart from our rule even now. But a case has recently come to our notice which is so distressing that we venture to mention it to our readers. One of our old preachers in the Tennessee mountains has a mortgage of $120 on his little home which he must pay soon or else be put out of possession. His health is such that he can do no work, and he has no resources of any sort. In his youth he served gallantly in the Confederate army, being terribly wounded in two or three places. It is these wounds that are the matter with him now. Our sympathy for him is deeply aroused. If any reader of the *Advocate* will help him to save his home, we shall be glad to receive the contribution and turn it over.

Responses to the plea were quick and hearty. Dr. Hoss procured in quick time much more than the required sum. He went to see our comrade, raised the mortgage, furnished funds to repair the house and replenish his scanty larder.

Each State Should Have a Confederate Memorial.—W. H. Rees writes from Rienzi, Miss.: "Capt. Morton's proposition to have a Rouss Memorial Hall in each State strikes me with great favor. I will call the matter to the attention of my camp at its next meeting."

F. T. COPP, Company A, C. L. WILSON, Company A. S. C. BUCK, Color-bearer.
W. M. MORGAN, Company C. ANSON RAINEY, Company A. CAPT. J. M. WINSTON, Company A. COL. P. B. SPENCE, Sixteenth Confederate Cavalry. CAPT. ALEX MOORE, Company F.

The above group represents a few of the survivors of the Sixteenth Confederate Cavalry Regiment who met at the recent reunion at Dallas, Tex. The flag is the same which floated over the last line of battle of the great war and was borne by the same color-bearer in Dallas clad in the same tattered and blood-stained uniform which he wore when the regiment surrendered in front of Mobile, having been wounded at the beginning of the siege of that city. He marched in the procession by the side of Gen. Tyree Bell, and was the proudest soldier in that great procession, and well might he be, carrying the old flag that he loved so dearly and had borne in triumph and defeat over a regiment to which every member was proud to belong.

Anson Rainey, who was private in Company A and wounded in the same campaign, is now Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals at Dallas. His hospitality to his old comrades at his Texas home was as boundless and magnificent as his courage was conspicuous on the field of battle.

Capt. Winston, a gallant soldier, the oldest surviving officer and possibly the oldest living member of the regiment, appears in the center of the group on the right of his old commander, Col. Spence, and Capt. Alex Moore, a reliable scout, always giving correct information of the enemy's movements, on the left. Morgan, Copp, Wilson, and Buck, the color-bearer, who did their whole duty and are still proud of the services they gave to the Southern cause.

The foregoing data was written by Col. Spence, except that his name was added. A copy of his brief sketch was sent to Judge Rainey who wrote: "The picture I think good, with one exception. It does not do Spence justice; he is better looking and more attractive. While Spence's innate modesty is commendable, he barely alludes to himself, and then not by name." Concerning Col. Spence's distinguished services, Judge Rainey refers to a sketch in the "Southern Historical Society Papers," by Gen. Dabney H. Maury, about the defense of Mobile, in which he states that " . . . Gen. Canby occupied nine days in marching twenty miles, with no force in his front except five hundred cavalry under Col. Spence. It is true that Spence handled his men with excellent skill and courage, and no doubt even praying in a quiet way every night; for he made forty thousand Federals move very circumspectly every day, and entrench themselves every night against him. Col. Spence was one of the most efficient and comfortable outpost commanders I ever had to deal with. He always took what was given him, and made the most of it. He was devoted, active, brave, and modest, and did his whole duty to the very last day of our existence as an army."

Two Georgia Martyrs of Sharpsburg.—Capt. W. H. Pope, of Pikesville, Md., sent the Veteran copy of a special to the Baltimore *Sun* from Hagerstown, Md., stating that Henry Burgen, supervisor of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, while making repairs to the canal near Antietam, Sharpsburg battlefield, dug up the skeletons of two Confederate soldiers. Both were from Georgia. This was ascertained by the buttons found in the graves. Lodged in one of the skeletons was the fragment of a shell. Around the ankle bones of the other skeleton was tied a blue silk ribbon. Several years ago a party of Georgians were at Antietam searching for the graves of two Confederate soldiers, but did not succeed.

Adjt. E. L. McKee writes: "It has been the custom of Catesby Camp R. Jones, No. 317, U. C. V., when a member dies to appoint a committee to draft suitable resolutions in his honor to be read at next meeting or soon thereafter, and to have the resolutions inscribed on the minutes of the camp. About a year ago a resolution was adopted by the Camp to this effect: That on the night of the 25th of April each year preceding the memorial exercises—April 26—the camp would meet in some suitable place, inviting the public, and there read the resolutions about each member who had died during the year. Our first memorial exercises were held on April 25, 1901, and consisted of prayers, songs, and the reading of resolutions in honor of Comrades Peake, McKinnon, Graham, Hancock, Acker, and Ragan. Any member was free to speak about the departed comrade. These meetings will be repeated from year to year as one by one our comrades pass 'over the river.' "

Comrade McKee names the singers and others taking part in the services, and they must have been indeed most interesting and appropriate. However, this is a very similar service to that which was inaugurated several years ago in Nashville.

Lieut. Gabriel B. Dantzler, Company I, Twenty-First Alabama Regiment of Infantry, died at his home near Old Spring Hill, April, 1901. He was a member of Mobile Lodge of Masons, No. 40.

The death of Maj. A. G. Frere, Commander of the Camp at Franklin, La., is announced. Early in the war Comrade Frere was captain of a company of Zouaves and did gallant service. He was afterwards on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith. He was sheriff of St. Mary's Parish for a number of years.

J. C. Zimmerman, who served in Company D, Fifty-Seventh Regiment, North Carolina Troops, died at Rural Hall, N. C., in October, 1901. His service began in 1862 and continued through the war, his full duty being performed under all circumstances.

Capt. James Campbell.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* reports the death of Comrade James Campbell at the age of sixty-two years. His home was in Covington, Ky., where he raised a company early in the Confederate war. He was soon detached and assigned to staff duty with Gen. S. B. Buckner. He, with a detachment of soldiers, was captured in Alabama, and he suffered under "retaliatory" measures in prison life for many weary months, during which time he lost in weight sixty-five pounds, a a reduction from one hundred and sixty to ninety-five pounds. His widow and daughter, Miss Sallie Campbell, are of the charter members in the Patton Chapter, U. D. C., Cincinnati.

Bowling Green Comrades' Tribute to Gen. Perry.

Whereas in the dispensation of Providence our beloved commander, Gen. William F. Perry, "crossed over the river" on December 17, 1901, and joined the comrades who have gone before into that better world; therefore be it by this camp unanimously

Resolved, That we express our appreciation of his faithfulness, bravery, and efficiency as a soldier, his integrity and worth as a man, his patriotism and usefulness as a citizen, his beautiful life as a Christian, and his kindness, sincerity, and elevating influence as a comrade and friend.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his bereaved family, and assure the members thereof that, while we deplore his loss, we feel consoled by the firm belief that the world is the better for his long, upright, and useful life, and that his spirit and the example of his life will continue with us, to inspire us with loftier sentiments, to animate us with greater zeal, and to incite us to nobler deeds.

William A. Obenchain, William L. Dulaney, J. A. Mitchell, Committee.

Orin Polk Cheek.

At a meeting of the W. H. Trousdale Camp, No. 495, U. C. V., Columbia, Tenn., April 7, 1902, resolutions were adopted by a rising vote in honor of Orin Polk Cheek, the first lieutenant commander and first vice president of Leondias Polk Camp, who died March 25, 1902. It was resolved that special attention be directed to his military career in a memorial page of the minutes.

He was born May 7, 1831, in Maury County, Tenn., enlisted in the Confederate army November 10, 1861, as a private in Company C, in the Forty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry. He was captured February 17, 1862, released from prison in July, 1862, and paroled May 11, 1865. Comrade Cheek was in good health and present at the previous meeting on March 3d.

His glory shall not be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Memory points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

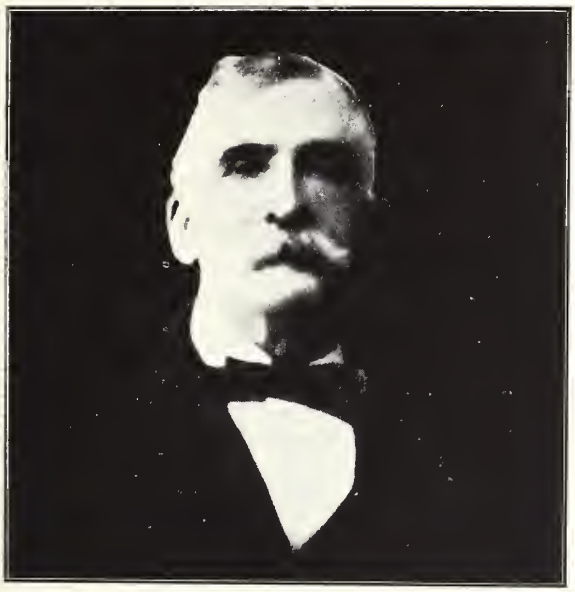
William A. Smith, M. B. Tomlinson, E. T. Journey, Committee.

Capt. William Holland.

Capt. William Holland, one of the best citizens of Jackson, Tenn., and one of the bravest and most devoted of Confederate soliders, and one who most faithfully cherished the principles for which he fought, bled, and suffered, and yet was a loyal American citizen, and proud of his citizenship in our great reunited country, "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" on February 13, 1902, there to meet with his comrades and great commanders before the "great white throne."

Capt. Holland was born in Greenville District, S. C., May 21, 1825, and lived there until the "rude alarms of war" in his gallant old home State called for patriotic service, when he did not hesitate a moment, but followed his fellow clerk in a mercantile house as his cap-

tain in the famous local company, the "Butler Guards," into the splendid Second South Carolina Infantry Regiment, under the heroic Col. J. B. Kershaw. The command was soon ordered to Richmond, and thenceforth to the final surrender at Appomattox he was



CAPT. WILLIAM HOLLAND.

in all the marches and battles of his command in the Army of Virginia. He was shot in the face just under the left eye at Ball's Bluff, near Winchester, bearing an honorable scar to his grave. Following the battle of Gettysburg he was promoted to the command of his company.

After the war Capt. Holland engaged in merchandising. In 1871 he moved to Jackson, Tenn., where he became a prominent and beloved citizen. He was long an official member of the M. E. Church, South. He had served as Commander of Camp No. 37, U. C. V., under whose auspices he was buried. A Cross of Honor decorated his breast. His devoted wife is President of the Jackson Chapter, and has ever been a zealous companion in all good works. The wife and four children survive him. As evidence of his popularity the floral tributes at the funeral were considered the finest ever seen in Jackson.

Mrs. Nannie Hardison.

The inmates of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, at a meeting held on the 21st day of March, 1902, with Comrade Joe A. Hill in the chair, adopted the following resolutions:

Our Home has been invaded and its brightest jewel has been taken from us. Mrs. Nannie Hardison, whom we all greatly honored and loved, has been gathered home to her fathers. Her sweet presence has gone from among us forever, and we shall never see her like again. She was our best and dearest friend. We were constant objects of her care and affection. She gave freely her strength and waning life for the comfort and happiness of the old men of the Home.

What return shall we make? Looking now from the battlements of heaven, she answers for us: "Be true to yourselves, trust in God, and we shall meet again.

Now whereas we have enjoyed the love and exalted sympathy of her true and noble nature,

Resolved, That we, the inmates of the Confederate Home, feel keenly and sensibly our irreparable loss in the death of Mrs. Nannie Hardison, the loving wife of our esteemed Commandant; that we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved, and we cherish fondly and lovingly her memory; that we bow with becoming resignation to the inscrutable dispensation of an all-wise Providence, and invoke the richest blessings of Heaven upon those who sorrow most in this loss.

J. T. Grant, T. J. Watkins, B. J. Roberts, and Jesse Taylor, Committee.

Mrs. C. A. Folk, President of the W. B. Bate Chapter, wrote concerning the death of Mrs. Hardison:

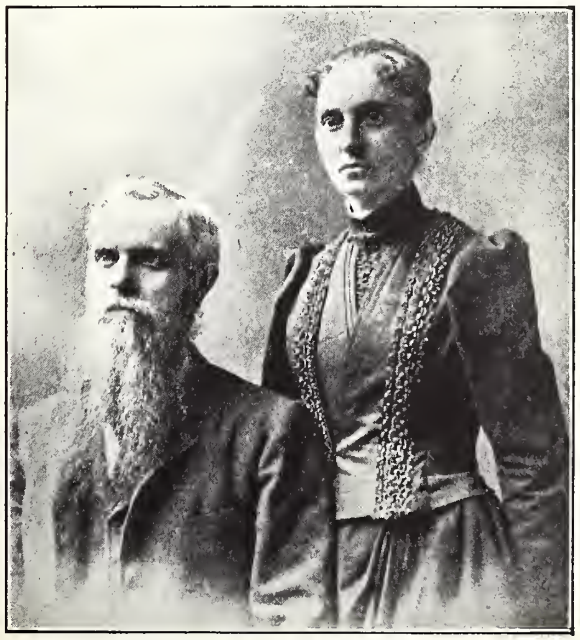
"It is quite fitting that we in our health, strength, and busy life pause and devote a few moments to reflection and sympathy in the loss of this good, pure woman—she who made a home for the homeless, who was to the Soldiers' Home its guardian angel. By her daily walk she led many hard hearts to the throne of grace. Her patient and long suffering was that of a Christian martyr.

"During her last days she requested of a friend that no flowers be placed upon her bier. This is a hard request to observe, but a good woman had a reason, and we should not disregard it. I believe the 'path of a good woman is always strewn with flowers, but they rise behind her steps, not before them.'

Her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

"No flowers blooming in beauty will adorn her bier and mound to-day, but, my friends, there are fairer flowers left to bless her—flowers of human souls that have learned to think as she thought, and are saved for the glorious kingdom of heaven. We all honor the spirit of piety of this and all good women.

"The Chapter passed resolutions in regard to Mrs. Hardison, wherein it mentions that 'the Soldiers' Home has suffered an irreparable loss by her beautiful Christian life and spiritual counsel among the aged and infirm who are tottering to their graves.' "



R. C. HARDISON AND WIFE, NANNIE.

Died, at Comanche, Tex., March 14, 1902, Comrade R. L. Simmons, of Company C, Forty-Third Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regiment, aged sixty-seven. He was a gallant soldier. The burial was by John Pelham Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a member.

J. T. Adams passed away at his home in Yarrellton, Tex., February 14, 1902, in his sixty-third year. He was born and reared in Missouri. He enlisted in Company C, Eleventh Texas, serving through the entire war. At its close he went to Mexico, and after reconstruction days returned to Texas.

Six Members of the W. B. Tate Camp.—Members of the W. B .Tate Camp, Morristown, Tenn., who died during 1902, comprise the following:

James Rayle enlisted at the age of thirty years in Company D, Twelfth Battalion Tennessee Cavalry; discharged by close of war. He died November, 1901.

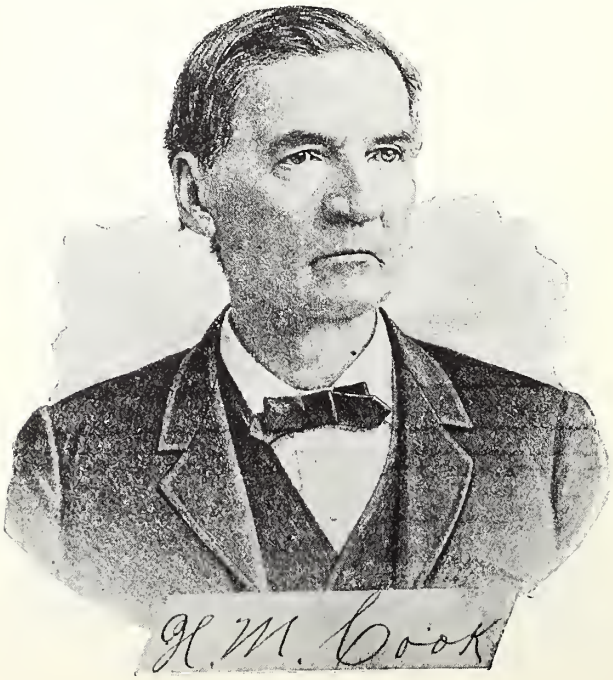
Allen Thomas Hancey, enlisted at age of twenty-two years in Company B, Fifty- fourth Virginia Volunteers. Was born in Montgomery County, Va.; died March, 1901.

Col. George P. Yoe enlisted in June, 1861, at age of nineteen years, in Company I, Second Tennessee Cavalry; served as staff officer with Gen. Dick Taylor. Was born in Grainger County, Tenn.; died at his home in Morristown, June, 1901.

David Finch enlisted at age of thirty in Company B, Fifty-fourth Virginia Infantry, June, 1861. Discharged by reason of general surrender of Confederate Army April, 1865. Died December, 1901.

Sherman Rice McFarland enlisted March, 1862, in Company I, Thirty-First Tennessee Infantry. Served until close of war as Quartermaster Sergeant. Was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., December, 1837; died October, 1901.

Jacob Miller enlisted at the age of forty-five years in Company A, Fifth Tennessee Cavalry, in May, 1861, and served until the close of the war. Was a Mexican war veteran and pensioner; died in February, 1902.



Henry Mansfield Cook.

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams" Henry Mansfield Cook approached the grave and passed out into the great beyond. He had perfected all arrangements both as to this world and the hereafter, and his going was as one who nears his home. Bell County mourns the loss of its best citizen, noblest gentleman, and purest Christian.

Henry Mansfield Cook was born in Upson County, Georgia, December 20, 1825. His parents were well-known pioneers of the State, and as their means were limited, his opportunities for an education were not of the best. His father moved to Alabama in 1840, and in 1844 to Mississippi, near the town of Columbus. When war was declared between the United States and Mexico, young Henry volunteered with a company known as the "Tombigbee Volunteers," which afterwards became a part of the regiment commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis. He served in this war with honor and distinction, and afterwards returned to Mississippi, where he taught school for a while. He married Miss Margaret E. Carr in 1852, and in 1855 they moved to Texas and settled in Leon County, engaging in agricultural pursuits. When the Confederate war broke out he joined Carrington's Company, Baylor's Regiment of Cavalry, and for bravery and distinguished service was advanced from the ranks.

He returned to his farm after the war, but in 1869 he engaged in business in Centerville, and in 1884 removed to Belton, after which time he resided there, and was at the head of one of the largest, most popular, and reliable firms in the county.

Col. Cook was a gentleman of the old-fashioned, Southern style, always polite, noble, and affable. In a quiet and humble way he did his duty to God and fellow-man, and his conception of duty was always exalted. He did much for his country, his adopted State, county, and city. He was a man of pure life and deservedly occupied a position of great honor and influence in the community .

To the foregoing Mrs. A. J. Harris, of Belton, adds: "Col. Cook embodied a type of the truest, noblest, Southern gentleman. His face glowing with sympathy and friendship calling forth one's perfect confidence; his refined, soldierly bearing, one's genuine admiration. I had known him well for years, and knew him in public, in private, in religious affairs and always the same Christian gentleman.

"Nine years ago, in the North Belton Cemetery, Col. Cook erected a marble shaft composed of double columns, the left of which was inscribed with the name, dates of birth and death of his beloved wife; on the right column was inscribed at the same time his name, date of birth, and the word 'died,' only waiting for a simple date—it is December 12, 1901—and the whole will have been completed.

"In passing away he left his earthly home in perfect order—every detail for the close of his business life he had personally superintended. And now this dear friend has gone to answer the 'roll call up yonder.' Such a noble life it would well befit the youths of our country to emulate."

Two of their four children who survive, Mr. T. A. Cook and Mrs. T. W. Cochran, reside in Belton.

S. M. Walton.

S. M. Walton died at Johnston, S. C., on April 9, 1902, in the sixtieth year of his age. This death is the sundering of the first cord in a happy family of five brothers. When South Carolina seceded he was among the first to respond to the call of his country, joining Company B, Hampton's Legion, under Capt. Gary. From the first battle of Manassas he was with his company in all its engagements to the day of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. He seemed to possess a charmed life, and though in many hard-fought battles and exposed to galling fires from the enemy he never received a wound. On one occasion, when the color bearers of his regiment had been shot down the third time, he snatched the flag out of the dust and bore it safely through the fight unscathed. Conspicuous for his daring and deeds of bravery, he was a good soldier, and was frequently sent out through the lines as a scout, and thus rendered valuable service to his commander. When Lee surrendered, he and about sixty of his regiment, under Gen. M. W. Gary, cut their way through the lines and made their escape, coming down through the Piedmont section to South Carolina and to their homes. He never surrendered. It is a singular coincidence that his death occurred on the same day and just thirty-seven years after Lee's surrender.

Dr. W. LeRoy Broun.

Prof. P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala., writes of him:

Dr. William LeRoy Broun, who died January 3, 1902, in Auburn, Ala., was a lieutenant colonel in the Confederate army, and was in command of the Richmond arsenal. After the close of the war he was engaged in teaching, and filled important chairs in the Universities of Georgia, Vanderbilt, Texas, and the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. At the time of his death he was president of the latter institution. He was not only distinguished as an educator in the institutions named, but was well known and esteemed by the leading educators throughout the United States.

He entered the service of the Confederate government as an artillery officer, and spent one year in the field with the Army of Virginia. He was then ordered to Richmond and made superintendent of armories with the rank of major, and was detailed to examine into the resources and facilities at the command of the South for the manufacture of arms and ammunition. He visited many places, particularly in North Carolina and Georgia, to determine the practicability of making sulphuric acid and other chemicals required for making powder and percussion caps. In 1862, he was stationed at Holly Springs, Miss., in charge of a factory designed for the manufacture of small arms, but the defeat of Gen. A. S. Johnston's army at Shiloh, Tenn., compelled him to remove the machinery to Meridian, Miss., and shortly afterwards he was attached to the ordnance department and ordered to Richmond, where he remained until its evacuation.

Some illustrations here given show the importance of Dr. Broun's services in the Confederate cause:

He suggested and conducted the first civil service examination ever held in this country. This was brought about by the numerous applications for service in the ordnance department because of an enactment of the Confederate Congress authorizing the appointment of fifty new ordnance officers. This examination was held in 1862; Col. Broun was the president of the Board of Examiners.

He prepared a field Ordnance Manual by abridging the old United States Manual and adapting it to the Confederate service. This work was published by the government and distributed in the army.

He was appointed commander of the Richmond Arsenal in 1863 where the greater part of the ordnance stores were manufactured. It is said that but for the valuable work performed in this connection by Col. Broun, the Confederate struggle would have ended long before it did. His fertile genius used every available resource. In an article published several years since in an issue of the Journal of the United States Artillery, Col. Broun speaks of this work as follows: "Cannon were made in the Tredegar Iron Works including siege and field guns, napoleons, howitzers, and banded cast-iron guns. Steel guns were not made. We had no facilities for making steel and no time to experiment. The steel guns used by the Confederate States were highly valued, and, with the exception of a few purchases abroad, were all captured from the Federals."

In this arsenal the old United States machine, which did not yield a large supply of percussion caps, was greatly improved, so that two men with six boys and girls were able to complete 300,000 caps every eight hours, or a capacity of one million caps per day.

Under his direction sulphuric acid was manufactured in North Carolina, after many failures in attempting to obtain the lead required for lining the chambers. Niter was obtained from caves and from leaching in ricks the remains of dead horses and other animals. The sulphuric acid and niter were made into nitric acid at the arsenal and thus the fulminate was developed required for the manufacture of caps. The mercury supply becoming exhausted near the close of the war, the problem became a serious one how to make the caps without fulminate of mercury. Experiments however were conducted, resulting in the use of a combination of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony. Battles around Petersburg were fought with caps made of this compound.

He developed a plan for increasing the accuracy and range of the smooth bore muskets which were in general use by the armies at the opening of the war. The "idea was to fire an elongate, compound projectile made of hard wood or papier mache." The plan proved to be theoretically correct.

All orders from Gen. Lee for arms and ammunition were honored, and even an order for a train load of ammunition was sent to Petersburg after the order was received for the evacuation of Richmond.

Probably the last order given in Richmond was issued by Col. Broun to the keeper of the magazine to destroy these stores at five o'clock on the morning of April 13, 1865.

The work of Col. Broun in the manufacture of arms and ordnance stores is wonderful, when we know that at the opening of the war the South had no manufactories of this kind nor skilled mechanics. This fact being well understood, one marvels how it was possible that so large an army was supplied with all the munitions of war during four years of the most stupendous struggle the world has ever witnessed.

Dr. B. M. Palmer Dead.—On May 28, 1902, the beloved Rev. B. M. Palmer, D.D., died in New Orleans from the effect of injuries received by a street car. Dr. Palmer was born in Charleston, S. C., January 25, 1818, being a son of Dr. Edward Palmer, who after sixty years of service in the Church, died in 1882 at the age of 92. Dr. Palmer was sent to Amherst College when only 13 years of age. Henry Ward Beecher was a student in a higher class, and the two became

DR. B. M. PALMER.

friends. Dr. Palmer's wife died in 1888, and he is survived by but one of six children. No finer eulogy could be paid the deceased than to reproduce his great oration at the Louisville reunion of the U. C. V. It is in the Veteran for June, 1900, pages 245-54. It will bless those who read it to reperuse it.

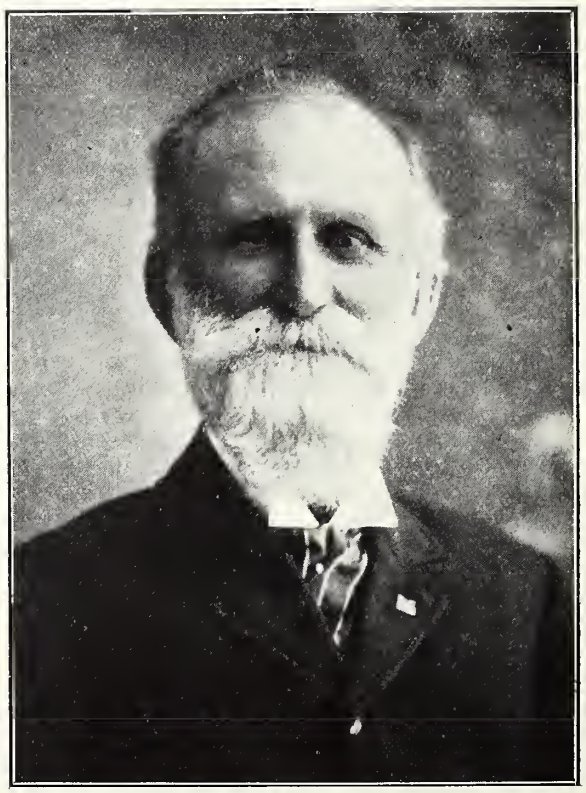
J. D. Holt, of McDade, Tex.

Dr. Joseph Daniel Holt died at his home near McDade, Tex., November, 1901, and was laid to rest with Masonic honors. He was born in Bedford County, Tenn., graduated from the Medical Department University of Nashville in 1858, and soon after removed to Benton, Ark., where at the beginning of the great war he enlisted in Company F, First Arkansas Mounted Rifles. Was in first battle at Oak Hills, Mo. He was afterwards transferred to artillery service, Capt. Thrall's Battery, and during the last two years of the war served as surgeon with field hospital corps. At different times he was under Gens. McCullough, Kirby Smith, and Forrest, and was in numerous engagements, including the battle of Chickamauga. He lost four brothers in the Confederate service. Dr. Holt was made a Master Mason at Tullahoma, Tenn., in 1858, and received Royal Arch Degree, Rupell Chapter No. 65, Stevenson, Ala., June, 1863. After the war he returned to Tullahoma, but went to Texas in 1877 and spent the greater part of his time afterward in Bastrop County practicing medicine.

In memory of "one we love" a friend sends the following: The good name of D. B. F. Belk, commander of the Camp at Bartlett, Tex., has been added to the list of those who have answered the last roll on the other shore. Comrade Belk was born in Marion County, Ala., in 1825, and lived the peaceful life of a farmer until the call came to defend his country. He and Capt. Livingstone rode day and night until the first company that left the county was organized. It was well drilled and ready for the call which came on the first of June, 1861. At Courtland, Ala., his company was made part of the Sixteenth Alabama Regiment; he marched and fought to the end. In 1881 Comrade Belk removed to Texas, and in 1887 settled at Bartlett, where he died. He was commander of the U. C. V. camp there, and worked for it with all the energy of his nature. He left wife, four sons, and a daughter.

Dr. J. E. Dixon.

Joseph Edward Dixon, of Maury County, Tenn., died at his home April 7, 1902. He was born August 14, 1831; enlisted in the Ninth Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry; was captured at Fort Donelson February 14, 1862; exchanged in September following, and was paroled May 3, 1865. He was surgeon in the army, and practiced medicine in the later years. Dur-



ing the greater part of life his home was in his native county. Besides his services in the war, however, he practiced medicine for a few years in Chattanooga. Dr. Dixon was an active, honorable, progressive, useful man, and many friends who sorrow in his death well know the loss to his family. Dr. Dixon is survived by his wife, F. W. and H. C. Dixon, of Birmingham, Ala., Mrs. J. A. Witherspoon, of Nashville, Dr. C. W. Dixon, Nashville, Ernest, Miss Alice, and J. E. Dixon, of Ashwood, Tenn.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE CADETS.

The accepted story in regard to the heroic conduct of the Virginia Military Institute Cadets at the battle at New Market, Va., in 1864, is as follows:

Some years ago, the writer was brought in contact with Capt. Towne, of New York, a Federal veteran of the war between the States. He said that he was chief signal officer on the staff of Gen. Siegel, who commanded the Federal army in the Valley at the battle of New Market.

He was directed by the commanding general to place the six-gun field battery that figured so conspicuously in that engagement. He selected an eminence with a clear declining field before it, there he remained with the battery when it came into action and personally witnessed the heroic charge of those boys, whose ages occilated between 13 and 17, and a more sublime sight he never witnessed.

As the battalion moved in line for the enemy's position, the six guns opened with shell, and as the lads advanced, changed successively to spherical case, grape, and finally to canister, and while the fire from the guns plowed through their ranks, with the steadiness of veteran regulars those boys pressed forward, nor did they cease until the six guns were in their hands.

Capt. Towne said: "This just goes to prove the truth of the old adage, 'blood will tell,' for those boys represented the best blood of the South, and proved themselves worthy sons of worthy sires."

Hon. E. S. Mallory, of Jackson, Tenn., was a private in Company A, of the above corps of cadets, and was one of the first of that brave band to reach the guns, one of which he mounted and gave the young rebel yell. His bearing in that charge caused him to be promoted to corporal immediately after the battle. Although but sixteen years old, he remained and fought to the finish at Appomattox.

Concerning this charge of the Virginia Military Institute Cadets, Mr. Henry H. Harrison dedicated the following poem through the New Orleans *Times-Democrat.*

The thundering cannon swept the slope, they swept the deep ravine;
Their shot tore through the Southern ranks, they plowed the ground between.
The glitt'ring lines of Siegel stood, twofold upon the hill;
And from its crest the storm of death swept back the rebels still.
In vain was many a gallant deed of soldier's duty done
Ere they could rout their serried foes the batt'ry must be won!
And now they're ordered forward to storm the Northern guns.
The glorious boy battalion, Virginia's youngest sons.

This was the boys' first battle! They burned to strike the foe!
Their hearts are wild for glory, and, with a shout they go,
Three hundred schoolboy soldiers, three hundred hero elves,
And some whose gleaming rifles are taller than themselves!
They charged like men of iron nerve, on through the shot and shell;
Nor broke their step nor waved their line, though many a youngster fell.
The sunshine on their colors, the flag of liberty—
The sunshine on their bayonets, a gallant sight to see.

They crossed the broken ridges, they passed the deep ravine;
Now, struggling up toward the guns, their glittering line was seen;
And still the Northern cannoneers poured grapeshot from each gun,
And aye the gray battalion unflinchingly pressed on.
Nor doubt, nor fear, could chill those hearts that taste of Glory's cup;
And as their stricken comrades fell the les'ning lines closed up.
The noblest sight a conqu'ring field of battle ever gave,
The charge of that battalion—so young—and yet so brave!

On swept the Gray Battalion! on! up the sloping hill!
The sunshine on its bayonets, its colors waving still.
Dauntless it faced the cannon, heedless of those who fell;
For even in her urchins, Virginia's blood will tell.
The boys were on their mettle—full in both armies' view;
The nearer to the Yankees the taller each boy grew;
And, "On," said every brave young heart, "On," till our work is done!
"On! though the boys are falling! on! till the guns are won!"

But still the cannon thundered: Death blazed into their eyes;
But still the Gray Battalion swept on toward its prize;
On! through the flaming battle! upward until, at last,
In 'mong the blazing cannon, the gleaming bayonets passed.
In vain the swarming Yankees fought 'gainst the boys' attack;
No foeman's arm could stop them—when Death could not hold them back.
The boys stood wildly shouting around each captured gun,
And Siegel's line was broken! the blazing batt'ry won!

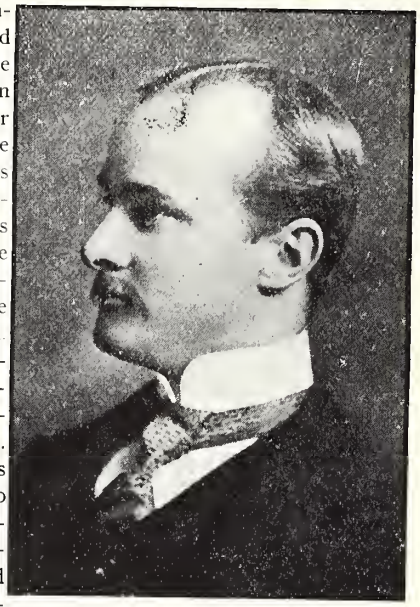
W. D. HUME AND WIFE, DALLAS, TEXAS,
Who contributed to entertainment of Texas Rangers at the reunion.

Edward Barton, Linneus, Mo.: I was a member of Company K, Second Missouri Infantry, First Missouri Brigade, and after we surrendered at Vicksburg, I went up to North Mississippi, near Holly Springs. While there on parole, a detachment of Seventh Illinois Cavalry picked me up, and when we got to the little village of Chulahoma, Miss., they took a couple of Texas soldiers (one by the name of Robinson), and kept us until about eleven o'clock that night, camping at a church about twenty-five miles from Memphis, Tenn., when I made my escape. I would be glad to know what became of those two Texas soldiers.

WAS WANTED FOR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF SONS.

The United Sons of Louisiana sent from New Orleans, under date of March 22, a circular in which they named William McLellan Fayssoux as their candidate for Commander in Chief of the organization, and they said of him:

From the formation of the first Camp in our State Mr. Fayssoux has displayed the greatest interest in the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, not only in Louisiana, but in our sister States, where he is well known. His energy has been untiring, and while he is not now holding office in the Louisiana Division, he displays the same zeal, enthusiasm and activity in its welfare. In 1899 he organized Camp Beauregard, of New Orleans, and was elected its Commander. In 1900 he was elected Commander of the Louisiana Division, and during his term of office a number of new Camps were added.



WILLIAM M'LELLAN FAYSSOUX.

At the annual reunion of the Louisiana Division he was three times reëlected to succeed himself, but he insisted on declining, feeling that some one else should be given a chance in the rotation of honors.

Mr. Fayssoux is the son of Capt. Collender J. Fayssoux, who was an officer under Commodore Moore, of the brig of war "Wharton," during the Texas war for independence. Capt. Fayssoux was in command of a vessel in the defense of New Orleans, and later served on the staff of Gen. N. G. Evans, of South Carolina, at the siege of Vicksburg.

Mr. Fayssoux is a descendant of Dr. Peter Fayssoux, of South Carolina, inheriting martial spirit. He is a prominent lawyer of New Orleans, on the staff of Gov. Heard, of Louisiana, a member of the staff of Gen. Leon Jastromski, Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans, besides being a member of the Louisiana State Legislature.

In advocating the candidacy of Mr. Fayssoux we feel that we present the name of a man whose every effort and desire will be concentrated in the welfare and upbuilding of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and whose one great endeavor shall be to bring about, under the auspices of our Confederation, some means of securing a truthful and accurate history of the War between the States.

MORAL LESSON OF THE FRESHET.

An unprecedented freshet in Middle Tennessee after the March VETERAN was issued, causing the loss of life and several millions of damage to farms, the destruction of many mills, factories, and nearly all bridges of every kind—including splendid railroad structures—which seemed to be almost as secure as the rock-ribbed mountains—made a fine moral impression upon the people. It vividly reminded them of their utter dependence upon Creative Power. All communication between Nashville and the South was cut off. Murfreesboro and Tullahoma for instance—sections known to many Confederates—seemed wider apart than Florida and Havana. [The mutual dependence upon railroads by the people was commented upon freely, and the happy egress from discrimination against the power of railroads and the shockingly immoral effect of lobbying by railroad corporations in self-defense, brought to light the beneficial effects of honest and fair Railroad Commissions which have been operated in Tennessee for several years. This Commission, under the able leadership of Comrade N. W. Baptist, Chairman, like our beloved Reagan as Chairman in Texas, has done its work so quietly and so fairly that its blessings are hardly realized.] The pluck of these Tennesseans induced prompt action, and being stronger to recuperate than they were in 1865, the railroad managers and the people restored largely the losses incredibly soon, and, in a year or so, there will be little left as a reminder of the great flood in 1902, in new mills along the water ways and stronger bridges across them. The water marks will be so high as to require explanations in comparison with all others of the past.

As proof of the foregoing the railroads refused recently to issue free passes to a political convention.

IN PARADISE.

Samuel Beverly Williamson, a well-known Tennesseean, whose untimely death is deplored by many friends must have been well known to the author of these lines:

I think the gentle soul of him
  Goes softly in some garden place,
With the old smile time may not dim
  Upon his face.

He who was lover of the spring,
  With love that never quite forgets,
Surely sees roses blossoming
  And violets.

Now that his day of toil is through,
  I love to think he sits at ease,
With some old volume that he knew
  Upon his knees;

Watching, perhaps, with quiet eyes
  The white clouds' drifting argosy,
Or twilight opening flower-wise
  On land and sea.

He who so loved companionship
  I may not think walks quite alone,
Failing some friendly hand to slip
  Within his own.

Those whom he loved aforetime, still
  I doubt not bear him company;
I think that laughter yet may thrill
  Where he may be.

A thought, a fancy—who may tell?
  Yet I who ever pray it so,
Feel through my tears that all is well,
  And this I know,

That God is gentle to his guest,
  And therefore may I gladly say,
"Surely the things he loved the best
  Are his to-day."

FLORAL CARRIAGE AND TWO OF THE MAIDS OF HONOR TO MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, AT CHARLESTON EXPOSITION.

This carriage is decorated with seven thousand La France roses. The young ladies, Miss Julia Lowry Porter and Miss Susan Calhoun, of Atlanta, Ga., were of the chosen maids of honor to Miss Alice Roosevelt, and although she could not attend, the floral parade was carried out as planned. The carriage belongs to Mrs. George W. Williams, of Charleston.

LADY MANAGERS OF THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

Twenty Lady Managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for 1903 have been selected. Four of these are from the South, viz.: Mrs. James L. Blair, St. Louis; Mrs. Jennie Gilmore Knott, Louisville; Mrs. Frederick Hanger, Little Rock; and Mrs. Fannie L. Porter, Atlanta. Miss Helen M. Gould, of New York City, is another appropriate member of the Board. Mrs. Blair is the wife of the General Counsel of the Exposition. Mrs. Porter is a native of Tennessee. Her father, Col. Wm. Moore Lowry, was a banker, and the Lowry National Bank is in succession. His celebrated group of handsome daughters are all promient in Atlanta society, though Tennessee claims with pride their birthplace. They are of the East Tennessee families who have been conspicuous in the successful growth of the "Gate City." Mrs. Porter entertains brilliantly. A large delegation of Tennessee ladies who shared her hospitality may testify to this fact, as might Mrs. Grover Cleveland, in whose honor was given one of the most delightfully remembered social events that ever occurred in Atlanta. Mrs. Porter intended to spend much time in St. Louis. Of course the postponement for a year may change opportunities.

MRS. FANNIE LOWRY PORTER, ATLANTA,
Georgia Representative of the Woman's Board, St. Louis Exposition.

John McCorquodale writes from Bryan, Tex.:

In a letter in the VETERAN from H. H. Hockersmith, South Union, Ky., about the battle of Chickasaw Bayou he states that it was directed against the Third and Thirtieth Tennessee Regiments. He might have thought so, but I belonged to the Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Regiment and I thought it was directed against us. The second day our Regiment skirmished all day in the woods. At night we fell back to the hills, where we built some rude breastworks, and the next day the enemy charged us. They first came through timber that was cut down for a quarter of a mile, then through an old field for half a mile. We did not fire our small arms until they struck the old field, but our artillery kept up a continuous fire from the start. Our small arms mowed them down, but they continued to advance until they got within one hundred yards of us, and then we charged them. We took about four or five hundred prisoners. Comrade Hockersmith states that there were only three killed on our side. I have forgotten the casualties of the battle, but I am sure I saw as many as twenty dead. We lost three out of my company—I, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana—and there were ten or twelve wounded.

MONTEAGLE.

This charming summering place is to be as much in evidence this season as ever. Its location well fits it to become the great summer gathering place of the South and Southwest. It is on the very top of the Cumberland Mountains, about twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea, where the air is pure and fresh and exhilarating, where blankets are in demand at night, while the song of the festive mosquito is hushed and the tree frog and katydid lead in the chorus of sylvan sounds. The romantic dells and glens, moss and fern covered, invite to tender glances and gentle words and lure to love and song, while the elders of those who hie to these secluded nooks look on and think of the days of their youth, and in memory live them over again. The mountain's top is beautifully laid off, walks and drives winding in and out, and rustic bridges spanning the deep ravines. Homes, small and great, from the lordly Inn to the humblest two-room cottage, are there in hundreds, and the stranger can readily find a place to lay his head and to appease the huge appetite which the mountain atmosphere arouses. Concerts, lectures, entertainments, receptions, and schools offer recreation and pleasure and profit every day. The unconventionality of life, too, is a great attraction. People are not expected to dress very much, and the usual frivolities of summer resorts, with their consequent expensiveness and demoralization, are wanting.

BETWEEN ASSEMBLY GROUNDS AND ONE OF THE POINTS.

But the material, with its beautiful surroundings is not all of Monteagle. The name represents a principle as well as a place. It is a place, said Governor McMillin, in an address last summer, "where culture, recreation and piety go hand in hand." Bishop Atticus G. Haygood pronounced it "The Thought Exchange of the South." It stands for the effort to embody in practical form all that is best in Christian culture, in wholesome entertainment, in the joyousness and brightness of a cheerful, happy life. Schools, platform lectures, entertainments, music, the regulations of the grounds and buildings, all are arranged with a view to this fundamental fact of her organic life. The end in view is to supply a place where people of the most moderate means may find united the best opportunities and the happiest summer home.

Monteagle has done more perhaps than any other single spot or enterprise in the South to bring together Christian people of every name. Its interdenominationalism has been one of its happiest features.

Monteagle is a Christian organization, governed by a body of trustees chosen from the life-members, each evangelical denomination represented in the membership being entitled to four trustees, if so many are members. Any one may become a member on application and the payment of the fee of twenty-five dollars. There are no shares or stockholders. All income of every kind, beyond meeting the necessary expenses of maintenance, is devoted to the improvement of the property or widening of the privileges and opportunities which it gives. The sale of lots goes to the lessening of a rapidly decreasing obligation incurred in the early improvement of the property.

Monteagle's latest addition is its magnificent new Auditorium. This splendid building was occupied for the first time last summer. It is a huge amphitheater, with a capacity for five thousand people. It is almost circular in form, and is one hundred and forty feet in diameter. In all this great expanse there is not a single pillar or post, and every spot in it commands an uninterrupted view of the platform. This is accomplished by the peculiar form of the roof. It is like a huge umbrella with the handle cut off just below the point where the lower ribs meet, and resting on columns around the outer rim. The Auditorium is beautifully seated with maple benches has carpets in the aisles, and is finely lighted by a new system.

The Schools and Platform for the coming summer have been made very attractive. The ablest instructors will have charge of the several departments in the Summer Schools. Among other features of special interest, the Cincinnati College of Music will have charge of that department in a summer session. The New York School of Expression will again conduct a summer session on the mountain. Miss Baer and assistants will hold the fifth annual session of the Monteagle School of Physical Education. Miss Allen and Miss Glover will, for the third year, conduct their School of Methods, devoting special attention to the teaching of Kindergarten methods. Dr. Currell will again have charge of the English Literature Department; and in the School of the English Bible an innovation will be made by giving the instruction without any charge whatever and inviting all who are interested to attend its classes. Several able teachers will have charge of the classes in this School.

Among the promient men who will visit and lecture are Dr. R. S. McArthur, Dr. Thomas E. Green, Hon. Frank S. Regan, Licut. Richmond Pearson Hobson, Sam P. Jones, Prof Leon H. Vincent, Dr. John L. Brandt, Dr. Oscar Haywood, and many others. The Platform will give a great variety of entertainments, including the serious, the humorous, the literary, magic, impersonations, music, travel, etc. During the season the Tennessee State Teachers' Association will hold its annual meeting there, as will also the State Dental Association.

Monteagle is easily reached from every point. It lies about midway between Nashville and Chattanooga, on the N., C. & St. L. Railway, and numerous trains every day connect it with those cities. Larger and more numerous concessions than usual have been made by the railroads for tickets.

The second day of the Woman's Congress, August 5, is to be for the U. D. C., although this is not in the published programme. There will be distinguished women in attendance from various sections of the South. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson is to be present, with Mrs. Hugh Buist, of Charleston.

LEE'S SURRENDER.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis, of Fort Worth, Tex., sends the words of this song, asked for by B. F. Holland, of Barton, Fla. The music was composed by her cousin, Mrs. Pattie Hawkins, the air being somewhat like "Kitty Wells."

I never can forget the day
Lee and his soldiers had to part;
There was many a tear to wipe away,
And many a sad and weary heart.

CHORUS FOR FIRST FOUR VERSES.

For the soldier had to part with his rifle,
His trusty companion lay aside;
While his soulfelt emotion he must stifle,
As he yielded up Virginia, his pride.

Bravely and well that noble band
On many a hard-won field had stood,
Determined for their native land
Freely to give their hearts' best blood.

'Twas vain, for an unnumbered host
Closed round that small, heroic band;
The General saw all hope was lost,
And sadly gave up his command.

His desperate soldiers still fought on,
Determined they would yet be free,
Unconscious of what had been done
By their loved leader, Gen. Lee.

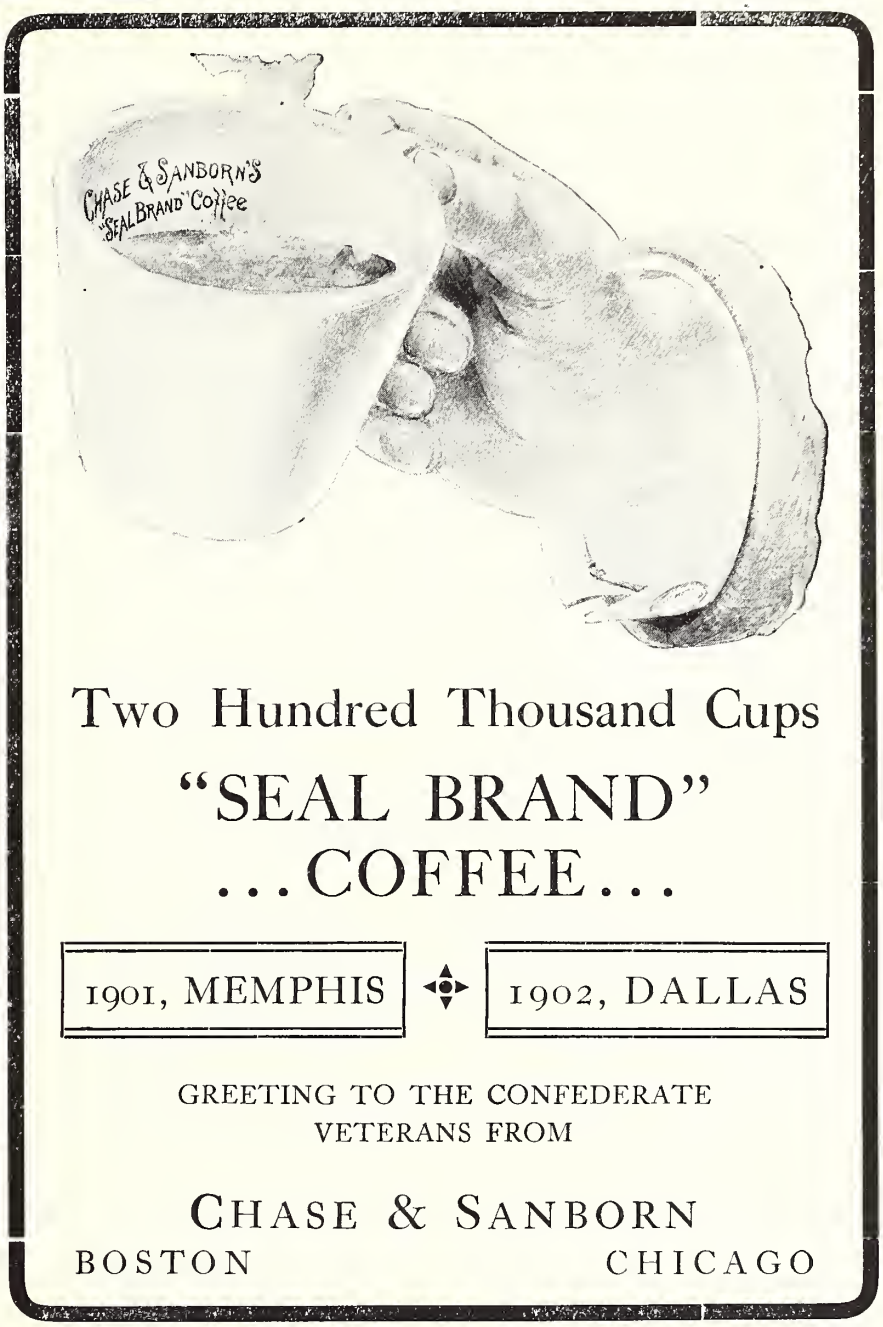
Look! As a courier hurries on,
To still the cannon's deafening roar,
He bids them lay their arms down
And fight for homes and friends no more.

CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE.

But the soldiers would not listen to the story
Till their glorious old leader bade them yield;
They would follow him to sorrow as to glory,
So, all silently, they left the battlefield.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE VETERAN READERS.

The Theo. Noel Company, of Chicago, Ill., makes a special offer on page 240 of this issue under the heading "Personal to Subscribers," which should be of interest to every reader of this paper who is ailing or has a relative or friend who is in poor health. This company is the proprietor of the famous Vitæ-Ore, a natural mineral medicine, discovered by Theo. Noel, a geologist and the President of the company, many years ago, while prospecting in the Southwest. This company offers to send a full $1 package of this mineral medicine on trial to every subscriber or reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN who will write them, giving the nature of their ailments, promising to use the medicine for a month's time and to pay if benefitted. The company is reliable, will do just as they agree to do, and expect no pay for the medicine unless the patient has improved by using it. Those of our readers who have not yet accepted this offer would do well to give Vitæ-Ore a trial by all means at the company's risk.



Miss Sarah S. Smith, 35 Legare Street, Charleston, S. C., wants to procure some of the fractional currency of Tennessee and Kentucky issued during the war, also of other States. It is hoped that she can be assisted by some reader of the VETERAN.

C. R. Pollard, Adjutant Thirtieth Virginia Regiment, Corses Brigade, corrects the error made typographically in the VETERAN for January in placing him as adjutant of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment of Infantry. The similarity of the two in writing caused the error.

G. B. Payne, of Topeka, Kans., makes inquiry for Lego, Tom, and John Price Nuttle, who were members of Company I, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and who lived in Henry County, Ky.; also of Adjt. T. M. Freeman, of the same company, who, after the war, lived at Frankfort. He will be glad to hear from or of them.

R. H. Marshall, of Crystal Springs, Miss., would like to hear from Capt. E. A. Adams, Company B, Seventeenth Arkansas Regiment, if still living.

For copy of music entitled "Bouncing Bet" send ten cents in postage or currency to B. W. Wrenn, Passenger Traffic Manager Plant System, Savannah, Ga.

G. T. Bryant, Yarrellton, Tex.: "In answer to William L. Rhea, of Knoxville, Tenn., in January VETERAN, I will say that Will Sturm was assistant steward of hospital, Ward 1 or 2, at the prison of Elmira, N. Y. I believe he was there when I was released, June 13, 1865.

Mrs. M. E. Douglass, Caruth, Mo., inquires for Dr. William B. Richardson, who went as surgeon in a regiment of Mississippians. His home was in Copiah County, Miss., but his post office was Raymond, in Hinds County. The last news they had of him was when the regiment was ordered to Virginia. Some one will doubtless recall this comrade.

A TEXAS WONDER.

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

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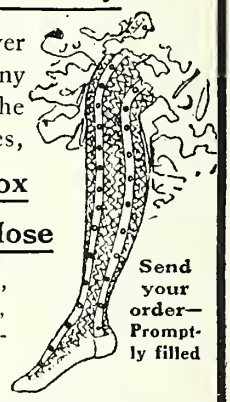

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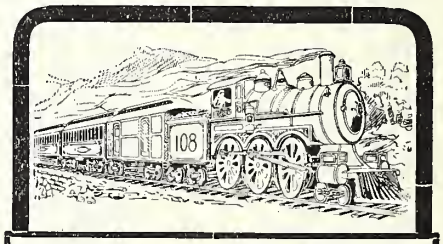

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D. J. Wilson, of Stratford, Tex., would like to hear from a Federal soldier to whom he gave a pocket Bible at Corinth, Miss., on Dec. 27, 1864. He also wishes to hear from Miss Laura McKee, who came to the church in Raliegh, N. C., in April, 1865, and ministered to a wounded and sick soldier boy there in that temporary hospital.

Valentine W. Hardt, of Cuero, Tex., one of Pat Cleburne's "boys," was one of the Confederates who were exchanged on Red River when leaving Camp Douglas on the fourth day of May, 1865, and wants to hear from some of those who stopped at Cairo and made a collection. Would particularly like to know if the sergeant who counted them out and called the roll is still alive, as he remembers him for special kindness shown.

J. J. Sumrall, Meridian, Miss., has a relic of the war that he would be glad to return to the owner or some of his family. It is a prayer book of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has a small card pasted on the inside cover with the name of "Henry Binemore, Stenographic Reporter." Comrade Sumrall picked this up in front of a Yankee tent on Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, as our troops drove the enemy out of their camps just at daylight.

L. Yates, Elsinore, Cal., who served in the Eighteenth Arkansas Infantry, Company B, desires to hear from any member of the company or regiment now surviving. He says: "I have been in California for three years, and rarely meet a Confederate, and never one with whom I served in the war. I will always have inexpressibly fraternal feelings for my comrades when struggling for what was right. I meet here some of the old boys in blue, who have a sympathetic feeling for us."

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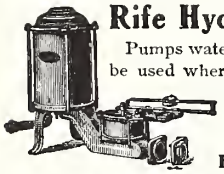

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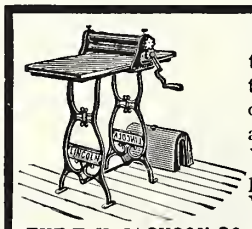

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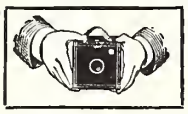

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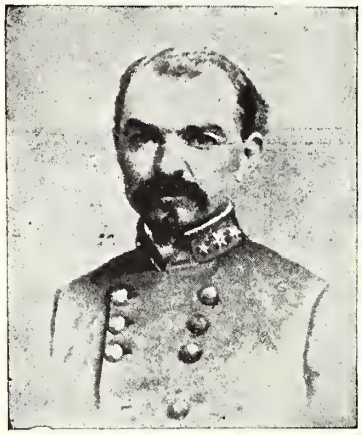

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The Confederate Mining Co.

The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you are left out. The Confederate Mining Company has long since passed its uncertain or doubtful stage. It is now on the high road to a great financial success. It is under the management of honest and able men. They have all the capital they need now to develop their claims, which property is known to carry a large body of mineral ore. The stock in this company will enhance in price as the development work advances, and will soon return to the stockholders large dividends.

Men hesitate to invest, awaiting for a "dead sure shot." There is no such thing in an investment. No matter what the probabilities are, there is a possibility of a loss.

"A dead sure thing" in mining means that the mines are old and established, and large quantities of ore is uncovered and is being shipped, and large dividends are being declared. But the stock commands fabulous prices, and it precludes all men of moderate financial standing from purchasing. So the mistake men make in mining investments is in waiting for the "dead sure thing." The men who make the big money in every great enterprise are those who come in at the beginning. Hundreds of mines sold their stock at from 5 cents to 50 cents per share at the beginning; now it is worth hundreds, and some thousands of dollars per share.

Buy when the stock is sold at moderate prices, based upon the undeveloped valuation of the properties. The Confederate Mining Company's property is in the mineral belt of Gila County, Arizona, where millions and millions of dollars worth of gold, silver, and copper is taken out every year. Its group of copper claims lies in the famous Reno Gulch district, where it is known to be underlayed with rich copper and gold ore.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more than $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their Treasury Stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of anyone. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

The old Confederates reason this way: Capitalists everywhere are making money in large quantities in the mining business. Why should we not create a fund, and do the same? By the placing into the treasury from $10 to $200 each it is easily done. There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the same confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and business like.

At a meeting of the officers and stockholders at Dallas, Tex., in April they added two directors from the stockholders, Capt. J. I. Wilkes, from Martin, Tenn., and Dr. Z. T. Bundy, of Milford, Tex.

The Confederate Mining Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF ARIZONA.

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000.

PAR VALUE, $10 PER SHARE.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, President,
GLOBE, ARIZONA.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer,
UNIONTOWN, KY.

MR. THEO. CRANDALL, General Manager,
GLOBE, ARIZONA.

Fortunes are being made in mining in the great Southwest. Will you join us?

Address and make all remittances payable to
MAJ. R. W. CRABB,
Main Office, Uniontown, Ky.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, Pres't.

Col. Lee Crandall, the President of the Confederate Mining Company, of Globe, Arizona, was Colonel of "The Regiment of the Confederacy." It was known so by the companies composing it from the different States. In the Colonel's regiment there was one company from Mississippi, two from Texas, three from Missouri, and four from Arkansas. There was always a spirit of rivalry in these companies to see which should get there first, and stay the longest in battle. This amused and gratified Col. Crandall, for he too was always ready for a scrap with the Yanks. This regiment did meritorious service throughout the war, and was known as "Crandall's Regiment of the Confederacy." After the war the Colonel resided in Washington City, and the last twelve years he has been extensively engaged, together with his son, Theo. Crandall, in the mining business of Arizona. Col. Crandall made application to the government to raise a brigade of young men from the South to go to the Spanish-American war, and the Southern people urged President McKinley to appoint Col. Crandall as Brigadier General; but the President was a Republican and Crandall was a Democrat, and that was the end of it.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

Maj. Crabb, our Secretary and Treasurer, is a native Mississippian, and was a member of Crandall's regiment, and was in all the "hard knocks" of that famous old regiment. Maj. Crabb located in Uniontown, Ky., soon after the war, and has been engaged in business there continuously for twenty-seven years. He was councilman of the city twenty odd years, and was Mayor for a number of years. He was Commander of Adam Johnson Camp, U. C. V., for ten years, and is now Major of the 2nd Ky. Battalion, U. C. V. Maj. Crabb was United States Deputy Revenue Collector for four years, under Cleveland's administration. He is bonded to this company by the Fidelity Security Co., of Maryland.

THE CONFEDERATE MINING CO., Uniontown, Ky.

Personal to Subscribers!

As a Beacon Light

VITÆ-ORE points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease toward the rocks and shoals of **Chronic Invalidism,** port your helm ere it be too late, take heed of the message of **Hope** and **Safety** which it flashes to you; **stop drifting** about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin the proper treatment immediately and reach the goal you are seeking by the route **so many have traveled with success.** Every person who has used **Vitæ-Ore** is willing to act as a **pilot** for you; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice, **follow the light** and be cured as

they have. **Can you afford to disregard It?** Hundreds of readers of this paper have accepted this offer since it first appeared, and are now either enjoying **perfect health** or rapidly traveling the road to it. Every reader who is ailing should send for a package and allow the Company to demonstrate, at its own risk and expense, that Vitæ-Ore is the best medicine on earth for the afflicted. Every reader of this paper who has some friend or relative ailing should inform him or her of this offer and give them a chance to accept it. This offer is a special one made to **subscribers** of this paper and their **friends and relatives,** whom the subscriber can recommend as honest and trustworthy.

Read Our Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **postpaid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk, you [illegible] se. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine rock-like [illegible] eral—**Ore**—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach every case with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the two-cent stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in the above announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card. Address **Theo. Noel Co., Chicago, Ill.**

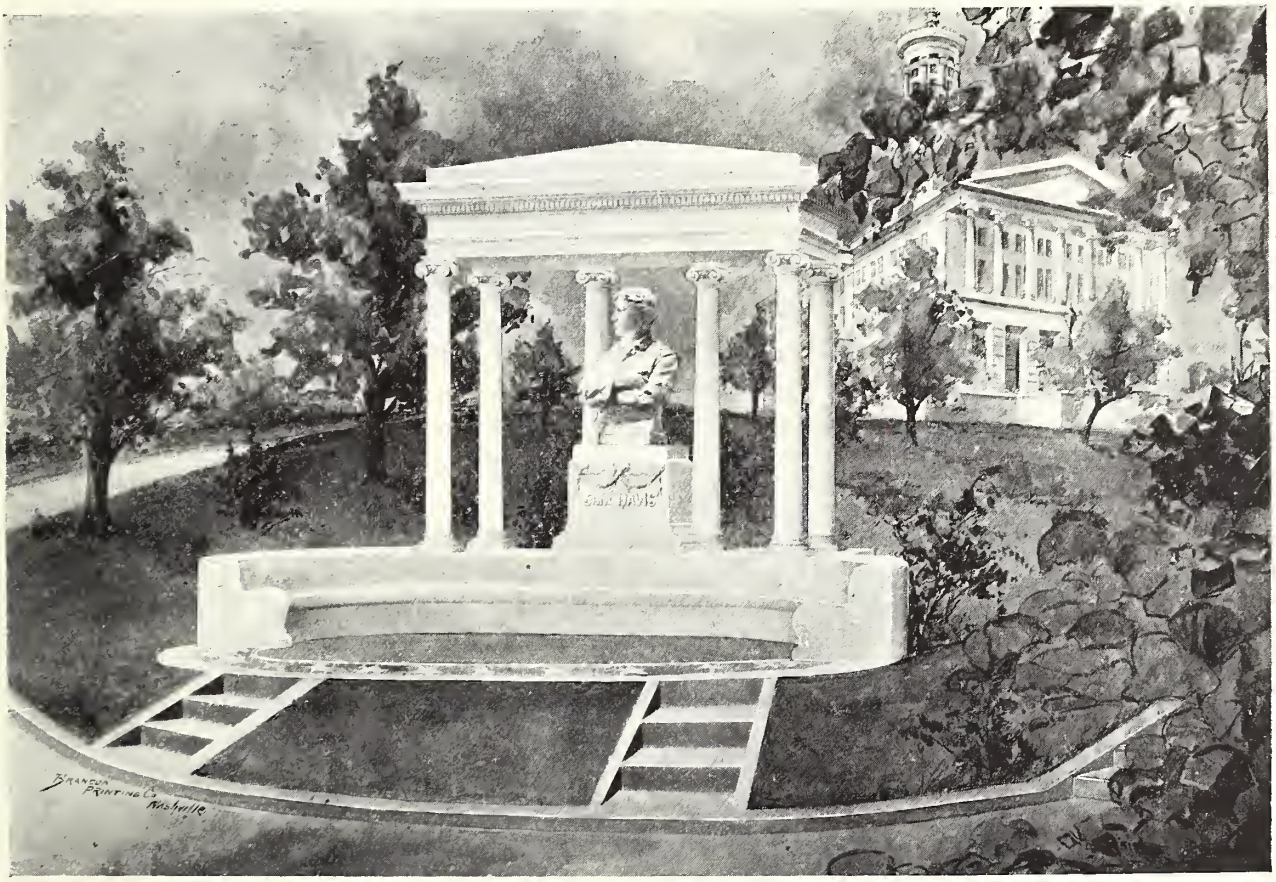
THEO. NOEL CO.,

VETERAN DEPARTMENT.

527, 529, 531 W. North Avenue, ***Chicago, Ill.***

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1902 No. 6

Confederate Veteran



DESIGN OF THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED ON CAPITOL HILL, NASHVILLE.

The above engraving was made by the artist under the direction of the Committee authorized by the State of Tennessee to erect a monument on the choicest spot on the capitol grounds. It represents a plan that may be enlarged or abridged in proportion to the funds procured. The columns and canopy may be omitted but, although very desirable, the amount of funds contributed will necessarily determine whether they will be included. If omitted at present the foundations can be constructed in anticipation that they will ere long be added. Let all who want to help report now.

A suspension of the undertaking occurred by the breaking out of the Spanish war and other detractions by those in charge of the movement so that it has lain dormant for two or three years. The funds paid in were invested in United States Government bonds. The work is revived now in the hope of its early consummation. A list of subscribers is published on pages 244-248. If any person discovers error in name or omission from the list, request is made that it be reported promptly.

This movement has been conducted as nearly as possible on the high plane that the exalted character of the hero-martyr, whose memory is to be perpetuated, merits and in that spirit the subscription is reopened. Every dollar contributed is to be used in doing honor to Sam Davis. It will be seen in the list of contributions that State and sectional lines are obliterated, and admirers of this highest type of human beings are doing themselves honor by contributing for this memorial to as noble a character as was ever created in the image of the Master. Those who may see the monument from time to time should take the greater pride in it as contributors.

In the coming years there will be no greater in the list of American patriots than Sam Davis, and no more treasured volume in public and private libraries than that of his thrilling career. It is desirable to preserve in such volume the names of all persons who contributed as much as one dollar to this fund. It will be an honor list and referred to with pride by children and children's children, as every contributor will be recorded as commending the sacrifice of life for principle.

Combination Wood and Iron Settee

AS DURABLE AS
VIRGIN TIMBER

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A RECLINING CHAIR

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Write us for any of the above you want; or for all, if you can use them. They are yours to command

PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF MANUFACTURING COMPANY

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1902. | No. 6. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

Much of interest and importance prepared for this number of the VETERAN, particularly for the Daughters and Sons, is held over for the July issue, the list of subscribers to the Sam Davis monument—an honor roll—and the Opinion of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, for Sixth District, upon an issue that has for nearly three years threatened the very existence of the VETERAN, occupying much space.

The movement to erect this Sam Davis monument is now revived with the earnest hope that response will be spontaneous from everywhere, so that universal acclaim will greet the management in the early and faithful completion of the proposed memorial. The Tennessee State Capitol and grounds are now undergoing repairs at an expense of $25,000, and it would be fitting to complete this monument along with the most elaborate improvement ever made upon this magnificent structure, built of stone, quite on the order of the National Capitol, and on a hill much more picturesque. A venerable Southerner said in connection with a Confederate monument erected in his town, "I would not be willing to do without a share in that monument." In this spirit, to what more worthy cause could a man or woman, South or North, East or West, for that matter as the sacrifice of Sam Davis was beyond sectional or national lines—give in perpetuating his honor? The late Joseph W. Allen, member of the committee to erect this monument, sent his check for $100, and stated that it ought to be one thousand feet high and of solid gold.

The surviving members of the committee are J. M. Lea, John W. Thomas, J. W. Childress, R. H. Dudley, G. H. Baskette, J. C. Kennedy (Treas.), S. A. Cunningham, (Sec.), E. C. Lewis (Chairman).

People of Nashville and Tennessee should take special pride in this movement, whereas by the subscription list, so far, they may see that contributions have been sent from all other sections, while Union soldiers who participated in the execution, and Gen. G. M. Dodge in direct command, have contributed already to the fund.

The opinion of the Court of Appeals as rendered elicits inexpressible gratitude. Mention is here made that several words are copied and commented upon as innuendoes which were not in the article sued upon. The plaintiff (or his attorney) is responsible for them. While the record of $4,000 salary is copied in the proceedings, it should be borne in mind that no denial of the contract of twenty-five per cent and several other additional considerations, all additional to $4,000 and $500 for personal expenses, has ever been established. The copy of contract appears on pages 62, 63 of the VETERAN for February, 1902.

The VETERAN is in good spirits for the future. Short as it is of what it should be, there is nothing in existence as important as it is, so far as the great issues of the sixties are concerned. It is of more consequence than all of the monuments, for it is read by scores of thousands, and in nearly every country under the sun. It is bound and preserved in finest and safest libraries. Every Confederate should be diligent for such a record as it ought to make at least.

Whoever obtains copies without pay cripples its usefulness. The widow of a comrade who was three years behind with his subscription, sent notice of his death, and instead of apology for being unable to remit the amount, wrote: "You ought to send us something." Frequently when persons are asked to pay arrears they reply that they did not subscribe. Occasionally subscriptions are paid for a year and continued without authority. Instances of this kind involve loss to the office without reasonable grounds for complaint, but every honest person is requested to give notice if receiving the VETERAN and not assured that it is to be paid for. Anybody can get the VETERAN without pay who may choose to do so. It is sent on faith that if they enjoy it they will want to pay.

Don't forget that its advertising is important and no matter what is chosen if ordered the mere mention of the VETERAN will do good both ways. The books advertised in the VETERAN have distinctive merit. See what they are and how low the price.

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TRIBUTE BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before his face,
O, many a name unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes,
And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows
Whose souls were white as snow.
Not how they die nor where, but *why*,
Is what God's records show.
And on that mighty ledger
Is writ Sam Davis' name—
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth,
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay
He would not flinch or stir one inch
From *honor's narrow* way.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings drag down a name and crown
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom, and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among his cherubim.
O Southland! bring your laurels;
And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
And tell the world his worth.

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TRIBUTE BY J. TROTWOOD MOORE.

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words.
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun,
It loves a life's that's just begun.
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death,
And O, how calm and sweet and free
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills as if to say:
"O save your life for us to-day!"

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You safe within the Rebel line—
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue.
(The bayonets were tipped with dew);
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up, and this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye:
"My boy, I hate to see thee die;
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As He who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them—nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life a lie!"
He turned, for not a soldier stirred.
"Your duty, men; I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile,
The birds broke out in glad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again.
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O stars, that now his brothers are,
O sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right,
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who died to save an enemy!

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Jas. L. Lockert, C. H. Bailey, J. H. and Emma Balthrop, C. W. and Emma Tyler, Clarksville, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ethridge, Tavares, Fla.; O. H. Franklin, Indianapolis, Ind.; D. T. Mitchell, McNutt, Miss.; F. N. Bowles, Minter City, Miss.; Capt. L. T. Baskett, Greenwood, Miss.; Maj. Califf, U. S. A., Capt. J R. Kean, Sur. U. S. A., Key West, Fla. $9.

J. S. Partlow, Greenwood, S. C.; W. Raiburn, W. S. Gudgell, Jno. S. Gilvin, Polk Manly, John Webb, Wm. Barker, Owingsville, Ky.; C. W. Barber, Edwards, Miss.; J. J. McCallan, Richland, Tex.; A. A. Lowe, T. S. Cowan, A. T. Fountain, N. P. Jelks, J. O. Jelks, P. H. Lovejoy, R. W. Anderson, Hawkinsville, Ga.; L. Mey-Johnston Florence, S. C. Total, $3.50.

Capt. W. H. May, J. W. Fielden, Benton, Ala.; E. J. Harwell, Stonewall, La.; Jno. W. Green, Dyersburg, Tenn.; Cash, Dyersburg, Tenn.; Hugh Heverin, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. E. Young, W. W. Powers, Greensboro, Ala.; J. R. Cayce, Hammond, Texas.; M. M. Mobley, Trenton, Tenn.; Dr. I. C. Morton, Morganfield, Ky.; Dr. R. Y. Dwight, Pinopolis, S. C.; J. E. Brownlow, S. N. Fleming, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.; R. E. Grizzard, John Clark, Trenton, Tenn.; M. D. Vance, Springdale, Ark.; G. D. Northcutt, Grangeville, Mo.; T. C. Lowe, Springfield, Mo.; I. G. Douglass, Fulton, Ky.; H. C. Fowler, North Cedar, Kans.; 75c. Total, $10.75.

Gen. Geo. Reese, L. M. Brooks, Pensacola, Fla.; Kit Shepherd, Al. Shepherd, W. L. Staton, Tolu, Ky.; Master Hiram Titcomb, Columbia, Tenn.; Mrs. Willis Johnson, Florence, S. C.

W J. Manning, Marietta, Ga.; R. Borgnis, Nashville, Tenn.; Master Lafayette Wilburn Routt, Chapel Hill, Tex.; C. W. Moore, West Point, Tex.; H. W. Floyd, Irvin, Tenn.; T. H. Hastings, Dillsboro, N. C. Total, $3.

W. G. Lenoir, James R. Bachman, C. L. Clark, J. H. Patton, Sweetwater, Tenn.; S. H. Perkins, P. O. Duffy, J. C. Johnson, E. B. Weathers, Elkton, Ky.; J. C. Malone, Elkton, Ky., 60 cts. Total, $4.60.

TWENTY-FIVE-CENT CONTRIBUTIONS.

Thos. Jones, Franklin, Ky.; T. H. W Barrett, Edwards, Miss.; H. H. Sparrow Jno. B. Lewis, W. A. Ferguson, C. C. McPhail, R. H. Vaughn, Hawkinsville Ga. $1.75.

E. S. Hughes, Allisona, Tenn.; J. T. Bryan, Marianna, Fla.; C. W. Higginbotham, Calvert, Texas.; Mrs. G. C. Collins, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.; Mark Roby, Hawthorne, Tenn.; Miss Sue Monroe, Wellington, Va.; J. H. Cook, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. T. D. Moore, Milan, Tenn.; Chas. L. and Jas. L. Turner, Clarksville, Tenn. Total, $2.50.

S. T. Burch, Jr., Isadore Sulzbacher, Florence, S. C.; C. M. Butt, Portsmouth, Va.; J. M. Ewing, J. P. Lenoir, W. A. Lenoir, W. F. Lenoir, R. E. Lenoir, Sweetwater, Tenn.; H. R. Roper, J. B. Miller, C. A. Denney, J. A. Goodman, W. A. Dickinson, J. T. Penick, Horace Rutherford, T. L. Gaut, J. B. Perkins, J. M. Weathers, C. N. Holmes, H. B. McKinney, H. G. Boone, Dr. Rogers, J. A. Thuss, J. P. Hunter, John Hardin, L. B. Reeves, Elkton, Ky. Total, $6.50.

Mrs. B. Jacobs, Mrs. I. Sulzbacher, Mrs. M. L. Kuker, Misses Jacobs, Dr. Matthews, E. Rosborough, S. W. Dixon, J. F. Stackley, J. W. McCown, Florence, S. C.; also Mrs. W. H. Day 20c.; Mrs. W. R. Sanders, 20c.; Mrs. R. D. Johnson, 15c. Total, $2.80.

N. B. Eison, Jonesville, S. C.; Gaston and Lewis Meares, Florence, S. C.; James Clark Cabiness, Asa Bruce Cabiness, Evansville, Ind.; Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Mrs. M. Polk, Nashville, Tenn. (special); P. A. B. Warren, Forestburg, Ark., 20 cts. Total, $1.70.

TEN-CENT COLLECTIONS.

Morrisville, Mo.—A. E. and Hannah Mitchell, Wm. and Sarah Crennels, Frank Bettie, Vernie, Harris, Wade, and Sallie Cargile, Dock, Rebecca, Albert S., Cora A., Charlie H., and Ernest Johnson. Total, $1.60.

Florence, S. C.—From Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Jas. Evans, Mrs. C. E. Jarrot, Mrs. E. W. Lloyd, Mrs. T. H. Harllee, Mrs. J. B. Douglas, Mrs. V. C. Tarrh, Mrs. Zack Nettles, Mrs. E. O. Singletary, Mrs. J. L. Beck, Miss Julia Schouboe, Miss M. E. Tarrh.

Mrs. M. H. Beck, Mrs. C. D. Hutaff, Mrs. F. Haines, Mrs. R. H. Farmer, Miss Helen Jarrot, Mr. Morgan A. Theine, W. C. Harllee, John D. Jarrott, M. L. Rhodes, B. B. Napier, Dr. P. B. Bacot, Mr. Altman, Early Whitton, Master Willie Williamson, W. H. Malloy. Total, $2.60.

Louis Weber, Daunt, Cal.; J. Q. Vickey, T. G. Childers, Springfield, Mo.; Master Ralph and Edgar Lowe, 30 c. Total, 60 c.

Clarksville, Tenn. — Charles, Robert, Stewart, and Alice Bailey; Florence, S. C.—J. Muldrow, Chas. M. White, Harold and Eric Rucker; John, Chas. E., Howard, Theodore, and Miss Minnie Jarrott, T. H. and Mrs. W. C. Harllee, Capt. J. S. Beck, T. D. Rhodes, Jas. Husbands, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wolfe, Mrs. John Burringer, Mrs. Makin, Miss Julia Shouboe, Miss M. E. Tarrh. Total, $2.40.

J. W. Howard, P. B. Jarrott, Miss Elvira Rhodes, Mrs. J. W. Brunson, Edward Burch, Master J. McSween Harllee, Florence, S. C.; William H. Hill, Palo Alto, Miss.; C. G. Christian, Elkton, Ky., 15cts. Total, 85 cents.

John D. and Sarah Barnwell; M. Louise McMenaghan; Annie, Joe, and Sam McCown; Hazell E. Hutlaff; Mary Gregory; Margaret M. Dixon; Carrie Lucas; Willis, Waring, and Frank Johnston; Esther Sessums; Charles G. Lucius, Florence, S. C.; Gaston Meares, Ridgeway, S. C.; Trenholm McMenaghan, Florence, S. C., 15 cents. Total, $1.75.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D.

Ye gracious skies of gentle spring,
Here grant your sunniest hours,
While kindly hands their tribute bring
Of sweet memorial flowers;
And loving lips the story tell
Of that heroic band
Who, daring grandly, fought and fell
For God and native land.

A race they were of dauntless mould,
Endowed with lofty pride;
Who, holding honor more than gold,
For honor nobly died.
They "loved their land with love far brought
From out a storied past;"
For her their greatest deeds were wrought,
For her their fame shall last.

It was a land of langorous calm,
In which they dwelt at ease;
A land of corn and vine and palm
Begirt by summer seas;
A land of pastures large and fair,
Of forest, field, and stream,
Where life, unvexed by cark or care,
Was peaceful as in dream.

But homes of quiet sweet content
Awaked with sudden fear,
To hear a voice of dread portent,
That warned of dangers near.
Its urgent thunders broke the dream
In which, entranced, they lay;
On gathering clouds they saw the gleam
Of War's fierce lightnings play.

Aroused they saw a world arrayed
Against their country's life;
Then swiftly coming to her aid
They gathered for the strife.
From all the sunny Southern lands,
From cottage and from hall,
With glowing hearts and ready hands,
They answered to her call.

A nation's guard and hope they stood
Through long and weary years,
A consecrated brotherhood
Baptized in blood and tears.
They strove with ever waning strength
Against o'erwhelming might,
Until their star of hope at length
Went down in endless night.

Up Duty's rugged altar stair
With patient step they trod,
To place a precious offering there
Acceptable to God;
Their lives a willing sacrifice
At Freedom's shrine they laid,
And there in death the fruitless price
Of Liberty they paid.

Ascending thence on battle flame
To wear the martyr's crown,
They won from Death a deathless name
Of glory and renown.
For aye the memory of our brave
We hold a sacred trust,
And deck with flowers each lowly grave
Where sleeps a hero's dust.

For not in vain the battle fought,
And not in vain they died;
This truth into our souls they wrought,
Forever to abide;
'Tis better far to die for right,
E'en though the cause be lost,
Than save the life, and win the fight
For wrong at any cost.

S. V. Wooten, Vinyard, Ark., wants to find the whereabouts of Calvin and Mose Wooten, who, when last heard from, were in Dallas County, Tex.

MISS HALLIE MILLER,
GAINESVILLE, TEX.

No. 1027.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS.

SIXTH CIRCUIT.

S. A. Cunningham and the Book Agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Plaintiffs in error, *versus* John C. Underwood, Defendant in error.

Error to the Circuit Court of the United States for the Middle District of Tennessee.

Submitted May 10, 1902; decided June 3, 1902.

Before Lurton, Day, and Severens, Circuit Judges.

This was an action for libel brought by John C. Underwood against S. A. Cunningham and the Book Agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The publication alleged to be libelous appeared as an editorial in a monthly newspaper periodical published at Nashville, Tennessee, called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN This paper is owned and edited by the plaintiff in error, Cunningham, and was printed for him by the Book Agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a corporation created under the laws of Tennessee. Underwood was a citizen of the State of Kentucky and Cunningham a citizen of the State of Tennessee. The defendants plead separately.

There was a verdict and judgment against them jointly for $15,000, and a separate verdict and judgment against Cunningham individually for $10,000.

The trial judge directed that a new trial be granted unless $12,000 of the joint judgment should be remitted. This was done and the motions for new trial were overruled.

Separate bills of exception were taken by each defendant and separate writs of error allowed.

Upon a former day of this term, the Book Agents, upon motion, were allowed to dismiss the writ of error sued out by them, which was accordingly done and a mandate awarded.

Upon the coming on of the hearing of the case upon the writ of error sued out by Cunningham, the defendant in error asked leave to remit and release the separate judgment against S. A. Cunningham for $10,000, which was objected to by said Cunningham and allowed over such objection. It was accordingly ordered that defendant be allowed to remit and release said judgment for $10,000 against said Cunningham, which was done.

The plaintiff, Underwood, in his declaration averred that he was, at the time of the publication complained of, the superintendent and secretary of the Confederate Memorial Association, a corporation created under the laws of Mississippi, and in receipt of a salary of $4,000 per annum, and that the said Memorial Association had been organized and originated by the United Confederate Veterans, a voluntary organization, composed of surviving soldiers and sailors of the army and navy of the late Confederate States of America. That in 1894, one Charles Broadway Rouss, a wealthy merchant of New York City and an old Confederate soldier, proposed the erection and maintenance in some Southern city of a Memorial Institute or Battle Abbey in commemoration of the valor and self-sacrifice of those soldiers and sailors who had lost their lives in the service of the Confederacy, and that he would personally give $100,000 for that purpose whenever an equal amount should be contributed by others. This led the Confederate Veteran Association to organize the Confederate Memorial Association as a means of raising the necessary funds and for erecting and maintaining the Memorial Abbey proposed.

Thus the relations between the two organizations were of the most intimate character, the Memorial Association being a mere instrumentality employed and controlled by the former.

It was in evidence that S. A. Cunningham was a member of the said Confederate Memorial Association, and that his paper, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, was the recognized official organ of the Confederate Veteran Association. The publication alleged to be libelous appeared in said newspaper as an editorial under date of June 1, 1899, and was written by Cunningham.

The publication is one of great length and we forbear setting it out. It is enough to say of it that it included some very detailed and stringent criticism and comment upon the conduct of the plaintiff as an agent and officer of the Confederate Memorial Association, and challenged the propriety of his retention in its service as a person unfit and untrustworthy for so confidential an office.

LURTON, Circuit Judge, having made the foregoing statement of the case, delivered the opinion of the court.

1. The action was a joint one against two defendants. There was a verdict and judgment against both for $15,000, and a verdict and judgment against Cunningham alone for $10,000. The joint judgment was cut down, upon suggestion of the court and by consent of the plaintiff, to three thousand dollars; and the separate judgment against Cunningham alone has, upon motion of the defendant in error, and by order of this court at a former session of this term, been altogether released, remitted, and set aside.

This was objected to by the plaintiff in error, Cunningham, upon the ground that the error of the court below in rendering two separate judgments in the same joint action could not be thus cured, and it is now insisted that the action of this court in allowing a remittitur of said separate judgment should not avail the defendant in error in curing the error in rendering separate judgments against joint defendants.

The court below, in substance, instructed the jury that if they found both of the defendants guilty they should find a verdict *against both jointly for such an amount as would compensate the plaintiff for the entire injury done him by the publication;* but that if they found that one of the defendants was actuated by malice while the other was not, that the jury might, if they saw proper, "assess also against that defendant, by way of smart money of punitive damages," such sum as they saw fit not exceeding in all the amount sued for in the writ.

In another part of the charge he instructed the jury that there was no evidence from which they could infer that the "Book Agents" were actuated by malice, and that they were not "liable for anything but compensatory damages."

The court also pointed out with emphasis the evidence which might be regarded as proving the malice of Cunningham, and concluded by saying: "If he was, you would be entitled to give punitive damages as against him and to give a verdict that would include smart money as against him, but in no event against the other defendant."

Although neither the verdict or judgment as entered upon the journal shows that the separate verdict or judgment against Cunningham was only for "smart money or punitive damages," and the verdict and judgment against the two defendants jointly purely for compensatory damages, we are justified in so assuming from the charge of the court above referred to.

That the court erred in permitting such an apportionment of damages when the plaintiff had elected to sue both defendants in one action is very obvious. Wrong doers sued together and found guilty in an action for slander or libel or any other form of tort are liable for the whole injury to the plaintiff, and the question as to whether one is more culpable than another is of no importance, for each is liable for all the damages without regard to degrees of guilt. That one

may have been actuated by that degree of ill will and evil purpose constituting actual malice does not in any wise justify a division of the damages so as to throw upon one of two or more tort feasors sued together a responsibility beyond that cast upon the others, whether done by way of compensation or punishment.

The common law prevails in Tennessee where this action was tried, and there are no cases to which our attention has been called which justify the departure from the rule of common law as we have stated it. Washington Gas Light Co. v. Lansden, 172 U. S. 534; Railroad Co. v. Jones, 100 Tenn. 512; Addison on Torts, Section 1395.

It is plain that the error in the charge, if exception had been taken thereto, which was not the case, could have been corrected so far as the defendants were concerned by rendering a judgment only upon the verdict returned against both defendants. If on the other hand a motion in arrest of judgment had been made upon the ground that under the pleadings there could be but one judgment the error could be corrected by setting aside the separate judgment and suffering the joint judgment to stand. Neither will this court reverse a judgment for an error which can be plainly cured, without prejudice to another, by a remittitur seasonably assented to. Tefft v. Stern, 21 C. C. A. 67-73; Hansen v. Boyd, 161 U. S. 397; Bank of Kentucky v. Ashby, 2 Pet. 327; Phillips & Colby Co. v. Seymour et al., 91 U. S. 646-656.

2. The plaintiff by innuendoes has assigned a meaning to several antecedent sentences or phrases in the alleged libelous editorial, which, in law, they would hardly seem capable of bearing.

When antecedent words are capable, as matter of law, of being understood in more than one sense, it is the office of an innuendo to designate that meaning which the plaintiff proposes to establish as the meaning intended by the defendant and understood by those who heard or read them. Townshead on Slander & Libel, Sec. 338; Watson v. Nichols, 6 Humph. 174; Kerr v. Force, 3 Cranch. C. C. 8.

An innuendo can neither add to or change the meaning of the defendant's language or operate as an averment importing into the case anything which is not a vehement presumption from the precedent words. 13 Am. & Eng. Ency. of Pleading, 51 et seq.

If the plaintiff by innuendo has assigned a meaning to antecedent words of which logically they are not capable the defendant should demur, for whether the language is capable of the meaning designated is for the court. Whether the meaning is, in fact, that assigned, if capable of more than one meaning, is for the jury. Townshead on Slander & Libel, Sec. 342. If capable of bearing the sense pointed out by the innuendo the plaintiff is bound by that interpretation and cannot save his case by proving a different meaning. Townshead on Slander & Libel, Sec. 338, and cases cited.

The plain meaning which the plaintiff by his innuendos has sought to attach to certain detached sentences or particular imputations in the libelous publication in question, is that he, the plaintiff, was not worthy of continuance in the employment of the Memorial Association because he had theretofore been guilty of "immoral," "dishonorable," "dishonest," and "disreputable" acts or conduct.

Thus by one innuendo the precedent words are averred to mean that plaintiff was so unworthy of the trust reposed in him as to make "his appointment an outrage and require its recision."

By another it is averred that by the antecedent words the defendants meant that the plaintiff was "dishonest, disreputable, and irresponsible," and by another the defendants by the words precedent are said to imply that the plaintiff had been guilty of "improper and dishonorable deportment, that he had begged to avoid newspaper controversy on the subject of that deportment and that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue."

After much demurring, pleading and repleading an issue was reached upon a plea, which, while denying all malice or other evil purposes justifies the several paragraphs made the subject of innuendoes by claiming that the relation which the plaintiff and the defendant, Cunningham, bore to the Confederate Veteran Association and its adjunct, the Confederate Memorial Association, was such as to make it the duty of defendant, Cunningham, in the general interest of the association, as the editor of the official organ of one association and a member of the other, to point out the unfitness of plaintiff for his office, and that the publication was, therefore, conditionally privileged. That plea also averred, "that the several parts of said supposed libel, set out in said declaration, the publication of which is admitted, *is true, in substance and in fact, and that each one of said parts to which innuendoes are made, was written, printed, and published, and the entire paper set out in the declaration as a libel, is true in substance and in fact, and the same was written, printed, and published, and were inferences and conclusions drawn from the character and conduct of the plaintiff, which disqualified him from being the agent of said association,* and which were known to the defendant publisher at the time of the publication, which was made without malice and upon which said publication was fully justified, to wit:

"Defendants here plead and show that at the time of said publication it was known to the publisher, the defendant, Cunningham, that John C. Underwood, the plaintiff, was wholly disqualified to be and remain said agent.

It was known to him that said plaintiff had been guilty of the following improprieties and wrongful acts in and about the business about which he was engaged for said association, in and about other transactions, to wit:" Then followed a short statement of a number of alleged specific instances of alleged misconduct tending to induce the opinion expressed in the publication.

These specific instances of alleged impropriety not being set out in detail the court ordered the defendant, Cunningham, to file, upon the demand of the plaintiff, a bill of particulars. Thereupon the defendants filed a bill of particulars setting forth the matters upon which they would rely in support of their said plea. In response such a bill was filed, which set out a number of special instances of alleged misconduct. In support of this plea the defendant, Cunningham, offered to prove one of the specific matters so noticed in the bill of particulars and it is assigned as error that the evidence was erroneously excluded.

The matter arose in this wise: The defendant, Cunningham, was in the witness box and had given evidence not excepted to, when, during his said examination in chief, there occurred the following:

By Mr. Champion for Cunningham:

"We expect to prove there was organized in 1895 what was known as the Chicago and Southern States Association.

By the Court: "If you want to make an avowal, you can come here and make it."

By Mr. Champion for defendant Cunningham: "We expect to prove that this Chicago and Southern States Association was organized in 1895, primarily for the purpose of bringing about a better feeling between Chicago and the Southern States with reference to trade, etc., and also for the purpose of doing honor to a regiment of which Col. Turner was the colonel. Mr. Underwood was made the principal manager of that enterprise and had charge of its finances, really organized

it in a great measure. And we expect to show that there was a secret arrangement between him and the railroad companies, whereby he was to get five dollars on every passenger that went on that trip. There were five trains, and when this fact was made known to the executive committee, through the secretary, Mr. McNeill, a meeting was immediately held by the executive committee, which resulted in the discharge of Mr. Underwood under a certain compromise arrangement, and he had no further connection with the excursion. This fact was known to Mr. Cunningham at the time he wrote this communication.

"Objected to by attorneys for plaintiff.

"By the Court: And the court sustains the objection to it, because it is not pertinent in any way whatever to any issue in this case. To which action of the court defendant, Cunningham, excepted."

The fact that the examination in chief of the witness then on the stand had not been concluded when the above avowal was made, and that it was evidently made to the court at the court's suggestion and out of hearing of the jury, leads us to the conclusion that it was an avowal of evidence which it was desired to elicit from the witness then under examination.

The truth of any defamatory words is, if pleaded, a complete defense to any action of libel or slander.

The onus, however, lies upon the defendant for the falsity of defamatory words is presumed in the plaintiff's favor.

A justification must be as broad as the charge and the whole of a libel must be proved true, not a part merely. But if the libel consist of a number of defamatory statements and some are proven to be true the plaintiff can recover damages only for the parts not true. Thus a defendant may justify as to one particular part of a libel in mitigation of damages if the justified part be distinct from the rest.

So he may justify as to one part, plead privilege as to another, and deny the rest. 13 Am. & Eng. Ency. of Pleading, 84; Odgers on Slander & Libel, 135.

"If the words are laid with an innuendo, the defendant may justify the words, either with or without the meaning alleged in such innuendo, or he may do both." Odgers on Slander & Libel, 135; Newell on Defamation, Slander & Libel, p. 648; Bank v. Bowdre Bros., 92 Tenn. 723, 731.

The effect of the various charges of the libel with the meaning annexed thereto by the innuendo is to charge the plaintiff with being an immoral, dishonest, disreputable, and untrustworthy man.

The defendant undertook to justify generally without distinguishing between the meaning imputed by the innuendoes and a more mitigated sense. Where this is done it is a defense which must be regarded as a justification to the libel *as explained by the innuendoes.* To sustain such a plea it is necessary to prove the truth of the libel *with the meaning averred in the declaration.* Atkinson v. Detriot *Free Press,* 46 Mich. 341, 347. The special matter which the defendant proposed to prove had no direct connection with any conduct of the plaintiff in respect of his duties as a salaried official and representative of the Confederate Memorial Association. But if the facts which the defendant offered to prove were true and were known to him when he published the libel in question, it would tend to establish the truth of the words imputing unfitness to the plaintiff for the work he was engaged in by reason of acts and conduct which, without explanation, might well go to a jury as tending to show that plaintiff had been guilty of "dishonorable," "dishonest," and "disreputable conduct," as charged in the declaration.

The meaning imputed to the words used by the defendant of the plaintiff having been averred to be that he had been guilty of dishonorable, dishonest, or disreputable conduct rendering him unworthy of trust and confidence, it would be strange indeed if the defendant should be prevented from proving specific instances of just such conduct as a defense. Greenleaf on Evidence, 16th Ed., Sec. 14 h.; Ratcliffe v. *Courier-Journal,* 99 Ky. 416; Lampher v. Clark, 149 N. Y. 472.

The libel as interpreted and explained by the innuendoes is the libel which the defendant undertook to justify. He has, in effect, boldly alleged that the words taken in the meaning designated by the plaintiff are true.

When justification to so general and vague a charge or collection of charges is plead the justification must be plead with such particularity as to give the plaintiff precise notice of the charge he is to meet. Thus, in illustration, it is stated in Odger on Libel at page 135, that:

"If the libel makes a vague general charge, as, for instance, that the plaintiff is a swindler, it is not sufficient to plead that he is a swindler. The defendant must set forth the specific facts which he means to prove in order to show that the plaintiff is a swindler."

This is precisely what the defendant, Cunningham, did, and having assumed all the responsibility of such a challenge, evidence tending to prove the truth of his plea was erroneously excluded.

3. Error is assigned upon the ruling of the court that the witness, B. M. Hord, was not qualified to speak as to the general reputation of the plaintiff, Underwood.

The witness was asked by one of the attorneys for the defendant whether he knew plaintiff's general character, in Nashville, at the time of the alleged libel. Thereupon the following colloquy between the witness and the counsel and the court occurred:

"Witness: His general reputation for morality?

"Counsel for Plaintiff: State, first, whether you know it.

"By the Court: You understand now what is meant by his general reputation for morality; that is the estimate in which he was held by a majority of the people here, having talked with them.

"A. His general reputation?

"By the Court: Do you know that?

"A. I know, from having talked with people, what his general reputation is; I don't know of my personal knowledge.

"By the Court: Understand, you know what the phrase 'general reputation' means, the estimation in which he is held by a majority of the people here. Now, have you talked to the people in this community, to the majority of them, or anything like that, or have you only talked to those in your bivouac?

"A. Oh, I have talked to people out of my bivouac, but I couldn't say I have talked to a majority of the people in this community.

"By the Court: How do you know, then, that is the test, how do you know his general reputation, not what a few people may think of him, but his general reputation?

"A. His general reputation I can only judge by the majority of the people I have talked to. That is bad.

"By the Court: The jury must disregard that statement, because that was thrust out without permission of the court, and while the court was trying to find out whether he was qualified to make such statement.

"By Mr. Champion: I don't understand it is necessary for him to talk to a majority of all the people.

"By the Court: No; but a majority to whom he has talked might show his prejudice, if he had any, and would not be a test of his reputation in this community. If he knows what

his general reputation is here, he may say. He knows or he does not know.

"Q. You lived here at the time?

"A. Yes, sir.

"Q. Talked with a great many people; enough to satisfy you?

"A. Yes, sir.

"Objection by plaintiff as leading.

"Objection sustained.

"Q. You talked with a great many people?

"By the Court: How many does he mean by a great many people?

"State, then, Maj. Hord, if, from the people you talked with, both in and out of the bivouac, you know his general character for morality?

"By the Court: In this community, whether you know his general reputation, and if you know what this is, you can answer whether you know his general reputation?

"A. His general reputation—

"By the Court: State yes or no, whether you know his general reputation, whether you are acquainted with it.

"A. If I could get it clearly into my mind what is his general reputation.

"By the Court: I have explained, it is the estimation in which he is held by the people generally, not by a few, or a little number, but generally; now, do you know that general reputation; can you answer that yes or no?

"A. I don't know all the people in the community, but—

"Objection by the plaintiff.

"By the Court: You can answer that question yes or no.

"A. But his reputation with those that I know—

"By Mr. Baxter Smith: You need not tell what his reputation is with them. State whether you know it or not.

"A. I only know it from hearsay.

"By Mr. Champion: Do you know enough to know what his reputation was at that time?

"By the Court: That is precisely what the court is trying to test him about, whether he knows how he is held by the people generally; you understand what that means, how he was held by the people in this community generally, what his general reputation is, what the people generally think of him; not a few or a little number, anything of that sort, but the people generally, you can answer that question yes or no, do you know his general reputation or not?

"A. People generally, as far as I know—

"By the Court: Answer the question whether you know his general reputation or not; you can answer that yes or no, now.

"A. Take it as a whole, I would say no."

The general reputation of one inquired about is the estimate in which he is held by the community, and the usual and well approved method of inquiring into general reputation, or general reputation in respect of any particular trait of character, is to ask the witness whether he knows the general reputation of the person in question among those who know him, and whether that reputation is good or bad. Greenleaf on Evidence, Sec. 461; Ford v. Ford, 7 Hum, 91; Gilliam v. The State, 1 Head, 38; Gifford v. The People, 148 Ill. 173; Robinson v. The State, 16 Fla. 835.

Ordinarily the value of the witness' evidence may be left to be determined by a cross-examination as to the extent and means of his knowledge of the reputation borne by the person inquired about. It is, however, not unusual, nor improper, on objection, to require the party offering the witness to show before allowing the witness to speak, the knowledge which the witness has of the general reputation of the person in question. The witness' knowledge of reputation must for the most part be derived from what he has heard others say upon the subject. But it is a great mistake to suppose that unless the witness has talked to a majority or any other large proportion of a community that he is not qualified to speak. Nashville is a city of about 100,000 people. In a "community" so populous it might well be that a very small number of persons would know anything whatever about a particular inhabitant, and that a still smaller number had been heard by a witness to say what was thought or said of the person inquired about. The "community" whose estimate of character is to be ascertained is, therefore, composed of those called by some jurists, "his neighbors," by others, "his associates or acquaintances," and by still others, as those who are "conversant" with him. The provable general reputation of one is, in a large sense, the prevailing estimate concerning the person inquired about entertained by the community thus defined.

It must follow, therefore, that it is not necessary that a character witness shall be able to say that he knows what a majority or any particular number of the persons conversant with the person inquired about say about him. If the witness has heard enough to enable him to say that he thinks he knows the prevailing opinion entertained of him by his acquaintances he is competent to speak, subject to cross-examination as to sources, extent, and correctness of his information. Gifford v. The People, 148 Ill. 173; 1 Greenleaf on Er., Sec. 461; State v. Turner, 36 S. C. 534; 5 Am. & Eng. Ency. of Law, 880; Robinson v. The State, 16 Fla. 835; Ford v. Ford, 7 Ham. 92; Pickens v. State, 61 Miss. 563; State v. Reed, 41 La. Ann. 581.

One cannot read the colloquy set out above without reaching the conclusion that the witness was qualified to speak, but was repressed by the effect upon his mind of the plainly erroneous instructions from the court that general reputation "is the estimate in which he is held by a majority of the people here, having talked with them."

In subsequent parts of the colloquy this was reasonably modified and corrected, but it is plain that the witness continued to rest under the belief induced by the ruling and instruction of the court that he could not speak because he had not "talked with" a majority of the whole people of Nashville.

The error of the trial judge went so to the root of the whole matter in his original instruction that nothing less than a very clear and pointed correction could possibly cure the effect upon the witness.

The question of the character of the plaintiff was put in issue by the plea of the general issue and evidence was competent in mitigation of damages. If the plaintiff was a person of tarnished reputation it was competent for the defendan to show it, for such a plaintiff cannot have received much damage. Hackett v. Brown, 2 Heisk. (Tenn.) 264-277; Drown v. Allen, 91 Pa. St. 394; 1 Greenleaf on Ev., Sec. 424; 13 Am. & Eng. Ency. Plead. & Prac., 72; Post Pub. Co. v. Hallom, 8 C. C. A. 201-207; Duval v. Dovey, 32 Ohio St. 604; Randall v. Evening News Ass'n, 97 Mich. 136; ——— v. Moore, 1 M. & S. 284.

In ——— v. Moore, cited above, Lord Ellenborough said: "Certainly a person of disparaged fame is not entitled to the same measure of damages with one whose character is unblemished; and it is competent to show that by evidence."

The exception taken was sufficiently definite under the circumstances shown by the colloquy as the court could not possibly fail to know the ground upon which his ruling was objected to.

4. Several errors have been assigned upon the charge of the court. So far as the assignments are pointed at the in-

structions of the court as to certain parts of the publication being libelous *per se* it is enough to say, that the only exception to the charge of the court in respect to that subject is a general exception "to the portion of the charge wherein it is stated that certain parts of the publication are libelous *per se*." As there were a number of parts of the publication construed to be libelous *per se*, this exception is applicable to each one.

As some parts of the publication were confessedly libelous *per se*, all questions of truth or privileged occasion out of the way, the exception is too broad, and, therefore, bad. It is not admissible under so broad an exception to assign error upon a single one of many paragraphs of a charge, some sound and some unsound. All must be alike erroneous to save so general an exception.

The court instructed the jury that the evidence did not show that the publication in question was conditionally privileged. We are unable to find any exception to this part of the charge.

The court instructed the jury that the fact that the newspaper owned and edited by the plaintiff in error, Cunningham, and in which the publication in question was made as an editorial, was the official organ of the Confederate Veteran Association, was of "no consequence in the case, so far as I can see."

This was error. For the purpose of rebutting malice it was competent to show the relation which Cunningham and his paper bore to the Veterans also represented by Underwood, and evidence showing a good purpose in making the publication was clearly competent to rebut malice. It was also competent upon the question of conditional privilege. In Hunt v. G. N. Railroad Co., 2 Q. B. 191, Lord Usher said:

"If the communication was of such a nature that it could be fairly said that those who made it had an interest in making such a communication, and those to whom it was made had a corresponding interest in having it made to them—when these two things do exist, the occasion is privileged." Merchants Ins. Co. v. Buckner, 39 C. C. A. 20-29.

Of course, the privilege will be lost if the statement is made to an unnecessarily large number of persons, which is ordinarily a question for the jury. Law of Libel and Slander by Fraser, 127.

Nor will mere belief in the truth of defamatory statements afford a defense, and there "will be no privilege if the statement contains exaggerated and unwarrantable expressions." Fraser's Libel & Slander, 128.

To say to the jury that it was of no consequence what the relation of the Confederate Veteran Asociation was to the paper published by Cunningham was to deprive the defendant of the bearing of that relationship upon the question of motive or malice as well as upon the question of privileged occasion.

For the errors indicated the judgment as to plaintiff in error, Cunningham, will be reversed with costs and a new trial awarded.

AID BY STATES TO CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS.

W. B. Walker, Esq., Aberdeen, Miss., writes:

The May edition of the VETERAN reached me yesterday by mail, and I write this at once to serve as a vindication of the loyalty and patriotism of Mississippians. On page 202, under the heading "Relief by States for Confederate Soldiers," you say: "Inquiry was recently made by the VETERAN of the Treasurer of each State as to the amount of money appropriated annually for the benefit of ex-Confederates of the different States, and from the replies received the following statistics are given: . . . Mississippi has made no appropriation for her Confederate soldiers, but strong effort is being made to establish a home. It hardly seems creditable that Mississippi, whose men fought so valiantly and faithfully, is making no provision for these gallant survivors, but such is the report in response to the VETERAN's inquiry."

Your surprise would be justified if the facts sustained the statement quoted above. But to those of us who know the patriotism of Mississippians, and their loyalty to those noble men who represented our commonwealth in that great struggle, the statement made in your article is astounding. It may be true our State was somewhat tardy in making proper provision for our ex-Confederates, but I do think we are at this time subject to criticism on that score. A brief review of the appropriations made by our Legislature for this noble purpose will suffice. In 1888 and 1889 the appropriation for pensions was $21,000 per annum; in 1890, 1891, 1892, and 1893, $30,000; in 1894 and 1895, $67,500; in 1896, 1897, 1898, and 1899, $75,000; in 1900 and 1901, $150,000; in 1902 and 1903, $200,000.

Taking into consideration the white population and taxable values of this State, I think we do not suffer by comparison with other Southern States. In addition to the above, by private contributions stimulated by the Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Veterans, nearly enough funds are now in hand to purchase Beauvoir, the late home of President Davis, which will be converted into a soldier's home for the care of indigent and infirm ex-Confederates.

My unwilling ness to permit the loyalty and devotion of Mississippians to the heroes of the "Lost Cause" to be impunged for a moment is my only excuse for making this immediate reply to the statement quoted above.

W. L. Cole, State Auditor of Mississippi, writes:

My attention has just been called to the fact that in one of your recent issues you published the statement that Mississippi appropriated nothing to her Confederate soldiers. An appropriation has been annually made for this purpose for eight or ten years. The appropriation for each of the years 1902 and 1903 was $200,000. I don't know where you got the information that Mississippi made no appropriation for this purpose, but am satisfied you would not intentionally do the State an injustice of that character, and trust that you will correct the error in your next issue.

For 1900 and 1901 the appropriation was $150,000 for each year.

J. W. Halliburton, of State Board, Carthage:

In your issue of May, 1902, under head of "Relief by States for Confederate Soldiers" I find the following: "Missouri as a State has appropriated nothing to the relief of her Confederate soldiers, but through efforts of Confederate element, a magnificent home was established at Higginsville and has been maintained in same way, the impression has prevailed for some time that the State was helping, but in response to the VETERAN's inquiry, the answer was "none."

I cannot conceive to whom you addressed your in-

quiry and from whom you obtained your information. It is true that the Confederate Association of Missouri aided by Confederates of the State and a large number of other good citizens, including Federal soldiers bought a 360 acre farm near Higginsville and erected thereon a large brick building and thirteen cottages, and also a frame building and established a Confederate home and maintained it for six years by subscription. In 1897 the Legislature when they met at that session agreed with the Confederate Association that in consideration of a deed to the Confederate Home property to the State with the exception of two and one-half acres covered by a cemetery, to maintain the home as one of the eleemosynary institutions for the term of twenty years. The bill provided that the institute should be under the control of a Board of Managers consisting of nine Confederate soldiers, of whom the first nine were appointed, three were to hold two years, three four years and three six years. With one exception, the same gentlemen have constituted the Board of Managers from the date of their appointment in March, 1897, until the present time. At that session of the Legislature the State appropriated $24,000 for the support and maintenance, and $2,400 for repairs and improvements for the years 1897 and 1898. In the year 1899, the Missouri Legislature appropriated for the Confederate Home $45,650 for the years 1899 and 1900, being $30,000 for support, $1,000 for laundry, $200 for alteration of old hospital, $250 for finishing porch for main building, $1,500 for water tower and water system, and $12,000 for salaries of officers and employees. At the session of 1901 the Legislature appropriated for the Confederate Home $69,850. Thirty thousand dollars for support and maintenance, $19,000 for salaries of officers and employees; $15,000 for new hospital buildings and $2,000 for barn, $1,000 for new mattresses, $750 for finishing porch, $500 for fencing, $200 for repairs on old barn, $400 for repairs on superintendent's house, $1,000 for general repairs.

You will see from the above statement that the State of Missouri is not only doing something for the relief of Confederate soldiers, but is being very liberal in its appropriations, so that the Confederates have been kindly treated by the State at large.

At the same time the State took charge of the Confederate Home as one of its institutions, it also took charge of the Federal Home in this State, and has maintained and supported it since that time. In addition, the Legislature at the session of 1899 appropriated $1,500 for the construction and erection of a monument to Gen. John S. Marmaduke. Out of that sum an elegant monument has been erected at his grave. The State having relieved the Confederates of Missouri of the care of the Home, have been busy the last six years taking care of their cemeteries and erecting monuments therein. On last August they dedicated a handsome monument at Springfield, Mo., and in the last few weeks have dedicated a handsome monument at an expense of $5,000 in Kansas City, Mo. The Daughters of the Confederacy are now raising a fund to erect a monument in the Confederate cemetery at Higginsville, Mo., and have a goodly sum on hand for that purpose. The Confederate Camp at Neosho is raising a fund to construct and erect a monument to the Confederate dead buried there.

What Kentucky is Doing.

C. L. Daughtry, member Confederate Home Committee, Bowling Green, Ky.: The article in the Veteran for May in regard to relief by the different states for Confederate soldiers does not do Kentucky justice. The last Legislature appropriated ten thousand dollars per year for the maintenance of the Confederate Home, which will be established about July 1, as we have about $17,000 subscribed to buy and furnish a home.

MISS ANNIE IONE GASTON, OF TEXAS,
Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V. at Dallas.

The grand ball given at Dallas during the reunion was doubtless never excelled in magnificence in the South, if in this country, and Miss Gaston, as queen of the occasion, will long be remembered by the many thousands in attendance.

Miss Laura Gaston, an older sister now married, was sponsor for Texas, and greatly admired at New Orleans reunion.

UNCROWNED HEROES—SAM DAVIS THE THEME.

The writer had the opportunity of attending Commencement exercises at Henderson, Tenn., recently. One of the orators of the graduating class of young men, Mr. Oscar Baird, took for his theme "Uncrowned Heroes." He commented upon American honored heroes, naming Washington, Lincoln, and others. Then he said:

Yet they are not the only valiant of our native country, for in my imagination I see Lawrence as he reclines in the embrace of death, when the blood is gushing forth in great streams from his wounds, when the angel of God is hovering over him, he gives this patriotic advice, "Don't give up the ship." Then, too, there is Patrick Henry, who, standing in a great concourse of people, said: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! Forbid it! I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death!" And again the mind is overwhelmed when we view the thousands, yea myriads, of soldiers, whose bodies now lie in unclaimed graves over the face of the earth. All these I say are "uncrowned heroes."

Ladies and gentlemen, we have thus slowly drifted into the theme of my oration, which I introduce in the language of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before his face,
O, many a name unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
And a rope about his neck.

He of whom she so well speaks is no other than our lamented Tennesseean Sam Davis, the sincere youth, who died rather than betray a friend and falsify his word. His was a character unlikened to any ever recorded in the annals of history. He was one of the noblest specimens of humanity that ever wore a jacket of grey. His soul was as pure as the driven snow, and his heart as clear as the crystal waters. As he had lived so he died; as he fought so he fell. Considering the words which were written by him when doomed and surrounded by enemies, one naturally feels a great interest in this noble hero. He says: "Dear mother, O how painful it is to write to you to-day, for I have to die to-morrow morning—to be hung by the Feedrals. Mother, do not grieve for me when I am dead, for I am not afraid to die. O how I wish I could see you once again, but I never can." O can you think of a more pathetic letter than this, or a more touching scene? We hear his captors, his enemies, threatening, begging, and pleading for him to speak one word that he may be free, that he may save his life, so promising, so bright and full of hope, even the general (Dodge) does all in his power to prevent the gallows from obtaining this innocent victim, yet he absolutely refuses to divulge the secret. He is doomed, he must die. . . . As he ascends the gallows, his form is erect, his face is pale, and his thoughts are rushing in mighty torrents to the loved ones at home, to his venerable father, whose form has been touched by the corroding finger of time, to his Christian mother who taught him how to pray, and to other loved ones, sisters, brothers and friends, who will be astounded and grieved over his untimely end. After bidding those who had been kind to him farewell, and turning his beardless face and gazing at the noonday sun high in the heavens nestled among the clouds says to the hangman: "I am ready." Then the cap is adjusted, the trap spring, and his soul rushes out across the celestial river of death.

Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom and stay a king.

Confederate Veterans Home for Alabama.—Hon. J. M. Faulkner writes from Montgomery, June 17: I am glad to be able to report to you that we have a Confederate Veterans' Home at Mountain Creek, Ala., well under way. We broke dirt on April 7, and we put two old soldiers in on May 30. The home will consist of a series of cottages of four living rooms, a dining room and kitchen, and in each cottage will be quartered eight old soldiers, two in a room. There will be a garden to each cottage, and each cottage will be furnished with a cow, chickens, etc. We have now about twenty applications for admission into the home and by Saturday night of this week we will have room for sixteen of these. Our cottages will be built just as rapidly as possible, and our work will not be stopped until every indigent Confederate soldier in Alabama shall be safely sheltered in the home. Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, delivered his famous lecture, "The Old Plantation" in the auditorium at Montgomery last Saturday night for the benefit of the home, from which our camp realized more than $3,000. It was the finest audience I ever saw.

The Mrs. Hill Who Is Gratefully Remembered.—J. Booton Hill writes from Richmond, Va.: "In the April Veteran R. C. McPhail, of Graham, Tex., inquires about 'Mrs. Dr. Hill.' I am her son, and answer through the Veteran, making some corrections. Mrs. Dr. Hill is now the widow of Dr. William A. Hill, who was a practicing physician and a minister of the gospel. He was not a brother, but first cousin of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill. This home is near Locust Dale, Madison County, Va., eight miles from Orange C. H., and was the stopping place for all Confederate soldiers passing that way when circumstances permitted. This section of our State was as frequently in the Federal lines as in the Confederate. When our troops held it my father, Dr. Hill, looked after the families of our soldiers. When we fell back he was compelled to do likewise. Many a time, too, my mother fed Federal soldiers as they passed through the country, always telling them that "Our boys will soon drive you back." On one occasion a Federal captain from Michigan was brought in by one of our men. The Confederate asked for breakfast for both. Learning that my mother's name was Hill, he returned to say: '*My* name is Hill, and I am related to Gen. A. P. Hill.' The reply came quickly: 'Not so; Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill had no relations in the North; and if he had, they would not have disgraced the name by joining the Yankees.' The Federal soldier finished his breakfast in silence. She had two sons in the Confederate army, and both are now living in the dear old State—one, Dr. William D. Hill, at Culpepper, Va., and the writer, in Richmond."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Thomas P. Stone, of Waco, Tex., Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, has issued this General Order No. 1, making Homer D. Wade his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. Commander Stone begins his responsible duties as Commander in Chief imbued with the great work to be accomplished. Sons of Confederate Veterans may greatly encourage and strengthen him by writing their readiness to coöperate. This organization is of vital importance to all that is held dear in the South.

PEABODY COLLEGE FOR EDUCATING SOUTHERNERS.

The address of Mrs. T. P. Dozier, printed in this VETERAN, sets forth a plan which deserves careful consideration, and which, if successfully carried out, will be the crowning work of the benevolent purposes of the Association so far as Tennessee is concerned.

Mrs. Dozier proposes that the Daughters of the Confederacy erect a Girls' Dormitory near the Peabody Normal which will be a residence during their term at College for female descendants of Confederate soldiers, who will be nominated by the various chapters of the Association.

This college, like the Daughters of the Confederacy, was founded for benevolent purposes, and its privileges are offered to the entire South; the realization of Mrs. Dozier's plan would be a union of philanthropic institutions coöperating to secure great advantages to daughters of Confederate veterans.

The college was established jointly by the State of Tennessee, the University of Nashville, and the Peabody Board of Trust for the education of teachers for Southern schools and to fit young men and women for the discharge of all the duties of official positions in educational affairs.

Since its formation in 1875 this college has given instruction to more than 9,000 students, nearly all from Southern States, very many of them sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers—a majority of them women; and a large proportion of them all now earning a fair livelihood as teachers and exercising a strong and wholesome influence on the youth of the country.

While the college offers free tuition to those who intend to become teachers, many students have great difficulty in meeting the other necessary expenses, and others are entirely prevented by poverty from attending.

To meet the wants of these classes the plan proposed by Mrs. Dozier to aid young women struggling for an education and a profession should receive the enthusiastic support of the Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the South.

This Peabody College is for the entire South; and its past success and its prospects warrant it as being regarded one of the educational fixtures of the country, and as stable as the Government itself.

Mrs. Dozier says: "We have discussed our plan with Gov. Porter, President of the Peabody Normal College, who favors it most heartily, and requests us to say to you that they will exercise over the young women from Confederate homes a paternal care, and that our students shall have the advantagesof the Peabody College library, which is indeed an excellent one, and all other advantages of the college. He not only authorizes us to say this to you but that they will give us some help in a financial way."

Gov. Porter was a gallant Confederate soldier, and his heart is warm to his old comrades and their daughters could be in no better hands.

His sentiments, in a measure at least, are indicative of those of the entire Board in control of the college, as he is not only President of the college, and President of the University of Nashville but a member of the Peabody Board of Trust and Chairman of its Executive Committee.

This movement can be made productive of much good to the descendants of our old comrades even to remote generations, and although not authorized to make the statement, it is believed by the VETERAN that the Daughters in every section of the South could secure important advantages in this way.

Correspondence on the subject is suggested with Mr. J. M. Bass, Secretary Peabody Normal College, Nashville, or Mrs. Dozier, Franklin, Tenn.

The VETERAN gives this unstinted praise to the Peabody Normal because it is sustained entirely through the bequest of George Peabody from realizing the calamity to the South by the war and by "reconstruction" methods.

So much has appeared in newspapers of the day in criticism of Miss Mary Lee's action in refusing to change her seat from the section reserved for negroes in the Alexandria street car that the VETERAN gives a true account of the occurrence. Miss Lee was arrested on account of it. A friend of her's writes:

"Please correct the report that Miss Lee intentionally took her seat in the car reserved for colored people under the laws of Virginia. She entered a mixed car—which the Virginia law is intended to banish—without barrier or division between the seats for white and black, only placards over the doors, not designating, however, which seats were reserved. She took the only vacant seat, seeing 'White' at the end of the car. When told of her mistake, she said: 'It is only a few minutes more. I do not wish to move.' No white car was there."

Miss Hattie A. Miller delights in honoring the Confederate soldier. Her father and all her kinspeople took part for the South and made brave soldiers in the Confederate army. Miss Miller was maid of honor to Miss Alma Wilson, sponsor for Joseph E. Johnston Camp No. 119, U. C. V., at Memphis reunion. She is an accomplished, handsome, and now lives near Gainesville, Tex. See page 248.

Shriver Grays Camp, No. 907, U. C. V., at Wheeling, W. Va., composed of twenty-five members, is raising a monument to our Confederate dead. We have already pledged several hundred dollars, but being weak in numbers, would gladly have aid from any of our fellow-veterans however small the "mite." Our own camp has done splendidly, every member contributing to the utmost of his ability. Martin Thornton, D. E. Stalnaker, W. L. Rodgers, Soliciting Committee.

John Logan, of Logan, Mo., desires to learn the names of the two young ladies of South Carolina who, on their way home from church, chose to walk in order to help six afflicted Confederate soldiers to their house. They lived between ten and twenty miles north of Augusta, Ga. All the soldiers were from Missouri.

EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

Lieut. Richard Irby, (afterwards captain) of the Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, now of Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., quotes from his diary kept for the family:

But in 1860 the war cloud began to gather and rolled up its dark masses on the Northern horizon—soon to darken all the land. The quiet farmers who had never dreamed of war, and had only read of its dreadful ravage and carnage, were soon gathering and forming companies, learning the art of war from others who learned it from Manuals—awkward business it was to both teacher and taught, and if it had not been so serious, it would have been highly amusing. Of the company formed in the neighborhood the young farmer became the second officer. Before he and his company had learned the manual of arms the storm burst. The "Mother of States," reluctant to dissolve the bonds of the Union she helped to form, at last broke the bond. The Governor called out the company but lately formed, with new "minie" guns and gray uniforms, but still an "awkward squad," to assemble at the Nottoway Courthouse.

That night the telegraph brought the order to hurry to Richmond. The company met next morning in the brick church and prayed together before they embarked on the train, stifling as best they could the tears which strong men could not suppress, because they were leaving loved ones they possibly might see no more. The young farmer had no time to go home. The parting and farewell kiss of wife and children was not allowed. He saw her not for seven long months, though one of the sons was pining on a bed of pain.

At the election for delegates to the General Assembly which came on a few weeks after active service began, the young farmer was elected a member of the House of Delegates from the counties of Amelia and Nottoway, the session to begin the first week in December.

After drilling for six weeks at the Camp of Instruction near Richmond, the company, now Company G, Eighteenth Virginia Regiment, went to the front at Manassas Junction and then to Fairfax Courthouse, the advance post then guarded by a few regiments.

It was not long before the blue lines were seen advancing, the pickets falling back. After a show of fight, the advanced Confederate lines fell back toward the base at Bull Run. A hot July day it was, but neither heat nor pride allowed any other course, for the blue lines were seen forming a crescent, and the small forces of gray would soon have been surrounded. Centerville and Bull Run were made by sunset, but the commissary wagons went farther on to Manassas Junction. So we had nothing to eat. Nature's "sweet restorer," blessed but not very "balmy," had full sway that night on a weary, footsore crowd making mother earth's bosom a bed. But what a day of new experience! The enemy in actual sight, the cannon booming, the musket-fire rattling, the "Star Spangled Banner" waving, trenches left, retreat where fight was expected, and then—what? Old Tom Ritchie used to say just before great elections, "Nous Verrons!" Yes we should see what we should see, but who knew what? Gen. Beauregard did in part, but not the volunteer officer. It was his part to follow without knowing the course or end, advance or retreat. This was on the 17th of July. The enemy the next day advanced to the ford, about a mile below our position, and attacked the Confederate lines with considerable force. The firing was quite heavy on both sides, and quite a number were killed of both Federals and Confederates. The latter held their positions and the former retired to Centerville.

On the Sunday following, July 21, the battle of "First Manassas" took place. Our regiments occupied a position on the north side of Bull Run just above the lower angle made by Bull Run and a road from Lewis' Ford to the Warrenton pike about a mile from the ford. The main body of the Confederate force was on the Southern side, extending from a point near Sudley on the Run, down to Union Mills, between which points there were a number of fords, and also the "Stone bridge," where the pike crossed the Run. The night before the battle was calm and still. Our company was on picket duty, up towards the pike. On the southern side we heard axes ringing on the timber in the bottom, cut down to obstruct the crossing of the foe. New Confederate forces were reaching the field of the morrow's combat, and were being placed in position. The voices of command were plainly heard by us. To the north, some two miles away and around Centerville, the Federal legions were camped. We heard their drums beat "tattoo." An ominous silence followed, indicating sleep and rest for the next morning's advance.

Morning of the Battle.

The woodthrush and redbird welcomed the early morning dawn. Their trilling and song were just as sweet as ever, for they knew not that soon stirring drum and screaming fife, and then the cannon's roar and shrieking shell, would make a discord such as never before had been heard in that retired valley by bird or human ear. The pickets were soon firing along the pike. The grating of artillery wheels announced the movements of heavy guns. The thick forest undergrowth screened us from view of the Federals and they came so near that the words of command, as the famous "Long Tom" rifle gun was unlimbered and placed in position, were distinctly heard. In a few minutes the first shell sent across the valley had gone hurling over. It was followed by shouts of thousands of Southern men on the other side of the Run. Two prisoners were taken by our skirmishers and sent to the rear—the first that were taken. While "Long Tom" was thundering away for several hours, the right wing of McDowell's army was moving up the Run, to turn our left wing at Sudley. They did turn it and drove it back down the stream. Serious work was going on, serious enough, for our lines were melting away though fighting with great bravery and against heavy odds.

The news came to the Federals near us that victory was on their side. Just then their band struck up an anthem of praise. The notes were sweet, but anything else but grateful to our ears. We had not long to listen to the music, for orders came hurrying us to the thickest of the fray. Crossing the Run at the ford below and marching up the same, our way was over hills, some open, some wooded, for about a mile. As our line advanced the shot and shell directed at us now and then would plow the ground as they struck, or

ricochet across the line. Soon the wounded were meeting us, coming from the smoke just ahead, where Jackson had stemmed the tide and driven the blue-coats and red-breeches men back. The guns at the Henry House had been captured by our men and then recaptured by the Federals. A short pause ensued while the lines of our brigade were forming, after coming through the pines. In this interval the artillery on the hill and the small guns were busy. Some of our regiment were falling, and others near, also. The command to charge was given our regiment; the lines swept up the hill past the guns which had been taken and retaken before. From the top of this hill some of these were wheeled around by our men and fired on the retreating Federal lines, fast fleeing in confusion down the other side. At right angles to this retreating crowd—it could not be called a line—other Confederate lines were seen moving up in order on our left, thus placing the Federals in an angle. Perceiving this, the whole force of the Federals fled in reckless flight, and the panic was soon complete. The onward rush was awful. Officers with drawn swords were seen trying to stem the tide, but all in vain. Artillery, infantry, and ambulances jumbled together in confused masses, rushed on without regard to road, all toward Washington, whence they had started but a few days before. The dead and wounded were left, guns thrown away, and all other "impedimenta" that hindered flight. Thus in two short hours the short-while victorious legions were turned back. The pursuing became the pursued. "Long Tom" on the hill ceased his thunder because the panic-stricken gunners had not time to harness the horses and take the gun from the field.

The splendid Rhode Island battery of field guns was abandoned at Cub-Run Bridge, which had become obstructed by the horses, killed as they struck it. Next morning the van of the army, without guns and without semblance of order, reached the southern abutment of the Long Bridge at Washington about ten o'clock, having traveled well nigh all night. The victory was ours, complete and not complete; for it did not end the war as we then hoped it would.

The day closed in darkening clouds. Before the sun rose again the wounded on the field were stiffened by the falling rain. The prisoners, a good number, were sent to the rear. The captured guns were gathered together and sent to Manassas, the bivouacs blazed on or near the field of battle for a few nights. Then on toward Washington we marched until at times we could see the dome of the old capitol looming up in the distance, and near enough sometimes to hear the drum beat at Arlington where McClellan soon was organizing another grand army.

The casualties in my company in battle was only one man wounded, but the exposure, heat, and exhaustion of the week brought death to several and sickness to many. Our farmer soldier had the command of the company in battle, the captain having been unfit for service. He came through the ordeal without casualty of any kind, and with a thankful heart. At once he began to yearn to see the boy, sick so long and suffering so much. Application for a furlough was made out. Here is a copy, and notes and comments as it went up, till it got to the general commanding, and then it came back to the applicant, who preserved it as a memento of one of the darkest dispensations of his life.

Furlough Asked (August 12, 1861) and Refused.

"I respectfully ask leave to return home to remain (10) ten days. I was suddenly called off on the 22d April last, having a large family, and with no time to make business arrangements. I have never been absent from my company since. For two months one of my children has been closely confined to his bed by lingering disease, and now several more are sick. My business, so suddenly left, requires my attention. After a close attention to my duties for so long a time, I desire the above mentioned furlough, if the interests of the service are not likely to suffer injury thereby. (Signed) Richard Irby, Lieut. Company G, Eighteenth Virginia Volunteers, Centerville, Va., August 12, 1861."

His captain, Reps. Connally, recommended the leave of absence, "as he has discharged his duties cheerfully and faithfully since he has been in the service, and because he knows that it is important that he should visit his home."

His colonel, R. E. Withers, approved and forwarded the recommendation that it be granted for the reasons set forth, "and for the gallantry and efficiency of Lieut. Irby in the battle of the 21st, commanding at the time Company G."

It was indorsed and approved by Phillip St. George Cocke, colonel commanding brigade, but it was returned by Thomas Jordan, A. A., General First Corps, Manassas, August 16, 1861: "The condition of the service will not allow the General to grant leaves of absence of this character."

As a comment upon the battle Comrade Irby writes: "While the good generalship was on the side of the Federals, the good fighting was on the side of the Confederates." He compliments especially Stonewall Jackson and his men, and those preceding and relieving them.

A. L. Hill, (who was courier to Gen. Smith), Athens, Ga.: The quotation from the Fort Worth *Register* in the February Veteran on page 62, while intended to be entirely complimentary to Gen. M. L. Smith, gives a very erroneous impression of that distinguished officer. Gen. Smith was the most dignified of men, absolutely self-controlled, spare of speech, and with great composure of manner. No one who knew him can conceive of his "holding high carnival as lord of the feast," or "looking askance at an intruder," or "turning ashy pale," or of "raising his voice to the highest treble." The information that the Federals were coming down the Mississippi doubtless scattered the assembly, but it didn't rattle Gen. Smith.

Memorial Day at Oakwood, Richmond.

Oakwood Memorial Day was celebrated at Richmond, Va., May 10. A large number of people went out to the cemetery, where are buried about thirteen thousand Confederates. There was a parade of the various Confederate organizations and military companies. Hon. John Goode, the President of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, was the orator. Probably ten thousand people attended.

THE TWO GREAT ARMIES.

The following figures about the two great armies are taken from an old newspaper. They were furnished by a correspondent of the Leesburg *Washingtonian:*

The Secretary of War (Stanton) reports the total number of men called into the United States military service during the war at 2,656,553, and that the number of United States soldiers killed in battle and died in hospitals was 252,000.

He puts the total strength of the United States army, at the close of the war, at 1,000,516, and the total number of paroles granted to the Confederate States army at 174,223.

Stanton also makes the following report of war material destroyed and consumed during the "little unpleasantness" in the United States army alone: "Eight thousand cannon, 11,000 gun carriages, 90,000,000 pounds of lead, 1,000,000,000 cartridges, 7,000,000 pounds of shot and shell, 26,000,000 pounds of gunpowder, 3,400 muskets and rifles, 200,000 sets of accoutrements." [The number of muskets in this report must be erroneous.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

Official reports of thirty-nine battles, together with the 15,000 who died in prison, and including the Richmond campaigns of McClellan and Grant, show a loss to the "boys in blue" in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 412,551.

In 1860 the population of the United States was 31,148,147, showing in loyal States 23,485,722, and on the Rebel side, 7,652,325.

Official reports show that Southern States proper furnished to the United States army 424,042 men, as follows: Delaware, 13,651; Maryland, 49,737; Tennessee, 12,977; West Virginia, 32,000; District of Columbia, 16,872; Missouri, 108,773; Kentucky, 78,540; New Mexico, 2,395; and colored troops to the number of 100,000, while it is officially estimated that there were in the United States army 100,000 foreigners.

A Confederate medical officer has estimated that the whole number of Confederates killed during the war was 53,722, and including those who died by disease, the number list was 100,000. He says that the whole available force of the Confederates from first to last was 600,000.

The number of commissioned vessels was 731, and the number of colored soldiers 178,975. The total number of men in the service when Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant was over a million. The Government spent for the maintenance of the struggle about three thousand five hundred millions of dollars. The cost to the South cannot be computed. The expense of the slave property and the crops which were lost are computed at five thousand million dollars in gold. Mr. Stewart states that the proportion of the South for the national debt has now to be paid, and will make a thousand million dollars, causing the aggregate loss to the South to amount to fully six thousand million dollars.

RE-ENLISTMENT IN THE WESTERN ARMY.

John H. Lynn, Company E. One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, Honey Grove, Tex.:

I notice in the April VETERAN an article headed "Reenlistments by the Confederates," by Col. Wm. D. Pickett, which in the main fact is correct—that is, that the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Sr. Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers did start the ball. It was at that time encamped on Rockyface Ridge, Dalton, Ga. Our army, then depleted, was fronting the enemy with a strength three to our one, and the term of our enlistment the first to expire. We saw the necessity of strengthening instead of weakening our organization, therefore in a body reënlisted for the war, with the exception of perhaps a dozen who attached themselves to Forrest's cavalry, as that privilege was given to all to reënlist.

We were complimented in the highest terms in the papers of the time. It was camp rumor that the cities of Charleston, Mobile, and Atlanta would present us with full suits of clothes, which were badly needed. The only thing that really materialized was a few extra rations of flour issued to our regiment. These are the facts to the best of my recollection of the reenlistments, other regiments following as their time expired. Col. Mike Megiveny was in command of the brigade composed of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth, Thirteenth, Twelfth, and Forty-Seventh Tennessee Volunteers. On the 15th day of April, 1861, five companies embarked from the wharf at Memphis for Fort Randolph where we rendezvoused for a full organization of ten companies, 1,350 strong, commanded by Col. Preston Smith. I remained with the old One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth from start to finish, surrendering at Smithfield Station, N. C., with, I think, only eighteen of the regiment present.

A RIDE INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

H. H. Hockersmith, South Union, Ky.

Does any old comrade who was in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou know the name of the bold rider who carried a dispatch from the extreme right of our line to the left? This was indeed a ride into the jaws of death. The courier had to ride parallel with Federal lines nearly two miles, and it is safe to say that not less than one thousand shots were fired at him, and generally at close range. And as he came dashing down the lines, his hat held firmly in his teeth, form erect, his long locks waving, dashing past us as a meteor, such a shout went up as possibly was never heard before or afterwards. Many daring feats were accomplished during the war, but none more so than this, and the hero at this time would have made a picture second to none for the easel of the most gifted painter.

The route taken was the only direct one, for had he gone behind the bluffs, it would have made the distance some four or five miles out of the way, thus causing a delay which had to be avoided. It was said at the time that this daring rider was a Texan and volunteered from the ranks to deliver the message as no courier could be found who was willing to undertake this hazardous task, the rider saying: "If you will furnish me a horse, I will outrun the bullets of the d— Yankees," and he did outrun them, for he made the trip without receiving a scratch. If this brave man is still alive, he is deserving of the lavish praise of the whole South. If dead, then for grandeur his monument should be second to none erected for the great heroes who have passed from earth.

MY SUIT OF CONFEDERATE GRAY.

BY FANNIE H. MARR.

I never was one of the careful kind
  For saving and hoarding away;
If it were not so, I'd never have been
  As poor as I am to-day.

I have none of the care of the thrifty and keen,
  When the wages of toil I could claim;
But ever to me the best of it all
  Was the pleasure of spending the same.

But there's just one thing I would like to keep
  As carefully hoarded away
As the gold of the miser—and that one thing
  Is my suit of Confederate Gray.

It was made in a Southern loom, of wool
  From sheep that were Southern bred;
It was fashioned and sewed by the dearest hands
  That ever used needle and thread.

It was handsome and bright when I put it on,
  And proud as a prince was I
Of my wife, my suit, and the Cause in which
  I was pledged to conquer or die.

I dreamed not of failure, thought not of defeat
  As I turned to the conflict away;
Away from wife, mother, and children, and home,
  In my suit of Confederate Gray.

I marched and paraded, I rested and drilled,
  I ate and I slept night and day;
I skirmished and fought, advanced and fell back,
  In my suit of Confederate Gray.

It was slashed and riddled by saber and ball,
  It was soiled with the dust of the road;
It was mottled all over with ghastly stains
  Of my own and another's blood.

But it's fairer than silk and satin to me,
  It is dearer than gold this day;
The treasure and pride of my heart and my life
  Is my suit of Confederate Gray.

For after one battle came General Lee,
  And reined in his steed where I lay
In a puddle of blood, between comrades slain,
  In my suit of Confederate Gray.

"I'm sorry, my friend, would God I had been
  In your stead on this terrible day!"
Were his words, and a tear from his eye fell down
  On my suit of Confederate Gray.

The fields of our battles are covered with grain,
  Where we fought is now smiling and gay;
But nothing can brighten or freshen again
  My suit of Confederate Gray.

It can never more be as I saw it once,
  As the hand of its fashioner fair;
Like the Southern heart, the rents and the scars,
  And the gashes and stains are still there.

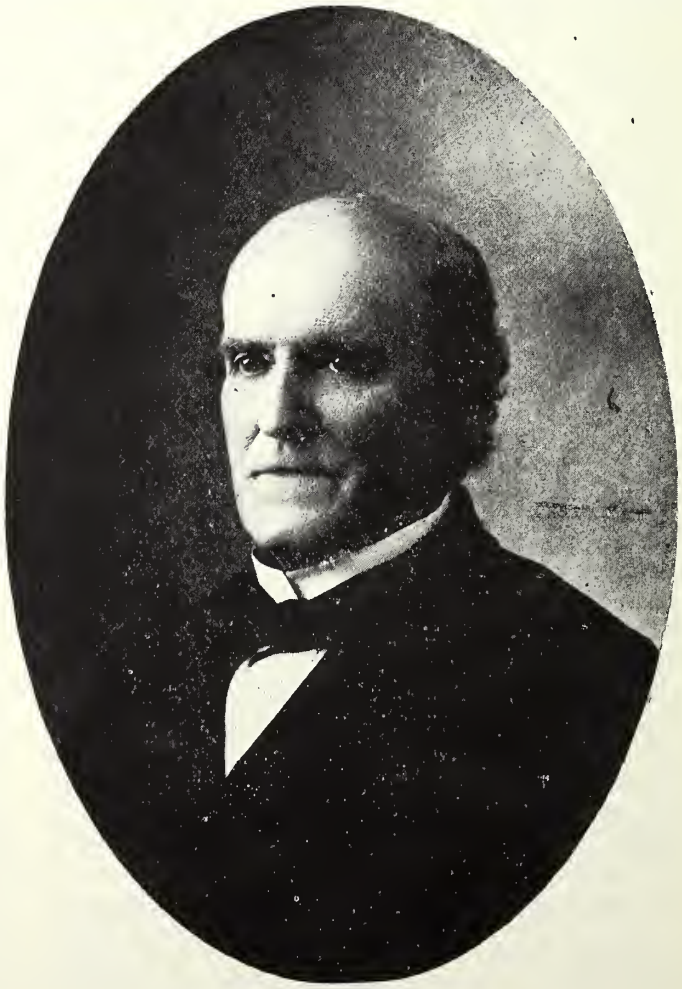
O it carries me back! I'm a soldier once more,
  Light-hearted, and daring, and gay;
I'm a Southern rebel whenever I look
  At my suit of Confederate Gray.

Put it on when my form all breathless and cold,
  In the dust of the grave ye shall lay;
For I want to rest, till the Great Captain calls,
  In my suit of Confederate Gray.

Dr. S. H. Stout, Head of Medical Department, United Confederate Veterans.

From the *Southern Practitioner:*

Samuel Hollingsworth Stout was born in Nashville, Tenn., March 3, 1822. He entered the freshmen class of the University of Nashville at the age of thirteen years, and was graduated A.B. in 1839, and A.M. in 1842. Immediately upon graduating he was made assistant teacher in the seminary. Two years later he studied medicine under his brother, Dr. J. W. Stout, and Dr. R. C. K. Martin; 1842-43 he attended lectures in the University of Pennsylvania. He taught as principal a seminary in Giles County, Tenn., three years, at the same time pursuing his medical studies. In 1845 he passed an examination before a Board of Naval Surgeons No. 1, of a class of fifty-two applicants. He was commissioned assistant surgeon



DR. S. H. STOUT.

two days before the date his diploma as M.D. was granted by the University of Pennsylvania. After re-receiving his commission, he declined to serve, preferring a private practice to a public one.

April 6, 1848, he married Miss Martha M. Abernathy, of Giles County. He practiced in Nashville one year, but afterwards settled on a farm in Giles County. He made phenomenal pecuniary success in farming and in his profession there.

In May, 1861, Dr. Stout entered the service of the Provisional Army of Tennessee as surgeon of Col. (afterwards Major General and Governor) John C. Brown's Third Tennessee Regiment. In October, 1861, he took charge of the Gordon Hospital, Nashville, was in charge of it until the evacuation of this city, March, 1862 (after a leave of absence of thirty days), was ordered by Gen. Johnston to take charge of the hospitals at Chattanooga.

In July of the same year, by special order of Gen. Bragg, Dr. Stout was made Superintendent of Hospitals of his army, reporting to his medical director, Surgeon A. J. Foard. In 1863 the directing of the hospitals was taken from Directors of Armies in the field; and early in 1863 Dr. Stout was announced by the Secretary of War as Medical Director for Hospitals of the Department, Army of Tennessee, which position he held to the surrender.

Dr. Stout was always active in the cause of education in Tennessee, Georgia, and since he has resided in Texas. His suggestions in the direction of the practical work of education have been highly appreciated by his fellow-citizens. In 1885 his alma mater in the arts, the University of Nashville conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D., in recognition of his services in the cause of humanity as a medical man and an educator. He now resides in Dallas, Tex.

His fortune inherited and acquired before the Confederate war was swept away by its results.

Dr. and Mrs. Stout have had born to them four sons and three daughters, of whom three sons and two daughters survive.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence speaks for itself. The letter of a Federal officer illustrates the infamous character of some officials in the great war. The answer of Gen. Stuart has the ring of the true metal:

Headquarters Second Division, C. C., September 1, 1863.

J. Irvine Gregg, Colonel Commanding, wrote this letter:

Sir: My patrol was fired upon last evening by a concealed party of Confederate troops, near the mill between Corbin's and Newby's Cross Roads, and one man wounded and four captured. If the same should again occur I will hold the inhabitants of the country in the immediate vicinity responsible, and cause all houses, barns, or other property, to be destroyed.

It was addressed to the officer commanding Confederate troops, near Gaines' Cross Roads, Va.

Headquarters Cavalry Division, Army Northern Virginia, September 3, 1863.

Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart replied:

Sir: Your communication of the 1st inst., addressed to "the officer commanding Confederate troops near Gaines' Cross Roads, Va.," has been referred to me. It caused no surprise. I expect such from those who, baffled in legitimate warfare, seek to turn their weapons against helpless women and children and unarmed men. Your threat is harmless. For any such acts as you propose, I will now know whom to hold responsible. My government knows how to protect her citizens; and justice, though sometimes slow, will be sure to reach the perpetrators of such barbarities as you desire to inaugurate. Our citizens are accustomed to your bravado; our soldiers know their duty.

Personal Reminiscences by H. H. Hamilton, Ballenger, Tex.—I was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., July 14, 1848, and yet I was in the war between the States. I reported to Lieut. John W. Rogan, now of Bristol, Tenn., Company A, Twelfth Tennessee, Batallion, Capt. Clint Tryon's Company. "Old man" John Haynes was our orderly sergeant. He lives now on Opossum Creek in Scott County, Va., I would like to know if Maj. Day is living. He killed Capt. Arnold in Bristol, Tenn., in 1865. He commanded the "Bloody" Twelfth at the time. Maj. Adrian was once in command of our battallion. I think he is now in Louisville, Ky. Would be glad to know if there is anything that marks the grave of my brother, William R. Hamilton, who died in prison at Rock Island, Ill. He was a member of Company A, Twelfth Tennessee, captured at New Market. I am a member of William E. Jones Camp, U. C. V., Abingdon, Va., but at present am staying with an old comrade, H. D. Pearce, at Ballinger, Tex. Comrade Pearce is doing much to preserve the record of Confederates. He has the name, address, company, and regiment of more than five thousand Confederate soldiers in Texas. He has now more than a thousand of them from Tennessee. He has the names of thousands from all the States of the South, knows where they belonged—company, regiment, and the battles in which they participated. I would be glad to hear from Thomas Scrivner, Sam Ellis, Joe Skelton or his boys, Bill or Pete. We had a fight with some bushwhackers at Union Meeting House, near my father's, after the war. Would like also to hear from Sam Smith. He shot two Walters boys that day, and was wounded himself, so was old Uncle Eldridge Ford. They tried to keep the Rev. Mr. Hicky from preaching the funeral of John Ellis, who was killed at Perryville, Ky.

Experiences in the War.—J. J. Harris, Chaplain Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment, now residing at Iredell, Tex., gives the following crisp description of his first experience in the war. Other contributions may be expected from Comrade Harris hereafter:

"In August, 1861, at eleven o'clock at night, I left Mastin's camping ground in Whitfield County, Ga., with twenty-four others for Knoxville, Tenn., where we joined the Confederate army. I enlisted in the Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment, Col. John M. Lillard commanding, and was appointed chaplain. Our regiment numbered one thousand and fifty strong. It was so large that it was called the Confederate army. Just before the close of the war, we were paroled, and numbered only sixty-five. I do not know of but one living, beside myself, who belonged to that regiment.

In the battle of Donelson, the first we were in, I saw Hancock, as brave a man as ever lived, killed just because he had formed a wrong notion that he would see what he was shooting at. The left guide left his place and asked me to take it until he came back. I saw we were exposed to a heavy fire and cried: "Lie down, men!" All obeyed but two. One of these was Hancock. I said, "For the sake of your wife and children, lie down!" Just then a minie ball struck him in the forehead, bursting off the top of his head. I will not give the name of the other man. He got behind a tree, which hid him very well except his knapsack. A spent ball struck the knapsack. He dropped it like it was hot. Just as far as I could see him his legs were taking him out of that fight. He was ready for the next fight, exposing himself unnecessarily. That night he deserted. Poor fellow, he could not help it. In the February number of the VETERAN, in "Camp Scenes Around Dalton," B. L. Ridley speaks of the man who was shot at Missionary Ridge for deserting. He was of my regiment; was hardly responsible.

Our loss at Donelson was heavy in killed and wounded. We were surrendered next morning at daylight, and were seven months in prison at Camp Morton. O how dark!

ERROR IN DR. WYETH'S LIFE OF GEN. FORREST.—Mr. Julian F. Gracey writes from Clarksville, Tenn.: I have just finished reading Dr. John A. Wyeth's life of Gen. Forrest. It is unquestionably a work of great merit. I was surprised to note, however, that on page 521, where he discusses the capture of the steamer Mazeppa by Gen. Forrest's command in the Johnsonville campaign, he gives the credit to W. C. West, of Company G, Barteau's Second Tennessee Regiment, for having volunteered to swim across the Tennessee River to secure the disabled vessel. It is a fact that the man who did the act was my father, Capt. Frank P. Gracey, and doubtless you will remember this incident yourself, as the story has been printed in the VETERAN. I also notice that Dr. Wyeth puts Col. W. A. Dawson in command of the gunboat Undine, after her capture, and my father in command of the transport Venus. This is an error, as my father was placed in command of the Undine, and Col. Dawson made his headquarters on the Venus.

I have sent to Dr. Wyeth a letter from Gen. H. B. Lyon, indorsing my statement as to my father's action in this matter, and agreeing that Dr. Wyeth was in error. I presume that there are hundreds of men living now who could give testimony to the fact that my father is the man who did the heroic act near the mouth of Sandy on the Tennessee River. In the work of Gens. Thomas Gordon and J. P. Pryor covering the campaigns of Gen. Forrest, my father is given full credit for having swam the river, and afterwards being put in charge of the gunboat Undine by order of Gen. Forrest. I will thank you very much for your assistance in giving the correct history in this matter; as just by such efforts as these will the true history of our Confederate soldiers finally be written.

NAPIER'S LIGHT ARTILLERY.—Hendley V. Napier, Jr., of Macon, Ga., writes the VETERAN:

"Noticing that through the courtesy of your paper the veterans are enabled to find some of their old comrades, I write to ask if you will do me the favor of advising me of the whereabouts of any of the members of 'Napier's Light Artillery,' commanded by Capt. Leroy Napier, of this city."

UNFORTUNATE DATES FOR THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.—The United Daughters of the Confederacy are to hold their annual reunion in New Orleans in November—the 12th. At the same time the National Association of Bankers also hold their annual convention there. The latter have already engaged every available room in the St. Charles Hotel and choice quarters in the other hotels so that the U. D. C. will not be nearly as comfortably fixed as they would be at another date. Interested Confederates wanted the bankers to come a week sooner, but they declined for an important reason. A week later we have the Hardware Manufacturers and Jobbers Convention to be held there. The U. D. C. say they can't change, it is against the Constitution which names the day specifically. Surely a change ought to be made where there is so much involved. The U. C. V. never name the date until after conference and concurrence with local interests.

ABOUT THE BURIAL SERVICES OF CAPT. LATANE.—E. H. Lively, Spokane, Wash., writes of the burial services at the grave of Capt. William Latane, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, at the home of Mrs. Brockenbrough, near Hanover Courthouse, Va.:

In 1862, when Gen. J. E. B. Stuart made his famous ride around McClellan below Richmond, I saw in the Richmond *Dispatch* of January 19, that Mrs. William Spencer Brockenbrough said she was about to read the Episcopal service, when a Methodist clergyman, who had learned of the death of Capt. Latane, arrived and conducted the entire service. This information was obtained from Mrs. Brockenbrough at the instance of the Richmond Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The burial scene in the picture by William D. Washington is inspiring and touching in the extreme. It is proper that the names of the ladies who participated in the last sad rites, for the sake of history, should be recorded. Referring to the picture I wrote:

The central figure at the grave represents Mrs. Brockenbrough with the prayer book in her hand, three ladies of the Newton family, and two Misses Dabney. The two little girls are now Mrs. William Brooks of Washington, and Mrs. Walter Christian, of Richmond. At the grouping of the picture by the artist in the city, Mrs. Leigh Page represented Mrs. Brockenbrough, and the other principal figures are Misses Mattie Waller, Hettie Cray, Jennie Pegram, and Mattie Paul. One of the children is said to be the likeness of Miss Immogene Warwick, when a child. Pity the name of the Methodist minister was not preserved.

R. K. Atchison, in the Dallas *News*, paid tribute to the "Daddy of Telegraphers." He referred to Phillip H. Fall, a Nashville boy, and though considered the oldest operator in Texas, is spry as a youth. For helping a roommate spirit away a seminary girl while a student in Franklin College, Tennessee, Comrade Fall was suspended, and he made his way to Vicksburg, Miss., then noted as dueling ground—where duels were fought frequently. His sagacious

and timely conduct in reporting the movements of the Federal fleet upon Vicksburg entitles him to high credit for saving the Confederates from great loss of life and supplies.

FLAG OF THE FIFTY-THIRD VA. REGIMENT.

James T. Carter, color guard of the Fifty-Third Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.:

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., sends an account of the conditions at Gettysburg, also a sketch of the flag and seeks information concerning it. They are very anxious to locate the present whereabouts of this loved old flag, beneath whose folds so many brave lives were sacrificed. She quotes as follows:

We bivouacked the night of July 2d in the woods near Gettysburg, and early next morning were ordered to our position in front of Cemetery Ridge, where we took shelter in a road, remaining there till about three o'clock. About one o'clock the heavy artillery fire commenced, which lasted until half-past two. It was during this fire that Col. W. R. Aylet was wounded and retired from the field, the command of the Fifty-Third Virginia Regiment devolving upon Lieut. Col. R. W. Martin.

When the cannonading ceased, the brigade advanced to the top of the hill, where a halt was made for a short time; at that time Gen. Armistead came up to color-sergeant Blackwell, of the Fifty-Third Virginia Regiment, which was the batalion of direction of Armistead's Brigade, and pointing to the enemy's breastworks, said: "Sergeant, I want you and your men to plant your colors on those works. Do you think you can do it?" The sergeant replied, "Yes, sir, if God is willing." Then the General, taking out a small flask, told him to take some, which he did. My position that day was on Blackwell's left, with Gen. Armistead and Col. Martin in front of me.

Then we continued to advance, moving forward in two lines, Kemper and Garnett forming the first line, with Armistead for support. We advanced under a heavy fire of both artillery and small arms, and when about seventy-five yards from the stone wall, Gen. Kemper, on a handsome bay horse, rode up to Gen. Armistead (who was not over five feet from me) and said to him: "General, I am going to storm those works, and I want you to support me." Armistead said that he would, and calling Gen. Kemper's attention to the perfection of his line, said: "Did you ever see anything better on parade?" Kemper saluted, and replied, "I never did." Then Armistead placed his hat on the point of his sword, and waving it around gave the command: "Forward, double quick!" The saber soon cut through his hat, which slipped down to the hilt, but he continued to wave it, and urged his men forward.

Color-Sergeant Blackwell was now shot down, I seized the colors, but another of the guard, Scott, snatched them out of my hand, and ran about fifteen feet out in front of the brigade and waved them—all this while that terrible storm of bullets was pouring in—he was instantly shot, and Robert Tyler Jones ran forward and picked them up. I was wounded here and fell. Up to this time our Brigade had not fired a gun. When Jones took the colors he was shot in the arm, but continued to advance until he reached the stone wall, where he leaped on top and waved the flag triumphantly. But he was again shot, and fell forward severely wounded.

When the brigade reached the wall there were very few men left, and Armistead, turning to Lieut. Col. R. W. Martin, said: "Colonel, we can't stay here." Col. Martin replied, "Then we'll go forward!" and over the wall the remaining few went, but there were only seven or eight left—Gen. Armistead, Col. Martin, Lieut. H. L. Carter, Lieut. J. W. Whitehead, Thomas Treadway, James A. Coleman, and some others.

When Jones fell forward, Lieut. H. L. Carter seized the colors and ran forward among the enemies artillery, which they had abandoned; but reinforcements coming up, the enemy returned, retook the guns, there being no one to hold them, and opened fire again on our line. Gen. Armistead was killed while trying to turn one of the guns on the enemy. Col. Martin was wounded, his left leg being shattered by a ball; his friend, Thomas Treadway, who ran to his assistance, was shot and fell across his body. The others fell also, and Lieut. Carter finding himself alone in the enemy's lines, surrendered, and was sent a prisoner to the rear, leaving the flag among the guns, with seventeen bullet holes in his clothes, and yet without a scratch.

The flag of the Fifty-Third Virginia Regiment had been carried to the farthest point in the enemies lines that day. Of its ten guards eight had been killed outright, Jones and myself severely wounded.

Last winter on hearing that Congress would return old Confederate flags, I wrote and tried to get that of the Fifty-Third, but on investigation it was found to have been lent out soon after the war, to adorn some festival in the north, and never to have been returned.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

(Inscribed to the eight hundred unknown Confederate dead buried at Winchester, Va.)

In peace they sleep—the brave Unknown
  Beneath the verdant sod,
Above them bends the azure zone—
  The starlit arch of God;
They came not back who went to war,
  Those heroes brave and true;
They fell beneath the Southern star
  Before the ranks in blue.

A mother sighs, a sister yearns
  And weeps the weary day,
And wonder why no more returns
  The boy who marched in gray;
Where are the boys whose hearts beat high
  Beneath the cedar tree—
Who saw against the azure fly
  The laureled flags of Lee?

For them no drums of battle beat
  Advance or overthrow,
For them no bugle sounds retreat,
  No dreams of midnight foe;

But flowers fall their breasts upon
From fair and loving hands;
On guard o'er them at set of sun
A sculptured sentry stands.

Eight hundred in one common grave
On fair Virginia's heath!
In battle they were comrades brave,
They're comrades still in death;
Around them through the gentle pines
The winds of summer blow.
The same that through their tented lines
Blew softly long ago.

Their sabers will not clank again,
Their bayonets no more shine;
For them across the sunlit plain
Stretches no martial line;
For them her bloom sweet Nature yields
Upon their dewy bed,
And summer robs her dewy fields
To crown the Unknown Dead.

Around them lies a spectral camp,
At night how dark and still!
Its sentries have a ghostly tramp
Upon the silent hill;
No musket shot rings loudly out,
No challenge stirs the air,
No battle song, no merry shout,
For death is everywhere.

O sleepers brave, in shade of pine!
O campers on the plain!
O ye who dream 'neath scented vine,
Ye'll rise to march again;
For you God's trumpeter will stand
On Heaven's jasper wall;
For you all o'er Columbia's land
Will sound God's bugle call.

Till then sleep on beneath the stars,
And 'neath the cedar tree,
Nor dream of earth's ensanguined wars
That shake the land and sea;
The crown of Fame, the wreath of Love
Will deck each gallant's head;
Sleep on with Glory's arch above,
O brave gray-coated dead!

Casstown, Ohio.

E. S. Anderson writes from Adamstown, Md.:

A few days ago I was handed a copy of the Confederate Veteran, the first I have ever seen. I went into the army in May, 1861, and returned after the surrender of Lee; was in prison the last year of the war at Fort Delaware. There were three brothers of us in Company E, Thirty-Seventh Virginia Regiment. The other two were killed.

I was in the battle of Chancellorsville, and saw Jackson when he fell. It was a beautiful moonlight night. My company was mostly made up in Lee County, Va., and Claiborne County, East Tennessee. My father lived in Tennessee at that time. He was provost marshal in the Union army, and was stationed at Cumberland Gap for a time. My captains were Thomas S. Gibson and S. G. Shumate, both of Lee County. I would like to know if any of the old company are living. I am sixty-two years old, and have been paralyzed in my entire left side for three years, can hardly walk, have no use of my left arm, and am poor. I have lived in Virginia since the war, until about six months ago, when I came to this State.

That Disaster at Zollicoffer Barracks—Maxwell House, Nashville.—J. A. Templeton, Jacksonville, Tex.: I notice in the Veteran for December, 1901, a request from Comrade D. N. Ford, of the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi, Walthall's Brigade, to hear from those yet living who were with him in the terrible disaster that occurred to the Confederate prisoners in the Zollicoffer barracks in Nashville in the fall of 1863.

By the courtesy of the Veteran, which has done so much to renew old ties, I will say through its columns to Comrade Ford that C. G. Odom, Rush, Tex., Moses Walters, Santa Anna, Tex., and myself, all of us being members of Company I, Tenth Texas Cavalry, are yet living. We had two others of our company, John Burk and George Egbert, with us in the fatal fall, but they have crossed over the river.

I remember the occurrence as vividly as though it had just happened. Comrade Ford's description is not overdrawn, as the mortality was greater than ever occurred on any battlefield, numbers considered. There were five of my company that were prisoners as above stated. We had held a caucus and decided that Walters and I would remain in one of the small rooms and hold our accoutrements, while the other three, Burk, Egbert, and Odom, would go down to breakfast. With this understanding, Walters went directly to our room, while I loitered around the head of the stairway, and at the time the stairs gave way, I was leaning against the wall of the room around the stairs.

Quicker than thought, and with a noise almost deafening, we went downward, a confused mass of humanity. Fortunately, owing to the fact that I was on the outer edge of the crowd, I fell on top, and with a few others was rescued before falling entirely to the bottom of the stairs. In the scramble I lost my hat and requested one of the guards to go with me down another stairway to try and get either my own or some one else's. This he politely did, when on reaching the bottom of the stairs, a sight met my eyes that I shall never forget. Several poor fellows were already laid out dead, while many others were so badly hurt they were dying. Some were between the floors and were mashed almost to a jelly. The patriotic women of Nashville were soon there, and gave the Yankees a good round of abuse for placing the prisoners in a trap to kill them, rather, as they stated, than meet them on the field of battle. I never placed any censure on the Yankees for this unfortunate occurrence, as it was purely accidental and unexpected. The stairway was temporary and, like the building at that time, unfinished. Owing to this fact, it could not sustain so much weight, hence the fall through.

AN EXQUISITE BOOKLET FROM ALABAMA.

The Ladies Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., is to be congratulated upon their booklet of one hundred and thirty pages recently published. It may be filed as a work of art in any library. The compilation is by Marielou Armstrong Cory. It gives the origin and organization of the Association and

gives its history between 1860 and 1870. Hardly a more appropriate preface could be used than "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," with a concise sketch by Sidney Harris Phelan.

The Ladies Memorial Association was the most conspicuous for works of charity and benevolence in Confederate hospitals in the Southwest, if not in the entire Confederacy, its prestige, being located at the orignal capital of the Confederacy and conducted by the most eminent women in that part of the South, ever has and ever will be, an honor to Southern womanhood. It does not appear that this beautiful publication is for sale, but will certainly be a treasure for everyone who is fortunate to possess it. Information on the subject can be had from Mrs. Cory.

The illness of Mrs. Martha Dyke Bibb causing failure to furnish important data of the sketch is regretted. In connection with this unfortunate fact the book says: "Although diligent quest through files of the VETERAN for such letters was also unsuccessful, the following very interesting note from that journal was found bearing loving testimony of one already mentioned, Mrs. Sarah Herron, whose name is linked with golden deeds during that busy time of the hospitals from 1861 to 1865." The work of these good women did not stop there, but was continued mainly in works of charity to the end of that decade.

E. Ferman Hall writes from New York to A. L. DeRosset, Wilmington, N. C., that in compiling a history of the Fraternity Delta Psi he is touching at length upon the Civil War and the fraternal feeling manifested by the members North and South. He reports a statement from Col. Bankston S. Morgan that after the battle of Gettysburg he spied among the prisoners a young Confederate officer with a Delta Psi badge who gave his name as DeRosset and stated that he was a member of a Chapter at Hartford, Conn. It was arranged that the young officer be reported "lost" at a "convenient place near Westminister." Comrade A. L. DeRosset can't inform the inquirer, as none of his family of six brothers, all in the war, answer the description. Information on this subject may be sent to Comrade A. L. DeRosset, Wilmington, N. C.

PATHETIC MEMORIES.

Don't Want Memorial and Decoration Days Merged.

After writing a protest against merging the South's Memoroial days with the National Decoration Day—May 30—a Confederate woman writes the VETERAN:

. . . Go back fond memory. The soft south wind was blowing through the windows of a beautiful Southern home. Outside on the veranda sat an aged man, a newspaper on his knee, its startling headlines telling of the awful battle at Franklin, Tenn. Inside the window, within sound of his dear voice, a daughter was plying her needle, putting the lovely lace that had adorned her girlish form a few short years before upon a tiny dress, for what had Confederate mothers, with closed ports, to find for the little children's wear? The father spoke, her keen ear caught the sound. It was a prayer: "O spirit of my angel wife, if God permit thee, watch over our son, our only son. Pray God shield his young head that the battle strife pass over him and leave him to me in my desolate old age!" Softly she rose, and gliding through the open doorway, she drew his head to her young heart, and through her tears and kisses said: "Father, God will take care of him, I know he will." She turned her face away, and said: "O mother, mother, I have tried to keep my promise to you; to take your place to my little brother, and to comfort father." The father raised his hands, placed them on her head, and said: "My child has grown into such a brave-hearted, true woman like her mother! It is three long years since you have seen your husband's face, what sustains you?" "God," she said, so reverently. "God and my husband's love and his sense of duty!"

. . . . . .

The sweet May breezes stirred the Southern pines, and a face, young and so sorrowful, looked through the blue mists toward the beautiful cemetery of a Southern city. The desolate unrest of Rachel's grief was hers, but in answer to a friend she said: "Yes, I will go with you if you think I could do any good in helping you nurse the poor sick soldiers." They drove to the hospital, in which the elder lady did duty, and in the second tent lay a young soldier with the pale and rigid look of death upon his brow. With a look of motherly interest she asked: "Are you better to-day?" He smiled and said: "I hope so; but the doctor is coming, he will tell you." His eye wandered to the younger woman, whose sable habiliments seemed to touch his departing soul. With tender pity he said: "Won't you give me those roses?" She unpinned two white moss roses from her brooch, which held a picture of her husband, and put them in his hand. "Can I do nothing else for you?" she asked. "Yes," he said, "write a letter for me. Two weeks ago I was married. We had been long engaged. She came to meet me in A—. We were married there. In two hours our regiment was ordered off. She went home to her mother; write her that I am here sick in the hospital." She took the address on a little ivory tablet. The Doctor came in, and they left. Reaching home, she called a faithful servant, and placing a bottle of delicious wine and a few little delicacies in a basket, subject to the Doctor's inspection, sent them to the hospital. The Doctor wrote a note saying: "Our patient died an hour after you saw him, with the white roses in his hand. He was buried holding the roses to his brave, young heart

O, Southern sisters, can you forget such hours, such scenes? Sons of these mothers, your cradle songs were, "Bonnie blue flag" and "Maryland, My Maryland." Sons of the South, honor your heroic sires, and your self-abnegating mothers. Let not the greed of gain or toil for daily bread, born of war's despoilment, make you dishonor or forget!

G. T. Cullins (Eighteenth Alabama Infantry) writes from Caledonia, Ark.:

The Memphis reunion brought many of the old comrades together that had not met in a quarter of a century. By appointment, my old messmate, L. B. Thweatt, of Sulphur Springs, Tex., and I met there. I cannot find language to express the joy it brought to us, and the pleasant recollection of our stay in Memphis. We had not met in thirty-five years. My

dear old comrade, Thweatt, is six and a half feet tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds—one hundred pounds soul and the remainder backbone. He was a gallant soldier, and always answered to roll call. We served, slept, fought, and ate together—when we had anything to eat. We laid down our arms together at the last. We met again in Dallas, and I find him to be the same old big-hearted boy that he was away back in the sixties. I might mention some of the hot places we went through together. We both remember well the day behind the stone fence at Nashville, when we were attacked by the negro command—six times our number—when he fired eight guns and I six, as the other boys loaded for us, and our wild Rebel yell scared those that we did not kill out of the service. We were together in that hotly contested field of Jonesboro, where we had four color bearers shot down in as many minutes. We met several of our old company in Dallas. Among them were J. T. Brinker, J. W. Thompson, and W. L. Pile, whom we had not met for many years. Comrade Thompson had his family with him which added more pleasure to the occasion. Now, boys, lets give three cheers for Dallas and Texas, and try to meet again at the reunion in New Orleans in 1903.

These comrades were at the VETERAN quarters, Memphis, at the time of the parade, and it was suggested that they go to the street and witness it, but one of them replied: "We don't care anything about that." Comrade Collins is about as much under as his companion is over the average in size.

From a correspondent whose name is omitted:

Being desirous of seeing facts only in the VETERAN, I correct some errors in the issue of March, 1901, page 124, wherein the writer, whose name is not given, claims to have been in Burns's Eleventh Mississippi Confederate Infantry, and that he was at Jenkins's Ferry on the Saline River and in that battle. There were no Mississippi troops at Jenkins's Ferry. Col. Burns commanded the Eleventh Missouri Infantry, which was a part of Parsons' Brigade along with the Tenth Missouri and other infantry. The First Missouri Brigade was commanded by Col. Mitchell, now of Dallas, Tex.

Another error appears concerning a flag carried in front of Rindall's Battalion. There was no such man or command as Rindall's Battalion. Capt. E. A. Pinnell commanded Company D, of the Eighth Missouri Infantry, C. S. Mitchell's old regiment; Lieut. Col. Smizer, of St. Louis; Maj. Hill, of St. Louis; Adjutant Charles Welchan, of St. Louis; Capt. E. A. Pinnell raised Company D in Texas County, Mo. John Smith was First Lieutenant and Tom Dodson was Second Lieutenant. I think Maj. Pinnell commanded a battalion of sharpshooters in Bowen's old brigade in the Army of Tennessee.

Now concerning the fight at Camden, Ark., on the Saline River at Jenkins's Ferry I mention, as well as I can remember, the Missouri troops were as follows: Green's, Parson's, and Mitchell's Brigades composed Price's Division of Missouri Infantry; Shelby and Jackman's Brigades composed Marmaduke's Division of Missouri Cavalry; Hawthorne's, Tappan's, and McNair's Brigades composed Churchill's Division, Arkansas Infantry. Cabell's and Dobin's Brigades, with Freeman's and other detached commands, composed Fagan's Division, Arkansas Cavalry; with Walker's Texans and Louisianians. I think our friend is in error in his opinion that Marmaduke carried those colors, and the boy color sergeant must have been Jessie Williams of Company D, Eighth Missouri Infantry. He belonged to E. A. Pinnell's Company D. He lived recently in Texas County, Mo., and may still. He was raised there. Either he or Zaze Lofton carried the flag for the Eighth that day. Both belonged to Company D, which was the color company for the regiment. The staff officer "who delivered the order" to Gen. M. M. Parsons must have been Col. E. M. Standish, a brother-in-law to Gen. Parsons, or C. C. Rainwater, now of St. Louis, Mo. Col. Standish was killed with Gen. Parsons in Texas trying to get to Mexico to join Shelby after the surrender. Col. Standish's widow, now lives at Jefferson City, Mo. It rained in torrents the morning of the battle of Jenkins's Ferry. About three hundred yards from the pontoon bridge there was a knoll upon which the yankees stationed a six-gun battery, and we killed every horse and man about it. The battery was surrounded with water by the time the fight ended, and the wounded and dead and dead artillery horses covered the ground. I surrendered with Company D, Eighth Missouri Infantry (Pinnell's company), and was paroled at Alexandria, La., June 7, 1865, by Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, with George L. Andrews, A. A. G.

MEMPHIS COMPANY OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.
This Company with Company B. Troop A (cavalry), added to the enthusiasm for Tennessee at Dallas.

DORMITORY FOR DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT PEABODY NORMAL.

Mrs. Tennie Pinkerton Dozier, of Franklin Chapter:

For several years we have been interested in the education of the daughters and granddaughters of Confederate soldiers.

It is not necessary to tell this audience of intelligent women the needs or the benefits of education to woman. We shall suppose that each one of you is interested in this work and anxious to help in it. It seems to me to be the greatest work that now lies out before us. We do not, of course, intend to neglect any Confederate soldier who may need our help. As long as they live that will be our first work; but it need not be our only work. The home that we have prepared for them is an ideal one. There they can find rest and content in their old age. In many of our towns monuments have been erected to the memory of our Confederate dead. Monument building—writing history on stone—is, indeed, a noble work, and it has done much to inspire patriotism in the hearts of both young and old. Yet I never see one of these monuments but the question comes to me, What are we doing to help the children and grandchildren of these men who served their country so honorably, many of them having sacrificed not only their property, but their own life blood? Could they come back from the dead, their first request would certainly be, that we should help their children.

In 1898 an educational committee of the Tennessee Division was appointed. Subcommittees have been appointed in nearly all of the Chapters of the State to ask for free scholarships in all of our schools. But little good has been accomplished in this way. There are a great many young women who are not able to pay their board and other expenses, even if a scholarship be given them. There is no one who elicits our sympathy more than a young woman or man who longs for an education, and has not the means to obtain it. It is of these young women and men that we are thinking most; and there are many of them who would be an honor to our State, could we only help them.

We have a plan by which we can do this, if it can be carried out, and now we trust that it will be. It is that we erect here in our Capital city a monument, a living monument, either to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Tennessee or to the women of the Confederacy—a monument that will be an honor to them and a great help to their daughters, granddaughters, and great-granddaughters.

We propose that this monument be a dormitory, or rather a home for the daughters and granddaughters of the Confederate soldiers of Tennessee, and that we build it near the Peabody Normal College. This school is suggested because of the excellent advantages it offers to its students, and because the tuition is nominally nothing, twelve dollars covering all fees for a scholastic year. We have discussed our plan with Gov. Porter, President of the Normal College. He approves it most heartily, and requests us to say to you that they will exercise over the young women of our Confederate Home a parental care, and that our students shall have the advantages of the Normal College library, which is, indeed, an excellent one, and all other advantages of the school. He not only authorized us to say this to you, but that they would give us some help in a financial way.

We should have a desirable location, fronting the campus if possible, and build this monument well: for as long as time lasts there will be worthy descendants of Confederate soldiers who will need our help. If within this building forty or fifty pure young women could find a home each year, what a blessing it would be to them and to our State! At the head of this home there must always be a cultured, refined, Christian woman, for this should be a model home in every respect. It should not be regarded as a home of charity, except in the sense that charity is love. We wish the young women of this home to be prouder of passing in and out of its doors than they would be to go in and out of any home in this city. They must, of course, everywhere conduct themselves in such a manner as to be an honor to the home. The lady in charge, besides being a mother to these young women, would do the buying for the home. At the end of each month she would give to them a statement of the cost of provisions, etc., and they would share equally in the expenses. In this way they could get good board for $8 per month or perhaps even less. They would, of course, be expected to keep their rooms in perfect order and help in every way they could in the home. They should take a special interest in this part of their work. One purpose of this home should be to teach the girls who come into it to be home-makers in the truest sense of the word. There is no grander work for any woman than home-making, and it is the one vocation in life on which woman has a monopoly. Man cannot make a home. He can build a house, but it remains only a house till the touch of a woman's hand and the sweet, refining influence of a pure woman converts it into a home.

We wish these girls to be home-makers in the highest sense of the word, for it is through them that we hope to reach their homes, and be an uplift to them. After having the advantages of this home, the Normal College, and this city of culture and refinement, we should expect them to return to their homes established mentally, spiritually, and physically with a strong determination to be a help in the world, and, first of all, to be an inspiration in their own homes. One strong, pure woman, whether she be mother or sister, can revolutionize a home; yes, a neighborhood, if she will go about it in the right way. These girls would come from homes in which there are several brothers who have never dreamed of there being anything else in life for them but poverty and the hardest of work. They can inspire their brothers to ambition for better things, and awaken in them a longing for all that is truest and best in life; and by degrees, slowly but surely, attain it. Many of our greatest men have come from such homes. They have been strengthened and encouraged by a strong, pure woman to undertake greater and even greater things.

This home would cost something, it is true; and some of you may be thinking that it will cost too much for our undertaking. It would perhaps be too great an undertaking for one Chapter or even the Chapters of this city, but not too great for the Daughters of the Confederacy of Tennessee. Nothing that

is reasonable and that is right would be too great an undertaking for such a body of strong, patriotic women. If each Daughter of the Confederacy in this State would give one dollar, what a nice little sum we should have to begin with! Perhaps every Daughter could not give a dollar, but there are many who could and would give more. We expect each to give something, however small the amount, for each one should feel that she has helped to build this monument. It would be good for us as a Division to have one great work in common. Each Chapter in the State can go on with its work at home, and yet each member of every Chapter help in this work. Perhaps our Legislature would appropriate something. Then there are noble philanthropists who would, we feel sure, help us in this work.

The furnishing of the Home could be easily done; for many individuals would gladly furnish a room. In this home there would of course be a large, nice reading room, in which we shall put the best of Southern history and literature and portraits of our greatest Southern heroes.

MAJ. GEN. JAMES F. FAGAN.

Gen. James F. Fagan was one of the first men to enlist for the defense of his State and the Confederacy, and he never sheathed his sword from the firing on Fort Sumter until the surrender at Appomattox. He commanded the First Arkansas Infantry, and by that command he was ever honored and beloved. In the battle of Shiloh he managed his gallant regiment so creditably to himself that he was soon promoted to major general, and was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department. While strict for discipline Gen. Fagan was ever solicitous for and loyal to his men.

GALLANT PRESTON D. CUNNINGHAM.

Maj. John S. Bransford sent the following letter in his official capacity as Master "Transportation Department, Quartermaster's office," at Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 3, 1863:

To Mr. James G. Cunningham, of Jackson County, Tenn.

Sir: The bearer, Mr. B. R. Draper, of your county, will convey to you all that remains of your son, Col. Preston D. Cunningham, who fell yesterday while gallantly leading the Twenty-Eighth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers in a charge made during a series of battles that have been going on around Murfreesboro.

After he was shot he took from his pocket several articles--a comb, pocketknife, pocketbook containing some money, etc.—which were handed to me, and which I send you with other articles in his trunk, by the bearer. Mr. George Morgan accompanied me to the courthouse to see the remains of your son, to which place they were conveyed from the battlefield. Mr. Morgan took great interest in paying every attention and tribute of respect to the remains. He personally assisted in dressing the body, combing his hair, etc. I found on inquiry that it was impossible to procure a coffin of anybody at any price, but succeeded in securing a servant friend to make a rude box, in which his remains were reluctantly placed. His last request was that he might be buried decently, and I deeply regret that I could not find something more becoming the rank of the occupant. It is a source of unfeigned regret that he could not have been buried in a metallic coffin. His high rank, his heroic action, his glorious and honorable death, demanded that he should have received the highest testimonials of respect in death. But it was impossible to procure a coffin, and his friends have been compelled to witness, with regret, his encasement in a rude, rough box.

Your son was shot early in the action, and while on horseback. He conversed with Adjutant Lowe and others after receiving the deadly wound. His conduct was all that you could have desired. He was cool, his bearing lofty, and his action on the field such as becomes a brave and chivalric officer. He died a heroic death, and in defense of his native State. He is dead, but fills an honored soldier's grave. He is lost to us, but reflected credit on the family while living, and has forever honored the name by the brave and self sacrificing manner in which he died. He gave up his life while yet in his boyhood for the honor of his State, and in defense of liberty and right.

His loss will be serious to the community, and, indeed, irreparable to our brave army. You will grieve to give him up, so young, so gallant, and so full of useful promise, but there is consolation in the fact that he died in defense of his country, and leaves no stain upon his enviable character. While I could do but little, owing to the great confusion and the multifarious duties of my office, yet I did all that I could to see your son's remains decently clothed and sent to you. I would have done more if the circumstances would have allowed.

Accept assurance of my sincere sympathy for yourself and family in this hour of sad bereavement.

Biscoe Hindman, of Louisville, Ky., Commander in Chief United Sons of Confederate Veterans, says: "I regard the Confederate Veteran as one of the best advertising mediums in the South—perhaps the very best, as its large circulation reaches the most prominent business and professional men (the old veterans) in every State of the South.

J. M. Pool.

Jim Pearce Camp, of Princeton, Ky., chronicles the death of James Monroe Pool on March 1, 1902:

J. M. Pool was born in Christian County, Ky., in 1825. He enlisted early in 1861 in Capt. Ben D. Terry's Company of Cavalry. J. M. Hollingsworth and T. J. Johnston, a committee, paid tribute from which the following is copied: His company was one in the organization that composed the famous First Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by Col. Ben. Hardin Helm, and said by Gen. A. S. Johnston to be the finest regiment of cavalry he ever saw. Comrade Pool served in the western army all the time under Gens. A. S. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Joe Johnston, and Hood, but immediately under Gens. Wheeler and Forrest. He was in all the battles these generals fought, except while in prison at Camp Morton. He was wounded and captured at Fort Donelson and never entirely recovered from that wound; but as soon as he was exchanged he went to his command, which was then with Gen. Morgan, and remained with him and Gen. Duke until the surrender. He and Joe Boytnott made the trip to Princeton together muleback, where he spent the remainder of his days. He was a successful farmer for many years, but on account of his popularity his friends would not let him remain on his farm. In January, 1877, he was elected jailor, and held that office twenty consecutive years, when he retired from office with competency and spent his declining years with a large and devoted family.

Col. J. B. Paramore.

Col. James B. Parramore, adjutant general and chief of staff of the Third Florida Brigade, U. C. V., commanded by Gen. William H. Jewell, died at his home in Orlando, Fla., in February, 1902. He was born at Thomasville, Ga., January 20, 1840. His parents moved to Madison County, Fla., when he was a child, and there he grew to manhood. At the beginning of the war he joined as a private Company C of the Fourth Florida Regiment, and on its reorganization in 1862 was made its captain. Soon after he was appointed assistant inspector general in Gen. Joseph Finnegan's staff with the rank of captain, and thus served until the end of the war. He was in many severe battles, among them those fought about Murfreesboro, Lookout Mountain, Resaca, etc.

He was married to Agnes, daughter of Gen. Finnegan, at about the close of the war, and by this marriage one son survives, Joseph F. Parramore. He subsequently married Lela, daughter of Dr. Henry Long, who survives him with two sons, Harry L. and J. B. Parramore, Jr.

Col. Parramore was appointed assistant state chemist by the governor in 1893 and held that office several years. In 1897 he was elected mayor of Orlando, an office to which he was successively reelected, and held at the time of his death.

After the war he was in business at Madison, Fla., and also at Savannah, Ga., at the latter in company with Gen. Finnegan in the cotton business. He came to Orlando to reside about 1880 and was for many years engaged in the land business.

About a year ago he was appointed adjutant general and chief of staff of the Third Florida Brigade with rank of lieutenant colonel and was duly commissioned by Gen. John B. Gordon, the commander-in-chief.

J. T. McCorley.

Capt. J. H. Lester, Deming, N. M., writes of him:

It is with profound sorrow that I announce the death of my friend and comrade, J. T. McCorley. The old soldier is off duty forever, and is now taking a well-earned rest from the toil, trouble, and sorrow of earth. He was one of nature's noblemen. He volunteered in March, 1861, in the Florence Guards, the first company raised in Lauderdale County, Ala., for the war. He served twelve months in the Alabama Infantry, and with his regiment was discharged at Corinth, Miss., in April, 1862. He went from Corinth to Alabama and joined Company E, Seventh Alabama Cavalry (in 1864 changed to the Ninth), Wheeler's command, and served to the close of the war, surrendering with his regiment in North Carolina. Comrade McCorley leaves a devoted wife and loving daughter.

It was my fortune to pass through the greatest war of modern times—through four years of hardship and bloodshed with "Tim" McCorley. Shoulder to shoulder we tramped together as privates twelve months, and as my orderly sergeant while I commanded a company of cavalry he rode and fought by my side for three years. Through the burning sands of Florida, through the snow of Kentucky, in sunshine and rain, on the battle-field and in prison, often without food and poorly clad we rode, we fought, and suffered together, and during all of those four years of danger and suffering, no word of complaint fell from his lips.

He died in full faith of the justice of the cause for which he gave four years of his life. Of a taciturn nature, he had but little to say; he was a man of action, not of words. Quietly and without ostentation, he performed every duty imposed upon him as a soldier. To know "Tim" McCorley was to love him, and the better you knew him the more you could appreciate the motive that prompted his action, as a man, as a friend, as a patriot. No better soldier ever went forth to battle for his country. Rest in peace, my dear old comrade. A few more bleak winds of winter, and all the old comrades you have left behind will join you. "Honor to his name, peace to his ashes."

Maj. Richard Davis Murphy.

R. D. Stewart writes from Baltimore:

R. D. Murphy, a prominent Mason and ex-Confederate soldier, died at his home in Baltimore on February 23. He was the oldest son of the late Dr. D. and Margaret Harry Murphy, and was born at Martinsburg, W. Va., in 1835. He graduated at Princeton with high honors with the class of 1858, and took up the study of engineering, for which he possessed great natural talent. At the outbreak of the "Civil

War" he was connected with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's shops, at Mount Clare, Baltimore. When Gen. B. F. Butler occupied the Relay, just outside of the city, he issued orders for Mr. Murphy's arrest for alleged complicity in the riot of April 19, when the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was mobbed while passing through Baltimore *en route* to Washington. Although Mr. Murphy was in another part of the city at the time and knew nothing of the riot until it was over, having been warned of his danger by a friend, he boarded a train for Martinsburg. It passed through Butler's Camp at the Relay; the train was stopped and searched for suspicious characters. At Harper's Ferry Mr. Murphy joined an independent command of cavalry, under a Col. Edmondson. This service not being congenial to him, he resigned and followed Johnston's army to Manassas. On the night before the battle he enlisted as a private in Company B, First Virginia Cavalry, and participated in the hard fighting of the next day. When Fitz Lee became Col. of the First Virginia, and John S. Mosby, then adjutant of the regiment, resigned to embark on the partisan career which made him famous, Mr. Murphy was made adjutant, a position he held until the surrender. He was severely wounded by a fragment of shell in the charge of his regiment at Gettysburg.

After the cessation of hostilities Maj. Murphy returned to Baltimore, and for over twenty years was connected with the City Water Department. He was a thirty-third degree Mason, and a Knight Templar. He was also a member of Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Maj. Murphy was a man of quiet tastes and little or no military ambition, albeit he performed his duties as adjutant in a manner which won the respect of his comrades and superiors. He was a brave soldier and Christian gentleman.

Capt. J. L. Granbery.

Capt. J. L. Granbery, aged sixty-five years, died on January 31, 1902, at his home in Collierville, Tenn. He was a graduate of Chapel Hill College, N. C., and read law under the eminent and lamented Judge Calvin Jones, of Somerville, Tenn. Born in Fayette County, Tenn., of Southern blood and naturally of a sensitive and highly strung organization, when the Civil War broke out he was among the first to respond to his country's call, and organized a company known as the "Macon Grays." His command was mustered in as Company B, Thirteenth Regiment Tennessee Infantry, Col. A. J. Vaughn commanding. He received a wound at Shiloh, and owing to ill health resigned. After a short rest he reenlisted as a private in Company E, Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's command. He won the esteem and confidence of his company and was soon made captain. W. M. S. writes a beautiful tribute to Capt. Granbery in which it is stated that he served and fought gallantly upon many battlefields, leading his men from victory to victory. No truer, braver hero ever marched under the flag or kept step to the wild, grand music. He needs no eulogy from any man; his life in war and peace was a better eulogy than any pen can write. As a citizen he was most prominent, always ready with means and brains to advance the interests of his own. For twelve years he had been cashier of the bank at Collierville, filling the position with credit to himself and satisfaction to others concerned. About a year ago his beloved wife was taken from him, and only two weeks after his death, his youngest daughter, wife of J. E. Jesse, of Collierville, passed away. Only one member of his family now survives, Mrs. H. P. Davis, of Memphis, who shares the sympathies of many friends.

W. F. Stoner.

The engraving above is typical of Confederate times. Comrades of W. F. Stoner will recall the familiar expression of him in those old days of 1865.

He enlisted May 4, 1862, and was chosen first sergeant of his company. His first captain was Anderson Ellis, who was successively promoted from captain to major and then to lieutenant colonel, and his next captain was W. F. Ellis. Comrade Stoner's name is incorrectly recorded as Stone in the North Carolina roster of troops, volume 3, page 533. He died at his home, Fairmont, N. C., March 13, 1878. The four Stoner brothers, merchants of Asheville, N. C., are his sons, the senior, J. M. Stoner, being manager of the business.

William B. Hurt.

William B. Hurst, Company A, Fortieth Virginia Regiment, and a member of the Lawson Ball Camp, at Lancaster, Va., was born in Northumberland County, Va., in 1863, and died at his home in Lancas-

ter County, near Brown's Store, October 30, 1901. Comrade Hurst was a good soldier, serving through all of the principal battles with the Army of Northern Virginia; was captured at Petersburg in September, 1864, and in prison at Point Lookout, until June, 1865. He leaves a wife and six children.

Craven Peyton.

This tribute is by Dr. J. O. Scott, of Sherman, Tex.:

Craven Peyton, son of Dr. Bailey Peyton, of Hartford, Ky., and a nephew of a distinguished Tennesseean by that name, was at the battle of Hartsville, Tenn., wounded by a pistol ball near the knee.

Basil Duke, in his history, truly says, "he fretted himself to death!" His system became saturated with blood poison, and the joint was involved, and he died from exhaustion.

Boy soldier of the exalted chieftain, John H. Morgan, after a score or more years have rolled by we rejoice to proclaim a panegyric. Craven Peyton! heroic youth, we are writing these lines with the pen dipped in thy crimson blood as we saw it gush from thy death wound. When we behold thy dead and bleeding comrades lying around thee, we have no honeyed words or maudlin sentimentality for thy foes, no rankling hatred or blood-thirsty revenge, but Christian forgiveness and forbearance for those who caused all the ills, "that lowered upon our house."

Craven Peyton! golden-haired, blue-eyed orderly, we will never forget thy noble image, as we saw thee pale and ghastly, lying on the battlefield, wrapped in thy warrior blanket. We will ever remember the heartfelt joy that lit your face when your pistol was unobserved in its hiding place when search was made by the unfeeling foe. Through the dim vista of the past we yet see the smile of delight that beamed on your countenance and the merry twinkling of your eye, as you drew the pistol from under the pillow declaring it was a sacred gift from your chieftain.

Daring, fearless boy! Comrade of the heroes of Gettysburg, Stone River, Shiloh, and Chickamauga, when the bright sun of a May morning shall gild the earth with golden-tinted rays, the maidens of the Southland will deck thy grave with gorgeous garlands of flowers of most charming hue. Each flower as it falls gently and lovingly on thy sod will cry to heaven for thy eternal bliss. Each dewdrop on thy grave as it glistens in the morning sun will proclaim thy valor. The stars of the morning as they revolve sublimely in their orbits will sing thy glories and the pale moon, like a widowed mother, will mourn thy presence from the earth.

Brave spirits of departed heroes! Liberty still sleeps in our mountain dells, and the winds of the Alleghanies whisper to the Southern breezes that a day is in the future when a new Southland Phœnix-like will rise from the ashes of Sherman's march.

Craven Peyton! peerless youth who fell charging a battery: "On to death and glory dashing!" thy name is emblazened with a halo of "living light" on the milky baldric skies.

In the far-off Cerulean blue above, there is a resting place for the martyred heroes of liberty. There, matchless soldier, wilt thou rest with thy captain, Morgan, Sell, Kosciusko, Hampden, Brutus, Wallace.

There the morning reveille proclaims thy acts of gallantry to the tune of Dixie and My Maryland. At the evening tattoo the stars and bars float jauntingly to the gentle breezes over thy lone tent "whose green curtains never turn."

Private soldier Craven Peyton! prototype of Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Pat Cleburne, and a host of others, like Leonidas at Thermopole, Montgomery on Quebec Heights, Moultrie at Savannah, posterity will ever cherish thy heroic acts in memory more enduring than Parian marble.

Capt. C. A. Raine.

Col. W. B. Woody, of Rockdale, Tex., who served as aide de camp on staff of Gen. John B. Gordon, sends the following tribute to a comrade:

"Capt. C. A. Raine, of Danville, Va., was a descendant of French Huguenots through both parents. He was born in Cumberland County in 1841; was first lieutenant of the Brooklyn Grays of Halifax County and adjutant of the Twenty-Third Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, which was a part of the Third Brigade of the old Stonewall Division. Two residents of Halifax County, Va., who served under Capt. Raine during the great war tell an incident which vividly illustrates his military career: At the battle of Cedar Mountain Capt. Raine, with two privates, was passing through a field overgrown by thick broomstraw when they were forewarned of the approach of a body of infantry by a cloud of dust which enveloped and obscured them from sight. Capt. Raine doubting the amity of the approaching squad, ordered the two men who accompanied him to lie down, and himself followed the example. Upon approach of the body it was ascertained that his suspicions had been well founded, and that seventeen privates under the command of a Federal captain were pursuing a line of march which would carry them in close proximity to the three who lay in ambush. During the short period which intervened between the appearance of the enemy and their near approach, Capt. Raine had devised a scheme which for cool nerve and daring is almost unparalleled in the annals of warfare. He waited patiently until the squad of men were in a few feet of the spot where they lay hidden by the long grass, then rising to his full height, which was above the average, swept his sword from the battle-stained scabbard and in a stentorian voice ordered the startled Yankees to halt. The command was obeyed with more haste than dignity, and the arms being stacked, Capt. Raine ordered two of his men to come forward and take the prisoners to camp which was accomplished without their suspecting the true state of affairs."

This gentleman, whose bravery was only equaled by his modesty and generosity, was captured at the bloody angle at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864, and remained a prisoner of war until the surrender. His wife, who was Miss Bettie Oliver, of Halifax County, four daughters, and seven sons, the latter of whom are scattered from New York to Texas, survive this gallant hero.

Maj. James W. Sweeney.

T. C. Sweeney, 712 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La., writes of Maj. Sweeney, who died a few years ago.

The first battle in West Virginia occurred at Scary Creek, on Big Kanawha River, between two Ohio Regiments and the Charleston Rifles and one company of volunteers (boys of Wheeling and Kanawha) under command of Maj. James W. Sweeney, of Wheeling. The Union men were ascending the river on two steamboats, Gov. Wise was coming down the Upper Kanawha with his Virginians. Our boys concluded to meet the Ohio soldiers, not knowing there were two regiments. When they got to Scary Creek they landed. Col. Norton, Lieut. Col. De Villers, and Maj. Neff were advancing on our boys with their men, when Maj. Sweeney called on the Charleston Rifles to follow him. He made a charge and the Union men stampeded for their boats. These three officers were taken prisoners with some of their men, and sent to Richmond by Maj. Sweeney. Col. Norton after his release said they were well treated by the Confederates, and would do anything he could for Maj. Sweeney.

After leaving Kanawha, Maj. Sweeney was transferred to Stonewall Jackson's command, and was in command of many of those rushes, when Stonewall made his quick moves, and which surprised the Union men. He was badly wounded at the time in the right arm and the left leg below the knee. Stonewall Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville. He was taken to Lexington, Va., hospital. The doctors in the hospital concluded they would cut off his arm appointing nine o'clock the next morning as they said he could not live. He told his servant, "Bob Lee," to bring him his pistol, and when the four men came to take him out, he told them to stand back, and to tell the chief surgeon to come in. When he arrived, the men were told to take him out, but Sweeney presented his pistol . They left him, as the doctor said he would die. It was then Sweeney told him to examine his left arm and right leg, see the wound he had recovered from. It was remarkable that he should have been wounded at Nicaragua, when Gen. Walker was killed in the same place, on the opposite arm and leg, and recovered because of his refusal to let the doctors practice on his limbs. After the surrender he returned to his old home. Wheeling, where he served as chief of police. He was one of the best soldiers in the Confederate army.

As a long subscriber of the Veteran, I have read many very interesting letters from the old boys which take me back to the sixties as only a few months past.

Maj. S. A. Williams.

Maj. S. A. Williams, of Troy, Ala., has entered into his last long rest after a life of sixty-seven years. In his young manhood he enlisted for the South, serving in Company B, Second Battery of Hillard's Legion. Through promotions he reached the captaincy of his company. He was in the battle of Chickamauga and others of minor importance in Tennessee, afterwards at Drury's Bluff, Va., then in the battles about Richmond and Petersburg. When Hillard's Legion was dissolved in November, 1863, it was merged into the Fifty-Ninth and Sixtieth Alabama Regiments, and Capt. William's company was changed in name to "Company A, Sixtieth Alabama Regiment," and was commanded by Col. John W. A. Sanford. Near the close of the war he was furloughed, against a general order, on account of gallantry in battle. On March 31, 1864, he was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy on April 3, 1865, was released June 10, and got home on July 3. During the battle of July, 1864, in front of Petersburg, when the Confederates were wavering and a stream had to be crossed under heavy fire from the opposing side, the general in command rushed up and said: "For God's sake send the Sixtieth Alabama with Company A to lead this charge!" After peace had been restored and State troops had been reorganized, he was elected and commissioned as Major. He was commander of Camp Ruffin U. C. V., and also on staff of Gen. J. W. A. Sanford, when commanding Alabama Division. He also filled ably two offices as member of the Pension Examining Board for his county and Commissioner of Roads and Revenues from the first district. He was prominent in Masonic circles.

Capt. C. J. Clark.

Capt. Charles J. Clark died in Lynchburg, Va., January 11, 1902. He was born in 1839, and at alarm of war, 1861, he volunteered service to his State and the South with an enthusiasm which distinguished him in the service. He joined Company I of the Fifty-Sixth Virginia Infantry. From the ranks he rose to the captaincy of his company, and in the famous charge of Pickett's Brigade at Gettysburg he was severely wounded. After the four long years, Capt. Clark returned to his farm, where he remained till 1895, when he removed to Charlotte, C. H., and opened a hotel, and from there he went to Lynchburg. At one time he was Lieut. Commander of H. A. Carrington Camp, U. C. V. Capt. Clark was married in 1860, and his wife and several sons and daughters survive him.

Jackson Davis.

Jackson Davis, Company K, Fifth Regiment North Carolina Infantry, died in Wilmington, N. C., March 13, 1902, aged eighty-seven years. Cape Fear Camp No. 254, U. C. V., of which he was a member, attended the funeral services and assisted in paying the last sad duties. Comrade Davis was also a veteran of the war with Mexico, having served in that war as a private in Company A, Fourth Regiment U. S. Artillery. A quiet, unobtrusive man, patient and uncomplaining under the trials and infirmities of age, privations, and bad health, he has gone to his reward.

C. M. Hays.

Charles M. Hays, member of the W. H. Trousdale Camp No. 495 U. C. V. Columbia, Tenn., died May 2, 1902, in Nashville. Comrade Hays was born August 9, 1850, in Lincoln County, Tenn., enlisted as a private in Company A, Eleventh Alabama Cavalry, in April, 1863. Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the committee comprised of Dr. W. A. Smith, W. B. Dobbins, and J. H. Farrell.

If there is no mistake in the date of Comrade Hays's birth, he was certainly one of the youngest soldiers in the army—less than thirteen years at enlistment.

W. P. Morton.

J. M. Johnson, Adjutant Camp S. L. Freeman, Tracy City, Tenn., reports the loss of another member in the passing of Comrade W. P. Morton, who "has crossed to the eternal camping ground and now awaits the grand reveille." Comrade Morton was a member of Turney's First Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, going out in 1861 at the first call and never seeing home again until the close of the war. He was a true and tried soldier and good citizen.

J. C. Bilbo.

G. G. Buchanan, Chickasaw, I. T.: Another one of the old landmarks has been moved from this earth—another old comrade has fallen. J. C. Bilbo was a member of Company K, Fifteenth Confederate Cavalry, and as a soldier he did his duty well and faithfully. When that long and bitter struggle ended, Comrade Bilbo made good his promise for the future. He was an honored member of the Masonic Order, also a devout Church member, and had an open purse to benevolence. Eighty-two years, four months, and fourteen days was his allotted time.

P. B. Coleman.

Preston B. Coleman died at his home in Union County, Ky., January 21, 1902, aged seventy-nine years. He enlisted in the Confederate service in 1862, Company F, organized by Capt. J. J. Barnett at White Sulphur Spring, of the First Kentucky Cavalry. Sometime in 1863, in reorganization, Company F was merged into Company G, and Capt. John Howell was elected to command of the company until the surrender on the 11th day of April, 1865, to Wilson of Illinois at Washington, Ga. He was in front of Sherman's Army from the beginning of his march to the sea, and was at Chickamauga and Murfreesboro. The First Kentucky was commanded by Col. Thomas Harrison, of Texas, at the close of the war. The brigade commander was Gen. "Cerro Gordo" Williams.

While under Forrest, Comrade Coleman was wounded in a stockade fight in Tennessee, the ball entering the front of thigh and passing through same. He rode in the ranks a whole day by placing one hand on pommel of saddle and the other on back part of same. Reaching McMinnville, Tenn., (where Forrest lost his negro boy and baggage wagon in the charge) he insisted on keeping his place in line of charging column, although unable to handle a weapon, but was finally persuaded from doing so. In any perilous detail work he was usually one of the number selected . After the war was over he returned to his home in Union County, Ky., and engaged in farming.

He was a man of strong impulses, a staunch friend, true as steel. He left his wife and daughter a good farm.

Capt. G. H. Fulkerson.

Capt. George Hardin Fulkerson died at Port Gibson, Miss., August 27, 1901. He was born in Perryville, Ky., in 1831, and came to Port Gibson in 1855, where he resided up to the time of his death. He volunteered in the Confederate army May 27, 1861; joined Company G, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, as private, enlisting under Capt. J. T. Moore and Col. Carnot Posey. Mustered into service at Corinth, Miss., June, 1861, he was promoted to sergeant in November of the same year, and elected captain in April, 1862. He was wounded in the head at Cold Harbor in 1862, and lost his left arm in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December, 1862. Was twice in the Bailey Factory Hospital in Richmond. He participated in a number of other engagements, at Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, seven days' fight before Richmond, and others.

After recovering from the loss of his arm, Capt. Fulkerson reëntered the service of the Confederacy by filling the position of Provost Marshal at Macon, Ga., until May, 1865, when he returned to Jackson, Miss., to be paroled, thence to his home in Port Gibson. He was twice elected sheriff of Claiborne county, besides holding other offices of trust after the war. He was a consistent Church member, and beloved by all who knew him. For years he had charge of the Confederate soldiers' graves in the Port Gibson cemetery, which with him was a labor of love. He was superintendent of the Cemetery Association, and an honorary member of the Claiborne County Chapter, U. D. C., to which he rendered valuable service, and Adjutant of Camp 167, U. C. V., a member of the Masonic Lodge, and also the Knights of Honor.

Capt. R. Chapman.

John Lawhon, Adjutant Camp Sumter, Livingston, Ala., reports the death of Capt. R. Chapman, Commander of the Camp, on April 30, 1902. He had been Commander of the Camp since its organization. Capt. Chapman commanded the Pickens County Guards which left Carrollton in 1861 for Virginia. This was Company H, of the Eleventh Alabama Infantry under Col. Syd Moore, and in a brigade first commanded by Gen. Kirby Smith, afterwards by Gen. John H. Forney, and then by Gen. Cadmus Wilcox. Capt. Chapman's health failed in the winter of '61-62 and he resigned, and after regaining his health joined Capt. Murrell's Cavalry Company in the Fifteenth Confederate Regiment, commanded by Col. Harry Maury. This was in the summer of 1862. He was afterward transferred to Bradford's Scouts, which operated on the Mississippi River. Capt. Chapman was mustered out of service in May, 1865, after which time he practiced law, also serving in the legislative halls and in the late Constitutional Convention.

C. C. Williams, member of S. L. Freeman Camp at Tracy City, Tenn., died May 24, 1902. He served in Company I., First Tennessee Infantry, A. N. V. His loss is deeply felt by family and friends.

H. A. Atkinson.

W. L. Martin, Co. C, Second Arkansas Regiment:

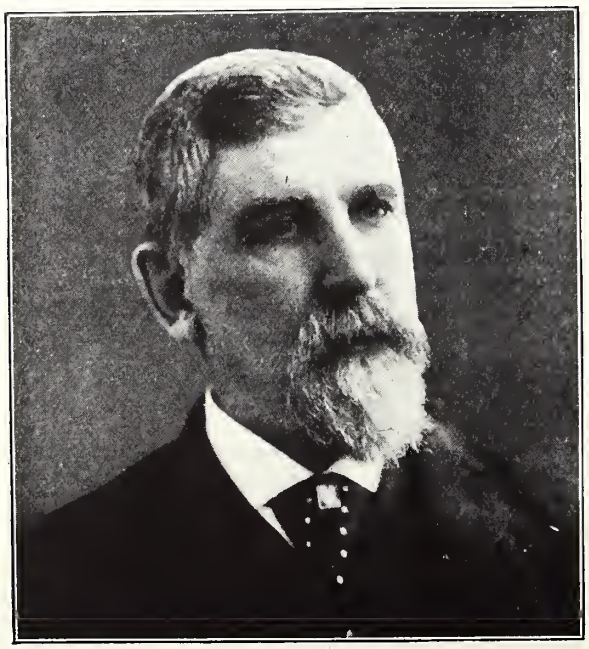
Henry A. Atkinson was born in Noxubee County, Miss., in November, 1837, and with his parents in early life removed to Bradley County, Ark., where he was living when he enlisted in the Confederate army, 1861, Company I, Second Arkansas Regiment, then commanded by Col. (afterwards) Gen. T. C. Hindman. He was elected first sergeant of his company. Comrade Atkinson served through the entire war, and left

an untarnished record as a soldier. The record made by the Second Arkansas Regiment under the leadership of his brigade commanders, Hardee, Hindman, Liddell, and Gordon, forms an interesting part of its history, and is well known. Comrade Atkinson contributed in his humble way to the glorious achievements of his regiment on almost every field from Woodsonville, Ky., in February, 1862, to Chickamauga, Tenn. After this he was taken prisoner and sent to Rock Island, where he was held for eleven months. After the war was over he assumed the duties of a peaceful citizen. He married and removed to Texas, where he lived till death came on December 9, 1901. As a member of the same regiment, it affords me pleasure to send this tribute to my comrade.

Capt. W. K. Bachman was born in Charleston, November 23, 1830, and died in Columbia, S. C., October 29, 1901. He was the son of Rev. John Bachman, of note as a minister of the Lutheran Church, and also as a scientist. Capt. Bachman was graduated from the College of Charleston, studied two years in Gottingen, Germany, returned to Charleston, and. after a law course, became a partner of Henry D. Lesesne, who afterwards was elevated to Chancellor.

When South Carolina seceded, Capt. Bachman resided in Columbia. An artillery company, of which he was a member, offered its services to the Governor immediately after Anderson's move from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, December 26, 1860; was accepted, went to Charleston January 1, 1861, and participated in the engagements within the harbor, remaining until after the taking of Fort Sumter, April 12 and 15, 1861. He was made a lieutenant the night before leaving for Charleston, and returned the latter part of April, when the company was relieved from duty.

Not long after Capt. Bachman was selected to command a Charleston company, composed of the flower of the German element—hardy, loyal, brave men. The "German Volunteers" was raised and splendidly equipped, without expense to the Confederacy by the German citizens of Charleston, prominent among whom was the late lamented John A. Wagener. The term of enlistment was for five years or the war. It was mustered into the Confederate service as a company of infantry August 22, 1861, and was assigned as Company H to the Infantry Battalion of the Hampton Legion. It was afterwards converted into a Battery of Light Artillery, and thereafter generally known as Bachman's Battery.



CAPT. W. K. BACHMAN.

The guidon has inscribed upon its folds the names of the following engagements—viz., Cockpit Point, West Point, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Meyer's Farm, Second Manassas, Suffolk, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, these being only some of the battles in which it participated. At Gettysburg this battery was on the extreme right of the line, and was charged by the enemy's cavalry in large force, and after a desperate and almost hand-to-hand struggle succeeded in repelling their assailants with great slaughter.

From South Carolina to Virginia, to Pennsylvania, again to Virginia, to the coast of South Carolina the fortune of war found them at last in North Carolina. Capt. Bachman, a short time before, although steadily refusing promotion, was assigned to the command of a battalion of artillery. The surviving members of the company were dismissed by the officer, James Simmons, then in command of the company at Camden, S. C., where it had been ordered but a few days before the surrender.

Hidden under his gray jacket, the color sergeant, A. W. Jager, bore the guidon to his home. This priceless possession was brought and reverently laid by him upon the bier of his beloved Captain, when he came with Lieut. James Simmons to offer their tribute of love. These and about ten others are the only survivors of the original members of a company which went out with four commissioned officers and some one hundred and fifteen men.

Having given four years of his life entirely to his country, Capt. Bachman, after the war, resumed the practice of law; was for eleven years Assistant Attorney General of his native State; quietly and modestly discharged his duty in the several relations of life, lived and died in the faith and communion of his fathers.

The ritual of the Church was followed by Masonic honors conducted by Acacia Lodge No. 94, A. F. M.

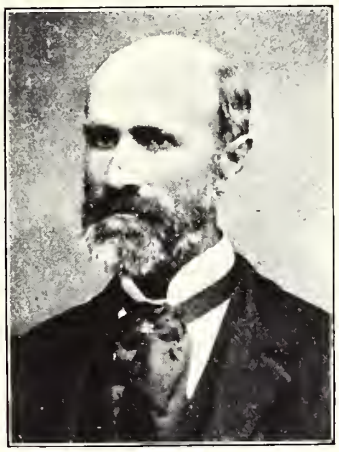
He was for several years First Lieutenant Commander of Camp Hampton, and declined an election as Commander. Genial and generous, he easily won friends and the men of the battery were devoted to him.

The shadow of the old live oak under which our noble Hampton lies and its leaves, carried by the winds of heaven, rest upon them both.

N. K. McKay, of Utica, Miss., crossed over the river in February, 1902, aged about sixty years. He joined the army in 1861—Company E., Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, and participated in the first battle of Manassass, Ball's Bluff, and other engagements of his regiment; was wounded several times. His life after the war was crowned with success, and he died respected by all who knew him.

H. A. Yeager.

Many hearts grew sorrowful when the sad news went forth of the death of H. A. Yeager, at Marlinton, W. Va., which occurred on January 9, 1902. He was a member of the pioneer Yeager family identified with the early settlement and occupancy of the head of Greenbrier. The home of his parents was on Alleghany Summit, where the battle of Alleghany Mountain was fought. He enlisted as a Confederate soldier in the Thirty-First Virginia Infantry, and he was in all the engagements in which that noted regiment participated except when disabled by wounds, until discharged from the army with an honorable record. He served his country as justice of the peace, member of the Legislature, and assessor of lands, and during Cleveland's first administration he was special agent of the National Land Office, stationed at Cheyenne, Wyo. He was specially devoted to the advancement of his home town, and in his death West Virginia loses one of her most loyal and patriotic sons.



H. A. YEAGER.

Death of Mrs. R. N. Pitts.

The only daughter of Comrade W. W. Screws and wife, of Montgomery, Ala., died May 26. She was born in Montgomery, December 29, 1871, and was married to Dr. Robert N. Pitts, April 16, 1896. All of her days were spent here. Her schoolmates were the devoted friends of her young ladyhood and of her married life. It is doubtful if any one of her age in that city ever numbered a larger circle of affectionate and devoted friends. Her life has been a benediction to all who ever came within the circle of her sweet and gentle influence. With a mental equipment of high order she revelled in books, and was extraordinarily well informed on all subjects. She was bright and cheery as a sunbeam, and it was a delight and a pleasure to be thrown with her.

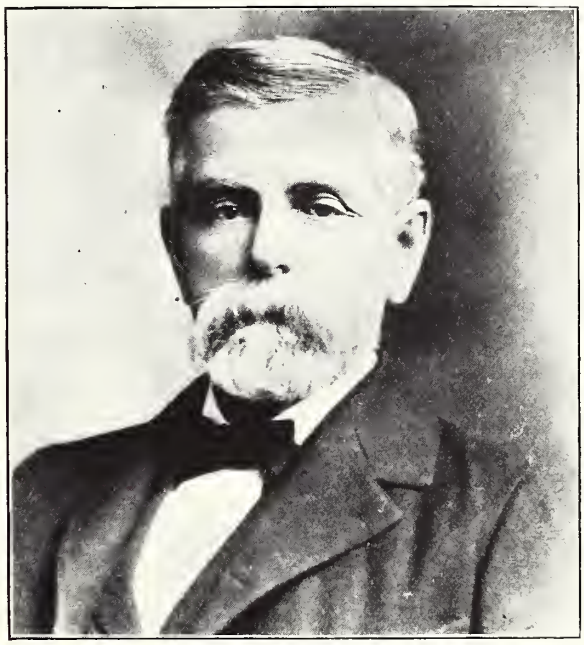
In all the relations of life Mrs. Pitts came up to every requirement. She was an affectionate and loving daughter, kind and considerate wife, sweet and gentle sister, and the most devoted of mothers. She was loyalty itself to home, kindred, and friends. No ill words of human being ever escaped her lips, for her heart was filled with gentleness and love.

Capt. W. B. Allbright.

W. B. Allbright was born near Clarksville, Tenn., February 28, 1841. In the summer of 1861 he joined Company A, First Tennessee Heavy Artillery stationed at Fort Henry, was soon appointed First Sergeant in charge of gun No. 1, thirty-two pounder. He was in the bombardment from start to finish. He fired the last shot. It was after the fort surrendered and unawares. Before the gunboat landed he escaped. A few days later he went to Fort Donelson, and was in the water batteries there during the battle. He escaped by the river road. He afterwards joined Col. Adam Johnson's Tenth Kentucky Cavalry and was put in charge of a piece of artillery, secured in the recapture of Clarksville.

The most noted shot, perhaps, of that great war was when Capt. Allbright hid a cannon by a straight stretch of road near the Cumberland Iron Works, sent all of his men away, waited by the gun until the head of the Federals was near, then he fired directly down the line. The chaos following that shot can hardly be conceived.

He was in many successful engagements in Northern Kentucky. In November, 1862, he went South and joined Morgans command; was with him on his famous Christmas raid into Northern Kentucky and was captured. He escaped from his guard, but was soon recaptured by Woolford's Cavalry. He was marched to Lebanon Junction and from there sent to Louisville on an engine. After a few days in prison changed his name, his uniform, and succeeded in being taken as a private for exchange at Vicksburg.



CAPT. ALLBRIGHT.

Near Cairo the boat was headed for St. Louis when it ran into a dense fog and was forced to land when he and James Christian escaped and took up the tramp for Dixie, one of great fatigue and hardships. He rejoined his command in time to go with Gen. Morgan on his Ohio campaign, and was captured at Adams Mills July 19. He was imprisoned at Cincinnati on Johnson's Island, Allegheny City, Point Lookout, and Fort Delaware. In March, 1865, he was sent South on a special exchange, and at Greensboro surrendered with Joseph E. Johnston's army. He was twelve times a prisoner of war and got his freedom only once by consent of his captors or custodians.

His labors in connection with Camp Chase and organization of the U. C. V. Camp at Columbus, Ohio, are of record in the Veteran.

PATRIOTISM OF THE SECOND FLORIDA.

Hon. Francis P. Fleming, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes to the VETERAN in regard to reënlistments:

I have read with interest the article in the VETERAN of April on the subject of the reënlistments of Confederates for the war, giving the credit of the first movement toward reënlistment in Johnston's army to Vaughn's Brigade during the winter of 1863-64, while in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga. The precise date is not given. I cannot say, therefore, whether such action antedated or was subsequent to the reënlistment of the Second Florida Infantry of Perry's Brigade, Anderson's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, which took place on January 28, 1864, the record of which is in the following words: "At a meeting of the Second Regiment, Florida Infantry, at camp, near Rapidan Station, Va., on the 28th day of January, 1864, to consider the subject of reënlistment, the following preamble and resolutions were introduced and adopted:

"'Whereas, we, the members of the Second Regiment, Florida Infantry, believing, as we did from the first, that the cause in which we are engaged, and in which many of our brave comrades have fallen is just and right, and that our liberties, our honor, and all that makes life dear to us, depend upon our maintaining it, and that the least hesitation on the part of our troops or citizens to prosecute the war until our independence is achieved will injure us and give encouragement to the enemy; therefore be it

"'*Resolved:* 1. That we are determined never to give that cause up, and that we regard as traitors, unworthy to bear the name of Southerners, all citizens (if there are any) of the Confederate States who are willing to give it up without first exerting all their influence and sacrificing their property and their lives, if need be, to maintain it.

"'2. That we, whose term of service will expire on the 13th day of July, 1864, as soon as we can be mustered, reënlist for the war. And feeling assured that our brothers in Florida do appreciate the glory that we have assisted in winning for our State, and will not suffer the Second Florida to lose its organization, or identity as a regiment, from any fault of theirs.

"'3. That an appeal be made to those at home to come forward and fill up our decimated ranks to their original numbers.

"'4. That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Governor of Florida and to the Richmond *Enquirer* and *Floridian* and *Journal* for publication.

"'C. SETON FLEMING, *Ch'n.;*
"'J. W. LITTLE, *Sec.*"

The Confederate Congress soon after, in recognition of the patriotic spirit of this veteran regiment, which had served in Virginia since July, 1861, adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to the officers and men of the Second Florida Regiment, who, after a service of distinguished gallantry and heroic suffering for nearly three years, did, on the 28th ult., at a meeting held near Rapidan Station, Virginia, resolve to reënlist for the war, at the expiration of their present term of service."

The original engrossed resolution, bearing signatures of President Davis, Hon. R. M. T. Turner, President of the Senate, and Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, Speaker of the House, is in the Florida Room of the Confederate Museum in Richmond.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT KANSAS CITY.

State Memorial Day in Missouri, May 30, 1902, was the most eventful one in the history of the Kansas City Chapter, U. D. C., for it was then that the monument erected by the Chapter was unveiled, at Forest Hill Cemetery, in memory of those brave soldiers who fell in the battle of Westport, October 23, 1864.

The audience was immense. Judge Turner A. Gill presided over the ceremonies, which begun at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Judge James B. Garrett, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, was orator of the day. His opening words were these: "The name of the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and a knowledge of its remarkable achievements not only command my admiration, but appeal to the holiest and sweetest memories of my life. We ought not to live in the past, and we cannot live on memories, but there is a right use of the past. There are ways in which it may be made to yield blessing, help, and good in the life of the present. It should ever be to us a seed plot in which grow beautiful things planted in the by-gone days. The deeds we have done are a part of ourselves, and we can never shake them off. . . ." It was inspiring.

The Mayor of the city, Mr. James A. Reed, Mr. H. Miller, and Mr. D. B. Saunders made addresses.

Just before the unveiling Mr. J. M. Philips bestowed the Cross of Honor on eighteen Veterans, some of whom received it with tears trickling down their furrowed cheeks. They have just heard of the Cross of Honor, and many came to Mrs. Phillips, asking for it.

Thirteen little girls, one of them a granddaughter of the valliant Gen. Jo O. Shelby, dressed in Confederate colors, pulled the cords which released the veil from the monument. It was wreathed with smilax and red and white carnations. Two little girls carried Confederate and United States flags.

The monument is the completed work of the Chapter during the three years Mrs. Philips has been President. Most of the money was raised during that time. Mrs. Turner A. Gill raised a large part of this amount. The monument is made of the finest grey Barre granite, surmounted by a bronze figure seven and a half feet tall, representing a Confederate soldier standing on guard. The whole monument is thirty-six and a half feet high. The shaft is ornamented with black granite cannon balls at the four corners. On the face is the inscription: "In memory of our Confederate dead." The battle flag is above. On the reverse side is the Chapter motto: "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet; lest we forget, lest we forget." The cost is $5,000.

Mrs. D. B. Saunders presented as a souvenir a little booklet entitled "The Women of the South." It was written by Mrs. Blake L. Woodson, the Historian of the Chapter. Dr. J. O'B. Lowry and Rev. Robert Talbot offered prayer.

Three volleys were fired, taps were sounded, and the ceremonies were over. To those who have given their energies, their time, and their hearts, truest devotion to this memorial May 30 was a blessed day.

REVIEW OF SOME VALUABLE NEW BOOKS.

THE RISE OF A SOUL. By Rev. James I. Vance. Fleming H. Revell Company: New York, Chicago, Richmond, and Toronto. Price, $1, net.

In this book Dr. Vance has paid his fifth or sixth contribution to religious literature. To those who have known Dr. Vance his counsel becomes a part of their lives and daily thoughts, and they always feel like consulting him on important topics. They read all of his books they can get hold of, and always he continues true to the strain of purest piety, which is yet instinct with life and knowledge of humanity.

The book is one of the finest contributions to religious literature that has appeared in recent times. It has many vivid touches and unforgetable phrases, and is full of the vitality of expression that combines eloquence and well poised judgment. He has touched only the everyday steps in the progress of a soul toward higher things, and the hindrances and backslidings that beset the way. One of the strongest factors in Dr. Vance's evangelical work is his naturalness and his superb grasp of the fact that we are beings of very common clay and naturally much more prone to do wrong than right. This quality makes one of the charms of his latest book and makes it the more stimulating and wholesome. No one can read it without being spurred on to do his duty with a braver and more constant heart. The style of the book is characteristic of the man. It is sunny and broad, and no thoughtful person can read it without feeling its influence and a desire to begin at once climbing toward the heights. "Push on to nobler things" expresses the sentiment of the book, which, incidentally, clears away many of the shadows and puzzling uncertainties that beset the soul.

The book is dedicated to the little child of Dr. Vance, which died while he resided here. In the dedication these lines occur: "Sometimes the soul climbs slowly, and three score years and ten are spent upon the altar stairs. Sometimes the climb is swifter than the light, and steps which outrun the flight of angel wings leave baby footprints on the altar stairs.

"To the memory of a little pilgrim, whose flight was from the cradle to the glory, whose tiny grave is under Southern suns, and whose baby hands beckon us to the summit, the book is dedicated."—*Extracts from the Nashville American.*

PERSONAL SALVATION: Studies in Christian Doctrine Pertaining to the Spiritual Life. By Wilbur F. Tillett, D.D., Dean of the Theological Faculty and Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University. Large 12mo. Cloth. 556 pp. Price $1.50. Bigham & Smith, Agents, Nashville, Tenn., Dallas, Tex.

We have here a new volume in a department of Biblical Theology that is at once the most important and fundamental in the whole range of Christian doctrine. The author, Dr. W. F. Tillett, has been long and favorably known throughout the South as Vice Chancellor of Vanderbilt University and Dean of the Theological Faculty. This volume is the result of twenty years of study and teaching in the Chair of Systematic Theology at Vanderbilt. The successive chapters discuss such subjects as the following: The Fatherhood of God; What Is Man; Probation; Sin; Atonement; Gracious Ability; The Work of the Holy Spirit; Conviction of Sin; Repentance; Saving Faith; Sanctification; The Witness of the Spirit; The Possibility of Apostasy; Spiritual Life; Spiritual Growth; Sin in the Regenerate; Christian Perfection; The Believer's Glorification at Death; The Consummation of Salvation in Heaven; The True Theory of the Christian Life. These discussions in Christian doctrine are thoroughly Scriptural, and are such as will interest and instruct the laity as well as the clergy. They cover the most important and essential doctrines of Christian theology—doctrines which must be not only taught everywhere and at all times, but embodied in religious experience, or the Church will soon come to an end. The book abounds in striking quotations from poets and preachers, men of letters and theologians, and combines didactic and devotional elements in a unique and happy manner. The style is simple, clear, and luminous. Paper, print, large type and wide margin make as pleasant a volume to the eye as the subject matter is to the mind of the reader.

THE HOME BUILDER, BY REV. LEWIS POWELL.

The author of this little book was Chaplain of the Tennessee State Senate at its last session. He made an address on "The Twentieth Century Woman." His studies of the theme induced the little volume. Price, twenty-five cents. It is commended by Christian scholars, and the author's personal life induces his friends to call for it promptly. "The little book is full of wholesome thought, pleasingly expressed, and will well profit the reader for the short time consumed in digesting it."—*The M. E. Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.*

A NEW COLLEGE WITH EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

Buford College has progressed so well that it is already established as one of the many splendid educational institutions of Nashville for the higher education of young women. Mrs. Buford, with her well-established reputation as an educator, attracted patronage from many sections of the country. A dozen States were well represented in the term recently closed. Although the college curriculum includes all branches of education for young ladies that of music—piano and vocal—under the direction of Miss Louise Chambliss Burgess, is mentioned as an exceptionally fine feature.

While classed with Nashville schools and accessible by electric cars every few minutes, it is delightfully situated in a beautiful forest with many acres in every direction from the capacious buildings.

Those who would like to educate their daughters in Nashville and, at the same time give them the best advantages of retirement and a well-conducted home, would do well to send for the annual announcement to Mrs. E. G. Buford, Nashville, Tenn.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE GRANDDAUGHTERS, U. C. V.

See the advertisement of Carr-Burdette College in this issue of the VETERAN. There is no use sending our daughters to Northern schools when Southern furnish such educational facilities as those in Carr-Burdette College. Its equipments are thoroughly up to date. Mrs. O. A. Carr, a philanthropic Daughter of the Confederacy and a cultured, college bred, school woman will have nothing but the best in home furnishings, equipments, and faculty. She has traveled and studied in every continent; holds diplomas from two of the best schools of the South, and had the honor of receiving from the Bishop of Jerusalem a diploma testifying to her extensive studious travel in the Orient. In Carr-Burdette College our daughters will be taught Southern principles and will form happy associations with typical Southern families. This every true Son or Daughter of the Confederacy desires. It is well to send your daughters, therefore, to this "College Beautiful," where they may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of the shining palace of liberty in our dear sunny Southland.

If you have daughters to educate, write to Mrs. Carr promptly as rooms are being taken rapidly.

See notice in this VETERAN of the Medical College of Virginia. This venerable college is nearly two-thirds of a century old, and is located admirably in the old Confederate capital of "Richmond by the James."

DRAUGHON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an advertisement of Draughon's Practical Business Colleges, located at Nashville, St. Louis, Atlanta, Montgomery, Shreveport, Fort Worth, Galveston, and Little Rock. These colleges give a superior course of instruction, and have facilities for securing positions. They are now offering special summer rates to all who enter soon. For catalogue address Draughon's College, at either place.

BACK NUMBERS OF VETERAN

can be furnished at fifty cents per dozen. They are especially valuable for historic data. The engravings and sketches are well worth the price.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its line to Minneapolis, Minn., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip, plus $2; selling July 4, 5, and 6. When returning, leave Minneapolis not earlier than July 8 and not later than July 14. For further information call on any ticket agent of the Southern Railway.

SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Chattanooga and return from all points on its lines at rate of one fare for the round trip, plus $2, June 27 to July 1, inclusive. Final limit for return July 6, 1902; except by depositing ticket with joint agent, corner Eighth and Cherry Streets, Chattanooga, on or before July 6, on payment of fee of fifty cents, extension of limit may be extended until September 10, 1902. For further information call on your ticket agent.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.

For the ocasion of the Summer School of the South the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Knoxville and return, June 16, 17, 18, 28, 29, 30, July 11, 12, 13, with final limit for return passage August 15, 1902, at one fare for the round trip. Ticket may be extended until September 30, 1902, by depositing with joint agent at Knoxville, Tenn., on or before August 15, 1902, and on payment of fee of fifty cents at time of deposit. For further information call on any ticket agent of the Southern Railway.

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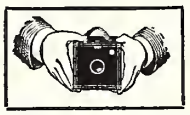

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Mrs. M. N. Caldwell, of Wytheville, Va., is anxious to procure a photograph of her father, Gen. James A. Walker, in uniform. It may be that some old Confederate has one that he would send to her to be copied and returned.

Mr. J. J. Montgomery, 821 Seventh Street, Louisville, Ky., wants copies of the VETERAN for 1893-94, "Southern Bivouac," "The Land We Love," and other Confederate literature. Write him, stating what you have and prices asked. He wants different copies for filling out volumes. "Southern Bivouac" for sale complete.

Capt. H. W. Kerr, Carlinville, Ill., who served in the sixties in Company E, Forty-Ninth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, makes inquiry for some personal belongings lost at Shiloh, April 6, 1862. He left his valise at the headquarters tent, in which was his sash and some books that he prized, and thinks perhaps some reader of the VETERAN may help him trace them.

INTERCHANGEABLE MILEAGE.

We take pleasure in announcing that, effective June 1, 1902, the Interchangeable Mileage Credit System of the Western Passenger Association (the Red Book) will become operative on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad between stations north of the Ohio River (St. Louis to Cairo, inclusive).

C. M. SHEPARD, G. P. A.;
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OPELIKA, ALA., May 12, 1900.
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J. F. PURSER,
Pastor Baptist Church.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Dec. 22, 1899.
Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic is our favorite remedy for cuts, burns, stings of insects, inflamed eyes, sore throat, or any manner of wound or inflammation. Have found it a safe and pleasant cure for colic and other internal derangement. I have never recommended proprietary medicines, but make an exception of this.
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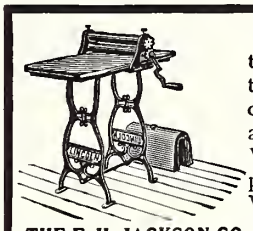
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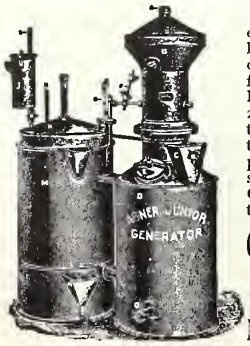

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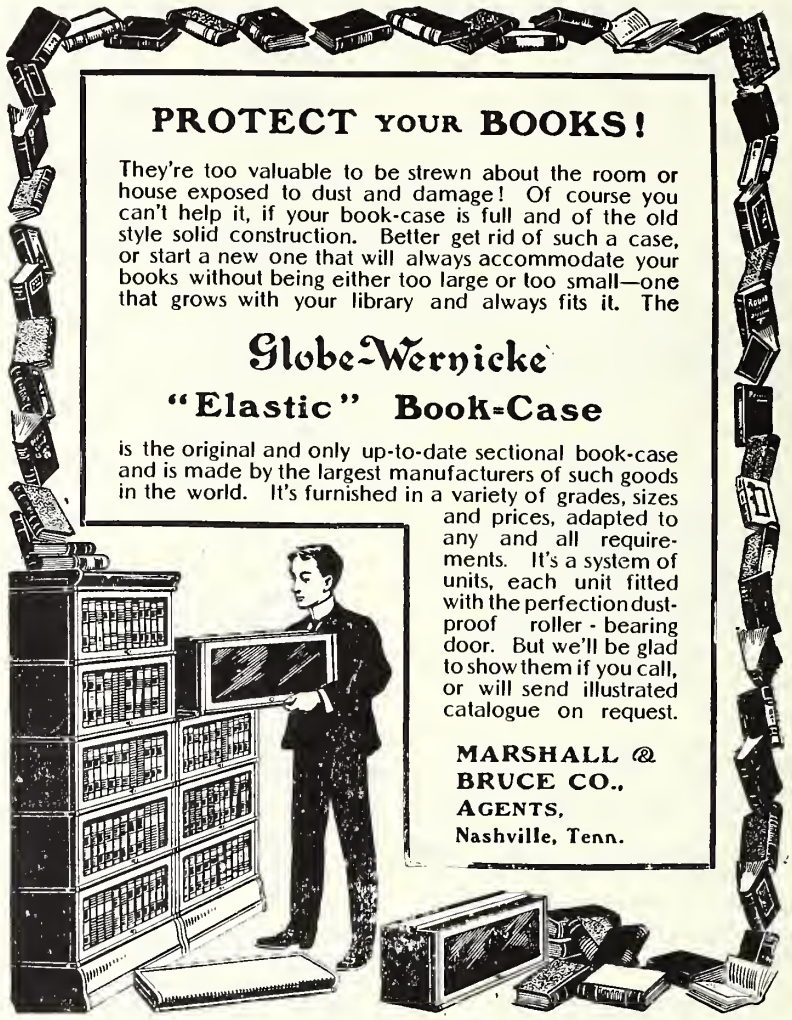

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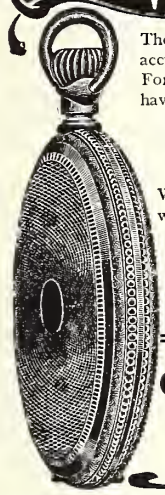

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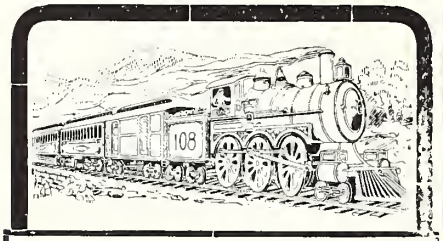

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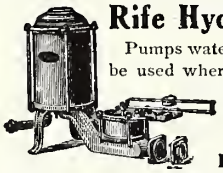

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Men hesitate to invest, awaiting for a "dead sure shot." There is no such thing in an investment. No matter what the probabilities are, there is a possibility of a loss.

"A dead sure thing" in mining means that the mines are old and established, and large quantities of ore is uncovered and is being shipped, and large dividends are being declared. But the stock commands fabulous prices, and it precludes all men of moderate financial standing from purchasing. So the mistake men make in mining investments is in waiting for the "dead sure thing." The men who make the big money in every great enterprise are those who come in at the beginning. Hundreds of mines sold their stock at from 5 cents to 50 cents per share at the beginning; now it is worth hundreds, and some thousands of dollars per share.

Buy when the stock is sold at moderate prices, based upon the undeveloped valuation of the properties. The Confederate Mining Company's property is in the mineral belt of Gila County, Arizona, where millions and millions of dollars worth of gold, silver, and copper is taken out every year. Its group of copper claims lies in the famous Reno Gulch district, where it is known to be underlayed with rich copper and gold ore.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more than $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their Treasury Stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of anyone. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

The old Confederates reason this way: Capitalists everywhere are making money in large quantities in the mining business. Why should we not create a fund, and do the same? By the placing into the treasury from $10 to $200 each it is easily done. There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the same confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and business like.

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COL. LEE CRANDALL, Pres't.

Col. Lee Crandall, the President of the Confederate Mining Company, of Globe, Arizona, was Colonel of "The Regiment of the Confederacy." It was known so by the companies composing it from the different States. In the Colonel's regiment there was one company from Mississippi, two from Texas, three from Missouri, and four from Arkansas. There was always a spirit of rivalry in these companies to see which should get there first, and stay the longest in battle. This amused and gratified Col. Crandall, for he too was always ready for a scrap with the Yanks. This regiment did meritorious service throughout the war, and was known as "Crandall's Regiment of the Confederacy." After the war the Colonel resided in Washington City, and the last twelve years he has been extensively engaged, together with his son, Theo. Crandall, in the mining business of Arizona. Col. Crandall made application to the government to raise a brigade of young men from the South to go to the Spanish-American war, and the Southern people urged President McKinley to appoint Col. Crandall as Brigadier General; but the President was a Republican and Crandall was a Democrat, and that was the end of it.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

Maj. Crabb, our Secretary and Treasurer, is a native Mississippian, and was a member of Crandall's regiment, and was in all the "hard knocks" of that famous old regiment. Maj. Crabb located in Uniontown, Ky., soon after the war, and has been engaged in business there continuously for twenty-seven years. He was councilman of the city twenty odd years, and was Mayor for a number of years. He was Commander of Adam Johnson Camp, U. C. V., for ten years, and is now Major of the 2nd Ky. Battalion, U. C. V. Maj. Crabb was United States Deputy Revenue Collector for four years, under Cleveland's administration. He is bonded to this company by the Fidelity Security Co., of Maryland.

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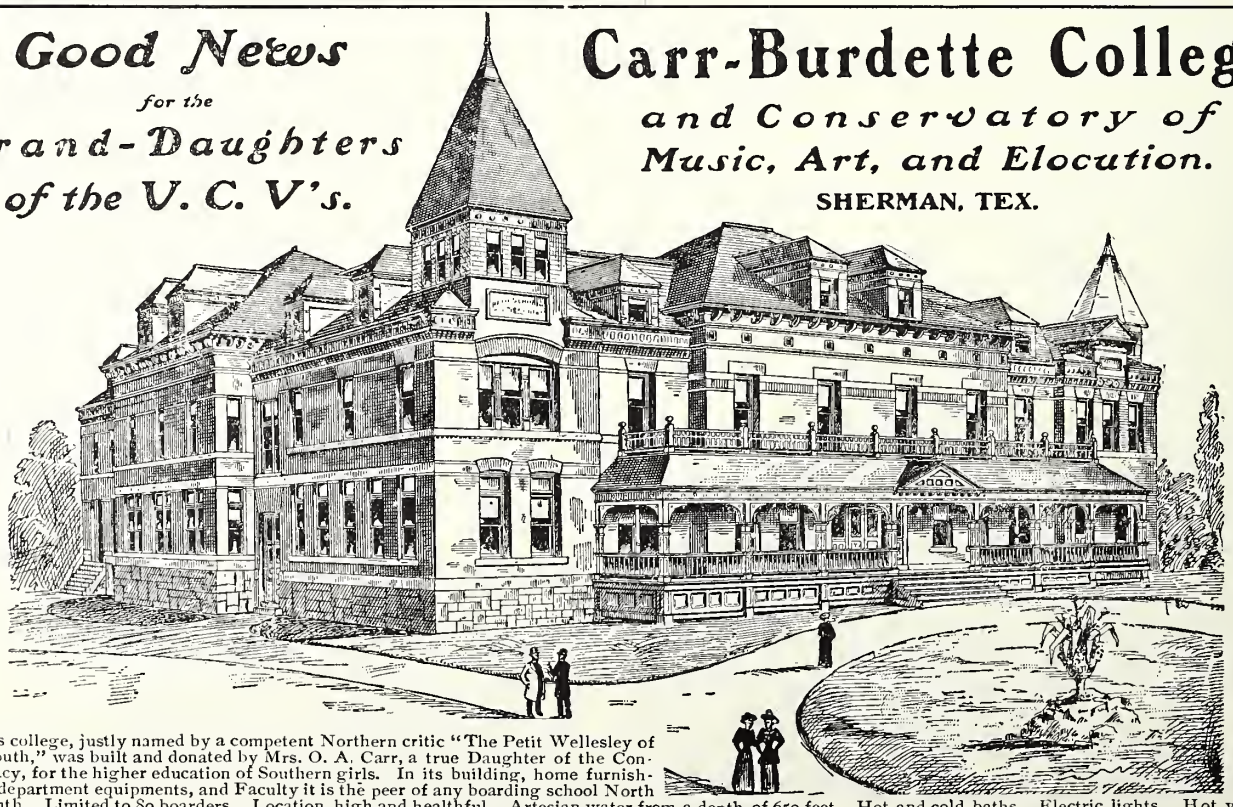

This college, justly named by a competent Northern critic "The Petit Wellesley of the South," was built and donated by Mrs. O. A. Carr, a true Daughter of the Confederacy, for the higher education of Southern girls. In its building, home furnishings, department equipments, and Faculty it is the peer of any boarding school North or South. Limited to 80 boarders. Location, high and healthful. Artesian water from a depth of 650 feet. Hot and cold baths. Electric lights. Hot water heat, and all modern comforts. Substantial brick building; stone foundation. Practically fire-proof.

The Music and Art teachers were educated in Germany and France, and the Literary teachers studied six years in Europe and the Orient. The Library, Music Rooms, Art Studio, and Gymnasium are thoroughly equipped. Girls' Military Company—the only one in the South—organized to give mental concentration and physical development. The college furnishes the company with handsome Confederate uniforms, guns, drum, etc.

Come, see, and be convinced, and enjoy the old-time Southern hospitality of Carr-Burdette College. For brochure, containing 53 photo-engravings of interior and exterior of College, address O. A. or MRS. O. A. CARR, Principals, Department B. Sherman, Tex.

Ward Seminary FOR YOUNG LADIES Nashville, Tenn.

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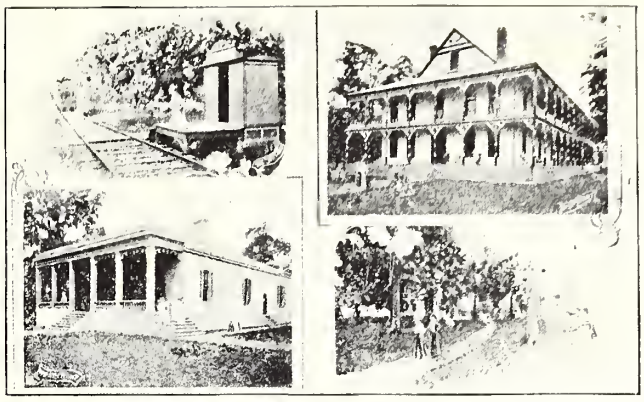

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The best electric car service in the city. Out door sports and athletics emphasized. Home life under the direct supervision of the President. Non-denominational and non-sectarian, but thoroughly Christian. Faculty of skilled specialists, strengthened by scholarly lecture corps. Access to libraries of Vanderbilt University. Graduate, Elective, and University Preparatory Courses. University Bible Course. Excellent business course. Conservatory training in Art, Music, Expression, and Language. Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious culture unrivaled. Record of current term represents twelve States and five nationalities in its patronage.

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DR. J. B. HARRIS' SYSTEM

.... OF ....

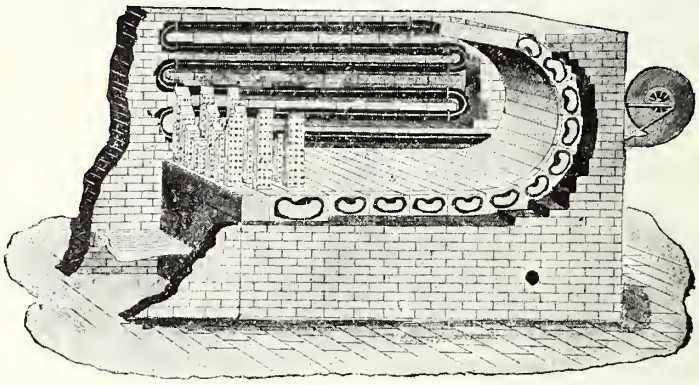
Absolute Combustion of Coal

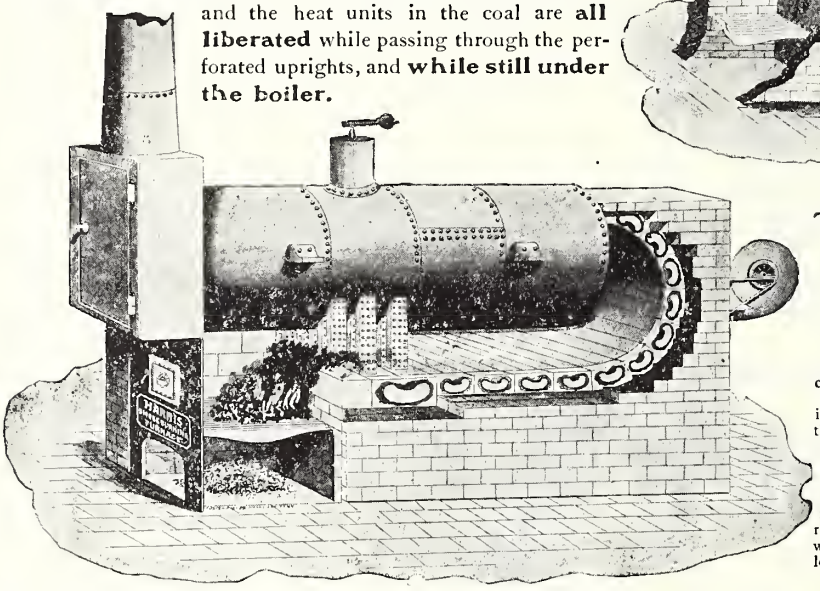
(PATENTS PENDING)

In Furnaces, Heating Stoves, Cooking Stoves, and Grates.

No Smoke, no Fouling of Flues—Incandescent White Heat.

Slack coal is the preferable fuel over lump coal, thereby saving 60 cents per ton in cost. Burns up all soot, smoke, and gases, producing an intense white heat, and saves 35 to 40 per cent in coal over old method, because **Combustion is Absolute,** and the heat units in the coal are **all liberated** while passing through the perforated uprights, and **while still under the boiler.**





The following is the correct explanation of combustion and how it is attained in Dr. Harris' System:

Carbon is the coal (and its products, smoke and gases) and, chemically speaking, is in valence quadrivalent.

Oxygen, the supporter of combustion (furnished by the air blown in and through the perforations in uprights), is in valence bivalent; therefore to equal Carbon it takes two of Oxygen for ONE CARBON.

Now with $C^{\text{''''}}$ plus 2 $O^{\text{''}}$ we have the correct elements in the correct proportions for producing perfect and absolute combustion. Now the next thing is to bring about the condition, which is heat, and maintain it; and $C^{\text{''''}}$ plus 2 $O^{\text{''}}$ will at once unite, leaving as a residue CO_2, or Carbon-Dioxide, and Nitrogen (the latter being the residue of the atmospheric air after the Oxygen has left it and united with the Carbon), and the mineral constituents of the coal will be left as the ash in the fire box.

Explanation of its working in the furnace of a bricked-up boiler (externally fired) as shown in the above cuts.

The floor and rear end of the combustion chamber are formed by hollow fire-clay logs laid tranversely, through which is a six-inch hollow, and these hollows are made continuous by end knuckle joints fitted to the ends of the logs. so as to turn the current of air into the next contiguous log, and continues till all the logs are connected and the hollows made continuous to the last, the terminal end in last log closing blind. The last three fire-clay logs at rear of fire box, and just at the "bridge," have a hollow through them of twelve inches, so as to form a reservoir for hot air. Standing in these last three larger logs are uprights made of fire-clay, three inches thick and twelve inches on their flat sides, and having a hollow in them of one inch by eight inches, extending from their lower open ends to within one inch of their upper ends (the upper ends being closed); the flat surfaces or sides of these uprights are perforated so as to spray hot air into the smoke and gases passing between them; and they set into the mortises in the large logs, and reach down and their hollows connect with the air reservoir in the large logs. The uprights stand two inches apart, giving a smoke passageway of two inches between each, and a space of two inches at ends between last upright and wall of combustion chamber. The uprights in the middle one of the three large logs are set staggered (in relation to those in other two), so that the columns of smoke are split up by abutting against the upright next in its course. There is a blower at rear end of boiler, which drives the cold air first into a six-inch iron pipe, making six convolutions longitudinal with boiler (ten feet each), and lying imbedded in the left brick wall of the brick work of the boiler, which convolutions extend parallel with boiler from its rear end forward as far as the bridge, where it is turned back by knuckle joints (this is the primary heater, warming air so that contraction upon the fragile fire-clay logs will not cause them to break), and finally connected with the hollow in the first fire-clay log at rear of the boiler, the knuckle cap joints connecting the contiguous logs, making the air conduit continuous from the blower to the large air reservoirs in the last three large logs, and through the hollow uprights and their perforations.

Now fire up this furnace, and as soon as steam is raised start the blower (it is preferable to run it with an independent electric motor), and the air is driven into the convolutions of the iron pipe, passing sixty feet through that, and receives its first heat and then passes into the first hollow log and continues to the uprights, by which time it is heated FAR ABOVE THE FLASH POINT, and is sprayed, under pressure of the blower, into the columns of smoke and gases from two sides, and produces INSTANTANEOUS AND ABSOLUTE COMBUSTION, with an intense white, incandescent heat, and the blower is kept running all the time, creating forced draught, and THERE IS NO SMOKE OR GASES WHATEVER LEFT to escape or to foul the tubes in boiler.

DEVICE FOR STEAM BOILERS.—We place it on furnaces complete (furnishing all broken parts), and charge for this service, five hundred dollars ($500) for each boiler so equipped; but (calculating 4 pounds of coal per horse power per hour) we save you net cash—

On a 40-horse power boiler, continuous firing for two years . . .	$ 682 50
On a 60-horse power boiler, continuous firing for two years . . .	1,200 00
On an 80 horse power boiler, continuous firing for two years . . .	1,680 00
On a 100-horse power boiler, continuous firing for two years . . .	1,920 00

This calculation is based on coal at a cost of only $2 per ton, and a saving of only 33⅓ per cent over old methods, when, in reality, 35 to 42 per cent is nearer correct.

State and Local Agents Wanted.

Every applicant for a STATE AGENCY must be a civil and mechanical engineer in good standing, and fully understand designing and installing steam power plants, and must have sufficient financial standing to enable him to carry his own customers. No irresponsible parties need apply.

Address J. B. HARRIS, M.D., Inventor,

Vendome Building, *Nashville, Tenn., U. S. A.*

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Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1902 No. 7

Confederate Veteran

MEMBERS OF JAMES LONGSTREET, CAMP UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, NO. 1390, ENNIS, TEX.

TENNESSEE DIVISION UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1902.

ON STEPS EAST SIDE OF THE STATE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE.

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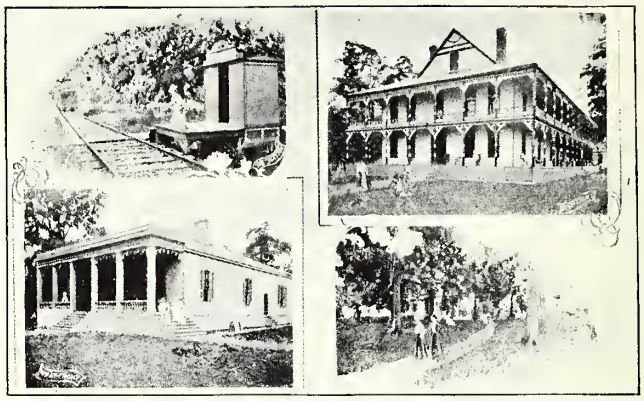

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. X. NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1902. No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

WOULDN'T SING "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

A strange report comes from a public school in Louisville. It is that "Marching through Georgia" is sung in school there. A special to the Atlanta *Constitution* states that Laura Talbot Galt, aged thirteen, a pupil, refused to sing "Marching through Georgia," as her teacher, Miss Sue Allen, instructed. Miss Galt has been withdrawn and complaint made to the superintendent. She not only refused to sing "Marching through Georgia," but she put her fingers in her ears when the school was singing the song, and was reprimanded.

Mrs. Laura Talbot Ross, the grandmother of little Miss Galt, is a Daughter of the American Revolution and a Daughter of the Confederacy. She instructed her grandchild to obey her teacher, but to protest against singing that song.

The little girl says that Miss Allen, her teacher, refused to listen to her essays in which she gave the Confederates credit for bravery on sea and land.

LAURA TALBOT GALT.

A characteristic little letter from the heroine to the VETERAN:

I can find no words to express how extremely honored I feel when I look at my letters I have received from almost every State, and I think of what those dear old Confederates suffered for the cause they loved so dearly, and yet they praise me so highly for such a little act of duty. They do not know how much pleasure they have given me, for I will always keep their letters among my treasures.

I had read many other histories before I went to school, the year before this last school year, and knowing the truth of the battle between the Alabama and Kearsarge, I would not say, as my teacher tried to force the class, that it was a breach of honor in Admiral Semmes to escape on the Deer Hound instead of giving his sword to Captain Winslow, when the Kearsarge had fired broadside after broadside into the Confederate cruiser after the white flag was raised.

As for putting my fingers in my ears I did that because I would not listen to a song that declares such a tyrant and coward as Sherman and his disgraceful and horrible march through Georgia and the Carolinas to be glorious. I did not think, at the time, my teacher would think it very bad. I felt that forcing the Southern girls who were in the room to sing or listen to such a song was an insult that I could not stand.

And the patriotic "Aunt Edith" wrote as follows:

It seems strange that Laura's action should have caused such widespread interest. It was the only thing for her to do. We thought she had done only her duty. But after the papers took it to the old Confederate soldiers and to the women, and those who were children when Sherman was in Georgia, and their letters called her "comrade," our little girl was excited beyond words, recalling forty years ago.

When resolutions from John Pelham Camp, U. C. V., of Texas, came, there were shouts of delight. It seemed from old friends sure enough, for many a time has she dashed around on her pony, "a member of Pelham's artillery." Laura's thirteen years should make her almost a young lady, but she is such a child! She has lived without a child companion all her life on the old homestead, which has been in the family since it was bought by Laurence Ross in 1783, in a house full of books, with no children far or near. She has made them her living companions. One day her dolls would be characters from "Hamlet," the next from "The Tempest," the next from "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Hugh Whyn," but the oftenest of all, "Red Rock."

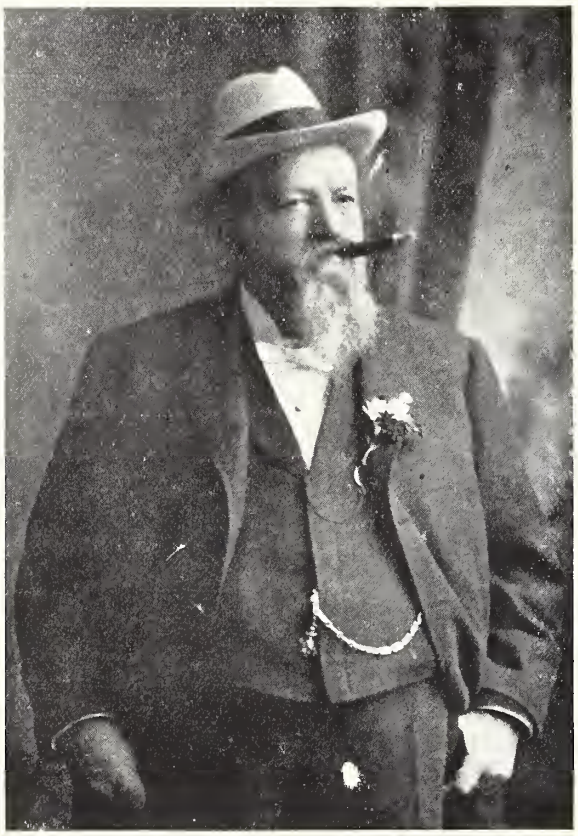
There is a large picture of "Martial Law in Missouri," with the order signed by Brigadier General Ewing, in the house. This gives her some idea of how Northern battles were fought which they consider "glorious."

OUR DEAD HONORED IN OHIO.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT DONATED AND DEDICATED BY OUR FORMER FOES.

The single word "Americans" is chiseled in a stone arch unveiled at the Confederate burial ground at Camp Chase Saturday afternoon. It has been builded to honor the memory of Confederate dead, but all factional feeling has been hidden from sight in the simple inscription it bears. The fact that it stands among graves of only those who followed the Stars and Bars will be the evidence of its character. Its donor fought neither with the blue nor the gray. A spirit of sentiment actuated its giving.

The unveiling of the arch was made the feature of the annual custom of decorating the graves of the 2,260 dead who are buried in the little plot of ground. Six years ago this ceremony was conceived and inaugurated by Col. W. H. Knauss. The first ceremony was of an exceedingly simple character. With each succeeding year it has been made more pretentious, culminating with the unveiling of the monument to-day.



COL. W. H. KNAUSS—THE SOUTH'S FRIEND.

Colonel Knauss, through his efforts of other years, has become well known among the Confederate Camps in the South, and this year he enlisted their services to the extent of sending flowers. Fondest anticipations were not equal to the results. Boxes of blossoms and plants were received from nearly every State in the South, and there were many contributions from both Northerners and Southerners who live in the North.

Profusion of Flowers.

During the morning the flowers that had been arriving for several days were taken to Camp Chase. Several wagons were necessary to convey them. A complete list of the donors:

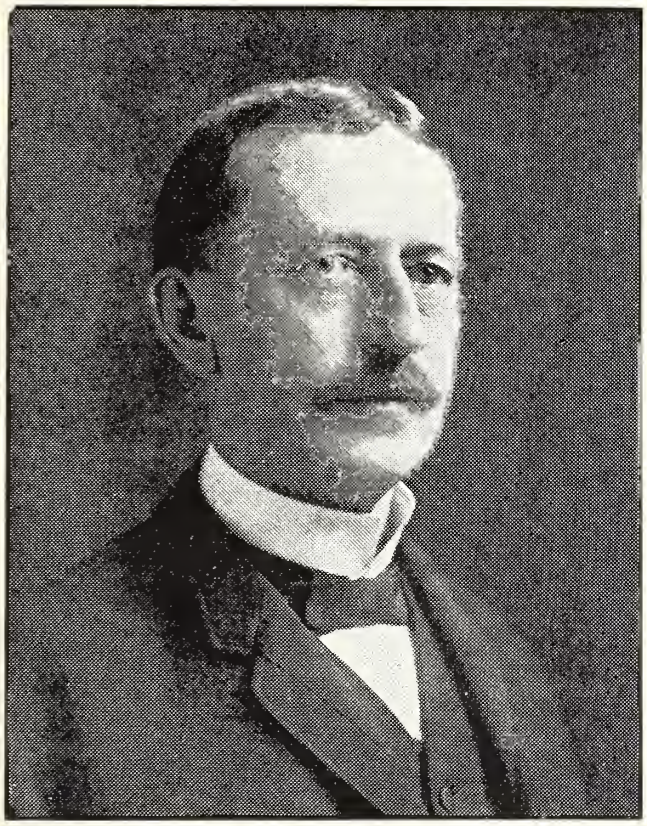
Two bags of palms and palmetto leaves, from Columbus, Ga.
Cut flowers from Sidney Johnston Chapter, Batesville, Ark.
Basket, from Laurens Chapter, U. D. C., Laurens, S. C.
Box, from Dickinson Chapter, Ocala, Fla.
Box, from Joe Blance Roberts, Buchanan, Ga.
Box, addressed to Mrs. Winder, from Haymarket, Va.
Box, from Wadesboro, N. C.
Box, from Marshall, Tex.
Box, from Huntsville, Ala.
Basket, from Mrs. C. Arnett, Mammoth Springs, Ark.
Package, from D. S. C., Waverly, Tenn.
Box, from Virginia A. Bettersworth, Nashville, Tenn.
Box, from Camden, Ark.
Box, from W. C. Steele, Alvin, Tex., sent by the Navarro Chapter, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex.
Box, from Ann White Chapter, U. D. C., Rockhill, S. C.
Box, from B. F. Dickey, St. Paul, Va.
Box, from Pulaski Chapter, U. D. C., Dublin, Va.
Box, from Selma, Ala.
Box, from Columbus, Miss.
Box, from New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., and the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La.
Box, from J. J. Darling, St. Augustine, Fla.
Box, from Montgomery, Ala.
Box, from Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, Tenn.
Big basket, from Gallatin, Tenn.
Three packages, from W. B. Tate, Johnston and Morristown, Tenn.
Box, from Lynnville, Tenn.
Box, from Montgomery, Ala.
Box, from J. B. Gordon, Thomasville, Ga.
Box, from Clinton Chapter, No. 572, Clinton, La.
Box, from Camp 1074, U. C. V., Ponchatoula, La.
Two boxes, from E. A. Bronaugh, Buffalo, W. Va.
Basket, from J. H. Reagan Camp, Palestine, Tex.
Box magnolias, from W. D. Holder Chapter, Jackson, Miss.
Box, from Camp Caldwell, U. C. V.
Package, from Mrs. J. C. Hosea, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Box, addressed to Mrs. Winder, from Columbus, Miss.
Box, from J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Staunton, Va.
Box, from Augusta, Ga.
Box, from Clayton, Ala.
Box, from U. D. C., Augusta, Ga., to Mrs. Winder.
Box, from Louisville, Ky.
Box, from Lexington, Ky.
Box, from N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Basket, from the ladies in Atlanta, presented by Capt. W. T. Rogers.
Box, from Tuskegee Chapter, U. D. C., Tuskegee, Ala.
Two large bouquets, from Mrs. J. E. McCarty, Columbus, O.
Basket, from Mrs. A. F. Southworth, Huntington, W. Va.
Box, from Mrs. T. H. Harvey, Huntington, W. Va.

Donor of the Arch.

The extensive programme which had been arranged included addresses by several Southern veterans of note and prominent men well known locally. Much interest attached to the promised publicity of the name of the donor of the memorial arch.

William H. Harrison, formerly of Columbus, but now living in Cincinnati, made possible its erection. Colonel Knauss so announced in an address previous to the unveiling. Mr. Harrison was not a soldier. He was actuated solely by sentiment in the matter. For several years he has taken a great interest in the work of Colonel Knauss and those who have assisted him in caring for the little cemetery. He has given his share in other years, but was desirous of doing even more.

The idea of the memorial arch was conceived after several conferences between Mr. Harrison and Colonel Knauss.



WM. H. HARRISON.

He had no desire to be known in the matter, but was prevailed upon to allow his name to be made public at the services.

The ceremonies had attracted much attention and consideration in the South, and many men who wore the gray came many miles to assist the Northerners in doing honor to the dead of the South. They came in parties and as individuals. The largest delegation came from Charleston, W. Va., and that vicinity. There were about two hundred and fifty people in the party, a considerable number of them being ladies. A band accompanied them. Many individuals who came scattered about the city previous to the time of going to Camp Chase. No headquarters had been arranged, and there was no desire for notoriety on the part of any of the visitors. They had come on a solemn mission.

At the Cemetery.

Several thousand people gathered among the graves. The blue of the Northerner and the gray of the Southerner were side by side, and the color scheme was pleasing to the eye. Foemen of the past were friends of the present. A touch of nature had made them kin. Over graves of fallen heroes they clasped hands and mingled tears; tears that become men of such bravery. Heads were uncovered to the little flags that marked each grave, the flag of a reunited country. Comrades of the dead heard eulogies spoken by their foemen of the long ago, while prominent men who had worn the gray spoke in kind, lauding the patriotism and sentiment that had actuated the ceremonies in which they were taking part.

The preparations for the ceremony were very complete. A large draped platform had been erected near the arch for the speakers and the distinguished guests. Chairs had been placed on the ground for the great crowd that assembled. The arch was literally buried in plants and blossoms.

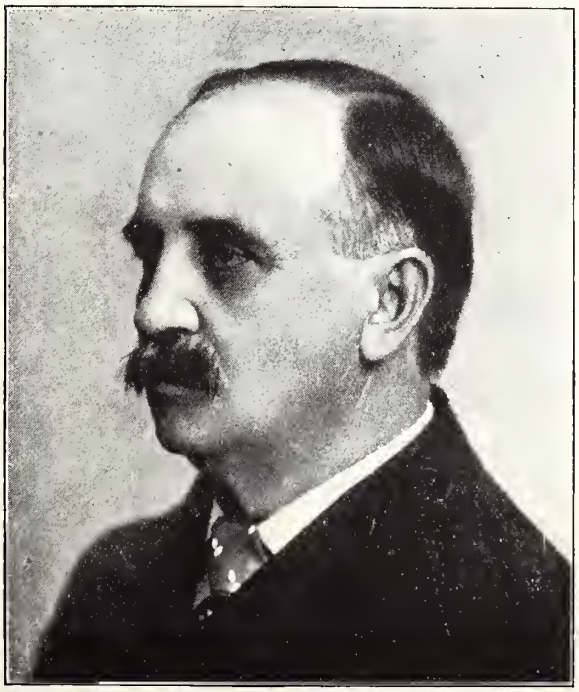
Address by Governor Nash, of Ohio.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow-Americans: This is truly a happy day with me, when I can address you upon this sacred ground as fellow-Americans. Forty years ago we were divided into two hostile camps. To-day, the scene has changed. We are not here as Federals, we are not here as Confederates; we are all here as Americans to do honor to our heroic dead and to do something if possible to make our country greater and better in the years to come. (Applause.) It is indeed a pleasure to be here. The ground upon which we now stand is sacred; in it lie the remains of two thousand who were of the bravest and best of the sons of the South, and here they have peacefully slept during all these years. It is a sacred duty which we perform when we come here to honor their memories and to do homage to their brave deeds. It is not only a sacred duty, but it seems to me that in doing this we are doing a splendid work for this reunited country of ours.

When the people of the North show their esteem for the brave men of the South, and when the men of the South show their esteem for the brave men of the North who sleep in their midst, they are teaching a splendid lesson in patriotism.

The days of strife are over. They are gone forever, and nevermore will they disturb our peace and harmony. I believe that it will be your aim in all the days to come to aid, in all ways possible, to the glory of the beautiful flag which we all love to-day. (Applause.) I know it will ever be your pleasure to uphold law and order in this country, and thus make greater and stronger the splendid institutions founded by our fathers. Whenever we unite in meetings like this, we come together, not as men who were once hostile, but we come together as men and women who love and honor this great republic, and who will forever uphold the beautiful banner of our republic. (Applause.) This is no idle prediction.

Less than four years ago our country was called upon to engage in war with a foreign foe. The sons of the Confeder-



GOVERNOR NASH.

ate soldiers rallied to the defense of our threatened flag, and upheld her honor and glory just as bravely and just as readily as did the sons of the North. The sons of the North were rejoiced to have these sons of the old Confederates at their sides doing valiant service for their country.

Some people, at times, despair for the future of this republic, but I have no such misgivings. I know that the old Confederate soldiers of the South have faithfully taught for the last thirty years the story of patriotism to their children. I know that the old Union soldiers of the North have been just as patriotic in their teachings to their children, and from these sources has grown throughout this nation a wonderful patriotism, a wonderful love for our country. I know that this spirit will forever gird the honor of my country and my flag.

I am rejoiced that we have among us to-day many ex-Confederate soldiers and their friends. To them I bid a most hearty welcome. I am glad that you are here, because you can see from this splendid assemblage that the people of the North honor with you the memory of your old soldiers who sleep in this cemetery to-day. (Applause.) I am glad that you can witness this splendid scene. I hope that you will take the story of it back to your Southern homes, and inform your friends that the remains of the ex-Confederate soldiers in the State of Ohio are honored by the people of this State. (Applause.) In this sacred connection it gives me pleasure to present, on behalf of the State of Ohio, this splendid monument to the memory of your soldiers. This monument is builded of stone and will last for many years, but it will not outlive the memory of the brave deeds and the heroic men whose sacred ashes repose in this cemetery.

JUDGE PUGH'S ADDRESS.

The following is the address of Judge D. F. Pugh, Past Department Commander of the G. A. R. of Ohio, delivered at the dedication of the monument in Camp Chase Cemetery:

The beautiful and impressive custom of decorating the graves of the soldier dead originated after the Civil War, and was inaugurated in several Southern States, I believe in the year 1866 or 1867, by Southern ladies; and the fact that they decorated graves of unknown Union soldiers, as well as their own Confederate soldiers, gives it an additional historical and sentimental interest. They went out into the cemeteries and scattered flowers, impartially, over the unmarked graves of the Union dead, and upon the graves of their own soldiers. The hearts of Northern people were touched and thrilled by this kindly act. We of the North are o-day merely following the unselfish and noble example of ..ose women. Five or six years ago a fair was held in the city of Wheeling, W. Va., to raise money for the erection of a home for dependent Confederate soldiers of West Virginia. A Captain Johnson, an ex-Union soldier and officer, contributed a Chinese sword of curious workmanship, to be sold for the benefit of the home. In sending it to the managers he said it was all he was able to do for the home, and expressed the hope that God would bless the surviving veterans, both blue and gray.

JUDGE PUGH.

We are here to-day, in our participation in this solemn and decorous ceremony, by the same spirit which inspired and actuated Captain Johnson.

The ablest, most skilled of the Union generals, General Grant, occupied a portion of his last days on this earth urging and impressing his countrymen to restore fraternity and love between the North and South; and this advice was illustrated and illuminated by the unspeakable pathos of the sick chamber. When he was serving his first term as President, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston visited the White House. He honored his old antagonist by giving him audience in preference to the Senators and Representatives in Congress who were in waiting and had preceded Johnston. Under the inspiration of his motto, "Let us have peace," when Lee surrendered, he refused to make a triumphal entry into Richmond, in imitation of the Roman and Grecian generals. He would not permit any celebration of the victory by the Union army in the presence of the Confederates; he spared the latter from every humiliation. He knew that it was necessary to the consummation of the victory that the surrendered Confederate soldiers should become loyal citizens. He knew that the republic could not hold vassal provinces by the bayonet, and survive. We simply honor his memory and observe his dying precept by participating in the decoration of these graves and the dedication of this statue.

One of the wisest acts, certainly the most magnanimous act, of President McKinley was his advocacy of a plan for the national government to maintain the Confederate cemeteries at its expense. It was only a reiteration of what he had said twenty years before at Oberlin, Ohio. In a memorial address there, speaking of the duty of the people of Ohio with respect to the graves of the dead Confederates in Camp Chase, he said: "On us, too, rests the responsibility of caring for their graves. If it was worth while to bury each man in a separate grave, or give him an honorable interment, is it not worth while to preserve the grave as a sacred trust, as it is, and as it is to us alone? . . . The line of action for us is fortunately simple. In the office of the Adjutant General of the State is a record of all these dead, with a diagram of the grounds, each grave being numbered. From this it is possible to find the grave of each man and to arrange the grounds in proper manner. Let this be done by the State. Let the Legislature provide for the oversight and care of these graves."

President McKinley made two extended tours through the Southern States. The ex-Confederates, by the thousands, attended his meetings and receptions and cheered and applauded him. Nowhere in the South was he assailed by anarchists. His life was safer than in the North. When it became necessary to make additional major and brigadier generals for the Spanish war, this broad-minded President did not hesitate to put the stars upon the shoulders of those old graybacks, Generals Wheeler, Lee, Butler, Oates, and Rossiter. When McKinley died, not the North alone, but the North and South, the whole nation, reborn, reunited, mourned his death and shed tears over his grave. The "Kindly Light" of his magnanimous example and teaching encourages and cheers us on to-day in paying tribute to the heroic Confederate dead who sleep in this Confederate cemetery.

Just fresh from the battlefield of Shiloh, where I witnessed and heard two ex-Confederates, one representing the State of Tennessee, participate in the dedication of the Ohio monu-

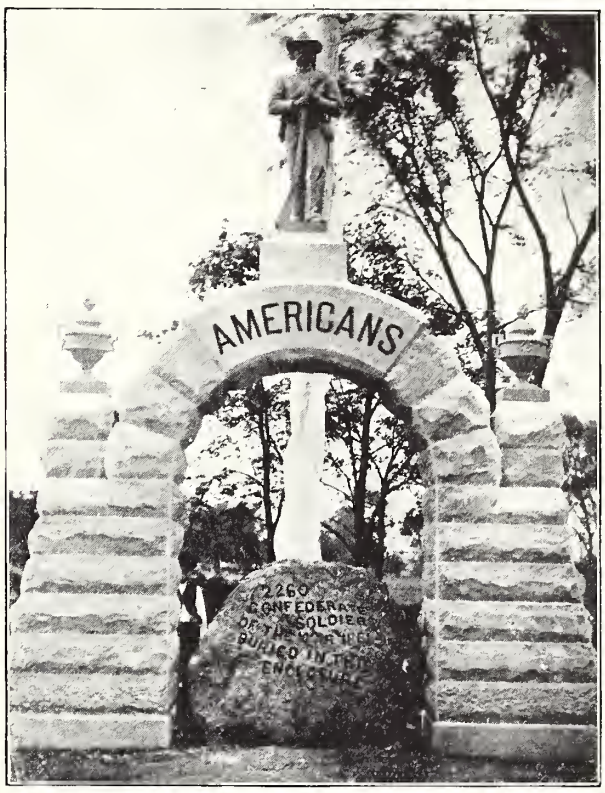
ments to the heroic Union dead who sleep there, and where I was thrilled by the "royal purple eloquence" of one of them, in which he honored our dead comrades, I have no doubt either of the propriety or the duty of an ex-Union soldier participating in the ceremonies of this occasion. We decorate these graves to-day, and we dedicate this statue, because the men who sleep here were brave men, because they nobly illustrated American skill and valor on the battlefields of the Civil War. Although one side was right and the other wrong, yet both sides were inspired by similar sentiments, guided by similar impulses, and actuated by the same sincerity of conviction.

The Civil War is without its twin in history. For the "grandeur of its import," the "vastness of its resources," and the "tenacity of the combatants," it has no parallel in the annals of war. Fought by men of the same blood, it demonstrated the endurance, the prodigious power, and the vast resources of the republic. It was not a war by either side against Chilians or Italians, Spaniards or Filippinos. It was only Americans who could hope to successfully overthrow the Union, and it was only Americans who were qualified to successfully defend it. The Civil War showed what kind of people inhabit this continent—all brave men and women. It demonstrated that the Anglo-Saxons on this continent, whatever might betide them on the other side of the ocean, had not degenerated. Bunker Hill was easier to climb than Cemetery Ridge, Mission Ridge, or Lookout Mountain. During those four eventful years Washington, sleeping on the banks of the Potomac, often heard martial footsteps like those of his own soldiers. On both sides there was unparalleled endurance, with fortitude and unselfishness, through a long and exhausting conflict. Such armies as were raised and maintained on both sides were wonderful in their exhibition of soldierly attributes. That the Confederate soldiers were gallant, that they were hard fighters, can be proved by every Union soldier who struggled against them in the fiery front of battle.

After the battle of Mission Ridge I was attracted by the extreme youthful appearance of a dead Tennessee Confederate soldier who belonged to a regiment of Cheatham's Division, against which we had fought the day before. He was not over fifteen years of age and very slender. He was clothed in a cotton suit and was barefooted—barefooted!—on that cold and wet 24th day of November, 1863. I examined his haversack. For a day's rations there were a handful of black beans, a few slices of sorghum, and a half dozen roasted acorns. That was an infinitely poor outfit for marching and fighting, but that Tennessee soldier had made it answer his purpose. The Confederates who, half fed, looked bravely into our faces for many long, agonizing weeks over the ramparts of Vicksburg; the remnants of Lee's magnificent army, which, fed on raw corn and persimmons, fluttered their heroic rags and interposed their bodies for a year between Grant's army and Richmond, only a few miles away—all these men were great soldiers. I pity the American who cannot be proud of their valor and endurance.

All the bitterness has gone out of my heart, and, in spite of a Confederate bullet in my body, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that their valor is part of the common heritage of the whole country. We can never challenge the fame of those men whose skill and valor made them the idols of the Confederate army. The fame of Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Gordon, Longstreet, the Hills, Hood, and Stuart, and many thousands of noncommissioned and private soldiers of the Confederate armies, whose names are not mentioned on historic pages, can never be tarnished by the carping criticisms of the narrow and shallow-minded. On both sides, the Civil War was prolific in that heroic excellence of human character which some people had supposed was the monopoly of ancient history, tradition, and poetry. Hereafter it will not be necessary for any American, whether he be Blue or Gray, to read the stories and legends of Grecian and Roman glory to inflame his imagination about heroes and heroism. There are other trophies than those of Miltiades to keep him awake at night. He can set his imagination on fire and keep himself awake by reading stories of the bravery of Thomas and his men at Chickamauga and of Pickett and his men at Gettysburg, and other stories of equal interest and of equal valor about a hundred crimson battlefields of the Civil War.

More than thirty-seven years have passed away since Lee and Grant met at Appomattox. Thirty-six seed times and



harvests have distributed their benedictions to the Blue and Gray alike. After going through ordeals which we were spared and through privations of which the North had no conception, the Southern people rebuilt, rehabilitated their part of the country in a most phenomenal way. The waste places have been made to blossom like the rose, and old battle grounds are covered with verdure. Northern capital and vigor have married Southern energy and capital; their sons and daughters have intermarried. The South is sharing in the universal prosperity.

Much has been done for the burial of ancient grievances and old grudges and for the cultivation of thoughtful love of country. We are now in the midst of an epoch of fraternal love and peace. The final victory at Appomattox was not a victory of the North over the South, but of the North and South over the South. It was as much their victory as ours. They were, equally with us, beneficiaries of that victory; and its blessings are just as precious to them as to us. The North and South have been welded into a more homogeneous nation by a common grief. Our nation has been made richer by the blood and tears mingled together from both sides. What

we thought and said of each other, in the war times, is now forgotten. Our flag, with not one star dropped from it, waves over both Blue and Gray.

On Decoration Day the flowers of the earth, "so blue and golden," made no distinction between the Blue and the Gray, but freely gave their fragrance to both. No mother wept the less fervently because her boy was a Blue or a Gray. To-day, in this cemetery, the flowers will be scattered on the graves of Americans. Thirty-eight years have stilled the bitterness of the conflict. To-day we stand immeasurably above all resentment or revenge.

Having just returned from two of the great battle fields, Chickamauga and Shiloh, it is no extravagance to say that no Union soldier who sleeps in the cemeteries on those battle fields speaks to-day from his grave of wrath or hatred towards the South, but their voices would mingle with ours for peace, fraternity, and a reunited country.

To-day, standing upon the serene heights of love and forgiveness, and with an implicit faith in the divine Forgiver of all, we can see in this joint participation, we can see in this cooperation of Blue and Gray in paying tribute to the heroic Confederates sleeping here, a symbol, a radiant symbol, of the American, the Union, for which we have been hoping and praying for years.

A few years ago a few Northern men, some of them ex-Union soldiers, erected at their own expense a magnificent and costly monument in the city of Chicago to commemorate the heroic Confederate dead. The spirit of those men might be further exemplified by the erection of joint monuments to the Union and Confederate soldiers on the great battle fields of the war. Why should it not be so? In the city of Quebec a joint monument, erected by both English and French, stands for and commemorates the heroism of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm. In this final resting place of over two thousand Confederate dead a magnanimous ex-Union soldier, Mr. W. P. Harrison (Harrison was not a soldier, he was too young) has had Col. William H. Knauss to erect, at the former's expense, this memorial arch and also a figure of a Confederate soldier. Both Mr. Harrison and Colonel Knauss should be honored for this appropriate monument. It is their votive offering to that brotherly kindness, peace, and love and forgiveness for which there has been pleading and praying for years all over this country. Only a few of us know how Colonel Knauss has toiled, struggled, and endured to make this monument a success. He has braved the criticism and censure of a few, but bitter, opponents of reconciliation. He has resisted the advice of those who have told him that it was not expedient and good policy for him to manage and superintend the decoration of these graves from year to year; and I repeat that he should be honored for what he has done.

Let the statue be unveiled.

WHEN THE NORTHERN BANDS PLAYED DIXIE.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There was something that was misty, like a tear drop, in my eye,
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops marched by.
Ten thousand voices cheering shook the windows of the sky,
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops marched by!

And well-a-day, my captain, and ne'er turn down your hat
To hide the tear that answered a stirring tune like that!
A soldier is a soldier; but, in the light of God.
No tune has ever thrilled me like that—on Northern sod!
I've heard it on our battle fields where Lee has led the way,
And the Federal guns were gleaming at breasts that wore the gray;
It stirred the ranks of "Stonewall," but now, from land to land,
They cheer it when they hear it come ringing from the band!

It's one great country, brethren; there's not a barrier wall;
The flag our fathers fought for is streaming over all!
No North, no South, save only a green dividing line
Arched by cloudless heaven where stars of Freedom shine.

Then let the bands send Dixie in music on the gales,
While Yankee Doodle echoes flowery Southern vales.
And well-a-day, my captain, and ne'er turn down your hat,
For Dixie's in the North now, and we shout, "Hurrah" for that!

JOLLY CONFEDERATE SONGS.

Capt. B. L. Ridley, of Murfreesboro, and others joined the United Daughters of Tennessee on a visit to the Confederate Soldiers' Home and the Hermitage the day after the annual session was concluded. His presence kindled into high flame the humor and glow of Confederate times. He had a song in printed slips to the tune of "Old-Time Religion," in which the stanzas were suited to the day and to the places visited. There are eight lines to the stanza. The first three are the same, as are also the fifth, sixth, and seventh, while the fourth and eighth are the same. The chorus, "We're old-time Confederates," three times rendered, concludes with "That's good enough for me."

Here's greeting to our daughters,
That's good enough for me.
To the women of the Southland,
The women of the Southland,
The women of the Southland,
That's good enough for me.

Chorus.

We're "Old-Time" Confederates,
That's good enough for me.
At the home of Andrew Jackson,
Now the home of Southern soldiers,
That's good enough for me.

You have nursed us in our troubles,
You are good enough for me.
You are Angels still of mercy,
You are good enough for me.

Our Rains, and Strahl, and Adams,
They were good enough for me.
Our Stewart, Brown, and Forrest,
They were good enough for me.

Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
That's good enough for me.
Our hope is now in heaven,
That's good enough for me.

We'll see Lee, Price, and Johnstons,
That's comforting to me.
Hatton, Bragg, and Old Pat Cleburne,
That's a thrilling thought to me.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

Cayce, Newnan, Columbus, Miss.	$ 5 00
Champion, S. A., Nashville, Tenn.	10 00
Crane, B. D., Ft. Smith, Ark.	1 00
Crank, William H., Houston, Tex.	1 00
Currie, Mrs. H. A., Omega, La.	1 00
Daggett, C. B., San Diego, Cal.	5 00
Field, A. C., New York City	3 00
Gilman, Miss Nellie, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Hall, W. E., Carthage, Mo.	1 00
Howdeshell, S. S., Prathersville, Mo.	1 00
Kirby, J. L., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Kollock, Miss Susie M., Clarksville, Ga.	1 00
Kollock, Miss Sallie C., Clarksville, Ga.	50
Kollock, Miss Louise B., Clarksville, Ga.	25
Kollock, Edward C., Clarksville, Ga.	75
Lankford, A.., Paris, Tenn.	1 00
Lyons, Miss Annie M., Little Rock	50
Pettus, J., Louisville, Ky.	1 00
Ritter, William L., Baltimore, Md.	2 00
Schaub, J. L., LaGrange, Ga.	1 00
Smith, Moab Stephen	1 00
Smith, Sarah E. D.	1 00
Smith, John Thompson	1 00
Smith, Walter Selon	1 00
Smith, Mortimer Jullus	1 00
Smith, Quintus Cincinnatus, Austin, Tex.	1 00
Spurr, Maj. M. A. Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Ware, J. L., Honey Grove, Tex.	1 00
Williamson, Jesse, Dallas, Tex.	1 00
Errors in list previously published:	
Carman, C. H. and J. S., Union City, Tenn., additional contributions	$ 5 00
Pardue, A. E., Cheap Hill., Tenn.	11 00
Mr. John C. Kennedy, Treasurer of fund, has received the contributions listed as follows, through Maj. E. C. Lewis, Chairman:	
Pickett, Col. Wm. D., Big Bear, Wyo.	$10 00
Dickinson, Judge J. M., Chicago	25 00
Valentine, Frederic, Richmond, Va.	10 00
Locke, C. A., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Bond, Elizabeth P., Treasurer of Frank A. Bond Chapter, U. D. C., Jessups, Md.	10 00
Locke, C. A., Nashville, Tenn.	3 00

Quite a number of contributions have been received since publication of the list in the June VETERAN, and some extracts from communications show the great interest this movement has aroused all over the country:

W. E. Hall, of Carthage, Mo., sends one dollar and says: "I wish I could send one hundred dollars."

A. H. Lankford, Paris, Tenn., inclosing check for one dollar, writes: "Sorry I can't make it many times more."

J. L. Schaub, La Grange, Ga.: "I enclose one dollar for the Sam Davis monument. It ought to be a mile high and of pure gold, as he was 'pure gold.'

Jesse Williamson, Dallas, Tex., inclosing one dollar as his contribution toward the Sam Davis monument, adds: "Never gave a dollar more willingly for any cause in my life."

Mrs. H. A. Currie, Omega, La.: "I am eighty-two years old; will be eighty-three if I live to see the 2d of next February. I send one dollar to you for the Sam Davis monument. I had two sons in the Confederate service—Abe Currie and George Richards."

T. N. Theus, Savannah, Ga., writes on July 22: "A gentleman on the Tybee train this morning handed me the enclosed $3, and requested me to send it for the Sam Davis monument. He did not give his name, but said he was a great admirer of the boy."

W. H. Crank, Houston, Tex., inclosing one dollar, writes: "I wish that I were able to contribute more to a cause so sacred. The connection of my wife, Miss Robbie Woodruff, with the sad and heroic death of Sam Davis is well known to you, and is well set forth in your issue of June, 1901."

W. M. Wagner, of Newport, Tex., sends correction of his name as published in the list, and says: "I am not willing for this monument to be erected to one of the grandest heroes of the world, Sam Davis, without my name being enrolled as one of its subscribers. I dearly love the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the cause for which it is so faithfully and honestly working."

Q. C. Smith, M.D., Austin, Tex.: "Please find herewith six dollars for the Sam Davis Monument Fund, which credit to the following: Moab Stephen Smith, Sarah E. D. Smith, John Thompson Smith, Walter Selon Smith, Mortimer Julius Smith, Quintius Cincinnatus Smith. The first two are my father and mother; the next three are my brothers who served with me in the Confederate army. My parents and soldier brothers are all long since dead. This is my humble tribute to loved ones gone before, and to the hero-Tennesseean, Sam Davis."

WAS ON SCOUT WITH SAM DAVIS.

Newman Cayce, Esq., writes from Columbus, Miss.:

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The only errors in the long list of subscribers to this Monument Fund so far as reported, in compliance with request, was an additional contribution by C. H. and J. S. Carman, of Union City, Tenn., of five dollars, and of A. E. Pardue, Cheap Hill, Tenn., for eleven dollars.

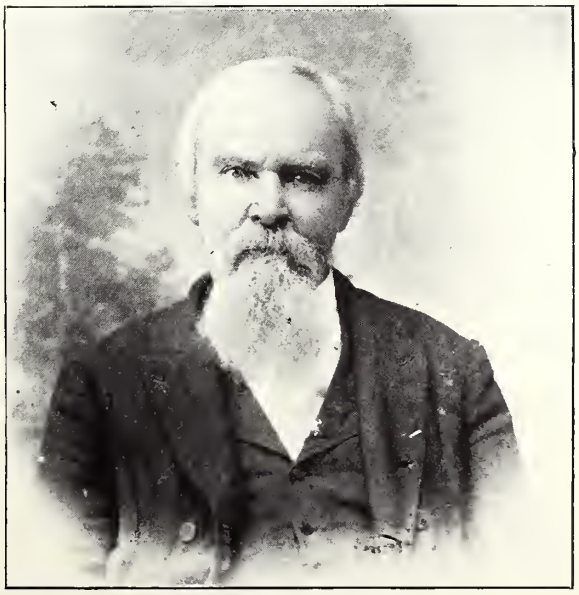
REUNION AT McKENZIE.

The Stonewall Jackson Camp at McKenzie, Tenn., continues its annual reunion as nearly as practicable to the 21st of July. This year (July 19) there were about 6,000 present.

The public ceremonies were conducted by Judge A. G. Hawkins, of Huntington. Prayer was offered by Prof. H. C. Irby, of Jackson, and the welcome address was by Col. T. H. Baker. The orator of the occasion was Mr. R. L. Cole, of Paris. The other speakers were: J. M. Trout, J. S. Trice, S. C. Cooper, E. J. Travis, H. C. Irby, Dr. T. R Wingo, and B. A. Enloe.

The last speaker, the ex-congressman, gave a most instuctive and entertaining account of a visit to Beauvoir some years ago, and the charming and indelible impressions made upon him by ex-President Jefferson Davis.

Maj. S. C. Cooper, another speaker, made for his theme the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Sam Davis. Major Cooper enlisted at Paris, commanded a company, was soon afterwards promoted to major of the regiment (Forty-Sixth Tennessee), and commanded it in perilous places. Taking its remnant of one hundred and twenty-five men into the battle of Franklin, he himself had scaled the breastworks and was terribly wounded. He was in that condition carried into Nashville. About three-fourths of that remnant of the regiment were killed, wounded, or captured at Franklin.



MAJ. S. C. COOPER.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

ARE WE DOING OUR DUTY?

The approximate of ten years' service in publishing the VETERAN causes meditation, and the impulse is to rise with herculean effort and appeal to every Confederate friend and sympathizer to make this cause his and her own while life lasts. Of the one hundred and fourteen issues of the VETERAN more than nineteen hundred thousand copies have been printed. Handsomely bound copies are preserved in the best libraries of the world. Cheaper bindings are to be found in humbler places, and many a poor man, though old and feeble, not able to have them bound, preserves them sacredly for his children and grandchildren. Surely a special providence has interposed to sustain its humble founder through the many perils of a decade. There certainly never was a periodical with a more loyal patronage. The proportion of those who are trusted and refuse to pay is very small. How can anybody do it? The few exceptions must be of those who do not read it. A word just here in the hope that it be seen by the indifferent few. Please don't have the postmaster send a little ugly blue card with the uglier word "refused." If you are indifferent enough for that write a postal card in advance and two stamps will be sent that you may courteously give notice when the time expires.

Occasionally some enterprise is started upon which appeal is made to the Southern people, and the more liberal-minded give money unstintedly. The names Southern and Confederate are used occasionally with imprint accordingly when the work is done in some insignificant Northern town. Let us be candid about these matters, avoid imposition, when we can.

A word now to the multitude of faithful friends who seek its success above all else. Don't forget that what you see in the VETERAN "is so" as nearly as the truth can be ascertained.

A multitude have volunteered assurance that should the libel suit go against the VETERAN in the end, they would contribute whatever might be necessary to sustain it. Such good friends should bear in mind that the expense and the anguish during these three years have been severe, and while it is not expected to call upon them for contributions, the necessity for eternal diligence makes it important for friends to be constantly on the alert. How easy such friends could do a little missionary work by inducing their neighbors to subscribe!

Send to the office names to whom it would be wise to furnish sample copies, and always in doing that, name worthy poor comrades to whom a few copies may be sent gratuitously.

In its business utmost diligence is exercised to procure that which is of the greatest value at the lowest price possible. Sometimes when a great benefit is procured and the article is liberally presented there is an indifference to it that would create suspicion of honest motive. A few months ago, for instance, the finest lot of engravings ever made, doubtless, of Generals Lee, the two Johnstons, and Stonewall Jackson, were procured and offered at half the lowest price ever before made, and they were advertised on the front page of the VETERAN. Strange to relate the orders from South Africa amount to about as much as from all the Southern States.

Again, the VETERAN has had published a book, "Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French, who was a major general in the Confederate army, and it has published many criticisms by the ablest men North and South. It is a book that should be in the library of every Southern home, and Northern too, yet the patronage has been sadly below what it should be. That book was published for the good it will do, yet thousands of people who would be charmed with it, have been as silent as if it were a trick for profit. If anybody will buy and read it without being delighted, the money will be returned.

"Bright Skies," by Dr. Henry M. Field, D.D., a series of letters about the South is $1.50, and yet this book is offered with the VETERAN one year for $1.50, or it will be mailed for seventy-five cents in stamps. His "Old Spain and New Spain" is furnished in the same way. It is the same size and quality.

Sinclair's "Two Years on the Alabama," one of the most fascinating naval stories ever written, will be furnished with the VETERAN for $2.25, postpaid, or $1.50. This large reduction comes through purchase in large quantities.

Rand & McNally's "Pocket Map of the World" is one of the best publications in existence, and it will be sent to any renewing who will add a new subscriber. This would be a fine present to any lad. It contains more accurate information, neatly presented than can be found elsewhere.

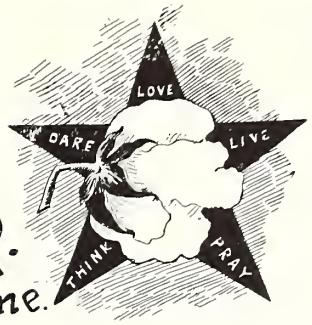
THE VETERAN AS A CONFEDERATE RECORD.—Rev. John R. Deering writes from Lexington, Ky., a letter evidently not intended for publication, but it is too good to be lost: "The VETERAN is becoming more and more valuable as the ranks of those who were there grow thinner and their memory less distinct. I intend to have all mine bound strongly and present the ten volumes to the Lexington library for the generations to come. Soon the cemetery will hold us all. What will then be thought of our cause and conduct will be largely determined by what we have left in print in the books of our era. These can never die, and should not misrepresent us. When I think of the stream of books and periodical literature pouring constantly from a press full of ignorance of us and prejudiced against us; when I think of the political interest, of the sectional rivalry, governmental influence, financial preponderance, numerical excess, and commercial advantages that are combined upon the successful side, I fear that posterity will scarcely know who we were or why we fought. We owe it to ourselves and our noble dead to look after the truth of history. I wish you more and more power, more and more readers."

THE VETERAN AS A CONFEDERATE MEDIUM.—Dr. E. T. Jones, Bristol, Va.-Tenn., wrote on July 17: "You were kind enough to publish a notice for me in the April number of the VETERAN asking for information in regard to a sword which my father lost, or rather exchanged, in 1861, and of which he had lost all trace. Early in June I received a letter from a gentleman in Louisiana stating that he had the sword and would take pleasure in returning it to me; and by this morning's express it was received. So I am indebted to the VETERAN for its return, for without it as a medium I would never have known the whereabouts of the sword, which to me is priceless."

Prof. J. H. Brunner, who always acts and writes wisely, sends from Sweetwater, Tenn., this note: "It is about time for me to renew my subscription to the VETERAN. Few persons are prepared to fully appreciate the influence of the VETERAN upon current events and upon future estimates of the Confederate war, the most remarkable conflict in the annals of time. Find also a dollar for the Sam Davis monument.

Daughters of the Confederacy.

Conducted by Nancy Lewis Greene.



DECORATION DAY IN THE SOUTH.

The Daughters of the Confederacy observe no clause in their constitution with more heartfelt warmth and genuine pleasure than that which reads: "Honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States."

With a tenderness born ever anew at the coming of each spring, they exultingly garner blossoms and carry them out to the cemeteries where many a flower of Southern chivalry is planted to bloom at the resurrection.

These cemeteries! How hallowed they are and how peaceful! Nature made way for the coming of the Daughters, for upon the ground a carpet of softest green had been spread; the trees cast a shade upon it. The valley lily timidly lifted its lowly head around many a tombstone; and in sheltered nooks fairly reveled in an abundance of bloom and fragrance. The syringa put forth its wealth of waxen blossoms; the anemones had come and gone; the lilacs flaunted their purple and white plumes; but the red and white flowers—roses, lilies, carnations—these are the favorites!

All over the Southland near the last of May or the first of June the Daughters of the Confederacy observe Memorial or Decoration Day by strewing flowers upon Southern graves. A favorite date is June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, who was sole President of the Confederate States. The marking of every lowly grave wherein lies buried private or officer of the Confederate army is doing honor to the Chief; also to heroism, to fortitude, to principle.

In the movement started by the Ladies' Southern Memorial Association of Louisiana to adopt June 3 as a general Memorial Day throughout the South, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Association, says of its fitness:

"The setting apart of this day for doing honor to our martyred President will be appreciated by all, and will be the means of perpetuating the name and fame of one for whom we scatter immortelles while breathing silent prayers for our heroic dead."

It would seem that nothing could be more appropriate or more desirable than the fixing of this date permanently for Southern Memorial Day, and all the large Confederate organizations will doubtless unite in establishing it.

In their loving observance of Memorial Day the women of the Confederacy have now the approval of the North as well as of the South; for a broader, truer American patriotism is coming into existence.

Louisiana Division in Convention.

Louisiana held a State Convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy in April, and to her every Chapter is looking with interest, for the next general convention will meet in New Orleans.

When Mrs. Pinckney Smith, one of the brightest and brainiest of that city's clever women, delivered her invitation at Wilmington, N. C., to the United Daughters in assembly, she was greeted with applause. As State President of Louisiana, she was instrumental in carrying the next convention to New Orleans, and in gaining the coöperation and endorsement of all officials and influential citizens there. No one has worked harder for the organization than Mrs. Smith, and with no thought or desire for national office. With a firm hand and a ready wit, she carries her points to success, displaying at the same time the utmost consideration toward her opponents. At the State convention she was unanimously reelected President, but, declining to serve in positive terms, gracefully placed in the hands of her successor, Mrs. T. B. Pugh, a strong and flourishing organization, worthy of the State which has for so long stood for the romance and chivalry of the old South. In presenting a gavel made from a favorite tree of Jefferson Davis, at Beauvoir, to Mrs. Pugh, Mrs. Smith indicated one who was in every way qualified to carry on the President's work with earnestness, zeal, and continued prosperity.

Mrs. Pugh conceived and arranged a spectacular stage performance for the entertainment of delegates at the convention consisting of songs, speeches, drills, and tableaux, a principal feature of which was a representation of the Secession of the States and their final return to the Union. In arranging scenic details, and in composing songs, speeches, etc., she proved herself to be an artist and author of talent and originality. Other Chapters might introduce this little drama into their entertainments with profit, as something new and possessing local color.

Down in picturesque Bayou Lafource County, in Napoleonville, the convention was held. There the people are hospitable, refined, and cultured, types of a lost supremacy; and the very names of settlements and homesteads recall the memories of old French romance. The great, whispering, moss-hung trees seem to speak of the past and of the glory and valor of Southern soldiers; of generations of beautiful women. Assumption Parish! It sets one to dreaming of dark eyes and deeply glowing faces, of jetty ringlets, hoop skirts, and Spartan hearts.

That the women of the old days have given their heritage of beauty to youthful descendants was evident, for never was there seen a lovelier gathering of girls and matrons than at the convention. They formed an animated picture beneath the decorations of red, white, and red; palmettoes, Confederate flags, and cut flowers. The red lily, emblem of Katie Cabell Currie Chapter of Napoleonville, was seen in profusion. Various organizations throughout the State were well represented. The officers elected were: Mrs. T. B. Pugh, President; Mrs. N. C. Blanchard, Miss Mattie McGrath, Mrs. C. H. Thebault, and Mrs. S. C. Bannerman, Vice Presidents; Miss Numa Thebault, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. L. LeBlanc, Recording Secretary; Miss Mamie Walsh, Treasurer; Mrs. A. D. Scanlan, Registrar; Mrs. St. Martin, Historian; Mrs. Vaught, Chairman Relief Committee of Soldiers' Home.

THE ATLANTA CHAPTER DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Georgia has ever been an important State in the Confederacy, both during and since the war. Its heroes are not to be numbered, and its women stand loyally faithful to the cause to-day as they stood while the conflict lasted. Among the first of the States to erect a home for old and disabled Confederate soldiers was Georgia, and Henry W. Grady was one of its ablest and noblest champions.

The Atlanta Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy is a leading power in the general organization, its zeal and earnest work being unexcelled. Miss Sallie Hanson Malone, Corresponding Secretary, gives good record in recent work. "At the first meeting held in January, 1902, the Atlanta Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, unanimously elected Miss Alice Baxter President to succeed Mrs. Joseph S. Raine, deceased. It has congratulated itself many times on a wise choice, as Miss Baxter is a woman of extraordinary executive ability and presence of mind. She has mapped out a system of work for the present year, of which, if successful, the Chapter will have cause to fell justly proud.

"There are three great objects before its members: First, the Winnie Davis Memorial, with Mrs. William Green Raoul, Sr., as chairman. This is an industrial school for the benefit of the daughters of Confederate soldiers of Georgia. It is to be built in Athens as an annex to the 'Lucy Cobb Memorial.' Such a school has been a long felt want in all Southern States, and it would be a wise step should others follow this example.

MISS HELEN TAIT.
Sponsor for Frank in K. Beck Camp, Camden, Ala.

"The second great work lies in giving assistance towards refurnishing the Soldiers' Home, which was destroyed by fire last summer after an occupancy of only three months. Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan is chairman of this committee. And last, but not least, is the building fund for the monument to our beloved chieftain, Jefferson Davis, Mrs. C. Helen Plane, chairman. This work lies close to the heart of every man, woman, and child of the dear Southland.

"We have just had a most successful entertainment, 'An Evening with the Old and the New,' under the general chairmanship of Mrs. Joseph Thompson, from which the sum of $1,344 was realized; the amount to be used for these three purposes. The first part of the entertainment was in charge of Camp 159 Confederate Veterans. They presented a realistic camp scene of the days in the sixties, followed by the 'Fiddlers' Contest.' The participants were battle-scarred men. A. V. Pole, a one armed veteran, carried off the first prize.

The Atlanta Chapter holds meetings monthly on the second and fourth Thursdays. The first is of a historical nature, under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Olmstead, and the next meeting will be devoted to 'melodies, memories, and mementoes,' under different chairmen, appointed by the President. Each evening is followed by a social half-hour in the tea-room, so that the Daughters may be brought in touch with one another.

"Miss Alice Baxter, President, delivered a number of 'Crosses of Honor' on Memorial Day, and there will be another presentation on June 3. These occasions take place in the House of Representatives, in the State Capitol, which makes the ceremony quite impressive.

"The Daughters assisted the Ladies' Memorial Association on Memorial Day and joined in the parade, presenting quite a brave appearance. Mrs. Winder, President of the R. E. Lee Chapter, Columbus, Ohio, was an honored guest on this occasion. Mrs. C. P. McDowell Woolf brought from Brazil, where she has sojourned for the past three years, a bisque wreath made by the children of ex-Confederate soldiers in that far-away country. It was given to the Children of the Confederacy to be placed on the graves of the unknown dead.

"The Chapter feels very proud of the fact that there are five hundred names enrolled on its roster.

"The officers for the ensuing year are: Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Honorary Life President; Miss Alice Baxter, President; Mrs. A. McD. Wilson and Mrs. Dalton Mitchell, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Edmund Berkeley, Recording Secretary; Miss Sallie Hanson Malone, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Ira K. Fort, Treasurer; Mrs. S. H. Malone, Registrar; Miss Lida Field, Historian; Mrs. Charles Rice, Directress of the Children of the Confederacy."

There is a little story connected with the first blow dealt "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the Lexington (Ky.) Chapter:

A beautiful brown-eyed boy, grandson of the President of the Chapter, while walking with his nurse along one of the principal streets, stopped before a glaring pictorial representation of Lisa crossing the ice pursued by blood hounds.

"Who set the dogs on her," he cried, his manly little face crimson with indignation.

"The Confederates," said his nurse with secret satisfaction.

"I know better!" cried the boy. "Grandmamma is a Daughter of the Confederacy, the President of them too. They wouldn't do such a thing."

The episode passed, but the little heart was sore; the childish mind had received a false impression. Little Henry went

to his beautiful grandmother that night and demanded explanation, which was given in all its true history, but a firm resolution was also formed to discountenance misrepresentation.

Florida Division.

Mrs. Patton Anderson, President of the Florida Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, widow of the gallant Gen. Patton Anderson, is the active President of the Patton Anderson Chapter at Palatka, Fla., and is beloved by all who know her. Mrs. Roselle Clifton Cooley, the President of the Florida Division, is the daughter of Dr. Miles Jones Murphy, who was first lieutenant of Company A, First Florida Regiment, a gallant soldier, who organized this company himself, and served from the first day to the last in the Confederate service. He was in all the battles around Richmond. Mrs. Cooley is of distinguished colonial ancestry, but her zeal in the Confederate work has so occupied her time that she has never taken up the other historic organizations. She is, however, eligible for membership in the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Cooley is well known in the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, having been a member of the committee on the revision of the constitution, a member of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, and having always taken an active part in the deliberations of the organization, so that her election as State President is a natural sequence.

Officers of the Florida Division for 1901-02.

Honorary President, Mrs. Patton Anderson, Palatka; President, Mrs. Roselle Clifton Cooley, Jacksonville; Vice Presidents, Mrs. H. T. Lykes, Tampa, and Mrs. W. L. Parramore, Madison; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sallie Holmes, Jacksonville; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. H. McCreary, Gainesville; Treasurer, Miss Lila C. Reese, Pensacola; Registrar, Mrs. H. S. Hilburn, Palatka; Historian, Miss Caroline Brevard, Tallahassee. Florida members of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association: Mrs. Roselle Clifton Cooley and Mrs. Edwin Gardner Weed.

A prominent Daughter of the Confederacy, one who has labored for years in the work unselfishly and with no desire for national office, sounds this note of warning to the large organization of the U. D. C., which has become such a power:

"Our association, I regret to say, is growing too large to hold together without the most watchful care. If the Daughters are not diligent, it will break by its own weight."

Nothing could be more forcible or timely than this remark. Above every other consideration, above all personal ambition, all self-interest, and sectional pride, should stand clear and high the vital object in view—the honor and unsullied glory of our Southland and its noble women.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

The most encouraging reports are being received by Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, in response to the appeal sent out for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. Presidents of the different Memorial Associations in Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Missouri, and Louisiana have made good reports. In the other Southern States Memorial Associations are actively interested in the success of this, the greatest of all memorial work.

The United Confederate Veterans and United Sons of Confederate Veterans, to whom this appeal was sent, have expressed an earnest desire to coöperate with the women of the South for the erection of this monument to President Davis.

Preparations for the next general convention of the U. D. C. are already begun, and are progressing nicely in New Orleans. Mrs. Pinckney Smith, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is indefatigable in the work, having planned and carried out successfully several entertainments for the cause.

The Lexington (Ky.) Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, entertained Capt. Richard Pearson Hobson with an elegant reception on the Fourth of July. It was given at their tent at the Lexington Chautauqua, which was beautifully decorated in Confederate colors, and over which floated the Stars and Bars.

Many Chapters from Southern States sent contributions of flowers to Camp Chase Cemetery when the Confederate Memorial there was unveiled.

The Kansas City Chapter sent out handsome invitations to the unveiling of a monument erected in memory of the Confederate dead at Forest Hill Cemetery on May 30. This is one of the most energetic Chapters in the organization.

U. D. C. Headquarters at New Orleans.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, of White Castle, La., Chairman of the Hotel Committee, writes in reference to the article in the Veteran for June concerning the "Unfortunate Date" for the U. D. C. Convention in November: "I should like to state in reply that, while it is unfortunate that there should be two other conventions in New Orleans at that time, it is safe to say that the city can take care of them all. The Grunewald Hotel, one of the very best in the city, has been secured as headquarters for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the most favorable terms have been made with the management for the entertainment of delegates."

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Anne Carter Lee Chapter, No. 1, of Fort Worth, is the first Chapter of Children of the Confederacy organized in Texas, and comprises the following members: Alba Capps, President; Mary Kern, Vice President; Elizabeth Hovenkamp, Secretary; Minnie Luther, Assistant Secretary; Alla Moffett, Treasurer; Norma Burks, Historian; Miss Mattie K. Melton, Directress; Beth Provine, Nellie Wingo, Leonora Pritchett, Bessie Kirn, Virginia Logan, Mattie May Capps, Elsie Loftin, Delia Telfair, Sara Yeates, Bessie Bibb, Eretta Carter, Bessie Webb, Alice Van Zandt, Edith Telfair, Adel Thompson. Some of the members were not able to be present when the picture was taken. Meetings are held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, and on the latter date there is a short programme of music and readings. The main object of this organization is to interest the children in the cause for which their fathers and grandfathers fought. Efforts are being made to form other chapters throughout the State.

Miss Mattie Melton, a diligent Confederate worker, Secretary of the Julia Jackson Chapter as well as Directress of this Chapter of Children, shares the gratitude of those who realize how much she is doing for the Confederate cause.

Confederate Calendars.—Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Chairman of the Confederate Calendar Committee, Richmond, Va., reports that orders can still be filled, as they have a number of the calendars on hand yet. Those who are interested in advancing the Jefferson Davis monument fund can add a mite in this way and also secure a valuable souvenir of the work. Price, 25 cents.

CONVENTION RATES REDUCED.

Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Chairman of the Transportation Committee for the Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the meeting in New Orleans, November 12-15, sends out the good news that a rate of one fare for the round trip has been secured, at least for part of the territory, and it may be presumed will be given generally. Mrs. Smith is to be congratulated upon this achievement. The lowest rate heretofore given the U. D. C. was one and one-third ticket rate for the round trip.

The VETERAN has labored to procure for the U. D. C. a rate of one cent per mile ever since the body was created. It is the rate given the G. A. R. and the Woman's Relief Corps. This concession would triple or quadruple the attendance, and for merit there is certainly no organization more worthy in the land.

Again congratulations and thanks to Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith for her success in getting even half of the concession that is so richly merited.

At a meeting of Barnard E. Bee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, San Antonio, Tex., Apirl 15, tribute was paid to Wade Hampton by a committee comprised of Mrs. R. H. Northrup, Mrs. Jennie K. Collins, and Mrs. Jennie Howard.

Death has again invaded the ranks of our esteemed Confederate Veterans, and the organization has been deprived of one of its most valued members, a brave, good, and true man, South Carolina's most distinguished citizen and statesman, the South's most loved and royal hero, Gen. Wade Hampton, who with the sublime courage that characterizes all great men proved himself greater in defeat than in victory. He has gone to meet his old comrades along the flowery pathway that leads to realms of light. How beautiful that the spirit should depart in the bright springtime, amid the perfume of flowers, to that peaceful and beautiful home of the good and true where there is everlasting joy.

General Hampton was not only a true soldier of the Confederacy, but he was his State's greatest champion. In time of war he fought her battles; in time of peace he raised her out of the slough of despond. As a soldier on the field of battle he won fame; but it was after the cruel conflict was over, when our once beautiful Southland was devastated by the ruthless hand of war, in the dark and stormy days of reconstruction, that he proved his metal. His heart was tried in the fiery furnace. It was then that he won for himself the laurel wreath of imperishable renown. General Hampton was truly one of nature's noblemen. In public and private life he was distinguished by rare purity of character and unswerving devotion to duty. He was a Christian in the broadest sense of the word.

The record of this grand old soldier has not a blot on it. The silence of those who knew him well are the best tributes to his memory.

There is not death! what seems so in transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

Resolved, That while we deplore the loss of our loved hero our sorrowing hearts go out in deepest tenderest sympathy to his bereaved family. In this hour of unfathomable grief the prayers of the people of the land he loved so well are offered in their behalf.

The following beautiful address was made by Mrs. P. G. Robert in presenting for the second time crosses of honor to the Veterans in St. Louis:

Veterans of the Confederacy: When it was my privilege to confer the crosses on your brother Veterans before, my head and heart were full of the honor of it—the honor we felt for the Confederate Veterans, and that I had in representing the United Daughters.

To-day—our Memorial Day—with its associations, causes another thought to dominate my mind. Thirty-odd years ago a lonely, broken-down man, silently, and with sublime patience, paced his cell in Fortress Monroe, "the one single victim of thousands in war." For two long years he languished there, and then—I speak it reverently—because, like the Master whom he served, no charge could be brought against him, he was allowed to go to his people, untried, and uncondemned. To-day all over the Southland the Daughters meet to do him homage; to honor him, by conferring on his birthday the cross of honor on the men whose leader he was.

But this is not all, nor by any means the chiefest mission of these tokens of the Daughters' regard. With the Veterans of to-day the busy life goes on, and business in all its various phases engages your every thought; and the all-absorbing present bids fair to blot out the past with its loves and hates, its triumphs, and its defeats.

To me the crosses not only express our loving reverence for the Confederate Veterans, but fulfill a more sacred mission, in turning back the hands of the dial of time. They must call up the days of camp life, the men of the mess, the song, the laugh around the camp fire, and bind the Veterans of the present with bands of bronze to the Veterans who followed with them the stars and bars, and who sleep now, many of them, in unmarked graves.

It seems to me impossible that any Confederate Veteran can pin that cross upon his breast without a thought of some silent sleeper, once his comrade, who "has crossed over the river, and rests under the shade of the trees."

Let this token of the Daughters' reverence be ever a reminder to keep alive a loyal love for "that storm-cradled nation," than which "none ever rose so fair, or fell so free of crime," and teach your children to reverence it, and our martyred President, whose birthday is celebrated for the first time in St. Louis.

Whenever you touch this cross I beg you to recall the words of the immortal Kipling—the motto of the Missouri United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

The stenographer's report of the invitations extended for the meetings of the Conventions of the U. D. C

at Wilmington, N. C., in November, 1901, states that "Mrs. A. E. Asbury, President of the Missouri Division, invited the Convention to hold its annual meeting in St. Louis in 1903." Mrs. Asbury invited the Convention to meet in St. Louis in 1903, in case the "Louisiana Purchase Exposition" was held there at that time. It is evident now that the Exposition will not be held until 1904, and it is quite probable that the Convention for 1903 will be held elsewhere than in St. Louis. It is expected that St. Louis Daughters will take pride in making their Convention a great success.

Mrs. Clark Waring, President Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C.:

Having felt the inspiration that comes from hearing about what other Confederate Chapters have done and are doing, I have thought a few brief notes in regard to my own Chapter, the Wade Hampton, would be of interest to some of your readers.

One thing I know: the harvest of wheat, the ripened ear of corn, the vineyards of endeavor purpling to the wine-press of sucessful attainment, will not fall most largely to that Chapter whose members simply sit down under their own tree of life, pasting labels on what they have done, with no thought or care for what their co-workers are doing. There is always a recompense in the interest we pay out to others—interest reckoned not in money.

First, then, I will discourse somewhat of our relic room. It is a great institution. In its four walls we have subordinated many vague schemes to one single, practical, magnificent purpose. One who comes within goes out more highly educated. There are few books there, but many teachers; the outward tokens of past toils, difficulties, hardships bravely borne; the genius of rare achievements, noble aspiration, ambition, self-sacrifice, patriotism—all these are in that room. Justly it is the pride of the Chapter and all the Daughters of the Confederacy in South Carolina, all having a share in the enterprise, the Wade Hampton Chapter, the local body, being naturally the custodian and caretaker. Through the efforts of the accomplished and indefatigable chairman of the Relic Room, Mrs. Thomas Taylor, who is also our ex-State President, the Legislature granted us quarters in the State capitol building; but so rapidly has our beautiful and valuable collection increased, we are already overflowing our borders. One patriotic gentleman in the State presented us with his own splendid private collection representing the effort of thirty years, and no small expenditure in money. That Veteran's name deserves to be widely known—Colonel Benjamin Hammet Teague, of Aiken. Do you wonder that his nomination as Brigadier Commander of the Division by the Barnard Bee Camp received the enthusiastic endorsement of the Daughters of South Carolina?

The Chairman of the Relic Room Committee, Mrs. Taylor, is also at the head of the movement in the Chapter to find out, if possible, what became of the original seal of the Confederacy. She has had extensive correspondence in various quarters on the subject, and we hope eventually to have something definite to report in regard to it. In response to the published request of the R. E. Lee Chapter of Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Winder, President—that flowers should be sent by other Chapters to the unveiling of the statue given by Colonel Knauss, a Federal officer, on June 14, the Relic Room Committee, headed by its Chairman, selected a large handsome cluster of palms which had lain as an offering upon the grave of the heroic Hampton, considering it a fitting testimonial from the Chapter on this unique occasion. It was tied with beautiful ribbons of the Confederate colors and thus, amply adorned, expressed to the R. E. Lee Chapter with the request that it be used annually at Memorial services at Camp Chase. Accompanying this tribute was a photograph of Hampton's grave as it appeared on April 12, taken—by whom? Not a professional artist, not one who wore the gray—by a young lad, Frank Hoefer, the son of a veteran. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" shall the world continue to hear of the military prowess, the unsullied glory of the Confederate soldier.

The Chapter is now engaged in collecting a fund to erect a memorial to its distinguished namesake. Any person desirous of contributing to this fund may rest assured that this memorial—whatever its form—will be one worthy of our departed hero.

Lastly, among the things that we have done I must not fail to mention that on the 19th of each year the Chapter has given a medal to the students of the South Carolina College. The medal is very handsome in design and workmanship, being of solid gold. On one side is engraved the two flags of the Confederacy together with the flag of South Carolina. There is room at the head for the subject and around the margin is engraved "A. D. 1861-1865. Deo Vindice." On the other side in a beautiful design is engraved the words, "Wade Hampton Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, presented to ——. The successful competitor this year was Mr. A. K. Lorenz. His subject was "What were the rights reserved by the States in the compact by the United States under the Constitution? Their compositions showed much reading and no small amount of thought. Our object has been gained. On this one single occasion, twenty-three young men who had probably never devoted one minute to the serious contemplation of the greatest struggle of modern times devoted their minds energetically to the subject.

Is any further comment necessary? Shall we explain to the public why we give annually a medal to the students of the South Carolina College? The subject for the next composition has already been announced. It is this: "What place has Jefferson Davis in History?"

Ples Avent, of Sedan, Tex., objects to the statement of Comrade Reese, of Florida, that the First Regiment of Confederate regulars was from Florida. He says the First Confederate Cavalry from Texas was sworn in April 15, 1861, and adds: "I belonged to the first company organized in the regiment, and as my name commenced with 'A,' was the first man to answer to roll call, and I claim to be the first Confederate soldier to answer in Texas, and I was in the last fight under Gen. Forrest, at Selma, May 12, 1865. I was surrendered to Gen. Canby at Jackson, Miss., on the 19th. I thought then that the cause I fought for was right; I think so yet, and will as long as I live, and *it will be all right* when we all meet over the river."

SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

In an appeal to Southern chivalry Dr. George H. Tichenor, Chairman of Committee, U. C. V., states:

Your Southern Women's Monument Committee, appointed March 30, 1901, reports failure to meet at the Memphis (Tenn.) reunion. Sickness prevented the Chairman's attendance. As soon as he was able, he submitted to each member, through the mails, plans he considered feasible and promising speedy results. A copy of the plan accepted unanimously by the committee is made a part of this report. Gen. A. P. Stewart was elected Treasurer of the Monument Committee, but he declined to serve on account of his age. Col. A. A. Maginnis was elected. At the time the returns from the committee came in he was in New York sick, and in that city his noble life was surrendered to God who gave it. Col. J. B. Levert was then elected Treasurer.

With pleasure the Chairman reports that, while it required much time to perfect a plan that was likely to give satisfaction to all the committee, he announces that our subscription lists and plan adopted is now in the hands of 1,416 U. C. V. Camps. Any Camp failing to receive their subscription list will be supplied by the Chairman of the committee. See that all subscriptions are placed on the official list, and that the work proceeds in regular order.

In a letter from Col. Garnett Andrews to the Chairman of the committee he states:

"I hope to be able to be with the committee in 1893 to unite my efforts with those of my comrades to clear from the fame of Confederate Veterans the cloud of discredit which now overcasts it—our neglect to do suitable honor to the memory of our Confederate women. As one of the guilty, I have the right to say this without offense. Of lip service there has been no stint. It is easy and pleasant to give. And in our vanity we love to shine in the reflection of their glory as part of our own. What else have we done? Where stands even one memorial stone to mark our gratitude?

"Behold the contrast! The South is a vast monumental park, forested with towering shafts and statuary that have exhausted the sculptor's art. For what? To blazon the fame of Confederate soldiers. Who planted them? Southern women. True to their character, they have asked nothing for themselves. And they need no monuments, for history will take care of their fame. Nevertheless, our honor commands it, our gratitude demands it.

"O South, where is thy boasted chivalry? There can be no illusion about the Confederate women's greatness. The virtues of all the Southern generations were distilled into their veins. Womanly, bright, and gentle, they beguiled misfortune of its glooms. Keen-witted and strong, they were tactful to guide. Refined to the spirit's verge, their silken fiber endured like tempered steel. Self-sacrificing, resourceful, brave beyond the marvels of romance and history, they held a tattered army to its lines of glory when even hope had gone.

"We should build a memorial commensurate with their merits and achievements, or build not at all. Whether it be monumental shaft or group of some munificent aid to human needs or sorrow, its grandeur and beauty should be sufficient to attract the admiration of the world. No common thing should dwarf their fame. Let its majesty chronicle their supremacy for good, their potency to sustain the force of patriotism. Let it be to stand until human works can endure no longer."

Mr. Chairman and comrades, the past recalls to us a mighty struggle; recalls sorrow and suffering so widespread and intense that our land seemed then one vast altar on which all the treasures and traditions of our people were laid in sacrifice for the faith that was in us.

The ex-Confederate soldier needs no eulogy. His patience through privation outlasted the war itself, and his behavior in battle gave him the glory of renown and an indisputable title to knighthood. Since the war he has trampled disaster under his feet; he has made the devastation of his native land give place to new-born thrift and prosperity. In short, he is to-day a factor in all the affairs of our common country, and can afford to muster in dress parades before all the world and count on unstinted praise and esteem. He has his place in American history; he has illumined its pages and enriched its theme; while living he will always so impress himself upon the material and intellectual nations of the earth.

Now, comrades, what emotion springs up in our inmost soul when we consider the part played by our beloved women of the South? Shall we leave a marble shaft that would give inspiration to millions unborn—one that, when the lightning flashes light up its beauty, would call for unbounded praise for the last expression of the Confederate soldier while in the valley and shadow of the great beyond?

As Chairman of the Southern Women's Monument Committee I appeal to you to lend your constant effort in securing sufficient money to erect a monument of beauty that will give joy and gladness as a crowning effort of our declining days. Comrades, the Southern press will respond nobly if we make the request for an open column for subscriptions of money to erect a monument that will reflect honor and great credit upon Americans by birth and adoption.

I move, beloved commander and comrades, that the report of the Monument Committee be received, including the request made by the committee that the press of the South be invited to open up sufficient space for contributions, and is hereby authorized by this Convention to collect money, the same to be remitted to the Treasurer of the Southern Women's Monument Committee every sixty or ninety days the amounts received by the press, and thus secure the lasting gratitude of a brave and noble people.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO ROBERT E. LEE.—Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of Chicago, June 17, using for his text "Shall Robert E. Lee Have a Statue?"

The speaker referred to a principle, which he said for generations Lee and his people had believed. This important address will have merited attention in an early issue of the VETERAN.

REPORTS TO GEN. LEE AFTER THE WAR.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston writes concerning them:

I inclose to the VETERAN the report of Gen. John Echols to Gen. Lee of the operations of his command in Southwestern Virginia at the close of the war. As it has never been published, I have thought that it would make a valuable contribution to war history, and that the VETERAN would be the most appropriate place for its publication. The history of the report is as follows:

In the fall following the surrender Gen. Lee wrote to the various officers under his command requesting that they would make reports of the operations of their commands which he desired at some future time to publish as supplementary to his former official reports. In furtherance of this object Gen. Breckinridge, whose chief of staff I had been for a year or more preceding the surrender, then an exile from Kentucky in Canada, requested me to prepare for him a report of his operations as commander of the Department of Southwestern Virginia and in the Shenandoah campaign of 1864, and extending to the date of his appointment as Secretary of War in January, 1865. At the same time Gen. Echols, who had succeeded him in command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, made a similar request of me as to his operations. All the papers of the department had been lost in the break up, but the details were fresh in my mind, and I furnished the data requested, from which the reports were made out and sent by them to Gen. Lee. Unfortunately, Gen. Lee died without carrying out his purpose of publishing the reports of his subordinates. When I was engaged in preparing my "Military History of Kentucky" (embodied in the twelve volumes of "Confederate Military History," published by the Confederate Publishing Company, Atlanta, in 1899) I made unsuccessful effort to find these reports of Gens. Breckinridge and Echols as embodying facts of which time had dulled my memory. Finally, at a later day, I wrote in regard to the matter to Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, who referred me to Col. Charles Marshall, of Baltimore, former A. D. C. to his father, into whose hands all of Gen. R. E. Lee's papers had been placed for preparation for the press. After some delay in searching for them, Col. Marshall sent me Gen. Echols's report here inclosed, but regretted not having been able to find that of Gen. Breckinridge, of which, however, he had recollection.

A short while ago Col. Marshall, who had long been an invalid, died, and as it is uncertain when, if ever, the papers in his possession will be published, I deem it best to avoid further accident to this paper, and therefore send it to you for publication, if you so desire.

REPORT OF GEN. JOHN ECHOLS.

STAUNTON, VA., December 15, 1865.

General: I have the honor to submit the following report of my operations from my accession to the command of the Department of West Virginia and East Tennessee until the termination of the war by the surrender of the several armies of the Confederacy.

During the fall and early winter of 1864-65 I was, in obedience to orders from the War Department, in command of the reserve forces in Southwest Virginia, which involved much labor in organizing and equipping the same, the exigencies of the service requiring their constant duty in the field. By order of the Secretary of War I reported to Maj. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, commanding the Department, and was immediately subject to his orders, although at the same time in correspondence with and subject to the general instructions (as regarded organization, etc.) of Maj. Gen. Kemper commanding the reserve forces of Virginia. During the month of January Gen. Breckinridge having been tendered the position of Secretary of War, upon his acceptance and departure to enter upon the duties of his office I was ordered by him as the senior officer of the department to take command, and was accordingly announced in General Orders as his successor upon the 31st of January, 1865. Relinquishing the command of the Reserves to Col. Robert T. Preston as senior officer, I at once entered upon the discharge of my duty, with headquarters at Wytheville.

At the period at which I assumed command of the department the aspect of affairs both in Southwest Virginia and in the Confederate States generally was already critical, and such as excited grave apprehensions with all who knew the actual condition of the country. My department embraced all the territory west of the Allegheny Mountains within Confederate occupation. This gave a front extending from the White Sulphur Springs in Greenbrier County, Va., to Jonesboro or Greenville, East Tennessee, and making a line of several hundreds of miles long. This line embracing within its limits the most valuable mineral interests left to the Confederacy was exposed to attack from three separate lines of approach the practicability of which had been demonstrated by successful raids from each quarter in turn. In May, 1864, the enemy under Gen. Crook had advanced from the Kenawha Valley, and destroyed the large railroad bridge across New River. In October, 1864, a force of white and negro troops under Burbridge had penetrated through Pound Gap from Kentucky, and arrived within a few miles of Saltville, when they were repulsed and driven back. In December, 1864, Gen. Stoneman made a raid from Knoxville, Tenn., which proved more successful than any which preceded, resulting in the capture of the salt works and lead mines, and the destruction of twenty-eight bridges on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad, his force penetrating as far east as Wytheville. It was with a full knowledge of these features of the department, and shortly after Stoneman's successful raid that I entered upon the command.

The forces in the department consisted as follows: Brig. Gen. Basil W. Duke's Brigade of Cavalry reporting about five hundred for duty, stationed near Abingdon, and temporarily dismounted, their horses having been sent to North Carolina to be wintered; Brig. Gen. G. B. Cosby's Brigade of Cavalry, reporting about three hundred for duty, and stationed in Fayette and Russell Counties looking to the Kentucky front; Brig. Gen. Vaughn's Brigade of Cavalry reporting nine hundred men, and stationed between Greeneville and Bristol, Tenn.; Col. H. L. Giltner's Cavalry Brigade, reporting eight hundred men, and stationed in Scott and Lee Counties, Va., for convenience of forage, and guarding the approaches from Cumberland Gap. These, with the cavalry under Col. V. A. Witcher, assimilating to a

brigade, and stationed near the Narrows of New River, and scouting toward the Kanawha, amounted nominally to an aggregate of two thousand eight hundred men, but falling far below it in effective force. At the period of which I write its condition as regards men and horses was very distressing. The rigor of the weather during the operations against Stoneman was unusually severe which entailed much suffering. The cavalry were rendered wholly unfit for service, and had to be distributed in the department, in such localities as afforded forage, changing location from time to time as required by its exhaustion. The men thinly clad and needing everything to perfect their outfit and equipment bore up cheerfully under their privations, and were ever prompt in obedience, but badly prepared to perform the duties of the soldier from their inadequate outfit.

The disposition of these troops by Gen. Breckinridge being from his thorough acquaintance with the resources and necessities of the department admirably planned, I did not find it necessary to modify them in any essential particulars.

The other troops of the department consisted as follows: Brig. Gen. G. C. Wharton's Division of Infantry, being the remnant of three brigades of Southwest Virginia troops which had served in the Valley Campaign, and which, being reduced by the casualties of war to a few hundred men, had been sent out with the hope of recruiting their strength. These were distributed in various counties selected for their central localities in reference to the homes of the men, and with a liberal system of short furloughs the officers were exerting themselves effectively to the work of arresting deserters, suppressing lawlessness and recruiting the wasted strength of their commands. The Reserves, under Col. R. T. Preston, comprising a small brigade of two regiments and two battalions, constituted the remainder of the forces of my command, and were chiefly distributed in detachments in obedience to instructions from Richmond, as Bridge, Provost, and Conscript Guards, performing, in the main, very arduous service when the composition of the force is taken into effect.

Of artillery there was a battalion commanded by Maj. R. C. M. Page composed of three batteries—Douthat's, Lynch's, and Burrough's—to which was subsequently added by transfer from Richmond, King's Saltville Battery. This battalion had suffered in common with the rest of the command from the raids, although it was soon restored to a serviceable condition.

During the two months which immediately followed my accession to the command of the department my attention was directed chiefly to placing the troops in the best possible condition for service in the approaching campaign. Every measure and effort which could tend to their better organization, equipment, and discipline was pursued with indefatigable zeal, and with gratifying success. Seconded by my subordinate officers my progress as far as it went was of the most satisfactory character. But our preparation was not complete when the enemy gave indications of an early movement, and before April 1 an advance was made in the direction of East Tennesssee, which caused me to move to Abingdon, and concentrate the greater portion of my command upon the line of the Tennessee border. The enemy advancing in force from Knoxville made with infantry a thorough demonstration against Bristol proceeding beyond Jonesboro. Under cover of this movement the real expedition, under Gen. Stoneman, struck into North Carolina through the counties of Wautauga, Caldwell, Wilkes, Yadkin, and Forsythe in the direction of Greensboro. Being early advised of his movement, I contemplated the possibility of his passing through Ashe or Surry County, and thence through Grayson County, Va., taking me in the rear at the lead mines. To guard against this contingency, I had ordered Col. Giltner's Brigade to Grayson County, with instructions to scout well into North Carolina. Having been apprised that Stoneman had passed through Wilkesboro going east, my apprehensions were in a great measure allayed, and Col. Giltner reporting it impracticable to subsist his command near the lead mines, was permitted to move to Wythe County, being a central locality, and the enemy still demonstrating before Bristol. It appeared, however, afterwards that Stoneman having advanced to within a short distance of Greensboro, and having exaggerated reports of his strength, turned back, and by a rapid march passing through Stokes and Surry Counties, N. C., entered Virginia through Carroll County.

The scouts who brought to Wytheville intelligence of Stoneman's advance preceded his force but a short time. On the afternoon of April 3, I was informed by telegraph from Wytheville that a Federal force, supposed to be Stoneman's had passed through Mt. Airy, Surry County, fifty-two miles distant, the evening before.

On the morning of the 3d I had learned unofficially the result of Grant's movement upon your lines, and arrangements were already being made, in obedience to your general instructions, with a view to unite my force with your own in the event of your being forced to take up a new line of defense. It was evidently of paramount importance to keep open communications with you; I therefore, without a moment's delay, moved eastward with all my command for the purpose of dislodging Stoneman should he attempt to obstruct by his presence communications between your command and my department upon which you were relying chiefly for subsistence, and whence was the main source of the supply of lead to the Confederacy.

Leaving Abingdon on the night of the 3d with most of my command, we proceeded to Marion by rail and thence marched to Wytheville, twenty-six miles. On approaching the town, we found the Federal troops in possession, but being attacked with spirit by Col. Giltner they retreated precipitately in the direction whence they came without having done any material damage.

The movements of Gen. Stoneman, as afterwards ascertained were as follows: Entering Virginia, as I have said before, by Carroll County, he sent a detachment of five hundred men to the lead mines, and thence to Wytheville, while with his main force he proceeded down the east side of New River to Christiansburg and New River Bridge. Thence he sent a detachment along the railroad as far as the Blue Ridge destroying the bridges and telegraph for seventy miles. Their course was wholly unobstructed, there being no troops east of New River nearer than

Lynchburg. Remaining at Christiansburg to rest his command, and to be rejoined by the detachment which had gone to Wytheville, he proceeded on the 7th through Franklin and Patrick Counties into North Carolina, subsequently capturing Salisbury, and making, from the distance traveled, the rapidity with which he moved, and the injury inflicted, the most successful cavalry raid of the war.

From Wytheville I moved to New River, leaving a cavalry force in the direction of East Tennessee for observation merely. On the 7th I began crossing the river which, on account of the damage done the bridge, was attended with much delay and difficulty, owing to the height of the river, then barely fordable for wagons. All communication of any kind being cut off eastward, as soon as my force was over I sent a staff officer, Lieut. James B. Clay, to Lynchburg to ascertain if possible your situation and report occurrences in my department. The distance was one hundred and twenty miles, but Lieut. Clay, starting on the 8th, arrived in Lynchburg on the 9th, and returned to my headquarters on the 10th, making the whole trip, two hundred and forty miles on horseback, in all little more than sixty hours. At Lynchburg he found Gen. Lomax, and from him I learned the authentic intelligence of your surrender. In accordance with his suggestion, that I should move to Salem, and, joining my force with his, move to unite with Gen. Johnston in North Carolina, I marched without delay. Reaching Big Spring on the night of the 11th, and going forward in person to find whether Gen. Lomax was at Salem, fifteen miles distant, I received further intelligence that he was still at Lynchburg, and without any organized command. Up to this time the condition of my troops was very satisfactory. Vague rumors of disaster at Richmond were circulating, but the actual condition of affairs was not known until we encountered the stragglers and paroled men from the Army of Northern Virginia, whose accounts had a most depressing effect, especially upon the infantry and men living in the adjacent counties. It was clearly my duty to lose no time in effecting a junction with Gen. Johnston. To this end I returned on the 12th to Christiansburg, deeming it most advisable to take the route subsequently followed instead of one more direct through Franklin and Patrick Counties in view of the position of Stoneman, and the probable advance of Grant's cavalry southward from Appomattox Courthouse.

On my arrival at Christiansburg, finding my infantry disintegrating and organization in all commands threatened, I summoned my subordinate commanders to a council, and took the opinion of each as to the condition of his command, its fitness for making the proposed march, and the proper course demanded by the exigency. At the result of the deliberation I became satisfied that it was impracticable to take the remnant of the infantry, now reduced to a mere handful, and accordingly directed their officers to furlough them for sixty days unless sooner ordered to assemble, designing to move with the cavalry only. It being impracticable to take artillery or trains owing to the mountainous nature of the country, and the roads made impassible by continuous rains, I ordered the destruction of the former and the abandonment of the latter, placing the wagons and harness in charge of an officer to be distributed to citizens who had incurred losses by the enemy. With the animals belonging to the artillery and wagons I mounted Gen. Duke's brigade, the horses of which had been prevented from reaching him by the raid. These dispositions having been made and the necessary orders having been issued, at 3 P.M., in a heavy rain, I moved from Christiansburg for North Carolina. Duke's and Vaughn's brigades were the only ones which accompanied me, Gen. Cosby and Col. Giltner having marched with their commands in the direction of the Kentucky border. A portion of the command of the former, and also three of his staff officers, Capts. M. C. Johnson, S. B. Shipp, and H. B. Clay, reported to me and accompanied me to North Carolina, and I subsequently received a note from Gen. Cosby written in Bland County, Va., informing me of his intention to rejoin me, in which, however, he did not succeed. Col. Giltner proceeded direct to Mt. Sterling, Ky., and surrendered his command to the Federal authorities. The command of Col. Witcher, with a few individual exceptions, remained in Virginia despite his personal efforts to induce them to accompany me, failing in which he joined me himself for such service as might offer. A number of other officers left without commands also accompanied me, evincing the most laudable spirit. It would afford me much pleasure to give a list of their names, but being unable to mention all, I will only add to those already given that of Col. R. T. Preston, who remained with me until the last day of service. Cheered by the cheerfulness and spirit of the small band with which I started I proceeded by forced marches through Floyd and Carroll Counties, Va., entering North Carolina through Fancy Gap, and thence through the counties of Surry, Yadkin, Iredell, and Davie to Salisbury. Gen. Stoneman having taken position west of Salisbury, near Statesville, I disposed Gen. Duke's and Vaughn's brigades so as to cover the former place and Charlotte, and proceeded in person to Salisbury, where I arrived on the 16th of April. Here I received the first full information in regard to the situation of affairs, and remained communicating by telegraph with and receiving orders from Gen. Johnston, then falling back from Raleigh to Greensboro. On the 17th the President arrived in Salisbury, and on the 19th, in obedience to orders, I assumed command of all troops in the vicinity, and exerted myself to check the growing disorder consequent upon the situation. Stoneman having begun to move, the troops were concentrated in the vicinity of Charlotte east of the Catawba, but not in time to prevent the destruction of the railroad bridge across that stream, twenty-five miles south of Charlotte, which was unfortunately effected before my arrival at Charlotte. His further operations were suspended by the armistice agreed upon between Gens. Johnston and Sherman, intelligence of which was communicated to him by me through flag of truce.

Gen. Wheeler having reported to the President on the 25th, all the cavalry was placed in his command, and on the 26th started south with the President. On the same day I also left to report to Gen. Johnston at Greensboro. Upon my arrival on the 29th I found that the terms of capitulation had already been signed and on the first of May I received my parole.

In closing this imperfect report rendered incomplete in consequence of the loss of all my official pa-

pers and the archives of the department, I desire to return my thanks to all the officers and men of my command more especially those who adhered with such fidelity to their duty at a time when I was threatened with great embarrassment by the weakening of authority incident to the events that I have detailed. For the conduct of Gen. Duke's Kentucky Brigade I can never sufficiently testify my admiration and respect. Mounted upon mules and horses without saddles, they turned their faces from their homes, and executed a march which even under the most favorable circumstances would have been an extraordinary one. Every officer and man seemed actuated by the loftiest purpose, and there was never evinced the slightest deviation from thorough good order and discipline. I would willingly say all in palliation of the shortcomings of men who had previously achieved so enviable a reputation for gallantry and soldierly merit, but a juster impulse requires that I should do equal justice to the conduct of their comrades who swerved not from the full measure of their duty as soldiers and patriots.

To the members of my staff who accompanied me to North Carolina—Lieut. Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, A. A G.; Maj. R. L. Poor, Chief Engineer; Maj. Isaac Shelby, Jr., C. S.; Maj. C. J. Venable, A. U. G.; Capt. H. T. Stanton, A. A. G.; Capt. John L. Sandford, A. A. G.; Capt. Hart Gibson, A. I. G.; Capt. Charles Semple, Chief Ordinance; Capt. W. M. Peyton, A. D. C.; Lieut. I. W. Branham, A. D. C.; Lieut. J. B. Clay, A. D. C.—my special and grateful thanks are due for the intelligence, fidelity, and zeal with which they discharged their duties both while in the department and in the closing scenes of the great drama. The severance of my relations with such officers, and the reflection that with most of them I should never have the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance added an additional gloom to the feelings engendered by the unexpected termination of hopes which we had so long cherished in common. In leaving me to return to homes to which most of them had long been strangers they bore with them, as they will ever have, my most cordial wishes and fervent prayers for their future prosperity and happiness.

A portion of the department staff, owing to the difficulties of the march and the peculiar necessities of their families, remained with my full consent in West Virginia, including Maj. R. C. M. Page, Chief Artillery, Maj. E. McMahon, Chief Commissary, and the officers of the military court, to all of whom my thanks are due for the efficient discharge of their respective duties.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President Virginia Division U. D. C. writes:

Unintentionally, I fear, the impression is conveyed by my recent article in May VETERAN that I am giving an account of all the work done in Virginia by the Daughters. Such is not the case. Our sister organization, the Grand Division of Virginia, is doing as great work as the one I reported—the Virginia Division. In the interest of truth and justice please print this note.

STEALING A YANKEE CAPTAIN.

C. L. Daughtry, Company B, Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, Bristow, Ky., writes:

In the fall of 1863, while Gen. E. A. Paine was in command of the Union forces at Gallatin, Tenn., I was there for several weeks as a Confederate soldier. While there a boy friend of mine (a cousin of Capt. Tom Love, who still resides at Gallatin) and I decided to leave Gallatin and join Morgan or Forrest. After arranging our plans we decided to take a Yankee captain with us. I was to see that captain and make arrangements with him. After several meetings he consented to go, and we fixed the time to start at twelve o'clock on a dark night. Gen. Paine's headquarters were in the Dr. Douglass residence on Main Street, and his horses were kept in a stable in the rear of the old hotel near by. At the appointed time we met at the stable, intending that the government should furnish our horses. Everything went well until we were ready to leave the stable, when we thought we were discovered; so we decided to disband and wait for another opportunity. Love decided not to make another attempt, but the captain and I met again and agreed upon leaving in daylight, which we did. The captain being on intimate terms with Gen. Paine's staff and orderlies we walked down to his headquarters at ten o'clock one morning and the captain borrowed two horses for us to go to the country for a short while. We both had passes through the picket line, so we started out the Scottsville Pike, nearly east, and after getting outside the pickets, we went around the town till we struck the Red River Pike, which was on the opposite side of the town. We traveled during the day and night, and on the next day were in Cheatham County. We ran across a body of Yankee cavalry which had been sent after us, and barely escaped with the loss of our horses. After hiding in the woods for five or six days we made our way back to within a few miles of Gallatin. In the meantime Gen. Paine had offered a reward for our capture. While camping out near Gallatin we met a citizen by the name of Simmons who lived near Hunter's Point in Wilson County, who was anxious to get home. As we could not find a boat, we decided to make a raft and cross the Cumberland River—I think we were in Cage's Bend. We succeeded in crossing the river and went home with Mr. Simmons, where we stayed two days. From there we went out near Lavergne, and I went into the town selling some eggs which we had borrowed from a farm house. My object was to get some pistols and cartridges, which I did from a friend of the Yankee captain. Leaving Lavergne we stayed a few days in Maury County near Spring Hill with a friend by the name of McGrady. After several narrow escapes we made our way from there down Duck River to Centerville in Hickman County, where we recruited a squad of independent cavalry. We operated in that section for several months when I was captured, and was at Columbia when Forrest threatened to attack it. I was sent to Camp Chase where I was a year under the name of Charles Douglass. The Yankee captain was George I. King, captain of Company I, One Hundred and Second Illinois Regiment of Infantry. He made a good soldier for the South under the name of George Sinclair.

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

In Maj. William A. Obenchain's address, delivered at the decoration of Confederate graves in Fairview Cemetery, Bowling Green, Ky., June 3, 1902, he said, to the "Daughters of the Confederacy and comrades."

We are met here again, as is our custom, to do honor to the memory of our Confederate dead. We are met here on this occasion, not only because it is a sacred duty, but also because it is a labor of love; for deeply enshrined in our hearts is the memory of those who, with heroic devotion, laid down their lives in the cause of the Southern Confederacy.

> There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

The events of recent years show us that we were destined as a people to play an important part in the affairs of this world; and so, in order that we might go forth in our greatest strength, it was heaven's decree that we should remain one nation, under one flag, and become more firmly united than ever before. Why, then, you may ask, that long and bloody war? Why so much destruction of life and property? Why so great sacrifice and suffering?

The story is long, but it may be briefly told. The thirteen original colonies were separate and distinct, and independent of one another—their only bond being their allegiance to the British Crown. A common cause and a common danger united them in their struggle for independence. The war of the Revolution won, each colony was, in its individual right and in its own name, acknowledged by Great Britain as a free and independent State. The old Confederation was a creature of the thirteen original States, each acting in its sovereign capacity. The Federal Government, formed later, and by a process revolutionary in itself, was also a creature of the thirteen original States, each State acting separately through its own people, and in its sovereign capacity, and not a creature of the people of the United States acting collectively, as some have claimed. In no sense were the States the creatures of the Federal Government. The creator must exist before the creature.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and for more than three decades afterwards, national sentiment was very weak; in fact, it hardly existed at all. State sentiment was everywhere predominant. Alexander Hamilton was the most pronounced nationalist of his time, and yet there was hardly a man from Washington and Hamilton down, who did not regard the new government as an experiment, and believe in the right of a State to secede from the union when it so desired. These are not fancies, but historical facts. The men of that time would have laughed at the idea that the Constitution of 1787 gave birth in 1789 to a national government, such as that which now constitutes an indestructible bond of union for the States.

The national idea had yet to be developed. The Constitution is a flexible document; and, says Woodrow Wilson: "It is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the English race whose political habit has been transmitted to us through the sagacious generation by whom the government was erected, that they have never felt themselves bound by the logic of laws, but only by a practical understanding of them based upon slow precedent. For this race the law under which they live is at any particular time what it is then understood to be; and this understanding of it is compounded of the circumstances of the time. Absolute theories of legal consequences they have never cared to follow out to their conclusions. Their laws have always been used as parts of the practical running machinery of their politics, parts to be fitted from time to time, by interpretation, to existing opinion and social conditions."

The North and the South, differing in religion and in public policy, though of the same race, and with different climates, developed along different lines. The North became chiefly commercial, the South agricultural. The North, as its commercial spirit grew, inclined more and more to nationalism. The regulation of commerce was one of the powers delegated to Congress. Actuated mostly by its own interests, the North came to believe that one of the main objects of government is to aid private enterprise by bounties, subsidies, and protective tariffs. Naturally, then, it fostered the idea of a strong central government, which it expected to control. And so it adopted a loose-construction view of the Constitution.

The South, on the other hand, clung to the idea, as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, that government is instituted to protect men in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It adhered also to the original theory of our government, as understood by the framers of the Constitution, as understood by the people when the Constitution was adopted, and as understood by a majority of the people of both sections for more than a generation afterwards.

The South held to conservative views, and believed, then, in a strict construction of the Constitution. It sought no government aid in private enterprise; it was opposed to class legislation, and all undue restrictions of trade. Above all, the South insisted on limiting the Federal Government to its distinctly delegated powers, for, as it believed, it was only by a strict construction of the Constitution that the rights of the States could be preserved.

Such were the fundamental differences between the two sections. Such were both the cause and the effect of the different lines of development. The North grew more rapidly in wealth and population than the South did. Foreign emigrants settled mostly on Northern soil. Largely ignorant of our institutions, and unimbued with the spirit of government as developed among the early colonies, they were, as a rule, national in sentiment.

Slavery was a pretext, and not really the cause of the Civil War. The causes of that war lay deeper than slavery. But slavery was used to intensify sectional feeling, and to prepare the minds of the people of both sections for the clash of arms that, sooner or later, had to come. For whatever of sin there was in the institution of African slavery in this country New England was no less responsible than the Southern States, and old England most of all. But while some of us may be unwilling to admit that slavery, as it existed in the South, was a sin, but few, if any of us, will deny that it was an evil, that it retarded the development of the South, and intensified sectional feeling. We must never forget, however, that, originally, slavery was forced upon the South, until by reason of the large increase in the number of slaves it became a political necessity. It was not so much a question of the abolition of slavery as what to do with the negro if emancipated. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the majority

of the Southern people believed, as far back as Jefferson's time, that life and property would be unsafe if the negroes, semi-savages as they were then, were set free and turned loose in their midst. Nor must one forget that slavery had a legal status, that it existed in all the thirteen original States, and that its protection was guaranteed by the fundamental law of the land.

Had we all been wise and unselfish, both North and South, and worked along on harmonious lines for the common good, we might, perhaps, though I doubt it, have accomplished peaceably what it took a long and bloody war to bring about. But human nature is very perverse, and

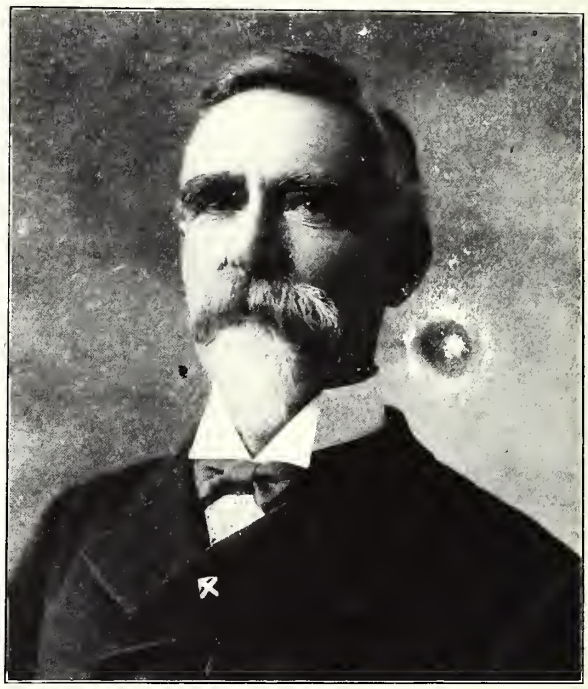
> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform.

I am inclined to the belief that there is a deeper meaning than is generally supposed in the words that "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." That war had to come, and it had to be fought out, too, to the bitter end. We were destined to be a great nation, one and inseparable for divine purposes. The two sections were drifting farther and farther apart, and there were vital questions that could be settled, and settled permanently in no other way.

This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the question as to who was the aggressor in that war, or as to which side was in the right, from a constitutional point of view. Suffice it to say, the only appeal that the North had was the preservation of the Union; the South fought for the maintenance of her constitutional rights. It was not that the South loved the Union less, but States' rights more. We will admit, however, that vital questions may be settled by might, if not by right, for the good, in the long run, of all concerned.

Far be it from me to say anything to-day, especially on an occasion like this, to arouse old animosities or revive sectional bitterness. I have grown broader in my views as I have grown in years. I glory in being an American. I believe that, under the providence of God, all has happened for the best; that we are all the mightier as a nation for the terrible war between the States through which we passed; that we are the better able to take and hold our place among the nations of the world for the world's good. And I am sure that I voice the sentiment of every able-bodied old Confederate now living, when I say of myself that I am as ready and willing to serve under our flag to-day as I was to serve under the Confederate flag two score years ago, and that, too, without expectation of reward, save that which comes from the sense of duty performed. But born and reared on Southern soil, the older I grow and the more I study this question, the prouder I am that I was a Confederate soldier throughout that long and bloody war; that, in a word, I was loyal to my native State and true to my kith and kin. If we were rebels, then was rebellion honored. If we were traitors, then treason meant loyalty to one's State and the defense of one's home.

I would not detract one iota from that patriotism and heroism of the Federal soldier, nor underestimate his devotion to his cause. But when we consider the magnitude and duration of the war, the limited resources of South, shut in as she was from the outside world, and the immense difficulties under which she labored; when we recall the privations, hardships, and sufferings of the Confederate soldier—the fact that he was scantily clad, half fed, often ragged and barefoot, staining the snow with bloody footprints on many a weary wintry march; when we remember that he was outnumbered four to one, that the North had not only double the population and unlimited resources, but the whole world to draw from; and that, in spite of all his disadvantages and all this disparity, he won many a hard-fought battle and held out for four long years, the whole world must admit that his devotion to his cause was sublime, and that his heroism was unsurpassed, even if equalled, since history began. Exhausted, he went down finally in defeat, but unconquered in spirit. Never was there a greater war; never was there a braver and more chivalric people than the Southern people; never was there a more heroic struggle.



MAJ. W. A. OBENCHAIN.

Although the cause was defeated, as long as men love liberty the principles for which the Confederate soldier fought will never die. While memory lasts, and patriotism and valor are appreciated, the splendor of his deeds will lose nothing of their lustre.

> And his "fame, on brightest pages,
> Penned by poets and by sages,
> Shall go sounding down the ages."

And men and women for generations to come will proudly trace their ancestry back to some Confederate soldier.

It is meet and right, then, that we should honor the memory of the Confederate soldier; that every year, loving hands should deck with flowers the graves of those who wore the gray in that terrible struggle. There is not a worthier object; there is not a more sacred duty.

May each and every one of us here to-day, and generations to come, exclaim then in the spirit of the Jews of old: If I forget thee, O Confederate soldier, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

A Confusion of Dates and Events.—The following from the Dallas (Tex.) *News* of April 23 involves two very great errors, which, in the interest of true history, should be corrected. A correction in this instance seems to be the more necessary as he wrote the article, Gen. Beavens, U. C. V., is a well-known Confederate.

"After the capture of Harper's Ferry, with eleven thousand prisoners," which was on the 15th of September, 1862, Gen. Jackson did not march up the Virginia Valley on his way to Richmond, but went immediately to Sharpsburg, Md., where in the battle fought there on September 17 he was in command of the left wing of Lee's army. Nor did Jackson "after the capture of Harper's Ferry arrive in the rear of Gen. McClellan in front of Richmond;" nor could he have done so, for McClellan after Harper's Ferry was not in front of Richmond, but in Maryland.

Jackson, coming from the Valley, struck the right and rear of McClellan's army in front of Richmond on June 26-27, 1862, nearly three months before the capture of Harper's Ferry, alluded to by Comrade Beavens.

Gen. Beavens has evidently confused Jackson's Velley Campaign of the spring of 1852, from which Jackson did go to reënforce Lee at Richmond, with Lee's first Maryland campaign of about three months later, in which Harper's Ferry, with its garrison and supplies, was captured.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1902.

BY ROSA FORREST M'CAMBY.

With broad'ning sweep the years roll on
  Since first on our Memorial Day,
We culled the fairest flowers of spring
And laid them on the sacred dust
  Of those who wore Confederate Gray.

The battle clouds have all rolled by,
  The clarion notes of fife and horn
Are still. Not one in proud array
Rides forth with true and valiant heart
  To meet the foe at dawn.

No tents are struck, no camp fires burn,
  To mark the track of other years;
A silence reigns on all around,
Except the knell of buried hopes,
  And fervent prayers and tears.

But full upon the evening air,
  In Memory's halls, with eyes grown dim,
We live those vanished years again;
We scatter flowers with reverent hands,
  And chant our evening hymn.

Some few are left who bore our flag—
  They bring it furled and draped to-day,
With whitening locks and feeble steps,
And plant its staff for one brief hour
  Above your lifeless clay.

Go, soldiers of the Sunny South,
  Forth with untarnished, bright'ning shields!
The heroes of the Cause, though lost,
Your glory and the Southern Cross,
Will still live on in Southern hearts
  Till tents are struck on bloodless fields!

Wharton, Tex.

INCIDENTS OF SOUTHERN LEADERSHIP.

The South had reason to be proud of her leaders during the Civil War. They were her representative men, and after the disgraceful orgie of reconstruction was past she showed her confidence in these men by sending them as senators and representatives in Congress.

Rev. James H. McNeilly writes:

In 1863 my regiment, the Forty-Ninth Tennessee, was commanded by Col. James E. Bailey, and was in the brigade of Gen. S. B. Maxey, of Texas. In the campaign for the relief of Vicksburg we were in the division of Gen. S. G. French, and we were in the line with the brigade of Gen. F. M. Cockrill, of Missouri. Afterwards our brigade was commanded by Gen. Quarles, of Tennessee, and was in the division of Gen. Walthall, of Mississippi. The division was in the corps of Gen. Stewart, along with the divisions of French and Loring. I was for most of the time the only chaplain in the brigade, and so had opportunity to preach to the officers in command.

In 1878 I was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Houston, Tex. There was an effort made then to get the postmastership of Houston out of the hands of the scalawag element, and to put in a man acceptable to the better people. We favored a gentleman, Mr. Richardson, who had come from Iowa, I think. At that time the Democrats were in control in the United States Senate, and Gen. Maxey, then Senator from Texas was chairman of the committee on postoffices, etc. Mr. Richardson asked me as a representative of the Presbyterian people to recommend him for postmaster. I suggested to him that I might also help him by a personal indorsement, so I wrote to Gen. Maxey, telling him that I knew Richardson to be a gentleman who had the confidence of the community, and that his only fault was his republicanism. As I did not think he would remember me after thirteen years, I wrote thus: "If you do not remember who I am, please ask Col. Bailey, who is the Senator from Tennessee, and who was colonel of my regiment under you. He has known me from a child, and will vouch for me." I received a very kind letter from Gen. Maxey in reply promising to do all that he could for Mr. Richardson, and I think he got him appointed. In his letter he said: "I remember you very well, and also I remember often hearing you preach at Port Hudson. I showed your letter to Col. Bailey, and we called in Gen. Walthall and Gen. Cockrill, and had a good talk about the old times, when we were all together."

This is in substance what he said, but what impressed me was that thirteen years after the war the men who were at the front as representatives of the South were the same who led us in the war. The colonel of the regiment in which I served, James E. Bailey, was Senator from Tennessee; the commander of our brigade, S. B. Maxey, was Senator from Texas; the general of our divison, E. C. Walthall, was Senator from Mississippi; and the brigade commander of our next brigade in the line, F. M. Cockrill, was Senator from Missouri. And now Tennessee is represented in the Senate, and has been represented for years by that gallant soldier and noble gentleman, William B. Bate. Long may he live! After all, our people know whom to choose.

"THE WAR IS OVER."

In response to "Progress and Material Advancement," suggesting "Get out of the Way, Old Man," Mrs. Kathrin Haden inscribes the following to the Confederate Veterans:

Linger, O linger a while, old man
Thy shadow is growing less;
Thy pattern of grace and of chivalry
Soon shall fail our vision to bless.
O linger a while, old man!

What though thy time-written brow, old man,
Bears of its glorious youth no trace?
And the storms of war and a restless peace
Of its manly bloom hath robbed thy face?
Yet linger a while, old man!

In the rush and whir of life, old man,
Not long is a place for thee.
Soon quiet paths and a kindly staff
Thine age's heritage shall be.
But linger awhile, old man.

Weary and worn thy frame, old man,
Like thy garments of Southern gray,
But our youth of to-day lifts up its face
And tenderly bids thee stay.
So linger awhile, old man.

In the fame of duty done, old man,
Is thy triumph still to be;
Let thy mantle fall on our country's hope
To shelter the germ of liberty.
O linger awhile, old man.

The shout of the victor still, old man,
Beats on thine ear with pain;
And the story of valorous deeds in strife
Is all that hath been thy gain.
Yet linger awhile, old man.

That story told by thee, old man,
Hath a charm no written page
Shall hold, though pen of light should blend
With the wisdom of the sage.
So linger awhile, old man.

ROUSS BATTLE ABBEY.

At a meeting of the U. D. C. Convention, Tennessee Division, the President, Mrs. T. J. Latham, appointed a committee to consider the suggestions of Capt. J. W. Morton, as printed in the April VETERAN concerning the Rouss Battle Abbey. The committee met at the Soldiers' Home. Mrs. Latham called the committee together at the Soldiers' Home on yesterday, the 16th inst. Mrs. Latham expressed a good deal of interest in the matter, and enlarged the membership. Mrs. W. J. McMurray was made the Chairman of the committee. Mrs. Latham acted as Chairman ex officio at that meeting. Capt. John W. Morton explained the objects and purposes of the munificent and patriotic donation of the late Charles Broadway Rouss. After which Miss Minnie Claybrook submitted a series of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Mrs. Latham, in her characteristic and forceful way urged the committee to exercise active diligence in having all the chapters in the Tennessee Division take immediate interest and action in this matter.

The following resolution was adopted and was recommended unanimously for passage, and adopted by the Convention:

Whereas it has been evident from some cause that the patriotic and munificent gift of $100,000 by the late Charles Broadway Rouss of New York, to commemorate the virtue and courage of the Confederate soldiers by the erection of a memorial building as a depository of relics, etc., has not been made available after six years effort; therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That it is the sense of this delegated Convention of the U. D. C., Tennessee Division, that the proposition that a fair division of the $100,000 among the several Southern States for the erection at its Capitol or elsewhere in the respective States of a Rouss Memorial Hall, would be wisest and best, and that an amount equal to the Rouss appropriation be provided for the purpose of maintenance and the collection of records, relics, and souvenirs.

2. That it is the belief of this Convention that the objects of the generosity and patriotism of Mr. Rouss would be more fully carried out, and his name more prominently connected with a dozen or more museums than with one for the entire South.

3. That the Secretary of this Convention be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the State Divisions of the U. D. C. to the officers of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and also to Col. A. G. Dickinson, sole representative of the munificent donation by the late Charles Broadway Rouss, and to each member of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association.

Mrs. T. J. Latham, Chairman ex officio, Memphis; Mrs. W. J. McMurray, Chairman, Nashville: Miss Annie Claybrook, Franklin; Mrs. John C. Brown, Nashville; Mrs. Mary Paul McGuire, Nashville; Mrs. E. O. Wells, Chattanooga; Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, Columbia; Mrs. A. B. Martin, Lebanon, Committee.

TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE WOMEN OF TENNESSEE.—Dr. Quintus Cincinnatus Smith, Austin, Tex., writes:

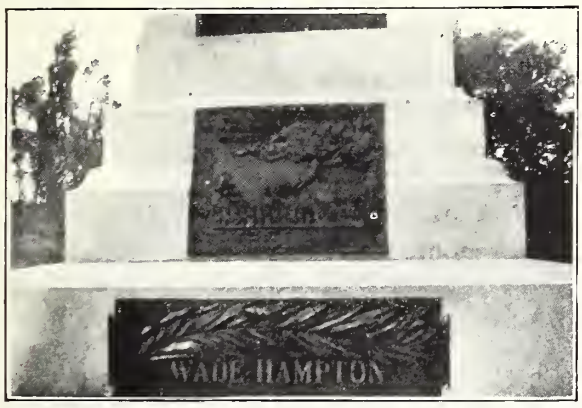
In response to the idea of Comrade George W. Lawrence, of Sweetwater, Tenn., as set forth in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for April, 1902, page 161, I suggest: My mother gave four sons to the Confederate cause—namely, John Thompson Smith and Walter Sellon Smith, of the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry; Quintius Cincinnatus Smith and Mortimer Julius Smith, of the Tenth Tennessee Cavalry. Of these all are dead save the writer. And to her and for these the writer offers to contribute $100 toward the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of the Confederate women of Tennessee, to be erected by Tennessee Confederates, who will each give $100 toward the erection of a suitable monument, to tell generations to come of the sublimely beautiful heroic deeds, the bravest, noblest women of Tennessee performed during all those long, terrible years.

Let this monument be of the purest polished Tennessee granite, to beautifully portray and proudly hold in everlasting remembrance, such as all good men delight to honor, love, and adore.

TRIBUTE TO WADE HAMPTON.

Gen. James G. Holmes, Charleston, S. C., states:

The civilized world knows that Wade Hampton (we give him no titles, his name needs none) died April 11, 1902. The people of the world do not know that the Ladies Memorial Association of Charleston, S. C., the old heroes' and patriots' birthplace, was the first to put his name in bronze, on a backing of South Carolina granite, and that granite shaft the monument to South Carolina's dead Confederate heroes, who died on sea or shore—they from Gettysburg's fateful field, and those from Secessionville, James Island, S. C., and many other well-fought fields. 'Tis well then to chronicle the fact in the VETERAN that it may live in history. Your paper has reproduced this grandly simple monument in Magnolia Cemetery, adjoining this city, but few of your readers know that into the die blocks of that monument, surmounted and guarded by a Confederate veteran in bronze protecting his flag, the world's folded flag of freedom, is placed a bronze tablet to South Carolina's typical Confederate woman, Mrs. Mary Amarinthia Snowden, who died February 23, 1898. She "whose worth the span of rolling centuries preserves in memory undecaying." And now the Memorial Association she organized in 1866, and whose only president she was until she died, has promptly, within less than a month after Hampton's translation to join Bee and Bartow and the other nobles of the noblest, let into the same shaft a bronze tablet, as



herewith shown, and just below the one to Mrs. Snowden, bearing Hampton's name and the palm leaf of peace after victory. Aye, the moral victory of right against force! What a trinity of Confederate memories in this meaningful monument, in the Confederate lot in truly beautiful and reposeful Magnolia Cemetery—a monument to South Carolina's Confederate dead, and tablets to South Carolina's typical Confederate heroine and heroes; they who in war and in more cruel peace exemplified the best traits of South Carolina's citizens, strength, patience, fortitude, self-abnegation, and all for the good of humanity and "in His name," Christ the crucified! The lives of Mary Amarinthia Snowden and of Wade Hampton should be taught in every school in the South.

CONCERNING ANDREW JACKSON BANKS.—Dr. J. N. Taylor, Lynchburg, Tenn.: Andrew Jackson Banks died at my father's home, near Lynchburg, in March, 1863. It is not known where he lived or to what regiment he belonged more than that he was from North Alabama, and belonged to the Army of Tennessee. Among his effects was found a letter he had begun to his wife, dated Chapel Hill, Tenn., March 1, 1863: "Mrs. Josephine Banks, Dear wife—I write to inform you that I am well"—and stops at that. A promisory note found in his possession for $35, was made payable to W. R. Chinn, or order, by A. Stephens. It is witnessed by W. M. Paronell, February 14, 1863. He came to father's sick with pneumonia and died in a few days. He is buried near this place, and although among strangers, his grave is decorated with flowers every year under the auspices of Woody B. Taylor Bivouac. I write this hoping to hear from some of his relatives or friends.

JEFFERSON DAVIS ARCH ACCEPTED.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Ch'n of Central Committee:

The meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association was held in Richmond, June 3 to 6. Of the twenty-five members, twenty were present. A more representative body of women never met. The first two meetings were held at the Confederate Museum, and the others in the Senate Chamber, where the models were on exhibition. These women representing the Southern States were present to do the will of the Convention held in Wilmington, which convention had unanimously selected the style of memorial and the site of same. From many of the newspaper accounts you would have thought it was a very divided meeting, while in fact of the nineteen present, only two of them were for changing the style, Mrs. W. I. Behan, of New Orleans, who although not favoring an arch had accepted the will of the convention by appointing an artist to enter competition. The other Miss Mary Amelia Smith, of Virginia, who on seeing the models, and hearing the beautiful explanation by Mrs. Augustine Smyth, of Charleston, said she was perfectly satisfied. Although much outside pressure was brought to bear, the Directors were determined to stand by their word and by the artists, who without prizes or reward, save to the fortunate one whose model was accepted, had given their time and talents. Mrs. Davis having expressed through the columns of the *Picayune*, of New Orleans, her opinion that this memorial was to be used "to beautify a noisy shopping street in the city of Richmond" to which she would never consent, nor to the form of an arch. Mrs. Smythe, of Charleston, and Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, of Florence, were sent on to New York, to explain why this form was chosen, because we wished to place to our great chieftain a memorial different from any other in the South, and although a memorial, it might suggest the triumphs of a principle, and therefore in no aspect of the question was there anything inappropriate. Mrs. Davis withdrew her disapproval. Mr. Lewis Albert Guarbood was the successful sculptor.

The completed arch will have a height of 65 feet, a width of 70 feet, and a breadth of 24 feet. The archway is to be 25 feet wide and 40 feet high in the clear. The entire arch is to be constructed of finest Southern granite, and to have an interior stairway leading to the top. The sculptor has adopted the Corinthian style of architecture as being most in harmony with the prevailing style in the South, as well

as especially adapted to express the purposes of the arch.

The intended ornamentation has been only generally expressed in the model submitted, the smaller details of ornamental work being too difficult to execute in so small a model. The ornamentations involved in the various inscriptions in raised letters are absent; these in themselves will serve to further embellish the arch.

Two bronze figures are to be placed on either end of the arch, and will be symbolical of fame and the cause for which the South fought, and are to be more than twice life-size.

The sculptor has endeavored to express in his work the life of Jefferson Davis, as well as to perpetuate the ideals and principles which he represented.

In the spandrels, two on each side of the arch, will be placed four bas-reliefs, representing Glory, Truth, Justice, and Valor. These further illustrate Mr. Davis's life as compared with his people. The figure Glory represents the glory won by Jefferson Davis and the people of the Confederate States during the most trying period of their history; the figure Truth represents their united devotion to the cause which they championed; Justice represents the unswerving belief in the righteousness of their cause and the justice of the struggle; Valor represents the many deeds of heroism of Jefferson Davis and his people both in their homes and in the field.

The thirteen seals in the attic represent the Confederate States, the central one being the seal of the Confederacy, while upon the five low relief panels in the attic and upon the two panels in the archway will be inscribed such tributes to Jefferson Davis as may be chosen by the committee.

And now, veterans, redeem your pledges made at Louisville, and again at Memphis. We have $42,000 in bank in the hands of a bonded treasurer drawing an interest of three per cent. Surely there are in all of our proud lands 35,000 people who can and will give one dollar, or sums no matter how small, and in 1904 our monument will be completed, our honor sustained, and you will meet in Richmond to dedicate to the only President of the Confederate States a memorial you will not be ashamed of.

Officers of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, U. D. C.

President, Mrs. S. Thomas McCullough; Vice President, Mrs. E. G. Weed; Secretary, Mrs. N. V. Randolph; Treasurer, Mrs. E. D. Taylor.

Directors.—Alabama, Mrs. Charles G. Brown, Birmingham; Arkansas, Mrs. Clementine Boles, Fayetteville; Florida, Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Jacksonville; Georgia, Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome: Kentucky, Mrs. Basil W. Duke, Louisville; Louisiana, Mrs. I. B. Richardson, New Orleans; Missouri, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, Kansas City; Mississippi, Miss Mary Harrison, Columbus; Maryland, Miss Elizabeth W. Hall, Baltimore; New York, Mrs. W. W. Read, New York City; North Carolina, Mrs. John P. Allison, Concord; South Carolina, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, Charleston; Tennessee, Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis; Texas, Mrs. M. R. M. Rosenberg, Galveston; Virginia Division, Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Norfolk; Grand Division of Virginia, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Richmond; West Virginia, Mrs. Robert White; Virginia, Miss Mary Amelia Smith, Warrenton.

Representatives.—Mrs. W. J. Behan, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Garland Jones, Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. J. D. Walker, Fayetteville, Ark.

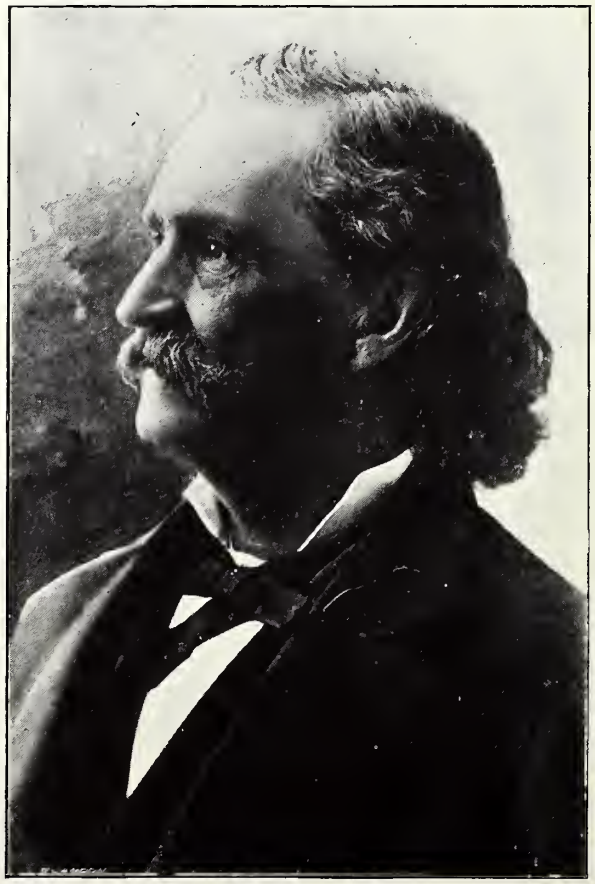
Representatives of all the States but Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Maryland, and West Virginia were present. Mrs. Behan and Mrs. Garland Jones of the Confederated Memorial Association were also there.

FLAG FOR WALTHALL'S VETERANS

Donated by Mrs. John B. Ross, only child of the General. Miss Marian Buchanan, of Memphis, made presentation address as reported by the *Scimitar:*

Probably the most impressive affair to the people of this section of the country who attended the Dallas reunion was the presentation of a flag to the survivors of Gen. Walthall's brigade. The flag was given by Mrs. John B. Ross, of this city, only child of Gen. Walthall, and was the handsomest banner at the great gathering. When the reunion met here on the previous year Judge Joseph W. Buchanan, of this city, was chosen to command the famous old brigade in which he served, and it was his daughter, Miss Marian Buchanan, 419 Vance Street, to whom fell the honor of making the formal presentation. How well she did it is shown by her address. It follows:

Soldiers, Friends, Ladies, and Gentlemen: It is a pleasure and an honor to be thus so kindly introduced to you, as well as a great privilege to see so many sur-



GEN. W. C. WALTHALL.

vivors of the great war and their friends assembled in this beautiful city. A younger generation has grown up since you soldiers wore the gray, and fought beneath the folds of the Southern cross; but we know that your hearts are as warm and true as ever, and that the impulses of early manhood and loyal friendships will throb in your bosoms as long as life itself. And you may be assured that your sacrifices and deeds of daring on many weary marches and battlefields are honored yet.

It has become a very pleasant, though serious, duty to present to the survivors of a gallant command a token of the esteem and love in which you are held, something tangible, as a reminder of a history which you helped to make, and an expression of sentiments cherished by your kindred and friends.

When the strife between States became the reality of war and the sons of the South were called upon to go forth in the defense of their firesides and constitutional rights, they responded almost as one man, seeking not rank or pay; but the post of danger, that of honor.

Among others quick to volunteer was a young lawyer who had just successfully entered upon the practice of his profession at Water Valley, Miss., Edward Cary Walthall, having but recently come from Richmond, Va., where he was born and educated. He had not formed a wide circle of acquaintance, and had little or no influence among the leading men of his adopted State. He became a lieutenant of a company in 1861, and not long afterwards lieutenant colonel of the famous Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment. His advancement then and afterwards was conferred by reason of his splendid military capacity, devotion to duty, and gifts of leadership.

We are told by those who served with him that he was most graceful, dignified, yet courteous in manners toward all, and as cool and alert on the battlefield as if forming his troops for review. Like Forrest, the dashing sabruer, he arose by his own merits and hard service.

His first baptism of blood was at Fishing Creek, Ky., where the lamented Zollicoffer fell on a dark and disastrous day for the Confederacy. In the midst of disaster and confusion Lieut. Col. Walthall, in the absence of his colonel, took conspicuous part in the battle, and brought off his regiment in almost perfect order. The promise of military genius there displayed was afterward more than fulfilled.

He enjoyed equally the love of his men and the confidence of his superior officers. He was rapidly promoted to brigadier and major general, and the history of his command embraces a large part of the history of the Army of Tennessee under Gens. Bragg, Johnston, and Hood.

Without attempting to give a list of the battles in which he led the bravest of brave men, not only with courage, but consummate military skill, it may be mentioned in the brief moment allotted here that he particularly distinguished himself at Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, on the Georgia campaign, and with eight skeleton regiments in conjunction with Gen. Forrest in covering the retreat and saving the remnant of Hood's army after the battle of Nashville.

He was in close touch with the commanding generals, enjoying their full confidence, and surrendered his thin and tattered regiment and brigade of glorious heroes with Gen. Johnston in North Carolina.

Gen. Walthall had so endeared himself to the people of Mississippi that after the war they bestowed upon him the highest honors within their gift, and as a result his long and distinguished services in the United States Senate supplemented a brilliant military career, giving him a national reputation, worthy to be credited to Mississippi, a State which has produced so many great statesmen, as well as soldiers.

Gen. Walthall's loving and only daughter, Mrs. John B. Ross, of Memphis, a great admirer of all her father's surviving comrades and followers, has requested me to present you, who once belonged to his command, with this beautiful banner, made for this occasion, the twelfth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. In richness of color and perfect design it speaks, though meekly, of the admiration, gratitude, and love excited by your deeds on a hundred battlefields. It speaks also for a happily reunited country, whose smiling friends and busy workshops, and marks of trade attest the fact that the old soldiers have been as busy in peace as they were gallant in war, and that their efforts have been rewarded by general contentment and prosperity.

Take this flag as a reminder of a happy reunion held in one of the great cities of Texas, and transmit it to your children and children's children as a souvenir and heirloom, and as a tribute to the highest and best type of American manhood.

PIANO SAVED BY WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

The Louisiana Historical Society has come into possession of an old piano that was formally presented at a public gathering in the rooms at New Orleans. This historic instrument was taken from the Cooper mansion at Jackson, where it was played under the enemy's fire by Private A. G. Swain, and was presented to the Louisiana Historical Association by Mrs. A. Q. May.

Members of Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, when the bullets were whistling and the shells were bursting over Jackson on that July day in 1863, played on that instrument, and they sang the good old songs which are heard no more. They made a joke of that fight, and they sang defiance at the enemy. They played till the order came to fire, and then they went to the work in hand, and kept at it until the enemy had been routed, when again they returned to their music.

The piano was in the Cooper mansion, the former home of Mrs. May. The house was set on fire to prevent its occupation by the Federals. The boys of the Fifth Company rushed in and saved the piano and kept it in their lines for the music and the cheer which it gave them. They were on their way to Vicksburg, as part of the advance guard of the army which was marching to relieve Pemberton bottled up there, and were full of hope till that morning, when they heard the Federal guns booming at Jackson, and then they knew that Vicksburg had fallen. They saved the piano at the imminent risk of their lives, and they played it and sang to its music. After three or four days they left it with the family whose residence had been burned, and took their departure.

Some time ago Mrs. May said that she wanted to present the survivors with the piano, which has been in

the possession of her family all these years. She had heard the story of their saving it from the residence in 1863. It was presented in an appropriate speech by Hon. A. Q. May. Gen. J. A. Chalaron accepted it in an appropriate address.

The following poem will be read with interest:

Ah, yes, 'tis ill-used and old-fashioned I know
That dent on the side is a spent bullet's blow,
And those scratches you see o'er its surface are scars,
That a battle-stained vet'ran would value as stars.
Ill-used and old-fashioned; but ah, could it speak,
It would tell of scenes that would pallor your cheek,
And cause the hot blood as it surged through your breast,
To throb all the more o'er its tales of the past.

For this is a spinnet that a nation knows well,
Both the Blue and the Gray of its fame love to tell.
When our capital city, in trembling and fear,
Heard the terrible tidings that Sherman was near,
There was hurry and flight and full many a home,
Of splendor and beauty, was left to its doom.
In one stately mansion, the fairest I ween,
That ever that city of mansions had seen,

The piano was found and the brave boys in gray,
Who with Breckenridge waited the oncoming fray,
With a longing to save it from flames bore it out
And harbored it safe in their sheltered redoubt.
Four months it lay there under heaven's own blue,
'Neath the sun and the stars and the rain and the dew.
And could it but speak it would make your heart burn,
As it told how the Gray and the Blue, each in turn,
Made its melody swell with their voices in song,
As their national anthems rang out loud and long.

One scene will suffice of that long ago day—
'Tis remembered by many who honored the Gray—
And a hero shall tell it who joined in the throng,
Both in facing the foe and in leading the song:
Some hundreds of yards to our right there stood
A mansion palatial. If the enemy should
A lodgment there find, our breastworks would be
A useless, untenable structure, and we
Heard ere long the orders to burn it. Ah, the task
Was a sad one, indeed, and we paused but to ask
That the torch might be stayed in its hungry desire,
Till something was saved from that funeral pyre.

The battallion that welcomes it here on the field,
Is of Washington Artillery and ne'er known to yield.
No sooner 'tis there than our brave Andy Swain
Is playing its keys, and the joyous refrain,
As the jolly boys' voices the autumn air cuts,
A piano was found and ere long it is placed,
Where it touches the guns which the enemy faced,
All singing: "You shan't Have Any of My Peanuts."

Far over the field in the front there appears
A skirmishing line—then line upon line which bears—
Down upon us and presses our skirmishers back:
Ned Austin's sharpshooters await the attack,
And stand to support our battery there.
While the foeman approaches, now near and more near.
The order comes ringing that guns shall be manned;
The piano is hushed while Graves takes his stand

On the parapet there and waits till the lines
Are sufficiently close to fulfill his designs,
Like a leader orchestral he stands to the end;
While with voice and with gesture he gives the command
To "Fire low, boys," and the order's obeyed,
And the field by our canister's soon ricocheted.
Still onward they come, looming up through the dust,
They are almost upon us and since we needs must,

Double charges hurl into their faces a storm
Of iron no mortal can face without harm.
Down go their lines and we know we have won,
And the infantry scarce o'er the works has begun
To finish their task, ere the artillery rushed,
To the grand old piano which has scarcely been hushed,
Has scarcely been hushed, yet a thousand of men
Lie wounded or dead where the struggle has been.

Has scarcely been hushed, yet since its last sound,
There are four stand of colors laid low on the ground!
Once again o'er the keys do the skilled fingers fly,
And with victory lighting each soldier boy's eye,
"O let us be joyful," floats out in the air;
Floats upward to heaven like thanksgiving prayer.
'Twas a pæan as grand as the world's ever known,
That rose on those voices to yonder white throne;
And not one who had voice in that glorious song,
Will forget this piano that led the gay throng.

SHILOH ISSUES AGAIN.

Col. John C. Moore writes from Rusk, Tex.:

If one desires much reading with the acquisition of very little definite information, the various conflicting statements respecting incidents of important battles related by both Confederate and Federal writers will suffice. For instance, the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, is a vivid example. My own share in that affair was in the humble position of colonel of a regiment—the Second Texas Infantry, composed of about one thousand rank and file. Of course, one in that position and on a battlefield like Shiloh can see but little of the many incidents transpiring. What I may assert positively I know to be true from its having come under my personal observation. I shall confine my remarks to the first day's engagement. As I have no copy of my report, I must trust wholly to memory, after a lapse of forty years. As the reader will observe, this is not an attempted description of the battle, but mere incidents more or less connected with some disputed points.

My regiment was attached to Gen. J. K. Jackson's brigade, Withers's Division, Bragg's Corps. After carrying the enemy's position with a rush early in the day and close on their heels, we were unexpectedly ordered to halt and await further orders. This seemed to be due to our advancing in front of the line on our right occupied by Chalmer's brigade, which was stopped by a heavy force in front. As they seemed pretty hard pressed, I took the responsibility of detaching three or four companies from my right and sending them to reenforce Chalmers. When the enemy saw the Texas boys coming at double-quick and yelling like Comanches, "dressed in their graveclothes," as a Yankee prisoner expressed it, they were not long in retiring to the rear. In explanation of the term "graveclothes" let me say that the regiment reached Corinth just before the battle dressed in "army blue" captured at Texas military posts and issued to the men while at Galveston. When ordered from Texas across the country by way of Alexandria, not thinking army blue a healthy color

for my men to wear in battle, I sent an agent with a requisition on the quartermaster at New Orleans for Confederate uniforms. When we received and opened the packages at Corinth, we found they were made of wool as white as that on the back of a Kentucky bluegrass sheep. It was a case of Hobson's choice, and some Yankee prisoners inquired: "Who were them hell-cats that went into battle dressed in their grave-clothes?" Pardon the digression.

No enemy being visible in the thick timber in front, our line moved forward under orders to swing round about a quarter circle to the left. As there was pretty thick undergrowth, any experienced soldier can guess the result of this brilliant evolution by raw troops. My regiment, being on the right, would have to describe a longer curve than either of the others. Things worked well enough for a few yards, but soon intervals were lost, the line broken into as many sections as there were regiments, and some lost sight of each other in the brush, and the general either lost us or we lost him—at least, it is a positive fact that I did not see him or another regiment of the brigade until we returned to Corinth. We felt like orphans when we found ourselves alone in the woods. We moved somewhat in a northwest course it seemed, but the Lord only knew where. After advancing a mile or two a staff officer discovered us, and ordered us to halt until further orders. I supposed he was trying to collect the scattered flock. At this time there was heavy firing in our front so near that many balls dropped around us. After an hour or so the firing seemed moving toward the river. The woods to our right front were full of smoke, and bullets were rattling like hail among the trees. As we had not yet received any orders, and supposing we were perhaps lost again by the brigade staff, I moved without orders, and we soon came in contact with that Prentiss much-captured brigade, since rendered famous by so many writers in the VETERAN claiming the credit for different commands. The Second Texas has never entered the claimant contest, but living members retain some recollection of having been "there or near by" on that occasion, as was shown by the captured colors and prisoners they turned over to the proper authorities.

The Prentiss picnic having ended, I was ordered to move the regiment north toward the river. Proceeding perhaps a half mile, I was again ordered to halt and await orders. We had reached a log house with extended open space in front and to the left. In a few minutes an Irishman came from the house holding his gun as high as he could reach with the bayonet run through a newspaper. Being halted and asked what he wanted, he replied: "And sure, I wanter surrinder meself." We allowed Pat to "surrinder." No enemy were visible in front, but a few hundred yards to our left were large confused masses of Federal rushing toward the river. In timber to our left front was a battery, which opened fire, killing and wounding a number of my men. Soon a staff officer ordered us to move to the right, he acting as guide. Arriving about opposite Pittsburg Landing, and reaching a ravine, I was ordered to remain until further orders. The frequent repetition of this order during the day led us to imagine we were our general's favorites, and that he feared some of us might get hurt unless good care was taken of us. I am confident we remained in that ravine *two or three hours*—until after sunset. We neither fired a gun or heard any musketry fire in any direction. I have since learned that Chalmers's brigade was on our right, between us and the river, but I was not aware of the fact. A battery was in plain view on the crest of a hill in our front. The gunboats fired frequently in our direction, but only knocked limbs from trees over our heads, some of which dropped uncomfortably near, but did no damage. The extract from Gen. J. K. Jackson's brigade report given by Col. Chisholm in the May issue of the VETERAN puzzles me considerably. He said that his men were without ammunition, with only their bayonets, but steadily advanced under fire of light batteries, siege pieces and gunboats, passed through the "ravine," reached the crest of the opposite hill upon which were the enemy's batteries, but could not be urged farther. All I feel justified in saying on this point is that these incidents must have transpired, and the remainder of the brigade withdrawn from that vicinity, before my regiment's arrival; or we were so completely hypnotized we did not know what was going on in that locality.

COL. BENJAMIN T. PIXLEE, OF ARKANSAS.

Dr. A. M. Trawick, of Nashville, who was a lieutenant of Company F, Sixteenth Arkansas Infantry, pays fine tribute to the commander of his regiment. The fact, that a commissioned officer, as was Dr. Trawick, had fired a gun until near exhaustion, and was relieved by the commander of a regiment who did the service of a private to the death, is a vivid illustration of Confederate patriotism. Dr. Trawick states:

At the siege of Port Hudson, La., our first serious engagement was on the 27th of May, 1863. Our forces were so small that we were ordered to reënforce either to the right or to the left, according to the advance of the Yankees. It became necessary late in the evening to move about one mile to our left, thus necessitating our crossing a deep ravine and up a slope that could not be protected from our enemy. When the order came Col. Benjamin T. Pixlee unsheathed his sword, and, standing more than six feet in his army boots, called at the top of his voice to his men: "Sixteenth, follow me, every devil of you!" He led the way. Only three of his men refused to go. The shot, shell, and bullets that rained through that opening were like a hailstorm. It seemed to me it was an impossibility to get through, and so it was to many. Lieut. Spain, Abner Stroud, Bill Carr, and many others were shot to death. I can see in memory Lieut. Bailey hunting for Lieut. Spain with tears in his eyes.

On June 14, Sunday morning, Banks had made a general attack, and had been repulsed. I was on the firing line, in an acute angle of the breastwork, and had been firing for over an hour. My face and hands were covered with powder. I was tired. Col. Pixlee came to me and said: "Lieut. Trawick, you are tired, let me get in there and shoot a few Yankees. My carbine is much longer-ranged than your musket." I said: "No, Colonel; this is too dangerous for you. Many balls have passed close by me." He said: "O let me get there; you rest." I said: "Not unless you command it." He replied: "Don't put it on that plane." I sat down, picked up a small pocket Testament, and be-

gan reading. Inside of ten minutes I heard something as thrown against a tree. I looked up and saw Pixlee falling, pierced through the head. He never spoke after the ball struck him.

I should like to know if there are any of the Sixteenth Regiment Arkansas Volunteers, C. S. A., who remember that commanding voice of Col. Pixlee: "Sixteenth, follow me, every devil of you." I should like to know who, if any, of his family are living. No truer, braver, nobler Confederate soldier ever drew the breath of life. He was a brave commander, whom to know was to love and follow.

It is an extraordinary coincidence that a letter from N. C. Berry, of July 1, referring to Col. Pixlee, concluded with these words: "No braver or truer man, no better soldier, ever died beneath the stars and bars."

FROM THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP, NEW YORK.

On the 1st of June last the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York held its memorial services at its plot in Mount Hope Cemetery, a train having been chartered for the occasion. Although the day was threatening, there were several hundred Southerners, ladies and gentlemen, present.

On arriving at the depot at Mount Hope the Veterans and the associate members were formed in columns of twos, and accompanied by the flag of the Camp and the national flag marched by a bugle and drum corps to the plot where were assembled the ladies who had preceded them. The Camp was faced to the front, and in line with the flags advanced, and, the bugles and drums sounding the salute, hats were raised, and they thus saluted the monument and the departed comrades reposing at its base.

Prior to the services the members of the Camp were drawn up in line, and as each name was called advanced to where the President of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. James H. Parker, was standing, with others, and then was pinned on his breast the cross of honor, which was presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the veterans of the Civil War of 1861-65. The services were impressive, and the graves were profusely decorated with flowers by the ladies.

One pleasing feature was the presence of the commanding officers of the Lafayette Post and Alexander Hamilton Post, G. A. R., of New York City. They brought flowers with which the monument was decorated.

Delightful Excursion to West Point.

On Saturday afternoon, the 28th of June, the Camp of New York had an excursion to West Point, under charge of Maj. Edward Owen, its Commander. The steamer Magenta was chartered for the occasion, and left Pier A, North River, at one o'clock, with some five hundred Southerners, ladies and gentlemen, the members of the Camp and of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, their families and friends, comprising the party. The band on board dispensed eloquent music during the trip, and a caterer supplied all desired refreshments. In a note from Commander Owen he states: "We arrived at West Point at about five o'clock, permission having been granted by Col. Mills, Superintendent of the Post, to have the boat land and remain at the government dock. There the Commander was met by officers of the Post, delegated to extend to us, the Camp, the courtesies, and show us through the various buildings which had been opened for the occasion. (The cadets were then in camp.) We witnessed the guard mount, which in summer takes place in the evening at West Point, and after that the band remained and serenaded the Camp and Daughters, the first piece being 'Dixie,' at which there was immediate responsive cheering. We left West Point at 7:30, and after a most delightful trip reached New York about 10:30. The affair was of such a delightful nature that it may be made an annual excursion."

The Camp has prospered greatly in the past year, and stands very high in this community, not only among Southerners, but Northerners and G. A. R. also.

The Original Confederate Seal.—Diligent efforts are being made by Mrs. Thomas Taylor, member of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Columbia, S. C., to procure the original great seal of the Confederate States of America. Any one who may aid in this matter will do a valued favor to the cause. A copy of this great seal may be seen at the Veteran office.

Those Present at the Burial of Latane.—Capt. W. L. Ritter, of Baltimore, sends this letter from Bishop I. A. Latene to W. H. Woods:

1412 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Nov. 13, 1901.

The lady who read the burial service over my brother's body was Mrs. Brockenbrough, the wife of Dr. William Brockenbrough, of Hanover County, Va., a brother of old Judge Brockenbrough, of Lexington, Va. The other ladies present were Mrs. Page, sister to Mrs. Brockenbrough, Mrs. Newton, daughter of Mrs. Page and wife of Col. William B. Newton, who was killed shortly after at the battle of Williamsburg, and other members of Mrs. Page's family.

The burial took place in the famiy burying grounds on Mrs. Page's farm, near Old Church, Hanover County, Va.

NOTES CONCERNING GENERAL REUNIONS.

Comrade J. N. Gaines, of Beaver Creek, Colo., suggests State reunions of Confederate Veterans in preference to the general for all the South, since the crowds are too great where all the States meet at one place. He objects to these general gatherings, also, because of the growing tendency to speculate by the cities where they are held.

Writing of comrades in Colorado, he states: "While I haven't found millionaires among them, the Confederates all appear to be good citizens, and to have something to spare for a sojourner who may be in need"

Comrade Gaines is practical in several suggestions, but he overlooks the important fact that State lines do not in any sense compass the comradeships of Confederate Veterans. The only remedy, perhaps, ever conceived is for the railroads to issue transportation on such occasions *only to Veterans.* These brave old men certainly deserve one meeting this side of the great wide river, and all others ought to conform to the idea one time. Let all of them come together exclusively of all others, and they would then be content to say a final farewell.

CONFEDERATE "MOUND" IN CHICAGO.

The South will be grateful to Hon. James R. Mann, of Chicago, for his diligence in behalf of preserving the Confederate Monument in that city. This good work will no doubt be kept up indefinitely to the credit of the United States.

On January 18, 1902, Mr. Mann introduced a bill in the House of Congress which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs and ordered to be printed. It provides that the Secretary of War be authorized to enter into a contract with the Oak Woods Cemetery Association for the improvement and ornamentation of the Confederate Mound. It also provides that the expense of such improvement shall not exceed the sum of $3,850; that the Secretary of War be authorized from time to time to enter into contract with the Oak Woods Cemetery Association for the proper care, protection, and maintenance of the said "Confederate Mound," and that the annual expense thereof shall not exceed the sum of $250.

In the House Report No. 1077, Fifty-Sixth Congress, first session, the Committee on Military Affairs, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 5789) for the improvement and care of Confederate Mound in Oak Woods Cemetery, Chicago, Ill., and making an appropriation therefor, recommended that the Secretary of War enter into a contract with the Oak Woods Cemetery Association for the improvement and ornamentation of this plot of ground owned by the United States, in which are buried 12 Union and 4,039 Confederate soldiers, who died at Camp Douglas, Chicago. The expense therefor is limited to the sum of $3,850. The bill also authorizes the Secretary of War to enter into contract from time to time for the proper care, protection, and maintenance of Confederate Mound at an annual expense not exceeding the sum of $250.

By two deeds dated, respectively, April 25, 1866, and May 1, 1867, the United States acquired the title to a plot of ground in the then unimproved portion of Oak Woods Cemetery, and in the year 1867 the remains of the 4,039 Confederate soldiers, and also of the 12 Union soldiers, who had died from smallpox at Camp Douglas, were transferred from the Chicago city cemetery to this plot of ground, which has ever since been commonly known as Confederate Mound in Oak Woods Cemetery. This cemetery is situated within the city limits of the city of Chicago, a short distance from Jackson Park, the site of the World's Fair. The ex-Confederate Association of Chicago, with the consent of the War Department, has erected on the plot a monument in memory of the Confederate dead buried therein, and has made other efforts to have some improvements put upon the ground. By act of Congress, approved January 25, 1895, the Secretary of War was authorized to issue four condemned iron guns and projectiles for the ornamentation of this lot.

While the plot is known as Confederate Mound . . . it is a low and depressed piece of ground, near the middle of which stands the Confederate monument.

No provision has ever been made by the government for the care and maintenance of the plot, and no expenditure has ever been made by the government for its improvement. The Oaks Wood Cemetery Association has voluntarily cut the weeds growing on this plot twice a year, but no other care has been taken of it. The monument ought to be taken down temporarily, and then, after the mound has been properly filled in, the monument should be erected upon the raised ground. Most of the expense of this work will be the filling. As the government plot is entirely situated within Oak Woods Cemetery the bill properly provides that the Secretary of War may enter into a contract with the Oak Woods Cemetery Association for the work to be done.

The graves of the dead buried there are unmarked. There is nothing there to show their names. They belong to those who laid down their lives in defense of what they believed to be the right. Their comrades from the South cannot care for their burial places. The States from which they hailed cannot watch over their last resting place. Mingled with the bones of the Confederate dead lies the dust of the twelve Union soldiers, whose graves are also unmarked, and whose names are unknown. Around the place in which they sleep, under the weeds and water, lie those who have died in civil life, and whose graves are watched over by loving hands and hearts and made beautiful by all that man can devise.

A great nation, grateful to those who died in her service, in loving forgiveness of those who fought against her, and in the hope of drawing nearer and closer together the hearts of all the people, ought not to permit this burial ground owned by it to remain untouched and uncared for.

Your committee attaches hereto and makes a part of this report a letter from the Quartermaster General of the Army to the Secretary fo War, dated June 15, 1899; also a letter from the Secretary of the Oak Woods Cemetery Association, dated May 22, 1899, and in connection therewith a letter from the superintendent of the Oak Woods Cemetery Association, dated May 20, 1899.

M. I. Ludington, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., wrote the Secretary of War that the lot in question, about two acres, was acquired by the United States under two deeds from the President of the cemetery company, dated respectively April 25, 1866, and May 1, 1867, which deeds, with accompanying papers, were transferred to the Acting Judge-Advocate-General United States Army August 21, 1894, under orders from the Secretary of War dated May 15, 1894. . . .

August 20, 1887, M. R. Scullin, Assistant Secretary Ex-Confederate Association of Chicago, requested permission to erect in the lot a monument in memory of the Confederate dead buried therein, which permission was granted by the Secretary of War August 29, 1887, "under such regulations as the Quartermaster General may deem proper," and on August 31, 1887, the chief Quartermaster Department of the Missouri was instructed to select a proper site for the monument.

By act of Congress (Public, No. 29) approved January 25, 1895, the Secretary of War was authorized to issue four condemned iron guns and projectiles for the ornamentation of the government lot in Oak Woods Cemetery, near Chicago, Ill., "in which are buried both Union and Confederate dead."

Edward G. Carter, Superintendent of the Cemetery, writes: "The section is now in a deplorable condition. It is three to four feet lower than the burial mounds immediately adjacent to it, which, with the irregularity of the surface, leaves no way to dispose of the water except to slowly filter away through the sand. The surface of the mound itself is very uneven, the north end being fully seven inches higher than the center, at

which latter point the monument stands. The monument standing at the lowest point of the mound causes one of the principal defects in the appearance of the section. The surface is also broken by depressions, and in some places actual holes appear, and very little grass is growing, the weeds being thick. At present we cut the section with scythes twice yearly. There are about forty old soft maple trees, every one of which has been broken off at the top by wind storms, which necessitated cutting and trimming until they appear little better than stumps. The following is suggested in regard to the work necessary to be done: The center of the section, where the monument stands, should be raised three feet and a gradual slope given to the mound toward the edges, the principal pitch to be south. . . . The surface would require seeding for grass, and water pipes should be laid through the section to provide for the sprinkling of the grass and watering of such young trees as may be set out. The old trees should be entirely removed and some suitable planting scheme followed with hardy nursery stock, such as the experience here approves. A suitable arrangement would be to plant in concentric lines to conform to the elliptical shape of the mound, placing the outside trees about twenty-five feet apart and the inner lines fifty feet apart. About five thousand yards of filling would be required. A fair average price, including the handling and grading, would be fifty cents per yard. To take down and set up the monument would cost $500, and three feet of foundation to bring it up to the new grade would cost $250. The seeding for grass would cost $25. Piping to meet our point of distribution would require five hundred feet of two-inch and one thousand feet of one-inch pipe, which at the present market price, with the necessary valves installed complete, would be worth $175. To plant eighty trees and of selected nursery stock of an average height of ten feet, properly watered to insure growth, would be worth $5 each. . . . The permanent care of the grounds to correspond with the surrounding property —the cutting of the grass with lawn mowers, the trimming of the same about the trees, monument, etc., the trimming of the trees in season, and the usual raking to keep the ground free from litter—would require an outlay of $100 annually. In addition to this the grass should be watered similarly as is done on the private lots in the cemetery. This would be worth $150 annually."

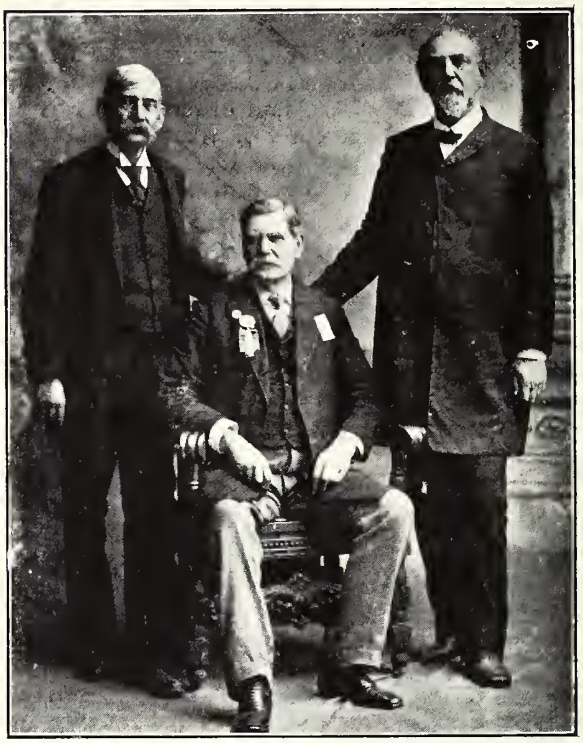
TRIO OF COMRADES AT MEMPHIS REUNION.

These three Confederate officers had not been together since April 9, 1865, until they met at the Memphis reunion, where this picture was made.

Gen. William McComb was born in Pennsylvania, and came to Tennessee in 1859. He carefully investigated secession, and cast his fortunes with the South. He was made Adjutant of the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, and at the reorganization was elected Major, and by succession was made Colonel. Upon the death of Gen. Archer he was promoted to Brigadier General. He lives at Gordonsville, Va.

Capt. John Allen was born in Smith County, Tenn. He was First Lieutenant of Company B, Seventh Tennessee Infantry, and was afterwards promoted to Captain. At the close of the war he was Adjutant General on General McComb's staff. When surrendered at Appomattox he was in an ambulance, badly wounded. He lives at Van Buren, Ark., and is the father of the five beautiful young women whose pictures appeared in the November, 1901, number of the Veteran. He was to have been promoted to Brigadier General.

Capt. Fergus S. Harris was born in Wilson County, Tenn.



CAPT. JOHN ALLEN. GEN. WM. M'COMB. CAPT. F. S. HARRIS.

He was a private in Company H, Seventh Tennessee Regiment, and was afterwards successively Third, Second, and First Lieutenant. He was promoted to captain and major in the same battle, April 2, 1865, while resisting Grant's last attack on Lee's lines. He was wounded eight times, and surrendered in the hospital at Appomattox. Captain Harris's special work was the charge of sharpshooters, in which he took a hand in Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, and Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Captain Harris, through his constant interest in the Veteran and his prominence among Tennesseeans in the Virginia Army, is well known. He prizes a letter from Major General Harry Heth, who crossed over the river a year or so ago, in which he wrote: "Your gallant and well-disciplined sharpshooters plowing their way in advance of the grand old Tennessee Brigade during the long campaign from the Wilderness to Appomattox was to me a familiar sight in every battle. I remember well the desperate charge made by McComb's, Archer's old Brigade, on that fatal Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, when you threw your old battalion against a division of advancing Federals, and most desperate fighting saved them from total annihilation. I also remember General McComb calling on me later in the day and telling me that you were fatally wounded; that he had promoted you to Captain on the field that day and wanted to promote you to Major of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment to succeed Major Williamson, who had lost an arm at Gettysburg."

[Major Williamson survived the war several years. He married the widow of Gen. John H. Morgan. These parents are both dead, but they reared children who are a credit to their ancestry.—Ed.]

J. M. Johnson, Adjutant, reports the passing of Comrade George W. Lovelace, who was a member of Company A, First Tennessee Infantry, A. N. V., and followed that flag to the end. He was a member of S. L. Freeman Camp, of Tracy City, Tenn., and in all the relations of life was an honorable and upright man. His comrades mourn his death.

John L. Spradling, member of John M. Lillard Camp at Decatur, Tenn., died at his home near Fiketon on March 20, 1902. At the age of eighteen he enlisted as a private in Company D, Forty-Third Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and served until the final surrender. He was a brave and daring soldier—always chose the places of exposure and greatest danger. Had many narrow escapes, but was never wounded. After the war he was married to Elsie A. Triplett, who is left with five daughters.

Leonidas Polk Bivouac of Columbia, Tenn., records the death of two members within the past few weeks. James Andrew Cochran was born in Maury County, Tenn., in March, 1838; enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, in Company F, of the First Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry; was wounded three times, and paroled May 3, 1865. He was first lieutenant at the close of the war. His death occurred on June 9.

Samuel Henry Armstrong was born in September, 1843, and enlisted for the Confederacy in September, 1862, as a private in the Twenty-Third Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, and was afterwards in the Ninth Cavalry. His rank was orderly sergeant at the close. He was paroled in May, 1865. Died July 3, 1902.

Maj. John W. Francis.

Gen. John M. Claiborne writes of John W. Francis as a soldier of two wars for his country, an individual nobleman, a patriot, an honest man, and states:

Maj. Francis was born in Roane County, Tenn., June 24, 1813, and died at Rusk, Tex., May 9, 1902. Early in June, 1861, he enlisted, organized, and equipped with his own means for service in the Confederate army one hundred and twenty-five men rank and file. They were mustered into the Twenty-Fifth North Carolina Regiment as Company D at Asheville, N. C., Col. Clingman commanding. Early in 1862 Capt. Francis was promoted by election to major. In 1863 he was severely wounded at Malvern Hill, Va. Upon partial recovery, after two years' service, he was elected as a legislator from Cherokee County, N. C., where the close of the war found him.

In 1871 he came to Rusk, Tex., engaged in the mercantile business, and made it his home till the time of his death. He was revered in life and regretted in death by all. He lived to an extraordinary age. Charles Broadway Rouss, his old friend and comrade, has recently passed the river of death. Between these two men there was a strong tie of friendship. After large business transactions for years financial embarrassments arose in his old age, and he gave up all he had and died poor. This is royalty—a rich inheritance. He was a Mason in high standing. His epitaph is the highest man can obtain: "A patriot for his country, an honest man. God's best work. Rest in peace." He was a member of the Ross-Ector Camp U. C. V.

Col. Fisher Ames Tyler.

With profound sorrow we would pay tribute to the memory of Col. F. A. Tyler, the most venerable of our veterans, who died in Holly Springs, Miss., January 27, 1902. He was born in Massachusetts of parents tracing their ancestry to the first settlers of America. In the family there have been many eminent in the different professions; hence, he was at an early age imbued with ambitious hopes, and formed a determination to make a record not unworthy of his name. He was a close student, a graduate of Brown University, and chose the law as his profession; but he afterwards became a minister. Journalism, however more congenial to his taste, was his principal occupation. He made his home in different communities, and in every place he was honored and loved for his steady courage, unswerving integrity, loyalty to friends, cordial hospitality, with an unfailing readiness to extend a helping hand to those in distress. Making his home in Vicksburg, Miss., as early as 1835, he was by long residence, marriage, and sentiment thoroughly identified with the interests of the South. When the great war began he wielded his able pen most actively for the land of his adoption and later with his young son, fifteen years of age, left home and family to engage in the struggle with all the enthusiastic ardor of a true Southerner. Unfitted for active duty in the field, he was for a time Inspector General of a Tennessee Regiment. Afterwards he was appointed by Gen. Price to a position in the Quartermaster's Department, where he rendered most efficient service. Just after the surrender an order to arrest Col. Tyler was issued by President Johnson, but it was not enforced. Many profitable lessons might be learned from the unfolded web of this long and useful life, so varied and so full of good and ill fortune. The infirmities of age and ills that could not be avoided he bore with Christian patience. To the end he enjoyed the comfort of a happy home with the loving care of wife and children. Now the weary days of waiting are ended, his work on earth well done, his house in order—quietly

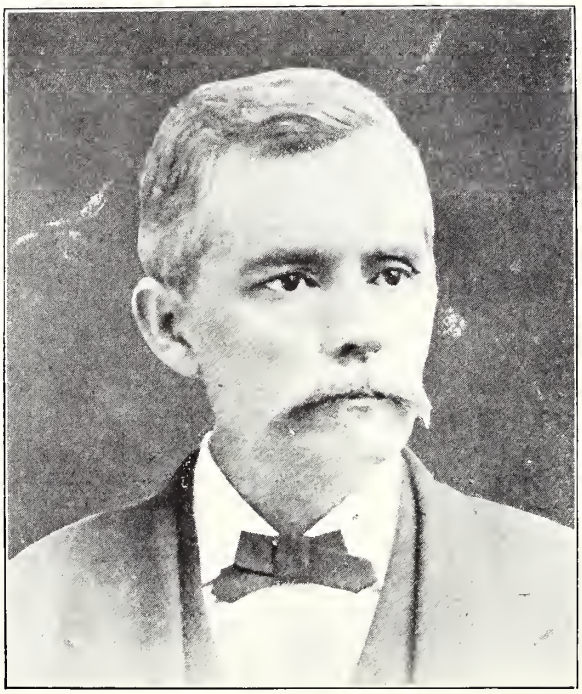
COL. FISHER AMES TYLER.

and calmly he passed the line where life's shadows are dispelled by eternity's days.

Major James P. Douglas.

Major James P. Douglas was born in Lancaster District, S. C., January 7, 1836, from where his father removed to Alabama, finally settling in Tyler, Tex., in 1848, where he made his home till death. When seventeen years of age, his father died, leaving him as support for his widowed mother and brothers and sisters. He taught school and by hard study and strict application, rose to the position of principal of Tyler Academy. Afterward engaging in journalism, he edited the Tyler Reporter, which, at the beginning of the war, was one of the most influential papers in the State.

When war was declared, he laid down the pen and went out as First Lieutenant in Captain John J. Good's battery, raised in Smith and Dallas counties, served under Gen. Ben McCulloch, till that officer's death, at the battle of Elkhorn. The command was soon after transferred to Gen. Beauregard's army at



MAJ. J. P. DOUGLAS

Corinth, and there reorganized in May, 1862, Douglas being elected Captain. From this time he served continuously with the Army of Tennessee, under Beauregard, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, Hood, and finally in the Army of Mobile, till the surrender at Meridian, Miss., May 10, 1865. Throughout the war he was in active service, participating in the battles and combats of his command, among which may be mentioned the following: Elkhorn, March 7, 8, '62; Farmington, Miss., May 9, '62; Richmond, Ky., August 30, '62; Kentucky River, September 1, '62; Stone River, December 31, '62, January 1, 2, '63; Liberty Gap, June 30, '63; Elk River, July 3, '63; Chicamauga, September 18, 19, '63; Missionary Ridge, November 25, '63; Resaca, May 14, 15, '64; New Hope, May 28, '64; Lost Mountain, June 15, 16, 17, '64; Mt. Zion Church, June 22, '64; Kenesaw Mountain, June 23 to July 3, '64; Peach Tree Creek, July 20, '64; Atlanta, July 22, '64; Trenches, four miles west Atlanta, August 6, '64; Baugh House, Atlanta line, August 12, '64; Jonesboro, August 31, '64; North Florence, Ala., October 30, '64, Shoal Creek, Ala., November 5, '64; Columbia, Tenn., November 5, 25, '64; Franklin, Tenn., November 30, '64; Nashville, December 15, 16, '64; Spring Hill, December 17, '64; Siege of Mobile, months of February and March, '65.

The battery re-enlisted for the war on January 28, 1864, at Dalton, Ga.

In this long and vigorous campaign he did his duty intelligently and faithfully, serving under the ever victorious Cleburne, who "died while his flag flew high," and who knew and loved him well.

Major Douglas has been classed as a hero by those who served with him. What he did was done as a matter of duty and fidelity to the cause he loved and was giving his all. He was not the man to question an order, nor was his beloved old Chieftain a man who loved to repeat orders. To obey promptly and move with celerity, characterized him as a soldier and won for his command a name and reputation second to none in the army of Tennessee.

When the war closed he returned home where his restless energy made him useful to his country and people. His efforts in their behalf during the dark days of "reconstruction" will ever be remembered and cherished by them. He was "faithful even unto the end." Though surrounded and overwhelmed by rapacious carpet-baggers from without, and traitors from within, his voice was ever and fearlessly lifted in behalf of right and justice. He was still further useful to his people as an energetic and persistent advocate of building railroads, and one of the finest lines now piercing the State was directed to his county through his instrumentality. His life was full of enterprise looking to the advancement and improvement of the interests of his people. His generous impulses and charitable feelings were a drawback to personal acquisition of wealth; but what is much better, and not to be purchased, he secured the record of a Christian gentleman, and ever faithful friend. He leaves a wife and six grown children, two boys and four girls, who are good and useful members of the community in which they live.

Capt. Henry L. Smith.

Henry L. Smith was born in Floyd County, Va., October 16, 1833. He died at Christiansburg, Va., February 17, 1902. The writer of this knew him for nearly forty years, having first met him as a fellow-soldier, an officer in the Fifty-Fourth Virginia Regiment, and ever at his post.

Henry C. Wyson, in paying tribute to Capt. Henry L. Smith, writes well of the Fifty-Fourth Virginia Regiment. The paper is in part:

The Fifty-Fourth was organized at Christiansburg, and left there in October, 1861, for Kentucky, going down Big Sandy River to Paintville. Leaving that point on Christmas day, they returned to Southwest Virginia, where a fight occurred at Rocky Gap, in Bland County, with a Federal raiding force, in which the latter were driven off. Soon after this they were ordered to

Kentucky again to meet a force of the enemy making their way toward Saltville with the evident intention of destroying the salt works at that place. Having turned the enemy from this attempt, they were sent in December, 1862, to Richmond, and from there to Franklin and Blackwater, in South Hampton County, into winter quarters.

Early in 1863 they were sent to Knoxville, Tenn., and put on provost duty. From there they were sent to Tullahoma, Tenn., in August, and put under Gen. Bragg. Very soon Capt. Smith, with the Fifty-Fourth, saw the first very heavy fighting, and no regiment in the Southern army had any prouder record than its achievements in the Chickamauga battlefield. History records the advance on Chattanooga and the unfortunate retreat after that by Missionary Ridge, to Dalton, Ga., where Gen. Johnston took command. Hard fighting was the fate or fortune of the Fifty-Fourth. On August 16, 1864, at the battle of Atlanta, Capt. Smith was painfully wounded and furloughed. The regiment was so decimated by wounds and sickness, and communication was so difficult between the scene of operation and the homes of the men that it was thought best to recruit the command in Southwest Virginia; so Capt. Smith was assigned to duty there, and the fortune of war found him with about three hundred recruits and furloughed men near Christiansburg, where the news of Gen. Lee's surrender came, and they were disbanded at that place just where they had been organized nearly four years before.

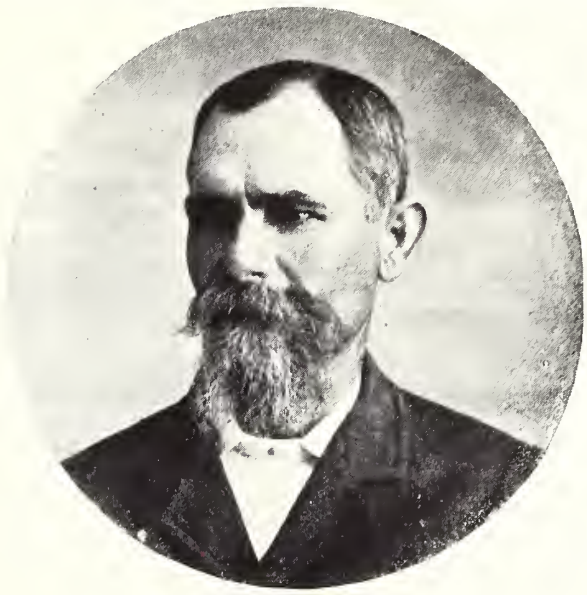
Capt. Smith was characterized by his kindness to those under him, and his leniency toward his men would almost lead him to err in discipline. His generous acts will be remembered by his associates until the last roll call has been sounded on earth.

Soon after the war he enlisted again; this time under the banner of the great Captain of our salvation, and for more than thirty years he fought a good fight, he kept the faith, and was then called to glory with, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

In 1859 Capt. Smith married Miss Pauline Hall, who, with two children, survive him. His home for two years was near the Alleghany and Crockett Springs, in Mongomery County, Va., where he was a successful agriculturist, his place being familiarly known as "Farmer Smith's" by the many visitors, and where old-time Virginia hospitality was accorded to all who sought his comfortable abode. He was a loving, considerate husband, a kind and indulgent father, a friend to the desolate and needy, and his many charitable acts and benefactions have blossomed into beautiful memories that must cheer his loved ones all their days. No bad news can come to a Christian, and though it is hard because of grief to realize this great truth, we should rejoice that he is singing hallelujahs around the great white throne. What a rebuke to agnosticism; He said, "I know whom I have believed;" and among his last words were, "I am ready; and though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." We thank God for his noble, beautiful life.

Joseph F. Martin, Charleston, Mo.

Joseph F. Martin died at his home in Charleston, Mo., February 16, 1902. Mr. Martin was born in Muhlenburg County, Ky., in 1846, his parents removing to Missouri when he was only a small boy, and when the war broke out, Comrade Martin, though less than sixteen years of age, enlisted in Marmaduke's Brigade, Company E, Eighth Missouri Cavalry, with 114 others from this county. Only seven of that



JOSEPH F. MARTIN.

number are now living, five of whom were present at the funeral. Mr. Martin served until the end of the war, then returned home and took up the honorable occupation of farming. He married in 1872, and in 1885 removed to Charleston to give his daughters the advantage of better schooling. He was elected to the office of sheriff of this county two terms, and also served as Mayor of Charleston. After retiring from the sheriff's office, he engaged in mercantile business, and for a number of years was one of Charleston's leading business men. A few months ago Mr. Martin disposed of his business interests and, having recently finished an elegant home, was preparing to enjoy a quiet life, but death claimed him as its own. He was an enterprising, industrious, and useful citizen—one among those who will be missed. He counted his friends by the hundred, and was indeed a popular man. He was a member of the Masonic lodge, and was buried by that noble order.

P. M. Stockett.

Comrade P. M. Stockett was born in Wilkinson County, Miss., July 11, 1842, and died at his home, "Rosedale," near the place of his birth, November 30, 1901. He was buried at "Gretna Green" the following day. He was married May 14, 1867, to Miss Juliet Johnson, also of Wilkinson County, who, with three sons survive to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and loving father.

The following resolutions were adopted by Woodville Camp No. 49, U. C. V.:

"Our dear comrade, our beloved adjutant has fallen on life's battlefield, and his place in our fast-thinning ranks is vacant. He was a member of Company K Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, and he shared the splendid record of that gallant command until May 12, 1864, when he was wounded at Spottsylvania C. H.,

and disabled from further service in the infantry. He was wounded before that in the seven days' battle around Richmond. During his service in Virginia, he was made ensign of his regiment. Several color bearers had been killed, but nothing daunted, Peter Stockett accepted the position, and bore the flag bravely on many bloody battlefields. After his second wound he was transferred to the Eighteenth Louisiana Cavalry, in which he served as adjutant, and again was wounded in a skirmish near Woodville, Miss.

"After the war this gallant soldier became a noble citizen, model husband, devoted father, and, above all, he bore on high the crown of Christ, and lived and died the true Christian soldier. He fought a good fight, has finished his course, and kept the faith.

"Our friend, our comrade, our brother has only passed over a little way before us.

The Louisiana Presbytery records the following:

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Stockett, one of our most useful and honored ruling elders, has been translated from his labors below to the joys and rewards above. We bear witness to his love and ardent zeal for the upbuilding of our Zion. He was for many years one of the trustees of his Church, and often represented his Presbytery in the higher courts of the Church. He was ever faithful to the trusts committed to him. We would specially commend his faithfulness to Woodville Church, when "the days are dark," and we feel that, under God, the very continuance and prosperity of the Church is due to his love and persistent devotion.

A. G. Morrison, of Wakulla County, Fla., died on December 26, 1901. He was a member of Company D, Second Florida Regiment, from its organization till the surrender on April 9, 1865; was wounded several times. His wife, five sons, and a daughter survive him.

W. Ed. Sims.

W. E. Sims died suddenly at his home in Shelbyville, Tenn., February 19, 1902. His father, Richard Sims, was one of the most prominent men in that section, and, although reared in wealth, Ed Sims was unpretentious and thoroughly genial. He was kind and universally popular in his section.

W. E. SIMS.

He rode with Forrest in the great war, and afterwards wooed and won for his companion Miss Lucy Burt, widely known and popular among Confederates. Of their three children, the younger son enlisted in the Spanish-American War at a very early age.

A. D. Adair, of Atlanta, expressed the opinion entertained by his friends generally in which he stated: "Your husband was a good soldier, a loyal friend, an honest man. He was my friend and comrade in the old escort of General Forrest." He held an appointment in the United States Internal Revenue Service under an appointment by President Cleveland, having been favored in this matter by his personal friend, Senator Isham G. Harris.

Samuel H. Richardson.

Died, at Lake Bluff, Ill., May 23, 1902, Samuel H. Richardson, aged seventy years. Burial at Norfolk, Va.

A committee comprised of Jere S. White, Samuel J. Sullivan, and James L. Patterson, of Camp 8, U. C. V., Chicago, adopted the following:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved comrade, Samuel H. Richardson; therefore,

Resolved that we tender our profoundest sympathy to his bereaved wife and family.

Resolved, That our Camp has lost a valued member of recognized soldierly qualities, kind heart, and congenial and manly characteristics.

The death of Mr. Richardson calls for more than a passing notice. There were elements in his character worthy to be remembered and imitated. The deceased was a native of Alabama. While living in Mobile he enlisted in the Third Alabama Regiment, and served in the Confederate States army from 1861 to 1865. He engaged in business in St. Louis, Mo., for a number of years following the close of the war, and was a resident of Chicago for the past twenty-two years.

In the several walks of life he acquitted himself with credit and honor. As a citizen or soldier he was faithful in the discharge of the various duties these relations imposed.

Major Richardson was the eldest of nineteen children born to Elizabeth Malinda and Dr. Wiley Glover Richardson, living near Florence, Ala. He left home early, making way in the business world for three younger brothers. At the beginning of the Civil War he was a wholesale grocer in Mobile. About this time there was an episode in the Major's life not so interesting in itself as in its events many years later. It was the custom then for the young ladies to present the Confederate colors for the young Southerners to wear on the upturn flaps of their hats. Major Richardson was then courting Miss Mary Moore, of Aberdeen, Miss., the belle of the plantation country around, and when he went back to Mobile returned the gift by sending her a bright quarter with the name "S. H. Richardson, 1860," stamped upon it. Two years ago while in the employ of the First National Bank of Chicago, the son of one of the Major's old friends was called upon to count over two thousand dollars currency for mutilated or useless coins. He found a quarter with a gash struck across it. Examining it more closely, he discerned the name and took to Major Richardson that identical coin, just forty years after the incident of its gift.

MAJOR S. H. RICHARDSON, CHICAGO.

Unfortunately for the story, but happily for those of us who knew the Major's wife, that mythical sweetheart of plantation days was not destined to be the chosen one. It was while the Gulf City Guards were stationed in Virginia that the Major met a young girl of sixteen, Alice Wright Mallory.

Good-by, dear Sam, you will ever live in the memory of your friends.

J. S. W.

MEMORIAL WORK IN NEW YORK.

Supplemental to sketch, page 318, the following eloquent description of services in Mount Hope Cemetery was contributed by Mrs. Mary Louise Broadnax, Historian of the New York Chapter, U. D. C.:

"Mount Hope Cemetery, the final resting place for the N. Y. C. V. Camp, was the scene of our annual meeting on June 1. There beneath the classic shades of spreading oaks, overlooking historic battlefields, and the sluggish waters of the Hudson, is a sodded circle in the midst of this picturesque cemetery, which is exquisitely kept, with a carpet of green extending far into the distance. From the center of this small circle, an imposing shaft, the gift of the late Charles Broadway Rouss, points its towering head, as if in prophecy of the flight of those gallant souls who lie slumbering in the flower-bedecked graves beneath awaiting that last roll of taps which shall call them to join, on the other side, the fast dissolving camps of Lee and Jackson.

"Only a few of our beloved heroes lie there now, with their proud heads toward the chiseled tribute of the love and veneration of their Southland. They were tenderly laid to rest by a few loving hands, who, even in this distant land, typify in their loyalty that overwhelming sentiment which makes the dead soldier of the Gray too sacred to mention without reverence, too dear to remember without tears. Here, to the solemn blast of trumpet and roll of drum, marched a line of battle-scarred warriors, proud of the name they bore, honored by the halt and limp within their ranks, glorying in the conquered but triumphant banner they bore to this sacred spot. As they slowly filed between the lines of the U. D. C. our hearts beat with loyalty to that cause which grows in sanctity as it vanishes into the distance of time. There were tears of joy for those who survived, sighs for those who have passed on, and full hearts of gratitude for all who wore the gray.

"Meet it is that the women for whom they fought, and who represent the Southland here, should join in these ceremonies and place upon their tombs with loving hands flowers which betoken resurrection.

"Along the line are many of New York's most honored citizens at bench, bar, and medical profession, those of world-wide renown, and others, not of the professions, who have won, as well, fame and honor in different avocations—heroes yet, and our hearts swell with pride in our brothers.

"The Hamilton and Lafayette Posts, G. A. R., were largely represented, and handsome floral tributes were furnished us by them; while their own Federal officer, lying near, was, as usual remembered most kindly by the Daughters.

"Commander Owen, of the C. V. Camp, in a graceful speech, thanked our honored President, Mrs. J. Henry Parker, for the ninety-one crosses of honor which she bestowed upon the veterans last year, and nominated sixty-seven more for that distinction. Mrs. Parker's reply was a beautiful tribute of tender love and admiration for our brave champions; and then many of the Camp were tearfully decorated. One knelt like a knight of old to receive the cross.

"In the absence of the orator of the day, Senator Lindsay, Mr. Keeley, formerly of Richmond, Va., delivered an impromptu address, paying an eloquent tribute to the soldiers and women of the Confederacy. After a touching prayer by the venerable chaplain of the New York Camp, Dr. Baker, the hymn 'America' was heartily sung by all. The solemn taps were sounded, and the exercises concluded with a blessing.

"The warm-hearted and delightful reunion which usually marks these meetings ended the day."

TWO WARS.

Gen. E. P. Alexander writes from Georgetown, S. C.:

"I can almost count upon the fingers of one hand all the autobiographies I have ever read of equal human interest and graphic power and charming local color as General French's book of reminiscences entitled 'Two Wars.'

"Beginning with his home life in the 'thirties,' and West Point in the early 'forties,' it embraces the Mexican War, army life in the 'fifties,' plantation life in Mississippi later, and then the four years of the great war.

"General French's experience embraced important service in both armies, the Eastern and the Western; and in the latter field it took in the terrible battle of Franklin and the bloody affair at Allatoona, as well as the whole of Johnston's and Hood's Georgia campaigns. Few writers of military history have given as realistic pictures as General French's narrative invariably suggests; and the same personal character, too, invests his account of reconstruction times in Mississippi. Indeed, both to the careful historian and to the casual reader the book will be one of rare interest and value, and its simple, manly, natural, and straightforward style will commend it to the entire confidence of every reader the whole interesting narrative."

Gen. H. V. Boynton, President of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga National Park Commission, writes at length in the "American Historical Review" of "Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French:

"This is a well-written volume, full of interest, abounding in incident, and friendly references to many of the most distinguished officers both of the Mexican and the Civil War. It is graphic in its descriptions of battles and its portrayal of conditions in the South at the outbreak of the Civil War, during that war, at its close, and throughout the reconstruction period. The chapter on West Point and army post life, and those on the war with Mexico are presented in an entertaining style. The author was a Northern man and a West Point graduate. He left the army a few years before the war, and settled in Mississippi. At its outbreak he entered the Confederate army and became a division commander. He was an excellent soldier."

General Boynton criticises the book in some respects severely. He is obviously less generous than if General French had been a Southern man. In further review of the book he states:

"His accounts of battles are vivid, and not only full of interest but valuable through the presentation of a mass of incidents which make most attractive war pictures. The frequent and lengthy quotations from a well-kept diary extending through the war are of importance historically. It is to be regretted that this diary could not have been obtained and published in full in the "War Records" series. As an evidence of its completeness, the portions quoted in the present volume would have filled over fifty pages of the government publication. The complete diary would have presented lively passages for every day of the war concerning the most striking features of each day's operations by a trained soldier who at the same time was a close observer. The attack on General Hood for his Tennessee campaign is the most severe yet published from the Confederate side.

"A Northern man himself, he indulges in somewhat too frequent flings at Yankees, and emphasizes his contempt by the new and striking phrase of 'colored Yankees' as applied to negro soldiers. Still it was perhaps necessary for him to be extreme in this direction, since Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, when French was ordered to report to him, wrote to President Davis that, as General French was of Northern birth, his arrival would 'weaken instead of strengthen us.'"

LA FILLE DU SUD.

Would'st thou meet her,
Would'st thou greet her,
Would'st thou give thy life to win her,
She who dwells in Southern sunlight,
Dreams in nights of mellow moonbeams,
In the home of love secluded,
'Mid magnolia, fragrant flowers,
And sweet honeysuckle bowers—
She who breathes their breath of blossoms,
She who carols with the songbirds,
She whose heart is taught of nature,
While her soul, a light from heaven,
Shines as star of hope resplendent?

Would'st thou woo her?
Would'st thou win her?—
She the fairest of fair daughters
In the land of limpid waters,
In the land of love and laughter,
In the land of mirth and music,
In the land of rarest roses,
In the land of peace and plenty;
She who dwells in Southern borders,
She who sings the song of heroes,
Lights their way with faith and courage,
She the daughter of the Southland,
She the cherished child of patriots.

Thou must come with high hope feather,
Plume of chivalry and daring,
Man of deeds, as words, of honor;
Thou must come o'er paths of straightness,
Swift and sure as line of arrow,
Free from bramble-bush or briar;
Come with eyes of truth as morning,
Voice as clear as bells in winter,
Faith as firm as rock of mountains,
Soul as true as pole and needle,
Ere we give to thee our daughter,
Loveliest of all lovely women,
Nearest gift of God to angels.

—*Charles H. Garner.*

Jerome Twichell (Company E, Eighth Arkansas Regiment, Pat Cleburne's Division), 218-20 W. Third Street, Kansas City, Mo: "I should like beyond measure to hear something of Charlie Voisin, who belonged to a Texas regiment and was my messmate at Camp Douglas. After the general order for exchange of prisoners was countermanded in the spring of 1865, by a little strategy I got my name on the roll for special exchange in a squad of five hundred men from our camp, and after succeeding so well I told Charlie how I had done it. He tried the same plan, but failed, and was put in the guardhouse. When I marched out of the gate poor Charlie was sitting up a-straddle of John Morgan (a severe mode of punishment), and that is the last I have ever seen or heard of him. We were taken by rail down to Cairo, and then loaded on two steamboats for New Orleans; thence back to the mouth of the Red River, and there exchanged. About one hundred and fifty of us were taken by the Confederate transport, Gen. Quitman, to Shreveport, and there given unlimited furloughs, there being no organized army to which to assign us. The balance of the squad were paroled by the Yankees at the mouth of the river, and given free transportation to their homes. Harlin Johnson, of Arkansas, was my companion on that trip, and I should greatly like to hear from him, if alive. I am reminded of all this by the inquiry of Valentine S. Hardt, of Cuero, Tex., in the May VETERAN about a collection being made at Cairo. I do not remember the collection he speaks of, but no doubt we could recall many other incidents of that memorable trip, and I would like to meet him."

Comrade P. M. Griffin is desirous of obtaining information regarding the whereabouts of his sword, which was lost at the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863. The sword was a very handsome one, mounted in gold, and bore the inscription: "Lieut. P. M. Griffin, Company H, Tenth Tenn. C. S. A. 1862." It was presented to him by the officials of the Confederate arsenal located in Atlanta, Ga. The sword was valued highly, and if the "Yank" who got it will report the fact to the VETERAN, Comrade Griffin will walk all the way to his domicile to "set 'em up."

W. J. N. Taylor, of Union, Ala., who served in Company I, Twenty-First Alabama, and Company C, of the Second Alabama Cavalry, says he has noticed all sorts of claims from Confederates on their records, but none exactly like his: "I joined the army in April, 1862, and was paroled at Meridain, May, 1865; obtained one discharge and three furloughs during the war; was in only two sieges, Fort Gaines and Spanish Fort; was in hospital about four days, at a private house several weeks; in prison at New Orleans and Ship Island six months; was not sick a day from July 1, 1862, until surrender; was not in an open fight or skirmish during the war; did not march one hundred miles during the service; answered every roll call when not excused."

T. D. Binyon, Box 17, Jacksonville, Ala., would like to hear from any member of Company D, Forty-Third Tennessee Regiment.

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PEOPLE
REDUCE
YOUR
WEIGHT
WITH
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Reduce Your Fat and be Refined.
Refine Your Fat and be Reduced.
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H. K. Taylor, A.M., Principal, Beechmore, Ky.

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For the occasion of the Negro Young People's Christian and Educational Congress, Atlanta, Ga., August 6-11, the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Atlanta and return, August 4 and 5, at rate of one fare for the round trip, plus fifty cents, from points within a radius of three hundred miles of Atlanta; also on August 2, 4, and 5 from points beyond a radius of three hundred miles. Final limit for return of all tickets fifteen days from date of sale. For further information, call on any ticket agent of the Southern Railway.

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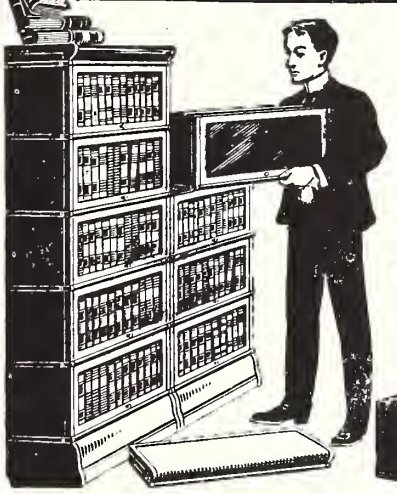

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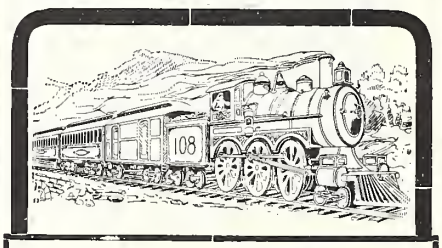

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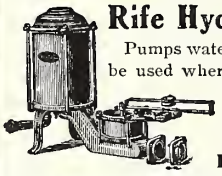

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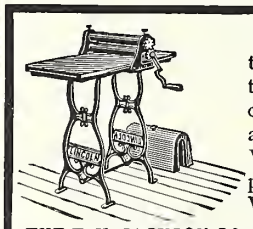

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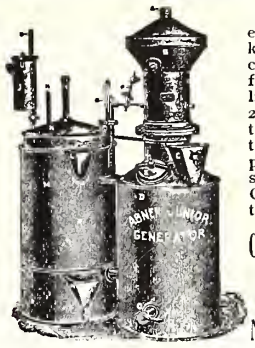

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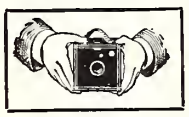

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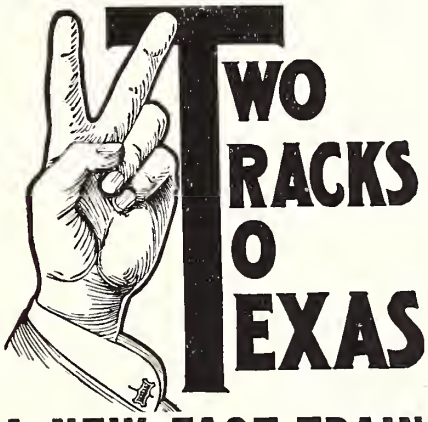

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145 N. Market St., Nashville, Tenn.

Good News

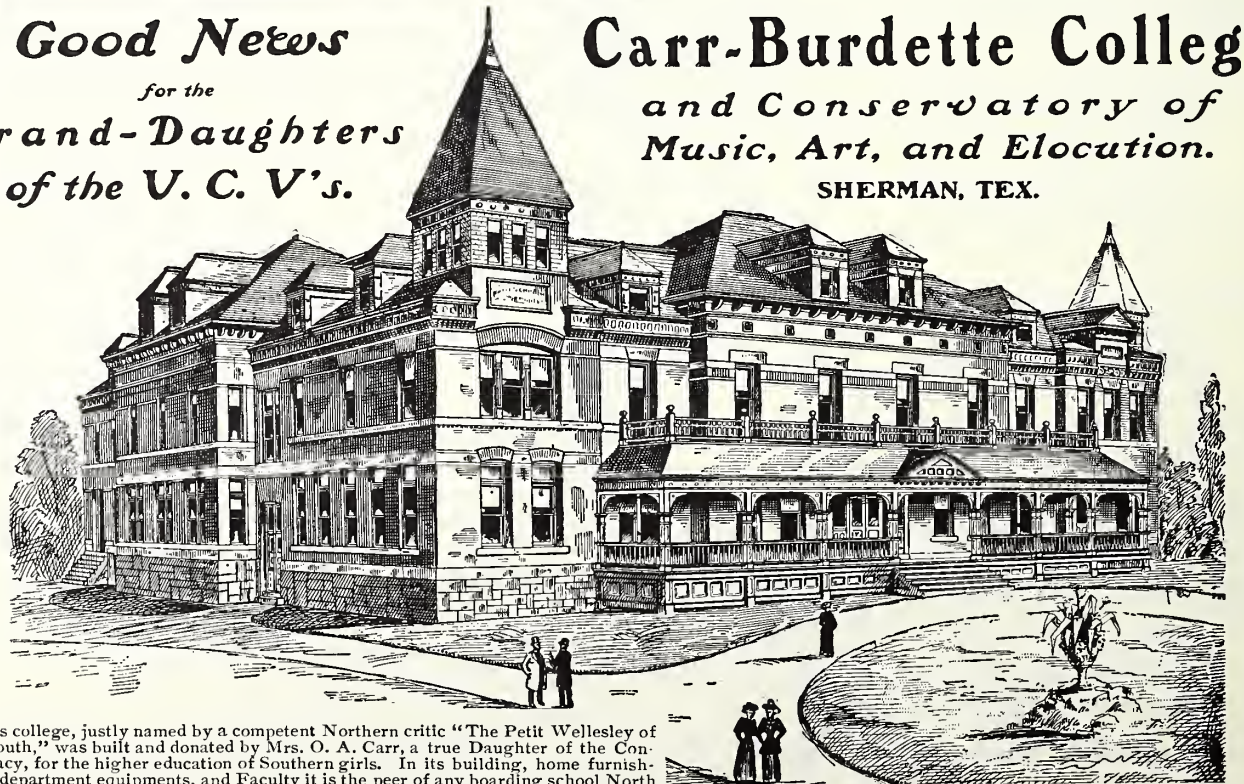
for the

Grand-Daughters of the U. C. V's.

Carr-Burdette College

and Conservatory of Music, Art, and Elocution.

SHERMAN, TEX.



This college, justly named by a competent Northern critic "The Petit Wellesley of the South," was built and donated by Mrs. O. A. Carr, a true Daughter of the Confederacy, for the higher education of Southern girls. In its building, home furnishings, department equipments, and Faculty it is the peer of any boarding school North or South. Limited to 80 boarders. Location, high and healthful. Artesian water from a depth of 650 feet. Hot and cold baths. Electric lights. Hot water heat, and all modern comforts. Substantial brick building; stone foundation. Practically fire-proof.

The Music and Art teachers were educated in Germany and France, and the Literary teachers studied six years in Europe and the Orient. The Library, Music Rooms, Art Studio, and Gymnasium are thoroughly equipped. Girls' Military Company—the only one in the South—organized to give mental concentration and physical development. The college furnishes the company with handsome Confederate uniforms, guns, drum, etc.

Come, see, and be convinced, and enjoy the old-time Southern hospitality of Carr-Burdette College. For brochure, containing 53 photo-engravings of interior and exterior of College, address O. A. or MRS. O. A. CARR, Principals. Department B. Sherman. Tex.

The Confederate Mining Co.

The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you are left out. The Confederate Mining Company has long since passed its uncertain or doubtful stage. It is now on the high road to a great financial success. It is under the management of honest and able men. They have all the capital they need now to develop their claims, which property is known to carry a large body of mineral ore. The stock in this company will enhance in price as the development work advances, and will soon return to the stockholders large dividends.

Men hesitate to invest, awaiting for a "dead sure shot." There is no such thing in an investment. No matter what the probabilities are, there is a possibility of a loss.

"A dead sure thing" in mining means that the mines are old and established, and large quantities of ore is uncovered and is being shipped, and large dividends are being declared. But the stock commands fabulous prices, and it precludes all men of moderate financial standing from purchasing. So the mistake men make in mining investments is in waiting for the "dead sure thing." The men who make the big money in every great enterprise are those who come in at the beginning. Hundreds of mines sold their stock at from 5 cents to 50 cents per share at the beginning; now it is worth hundreds, and some thousands of dollars per share.

Buy when the stock is sold at moderate prices, based upon the undeveloped valuation of the properties. The Confederate Mining Company's property is in the mineral belt of Gila County, Arizona, where millions and millions of dollars worth of gold, silver, and copper is taken out every year. Its group of copper claims lies in the famous Reno Gulch district, where it is known to be underlayed with rich copper and gold ore.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more than $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their Treasury Stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of anyone. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

The old Confederates reason this way: Capitalists everywhere are making money in large quantities in the mining business. Why should we not create a fund, and do the same? By the placing into the treasury from $10 to $200 each it is easily done. There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the same confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and business like.

At a meeting of the officers and stockholders at Dallas, Tex., in April they added two directors from the stockholders, Capt. J. I. Wilkes, from Martin, Tenn., and Dr. Z. T. Bundy, of Milford, Tex.

The Confederate Mining Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF ARIZONA.

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000.

PAR VALUE, $10 PER SHARE.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, President,
GLOBE, ARIZONA.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer,
UNIONTOWN, KY.

MR. THEO. CRANDALL, General Manager,
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Address and make all remittances payable to
MAJ. R. W. CRABB,
Main Office, Uniontown, Ky.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, Pres't.

Col. Lee Crandall, the President of the Confederate Mining Company, of Globe, Arizona, was Colonel of "The Regiment of the Confederacy." It was known so by the companies composing it from the different States. In the Colonel's regiment there was one company from Mississippi, two from Texas, three from Missouri, and four from Arkansas. There was always a spirit of rivalry in these companies to see which should get there first, and stay the longest in battle. This amused and gratified Col. Crandall, for he too was always ready for a scrap with the Yanks. This regiment did meritorious service throughout the war, and was known as "Crandall's Regiment of the Confederacy." After the war the Colonel resided in Washington City, and the last twelve years he has been extensively engaged, together with his son, Theo. Crandall, in the mining business of Arizona. Col. Crandall made application to the government to raise a brigade of young men from the South to go to the Spanish-American war, and the Southern people urged President McKinley to appoint Col. Crandall as Brigadier General; but the President was a Republican and Crandall was a Democrat, and that was the end of it.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

Maj. Crabb, our Secretary and Treasurer, is a native Mississippian, and was a member of Crandall's regiment, and was in all the "hard knocks" of that famous old regiment. Maj. Crabb located in Uniontown, Ky., soon after the war, and has been engaged in business there continuously for twenty-seven years. He was councilman of the city twenty odd years, and was Mayor for a number of years. He was Commander of Adam Johnson Camp, U. C. V., for ten years, and is now Major of the 2nd Ky. Battalion, U. C. V. Maj. Crabb was United States Deputy Revenue Collector for four years, under Cleveland's administration. He is bonded to this company by the Fidelity Security Co., of Maryland.

THE CONFEDERATE MINING CO., Uniontown, Ky.

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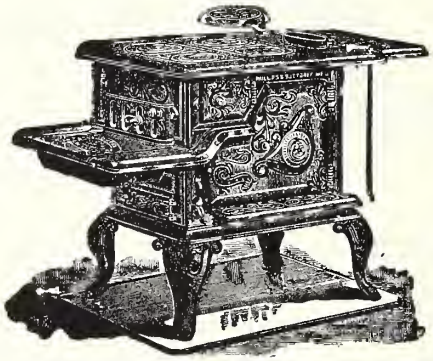

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Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1902 No. 8

Confederate Veteran

CHILDREN WHO UNVEILED THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FOREST HILL CEMETERY, KANSAS CITY.

The Kansas City Chapter, 149, was organized September, 1891. Mrs. R. E. Wilson was President for eight years. During that time the Chapter helped to support the Higginsville Home, gave to different monuments through the South, and when an old Confederate soldier asked for assistance they were always ready to help him. After the Home was turned over to the State they commenced to raise money for the monument at Forest Hill Cemetery, Kansas City, Mo. They gave dinners, balls, concerts, and receptions to raise the necessary funds, and finally resorted to subscriptions. Mrs. Judge T. A. Gill proved to be one of the best workers. She succeeded in raising about $2,500. Mrs. S. A. Morgan was also tireless in her efforts along that line. All the ladies of the Chapter worked heroically to place a fitting memento over the brave boys of the South. Mrs. J. M. Phillips was President three years. Mrs. Hugh Miller is now serving as President. She is a very competent woman. Though born since the war, she has the true spirit and style of the Southern woman. The Chapter now numbers ninety-five, the largest in the State. Memorial Day, May 30, was set for the unveiling of the monument. It was indeed a happy day for the Daughters to see their work so beautifully consummated.

The

Mooney School

For Boys

Murfreesboro
Tennessee

Removed from Franklin

Seventeenth year will open on September 2, 1902. Thorough instruction, careful oversight, moderate rates. Send for catalogue.

W. D. MOONEY, A. M., *Principal*

The Union Central

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SURPLUS - - - - - - 4,400,311.24

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Largest Rate of Interest,
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at Fountains and Carbonated in bottles for home use,

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(A. H. WERT, "Chief Cook and Bottle Washer," 130 N. Market St.),

PEPSOL CO., A. H. Wert, President,
145 N. Market St., Nashville, Tenn.

BUFORD COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

For Young Women—Limited and Select.

This College is within thirty minutes of the "Athens of the South," and has a charming campus of twenty acres. The buildings are spacious and splendidly equipped, and are all under one roof; every room opening upon extensive upper and lower galleries. All school work upon the first floor.

Chalybeate and cistern water, garden, dairy, and hennery.

The best electric car service in the city. Outdoor sports and athletics emphasized. Home life under the direct supervision of the President. Nondenominational and nonsectarian, but thoroughly Christian. Faculty of skilled specialists, strengthened by scholarly lecture corps. Access to laboratories of Vanderbilt University. Graduate, Elective, and University Preparatory Courses. University Bible Course. Excellent business course. Conservatory training in Art, Music, Expression, and Language. Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious culture unrivaled Record of current term represents twelve States and five nationalities in its patronage.

Write for beautiful "Year Book." Founder and President, Mrs. E. G. Buford.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1902. | No. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

BATTLE ABBEY TRUSTEES SUED.

A telegram from New York of August 20 states:

"Suit has been brought in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn against the Confederate Memorial Association by John M. Shaughnessy, as assignee for John Cox Underwood, formerly Superintendent and Secretary of the Association," says the *Herald*. "The action is for $17,779.19, which is alleged to be due Underwood for salary and commission on funds raised.

"According to papers filed in the office of the county clerk in Brooklyn yesterday, Underwood was appointed Superintendent and Secretary of the Society in 1896. Under his contract with the Association he was to receive a salary of $4,000 a year, $500 a year expenses, an office, transportation, and a commission of twenty-five per cent on all moneys he should raise up to $200,000, and twenty per cent on all funds above that sum.

"It is asserted by the Association that the funds upon which a commission should be paid Underwood should not include $40,000 of the $100,000 subscription to the Confederate Memorial Fund of Charles Broadway Rouss. It has allowed the other claims of Mr. Underwood." See page 349.

A prominent member of the Board writes: "The suit fell like a bombshell in the quiet camp of the Board of Trustees. As you always said would be the case, he does claim commission on the $60,000 paid in by Mr. Rouss, and he will try also through the courts to collect commissions on the $40,000 still due. In general terms he wants, and will fight for, $25,000 of Mr. Rouss's $100,000, subscribed before Mr. Rouss knew there was such a man as Underwood in the world; and all this he claims by virtue of a contract he had with the Executive Committee." The Trustees will soon meet to take such action as seems best for the interests of the Association.

DUTY FAITHFULLY DONE—A MODEL.

Henry Moore, Esq., writes from Texarkana, Ark.:

In the July number of the VETERAN, under the heading, "Are We Doing Our Duty?" you rather take your readers to task for their derelictions, and I guess some of us needed the reminder. We all intend to do the right thing, but forget.

In the good Book at one place God rather makes excuse for his own people, where he says, "My people doth not consider," and when what we intend to do is not done at once other things press in on us, and we forget too long.

I am not behind in my subscription to the VETERAN, but one or two things I have intended to do but which have been neglected I will attend to now. I inclose from Henry Moore for Sam Davis monument, $1; from Katie Moore, for Sam Davis monument, $1; for French's "Two Wars" and an extension of my subscription, $2.50; for "Bright Skies" (Dr. H. M. Field), seventy-five cents; for Sinclair's "Two Years on the Alabama," $1.50. Total, $675. Please send the above-mentioned books, and extend my subscription to the VETERAN.

In a subsequent note Mr. Moore writes: "I have so far only found time to read Dr. Field's "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows.' I find, however, that I have value received in this for the cost of the three books."

SOMETHING OF KANSAS CITY DAUGHTERS.

MRS. WM. C. QUINLAN, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Mrs. William C. Quinlan, of Kansas City, Mo., is a charter member of Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, U. D. C. Mrs. Quinlan very successfully trained the thirteen little girls who unveiled the monument at Forest Hill Cemetery, Kansas City, Mo., May 30, 1902. She was Miss Mary Virginia Morgan,

and was born in Edgefield, S. C. She is the daughter of Tyler Whitfield Morgan, who enlisted in the county of Edgefield, S. C., April 15, 1861, under Capt. Bart Talbot, Company K, Seventh Regiment, under Colonel Stevens, of Charleston. It served in Gist's Brigade. He first went to Charleston, remained there one month, and was then transferred to Northern Virginia. He served nearly four years. He was wounded at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. After the war, broken down in health, though only thirty years of age, he moved to Texas, taking with him his wife and two little girls. He died in Kansas City May 2, 1893. Her brother, T. C. Morgan, now living in South Carolina, was captain of Company I, Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Regiment, under command of Col. Ellerson Capers. Another brother, Lieut. Joseph E. Morgan, of Company I, Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Regiment, was killed in the battle of Chickamauga. He was the third man killed under the flag of a Georgia regiment. He saw the flag fall and ran to pick it up, and was warned of the peril, but he could not see our colors dragged in the dust, so he bravely unfurled the colors, looking up at the same time, and before the flag caught the breeze he was shot dead. He was buried in a trench on the battlefield, and his body was never recovered. Another brother, Capt. Dempsey Morgan, was stationed at Galveston, Tex.

MRS. HUGH MILLER.

Elizabeth Robertson Miller was born in Liberty, Clay County, Mo., of an unbroken line of a Southern ancestry. On the paternal side were the Robertsons of North Carolina, and on the maternal side the Adkinses of Kentucky. When the war broke out her father, a youth and the youngest son, was left to look after an aged father and a large plantation, on which was over one hundred slaves. The elder brother, Andrew M. Robertson, enlisted under Price, was made first lieutenant, and fought through the entire war. He was wounded at Franklin, Tenn. He was in prison for a time, but was soon exchanged. Mrs. Miller's husband is the son of Robert Hugh Miller, of Virginia, the veteran editor of the *Liberty Tribune*.

Mrs. Lizzie Campbell Gill was born in Kansas City, Mo., and is the wife of Judge Turner A. Gill, who was captain of

MRS. TURNER A. GILL.

Company K, Shank's Regiment, Missouri Cavalry, under Gen. Joe Shelby.

CAMP JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AT MEXIA, TEX.

Miss Katie Daffan writes of their splendid hospitality:

The members of Camp Joseph E. Johnston, U. C. V., have just completed their fourteenth annual reunion at their splendid camp grounds six miles from Mexia. Those who have not been permitted to attend one of these reunions do not realize the magnitude to which this annual affair has grown and the unlimited hospitality dispensed by each member of this Confederate Association.

July 15-18, inclusive, was the time appointed for the meeting, and a week before that time many hundred campers were ready and waiting, remembering from the year before what genuine pleasure was in store for them. On the opening day several thousands of families, Confederate soldiers, their wives, sons, and daughters, were assembled.

At sunrise the Valverda cannon announced the advent of the festal day. This fine old part of the Valverda Battery is the valued possession of this Camp, whose history they all cherish. Following is a short sketch of this cannon, kindly furnished by ex-Commander J. W. Simmons:

"The Valverda Battery was captured the first part of the war by the Confederates at Valverda, New Mexico. Governor Sayers was placed in command of it, and carried it to Louisiana. Two of the brass pieces were exchanged for steel pieces; and when the war ended, the battery was left in Fairfield, Freestone Co., Tex. Several returned Confederates, on learning that the Yankees were coming, collected one night and buried the four guns under Captain Bradley's buggy house. A few nights later, fearing that some negroes knew of the hiding place, they resurrected the guns and carried them to the woods, where they were again buried. Here they remained for several years, when they were brought to light, and one of these steel pieces is now being used by this Camp as a morning and evening gun."

The meetings occurred in the large pavilion built for the purpose. The "starry cross" and the "red and white" were in evidence everywhere, with the beloved face of Joseph E. Johnston, in whose sacred honor the Camp is named, and

Lee, Jackson, Hood, and Beauregard in places of honor on the large stand.

Splendid music was furnished throughout the reunion by the Hubbard City Band, who dispensed "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," and the ever-welcome "Girl I Left Behind Me," giving life and animation to the assembled throng.

The meeting was called to order and addressed by Commander W. P. Brown in an appropriate manner. This was followed by a beautiful and eloquent address by ex-Commander Louis Watson, who "thrice welcomed all Confederates and their descendants." Miss Beulah Reagan Stewart, daughter of ex-Commander W. L. Stewart, beautifully recited a "Welcome," in a graceful manner, showing wonderful memory and talent. There were informal talks from comrades, among them one from ex-Commander Gibson, who was one of the favorite speakers of the occasion.

"Dinner" in camp interrupted the session; and such dinners as we had during the reunion! Everything that an epicure could desire, much less hungry soldiers. Ice, fruit, water melons, enormous baskets with white linen tucked suggestively around, came in large quantities every day, showing that each wish of the guests had been anticipated. There were things to eat world without end, and twice the number of people could have feasted richly.

The afternoon of the first day was given to the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, with Hon. Thomas B. Stone, of Waco, Commander in Chief of the U. S. C. V., as guest of honor. He addressed the large audience in his usual direct manner, making new friends and winning new laurels. This was followed by an address from Mr. W. P. Lane, of Fort Worth, which was heartily enjoyed. Mr. Lane is a worthy representative of the Sons of Veterans of Fort Worth, which is the largest camp extant. After a talk from Commander Gibson the session was closed by music, which was followed by an informal reception, when many old friends met again, and pleasant acquaintances were renewed, and all present met Messrs. Stone and Lane.

Too much praise cannot be given Miss Mattie Watson, President of the W. H. Adams Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy at Mexia, and its members for the excellent entertainments provided for the evenings during the reunion. The "Old Fiddlers' Contest" was given the first evening, and prizes were awarded to the oldest, the youngest, the handsomest, the ugliest, the best, and the one that could get most music "out of 'Arkansas Traveler.'" Fiddlers came from far and near, and such playing you never heard—no *violinists*, all *fiddlers*. One pretty feature of this evening's entertainment was the singing of beautiful lines to the melody of "Old-Time Religion." The lines were composed by Mr. Hall, a member of the Camp, and gracefully brought in the names of many members of the Camp.

On the second day, Mr. W. P. Lane made a splendid talk in the absence of Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., who was detained at home on account of illness. Maj. Van Zandt is loved by every veteran, and it was a keen disappointment to his friends that they were not permitted to entertain him. Gen. Tom Stone again addressed the Sons, urging the immediate organization of a Camp, and succeeded in arousing much interest among the young men. Rev. E. P. West, of Bremond, made a pleasant talk, which was listened to with much interest. Judge John W. Stevens, of Hillsboro, spoke in a touching manner of the trials and hardships the women endured during the war, and gave much encouragement to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The ever-welcome "Deestrick Skule" was given by the Daughters of the Confederacy in the evening, which met with hearty cheers and approval.

The reunion Thursday morning was adressed by Captain Shaw, of Waco, in his usual charming manner. He has many friends in the Camp who always extend to him a loving welcome. Gen. Felix D. Robertson, of Waco, delivered a fine address, which was received with close attention and much enjoyed. Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., addressed the Daughters of the Confederacy in her usual attractive manner. The address was greatly enjoyed by the veterans as well as the Daughters, and was very instructive, full of deep thoughts and eloquent words. This was followed by an informal reception, when Miss Dunovant met all the Daughters and veterans. Captain Gibson paid a beautiful tribute to the wives and mothers of the Confederacy. Next there was a business session of the Sons, and Commander Vance, of the Mexia Sons of Veterans, aroused much enthusiasm. The meeting was addressed by Judge Keeling, of Groesbeck, and others.

Commander Vance was faithful and untiring in the performance of his duty throughout the entire reunion, and was a most excellent host.

A hypnotic entertainment, under the auspices of Mr. Ben Smith, of Mexia, afforded genuine merriment to a large crowd one evening of the reunion. On the last day the parade of veterans occurred, headed by the band and followed by the hundreds of juvenile sons.

Resolutions were adopted, thanks returned, and the usual closing ceremonies, including a beautiful memorial service, when the Chaplain, Rev. Jennings, gave a touching tribute to his comrades gone on before.

Miss Dunovant and Miss Daffan were made honorary members of the Camp, which honor they both deeply appreciate.

The following officers were elected for the next year: Commander, W. H. Browder; Lieutenant Commanders, P. O. Douglass, R. E. Steele, and J. E. Parker; Adjutant, H. W. Williams; Quartermaster, R. J. Bryant; Surgeon, Dr. W. F. Starley; Chaplain, Rev. G. L. Jennings; Treasurer, J. W. Simmons; Officer of the Day, E. W. Williams; Color Bearer, L. E. Camp; Bugler, J. M. Dies; Captain of Artillery, H. W. Gray.

Ex-Commanders Watson, Bryant, Simmons, and Gibson, their wives and daughters, and *all* contributed to the success of this splendid occasion.

A rendezvous of gayety and pleasure continued day and night. A summer theater—and a good one—gave daily matinees and evening performances at the "opera house." In the large, cool, shady dancing pavilion dancing was enjoyed by hundreds of young people. And then the "Midway"—more wonders and shows than you ever saw, with the inevitable small boy, with his popgun and balloon; and "Badges! badges! Here are your badges!" from the stand on the corner. Ice cream "parlors" and red lemonade galore. The youth and maid were on the rustic seat in the cool retreat; you met them again riding or diving in and out of the broad avenues, between the long rows of tents, Jackson Boulevard, Lee Avenue, Forrest Square—and so they are named. From the tents waved the flags and banners, and in front of each was a broad improvised porch covered with branches of trees, where you could stop a half hour and listen to "how we charged at Chickamauga," or "Bull Run," or the service in other campaigns.

Groesbeck, Thornton, Mexia, and other places are represented in this Camp.

MEMORABLE REUNION AT OWENSBORO.

The Second Kentucky Brigade Honors Laura Talbot Galt.

Owensboro, a Kentucky town, stands majestically by the Ohio River, an honor to the State and the South. A more devoted people to Dixie's land can't be found in the Central South. Readers who have preserved the Veteran can reread the remarkable history of that people in the issue for September, 1900. It was fitting that the annual reunion of the Second Brigade be held there this year, and all the more because some enterprising citizens have established a rendezvous on "Seven Hills," naming the place Chautauqua. It has an auditorium for open-air purposes that could hardly be excelled, together with hundreds of tents and various artistically erected buildings, all of permanent character, while the grounds are decorated with beautiful statuary and winding water channels furnish pleasant boating. Rules governing the corporation allow the widest latitude for diversified pleasures on a strictly moral plane. Mr. James H. Parrish, who married a niece of our beloved Gen. George Moorman, is the President of the assembly.

Dr. C. H. Todd called the meeting to order, and Chaplain General G. William Jones made the opening prayer, in which he said:

"We pray thy blessing upon this reunion, that nothing may occur to mar its pleasure, and that there may grow influences to replace the land. We pray thy blessing upon the homes here represented. We pray thy blessing upon our common country, on the President of the United States, that he may be President of the whole country, of every section and every party, and that those in authority under him may rule wisely and well. We pray for beautiful seasons, plenteous harvests, and business prosperity."

The address of welcome was by Major Haycraft, who welcomed the Confederates to the city. In part he said:

"I am directed to turn over the key of the city to our visitors. It is a self-adjuster, and works automatically. It not only unlocks our doors, but our hearts, and will admit you to the innermost chambers of the affections of our people, who extend to you a most cordial welcome.

"Fully appreciating the inadequacy of language to paint the heroism of the graybeards before me, I must ask indulgence for a blurred, inartistic picture, where skill must fail to produce a finished portrait comparable with the magnificent record you made in defense of self-government.

"When the war cloud rose in the East, when the furies of devastation struck down every hope of adjustment, when artillery shook your hills and mountains and awakened an echo in every valley, you left home, sweetheart, wife, child, not for money, not for conquest, not for expansion, but for principle. . . . You slept in rags on the tented field, in hunger you sought the enemy many times your numbers. Unpaid, unfed, unclothed, and almost unequipped, relying upon capturing arms and supplies from the enemy—you stood upon the rugged edge of battle when the god of war, knee-deep in the richest blood of that or any other age, called in tones of thunder for more victims. Unmoved by hardship, unappalled by vastly superior numbers, you plucked danger by the beard and defied the inevitable.

"When the last sad chapter came, with hearts bleeding from every pore, you saw your chief surrender and the flag you loved so much go down; when further resistance would have been triple madness, you laid down your bruised arms, returned to ruined homes, and resumed the thread of civil life. As soldiers you adorned the warpath, erecting at every step imperishable monuments of fame; as citizens, you have dignified the civic crown.

"Poor as poverty in purse, multimillionaire in principle, without pensions, suspected by the government though loyal, denounced as traitors though patriotic, you rose majestically above all obstacles. The precious blood and noble ambition of an unsullied ancestry inspired extraordinary exertion. The elements of your fathers and your mothers were so mixed in you that principle was the grand luminary of your lives. Principle molded you the most intrepid soldiers of all ages. It has since been your guiding star as citizens. . . .

"What can I say of the noble Southern women, what can I say that will not limp and drag far behind that magic name? Giving up fathers, sons, brothers, sweethearts perhaps forever, waiting on the sick and wounded, working for all! Incessant toil, incessant anxiety, incessant agony, incessant prayer, loyal to every Southern impulse, bravest of the brave! O for an hour of oratorical inspiration! I would move every stone in their praise, I would intensify thought, expand ideality, gilt edge language, move back the bounds of space that my words might have room to revel in their exaltation.

"Comrades, you have reached an age when your forms, once erect, are stooped, your steps, once quick and soldierly, are slow and feeble, yet you are the rear guard of the noblest cause that ever inspired human thought."

The commanding officer of the brigade, J. B. Briggs, of Russellville, in most appropriate words, responded for the visiting veterans under his command.

The gifted son of the Chaplain General presented the conspicuous guest of the day, in a forceful and beautiful address.

Doctor Todd read an address from a party of Georgians who reside in Montgomery, men who will ever be proud of the red hills in their native State. They sent a magnificent gold badge with the Georgia coat of arms by a personal messenger, Mr. Adams, and requested that it be presented by Hon. W. T. Ellis, an officer in the Confederate army and an honored ex-member of Congress. In presenting the medal Captain Ellis said:

"The Georgia Society, of Montgomery, Ala., though strangers, wish to join with the Rice E. Graves Camp in honoring the child who is our invited guest. When little Laura Galt declined to sing 'Marching through Georgia' she touched a chord which vibrated far beyond the limits of Kentucky. The thrilling notes of that chord not only reached the homes of those who live 'away down South in a land of cotton,' but aroused universal enthusiasm among ex-Confederates everywhere.

"As an evidence of its appreciation of the loyal spirit our little guest displayed, this Southern society has instructed me, in its name and on its behalf, to decorate her with a medal, which they ask her to accept as a badge of honor and as a token of the admiration which that Georgia society has for her, and as an evidence of the hope which her conduct has inspired.

"I accept the honor conferred on me, and with your permission, Mr. Chairman, will present the medal with which this Southern society desires to decorate our little guest, who in the innocence of childhood performed an act which publicly attests that there are those among the children of the South who are insisting that the truth concerning the civil war ought to be correctly recorded.

"These exercises are of more than local significance. This Southern society, in presenting the medal which it directs me to deliver as an evidence of its approval of our little guest's conduct when she declined to sing a song which reflects on the memory of the people of the South, is furnishing material for accurate history, history which in deference to the truth ought long ago to have been written.

"That 'other men and other times' may properly understand the true significance of these exercises and correctly judge the motive which actuates those who participate in them, I will state the facts briefly, and, in doing so, will set down naught in malice.

"The father and grandfather of little Laura Galt were Confederate soldiers. Both of them are dead. Her grandfather, Dr. Galt, was the first surgeon of the First Kentucky Cavalry, which regiment was commanded by the late Ben Hardin Helm. There are those present who served with him as soldiers in this regiment, and who remember Dr. Galt when he wore a Confederate uniform and defended the cause of the South.

"His granddaughter, little Laura Galt, who declined to sing 'Marching through Georgia,' is a pupil in the public schools of the city of Louisville, and I can testify that she is obedient and respectful to all those who are set in authority over her. But when her teacher requested her to sing that song she declined to do so because its sentiments are a reflection on the honor and the integrity of her dead ancestors.

"I neither approve nor encourage insubordination, but the facts and circumstances which confronted this child when she was directed to sing that song were of a nature which not only furnish a complete justification of her conduct, but such as to enshrine her in the affection of every ex-Confederate soldier.

"'Marching through Georgia' ought neither to be taught nor sung in our public schools. There is not a patriotic sentiment in it, and as long as it is sung the tendency will be to revive recollections that ought to be forgotten, and to reopen wounds which were long ago healed. Whenever the song 'Marching through Georgia' is sung it revives memories of a desolate condition that prevailed in the State of Georgia during the closing year of the Civil War, when defenseless women and innocent children were forced to flee from their homes by the light of flames which destroyed the dwelling places that sheltered them.

"That song brings into view recollections of a period when it can be truly said that 'foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests,' but the defenseless women and children whose dwelling places were in the wake of the victorious army as it marched and sang that song had not where to rest their weary heads.

"'Marching through Georgia' approves a campaign, the methods of which neither find justification nor excuse in all the annals of civilized warfare. I believe I express the sentiment of all ex-Confederates when I declare they do not desire to revive disagreeable recollections. There has not been a day nor an hour since the armies of Lee surrendered at Appomattox when the Confederate soldier was not loyal to the government of the United States, though the sincerity of his motives has often been questioned.

"But since our recent conflict with Spain, in which Confederates and their sons were the first to rally about the stars and stripes and to carry its silken folds in triumph on every field where American valor came in conflict with Spanish opposition, there ought not to be any question as to the loyalty of ex-Confederates. Every fair-minded man and woman in the light of recent history must credit ex-Confederates with a sincere desire to maintain one flag and one country.

"No one, whether he lives amid the sterile hills of New England, in the rich agricultural belt of the Middle West, or amid the orange groves of the Pacific slope, can, with any show of truth, pretend that ex-Confederates and their descendants are lacking in loyalty to the institutions and laws of the United States.

"'Marching through Georgia' is a reflection not only upon the course they pursued during the Civil War, but a covert insinuation that they are disloyal to-day. While subscribing without reservation to all that tends to promote the peace, happiness, prosperity, integrity, and honor of the United States, Confederate soldiers and their descendants protest that 'Marching through Georgia' ought not to be sung either in our public schools or in any public or private place.

"The constant hope of Confederates ever since the close of the Civil War has been that the time would come when an impartial record covering that period would be made up, for it is on such a record that those who defended the cause of the old South propose to submit to posterity their claim for complete vindication.

"At the close of the Civil War the literary men of the South were too poor to engage in writing histories; their fortunes had been wrecked, and they were under the necessity of going to work not only to earn bread, but to restore the South to a condition that would make it a fit abode for those who survived the ruins which those who marched through Georgia had wrought upon it. In the heat, passion, and prejudice that followed swiftly upon the heels of the closing scenes of the war the South was flooded from the North with inaccurate and partisan histories. These willfully prejudiced accounts of the Civil War found their way into our public schools, and the rising generations of the South were subjected to a condition which not only made a false impression, but which was calculated to crystallize into a sentiment that would ultimately reflect upon the integrity and the honor of as manly men and as patriotic women as ever defended any cause in all the tide of time. The children of the South were taught that their fathers and kindred had been guilty of high crimes and ought to be subjected to condign punishment.

"The motives which actuated the soldiers who composed the armies of the South were willfully misrepresented, the sentiments that inspired their conduct were falsely charged to have been influenced alone by treason. This injustice, which was as false as it was cruel to those who had offered their fortunes, their honor, and their lives on the altar of the South, when we appeal to the histories which have been taught in our public schools and the partisan songs which some schoolteachers insisted your children should sing, finally brought the old Confederate and those who loved and honored him to a point where endurance ceased to be a virtue. Ex-Confederates and their friends have viewed with disapproval the course of teachers whose partisan bias inclined them to slander the cause of the South, and as the years rolled on they began to fear their motives and their conduct would pass into history misrepresented and misunderstood.

"The editors of Southern newspapers and Southern journals, with an eloquence which has not been surpassed, attempted to justify the cause of those who defended the old South; and Southern orators in recent years, with an eloquence and pathos not surpassed in any age of the world's history, have declaimed against the false histories and partisan songs which were thrust upon the children who were being educated in the schools of the South. But all their splendid efforts seemed to have failed to arouse the public conscience, or to attract the attention of our countrymen, either in the North or in the South.

"It seems to have been left at last to the simple methods of a child, who in her integrity and artlessness, refused to be a party to the singing of partisan songs to attract the attention of the whole country to the fact that the time has come when such songs as 'Marching through Georgia,' and such partisan histories as have been thrust into our public schools should

cease to form a part of the education and instruction of the children of the South.

'A pebble in a streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river.'

"It seems in this case that it was left to the innocent methods of our honored little guest to get the ear of the public and to emphasize the fact that partisan histories and partisan songs were no longer to be taught or sung in our public schools. Confederate soldiers and their children claiming full credit for patriotism stand ready to sing 'Yankee Doodle,' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'The Red, White, and Blue,' and 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee;' but they refuse to sing a song that reflects upon the integrity of the South and which perpetuates memories of a campaign that can find no justification in all the annals of the civilized world, and it was left to this child to open a virgin page upon which is to be a true history of the South. It seems to have been left to her to draw the attention of the country to the fact that the people of the old South and the soldiers who defended its cause are no longer to be misrepresented. In her person, and interpreting her innocent acts Confederate soldiers resubscribe to the doctrine of the Master, who said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Now, on behalf of the Georgia Society, of Montgomery, Ala., the membership of which consists of ex-Confederates whose heroism and unsurpassed valor on many a field of carnage has made the name and fame of American arms immortal, and on behalf of their sons and their daughters, intelligent, generous, and worthy descendants of as fine a race of Anglo-Saxon cavaliers as has ever been produced in any land or age; in the name of all these I present you, Laura Talbot Galt, this beautiful medal and ask you to accept it in the spirit of the patriotic letter which has been read by the President of this association; and through all the years that are to come to you I am sure you will wear this medal with credit to yourself and honor to those who have so generously and graciously bestowed it upon you."

Another Fine Medal Presented.

Miss Phil Pointer, on behalf of John C. Breckenridge Chapter, U. D. C., presented another beautiful medal, saying:

"*My Dear Miss Galt:* The Daughters of the Confederacy, with whose antecedents, principles, and purposes you are already quite familiar, have made it my very pleasant duty to say a few words to you for them.

"We have often heretofore paid high tribute to bravery of the physical kind, the kind which enabled Tamerlane to heap high on the Asiatic plains the pyramid of human skulls; the kind that caused Pickett to sacrifice his host of brave and loyal sons of the glorious South on the hills of Gettysburg—that which kept the stars and bars afloat for four bloody years. But to-day we pay tribute to your peculiar and exalted virtue—moral courage—than which there is no greater.

"We recognize in your act its highest exemplification. For this bit of heroism other rewards will no doubt come, for you and your act deserve them. Be it ours to present this lasting testimonial of you and your heroic fidelity to that cause which you and we hold sacred. Not for its intrinsic value would we have you receive and cherish this little memento, but because of that which it symbolizes and suggests.

"In behalf, then, of the John C. Breckenridge Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I present to you this, their offering."

Laura Galt's Response to the Addresses.

Little Miss Galt arose and replied in a most appropriate way, with surprising self-possession. She said she did not think she had done anything to attract such general attention. She felt, however, great respect for her soldier ancestors, and thought it a duty to resent what she thought was insulting to them and their sacred convictions. She was glad to receive the beautiful medals, and would always preserve them as treasures.

The editor of the Veteran had the pleasure of being present, and is grateful for the opportunity to do honor to Laura Galt. Her modesty and gentleness in the presence of thousands, who gave the "Rebel Yell" in her honor, and her self-possession in her happy response seemed an inspiration. That child who is fond of her country home and her pony and cart, dogs and wagon, which she illustrates beautifully, was proud of her record in school, and made no small sacrifice in resenting rules of her teacher; but she was alone, like Sam Davis in his trial and as little dreaming of else than ignominy, and so acted only to maintain a good conscience.

Laura Galt's act is bringing to the light astounding customs in public schools North. A Nashville little girl, now living in Chicago, and attending public school there, was informed of the "Marching through Georgia" incident, and told of her own experience in her new home. The class was singing "Hang Jeff Davis to a Sour Apple Tree" when she sat down unobserved by her teacher; but a classmate asked an explanation, and, receiving it, she said, "You old Southern." "Yes," she replied spiritedly, "and I am proud of it."

A Southern Congressman from across the Mississippi writes:

Is it not strange to you that any woman of culture enough to be a teacher in Louisville should want to perpetuate the memory of "Marching through Georgia"—a scene of blood and tears, of rapine and arson, and of unnamable crimes against defenseless women—which is a foul blot on the escutcheon of American soldiery?

John J. Hood, of Meridian, Miss., writes of the heroine:

All honor to the little heroine, Miss Laura Talbot Galt, for refusing to sing "Marching through Georgia" at the public school in Louisville. As the veterans and sons of veterans of this passing generation tolerate pernicious teachings and humiliating indignities, I thank God that he incarnated the heart of a Miss with such ennobled spirit and with so much of the sentiment of the sixties, the sentiment that made immortal heroes and heroines—that she had the temerity to indignantly resent such a flagrant insult to all the South. I can't but think that every veteran who is loyal to the great cause and wedded to its sacred memories, would like to press this child as his own to his heart, and with tears of admiration in his eyes thank her for this splendid outburst of Southern pride and patriotism. To her the "Marching through Georgia" meant the utter laying waste of that fair land, the turning out of their homes to wander and scuffle and starve of helpless women and children, already badly impoverished by the cruel necessities of humane warfare. It meant, as Sherman said before the committee on the conduct of the war, the destruction of one hundred millions of dollars' worth of property in Georgia alone. It meant, as he also said, that "war was hell," and that he was doing all he could with his vast resources and cruel followers to make it hell. He wrote to Wilson, October 19, 1864: "I am going into the very bowels of the Confederacy, and propose to leave a trail that will be recognized fifty years hence." He kept his word. Swept by fire and seared in the earth, this trail could not have been

more strongly defined. When Gen. Frank Blair, one of his division commanders, was asked after the war if it were true that Sherman destroyed all in his wake, he smilingly replied: "We left the wells." This young miss has taught the South a lesson. There are things being taught in our schools that are an outrage and a shame; and when "babes" practically see and realize these things, then it is time that their elders awaken to a sense of their duty. All honor to her! Let her be the heroine or the child of the old veterans, let them honor her and follow her up.

F. M. Stovall, Augusta, Ga., under date of August 16, writes:

The incident of little Miss Laura Galt's persistent refusal to sing "Marching through Georgia" at the command of her teacher in one of the public schools of Louisville, Ky., has a significance apart from her admirable loyalty to the land of her birth. In view of the fact that such songs are required to be sung, and such partisan Northern sentiment is attempted to be impressed in the public schools of a city whose population is believed to be predominantly Southern in its sympathies, what, it may reasonably be asked, is the character of the teaching the children farther North are receiving along these lines? How grossly distorted, it may be presumed, is the history of the war between the States as told to the youth beyond Mason and Dixon's line!

A year or two ago, the Commander of the G. A. R., who had accepted the hospitality of certain Confederates at Atlanta, delivered an address in which he boldly declared that nothing should be taught in our schools in justification of the action of the South in the sixties. In other words, in his opinion the North should tell the story (for most of our school histories are written by Northern men), and from the story thus told Southern children should come to wonder how their fathers and countrymen could have been such wicked "rebels" or unqualified idiots! That G. A. R. Commander's idea is generally prevalent in the North, and we are not surprised that it should be. But it is strange that many Southerners seem to be so apathetic on the subject as to practically accept it.

The incidents referred to, and many similar ones that are brought to our attention from time to time, emphasize the importance of continued and earnest effort to place in the hands of our school children histories which, neither by false statements nor by the suppression of essential facts, shall misrepresent the South. The case is urgent. The men of the Confederacy are rapidly passing away, and it is chiefly through them, with the coöperation of the patriotic Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Veterans, that the work must be accomplished.

The Confederate Veteran Assocation, of Coryell County, Tex., held its fourth annual reunion at Gatesville July 22-24. One hundred and fifty-one members of the Camp answered to roll call, and there were present twenty-one visiting members. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. R. Brown, Commander; J. P. Kendrick, W. H. Morgan, and E. L. Lawrence, Lieutenant Commanders; R. L. Suggs, Adjutant; F. M. Jones, Assistant Adjutant; T. J. Stevenson, Color Bearer; Rev. J. C. Jones and Rev. R. Price, Chaplains; Miss Lula Suggs, Sponsor; W. A. McBeth and J. W. Sherrill, Finance Committee. This was the largest and best meeting the Camp has ever had. A committee was appointed to raise funds for the purpose of purchasing grounds and erecting an auditorium to be used as a permanent camp ground for the Association. Our young people are very enthusiastic and are doing all they can to make happy the last days of the old heroes.

J. Booton Hill writes from Richmond, Va.:

I love to read your columns for many reasons: It enables me to locate comrades of whom I have heard nothing since we parted at Appomattox Courthouse, Va. Besides I learn much about the war that, if I ever knew before, I had forgotten. In your June number you print my brother's name as Dr. William D. Hill, Culpeper, Va. His name is William P. Hill, and he is not a "Dr." Please make this correction, for his comrades of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry would not otherwise recognize it. I was a quartermaster in the Confederate army, stationed in Richmond, Va., and paid off the sick and wounded officers and soldiers passing through the city, until I organized the Hospital Pay Department, to which, with seven assistants, I gave all of my time. This position I voluntarily relinquished in favor of an elderly comrade whose family lived near the city, and accepted service in the field, first with Elliott's Brigade of South Carolina troops, and afterwards as paymaster for Gen. R. H. Anderson's Corps, which latter position I held at the time of the surrender. I write this much hoping I may hear from some of my comrades of those trying times, for, like a large majority of them, I am closely confined to my work.

Dr. James McDonald Keller, who was of Alabama, and Mrs. Sadie Phillips Keller celebrated at their home in Hot Springs, Ark., June 28, 1902, the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day, which occurred at Louisville, Ky. A correspondent, writing on the subject, states:

In the early spring of 1857 this young couple, with their two boys, Irvin and Murray, moved to Memphis, Tenn., where the Doctor rapidly gained a lucrative practice, and his wife became at once universally popular. Soon secession and the war came on, and both became active and eminent participants. The Doctor, a "fire eater," gave up all private practice, and in May received an appointment as surgeon in the Confederate army, with orders to organize and control such hospitals as occasion might demand, and in this important work Mrs. Keller was his most valuable aid, giving her entire time to the arranging of the hospitals and caring for the sick and wounded. At the battle of Shiloh Dr. Keller was ordered to report for operative duty at Corinth, and immediately after that fearful conflict was ordered to report as medical director to Major General Hindman, then of General Bragg's army. Mrs. Keller was banished with her two little boys across the Mississippi River into the swamps of Arkansas, with only two trunks and no protector except a faithful old negro servant, "Black Daddy," who remained true and faithful through the war and up to his death several years later. Memphis friends, horrified at such treatment, secretly arranged to get the captain of a steamboat to land above and out of sight of the city at night to take them up as far as Cairo. Thence by cars they went to Louisville, where they remained until 1865, when the Doctor, whom she had not seen since 1862, reached her, having surrendered with General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala.

The VETERAN has printed something of the perils to which Mrs. Keller and her young sons were subjected.

John W. Murray, Sr., writes from Emmet, Tex.:

Our Camp has ceased to meet. I am Commander; we do not meet now, so many have left and died; we are few and scattered. I send you a few names, all able to pay. There is not a real poor man in our county. It is a stockman's country, horses, cattle, etc.

UNITED SONS' CONVENTION AT DALLAS.

The report published by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans of their annual convention at Dallas is elaborate. From advance sheets the following data is copied:

The reunion was a notable one in many respects. The attendance of members and delegates was the largest in our history; more ladies, veterans, and other distinguished visitors (conspicuous among them being Hon. John H. Reagan) attended our sessions; a greater amount of work, including an entire revision of our constitution, was done by the convention than ever before; the custom of applying high military titles (which detracted from the honor of those earned by the veterans) to our officers was prohibited; our General Confederation banner was displayed for the first time; and our members and officers appeared in official uniform, which attracted general attention and was the subject of favorable comment. The address of welcome was delivered by Senator W. C. McKamy, of Dallas County, Tex., in which he said:

"I am glad to welcome to our midst the United Confederate Veterans, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the ladies of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In so doing, I am voicing the sentiments of the city which sits to-day as a queen in golden slippers at the head of commerce, and of a State which, though young in years, is old in experience and rich not only in the broad expanse of territory and the diversified fields of industry and enterprise, but rich also in Southern sentiment and in her chivalrous and heroic past. The United Sons of Confederate Veterans will keep inviolate the objects and purposes of its organization: the collection and preservation of data, the accumulation of testimony and of records, and the transmission and dissemination of knowledge of the deeds of valor and patriotism performed by our heroes. It is said of Napoleon that after he had made one of his most successful campaigns and was about to return to France with his victorious army, there was a halt made for the purpose of reviewing the army of the enemy and of holding a levee, and as the army passed in review before the great warrior he stood with bowed and uncovered head, and when asked by one of his marshals why he did not rejoice over the victory they had won, said: 'Great are the vanquished in defeat,' and so my friends, it was with the Southern army. She was always as great in defeat as she was magnanimous in victory."

The opening business meeting was attended by a large number of sponsors, maids of honor, chaperones, and other ladies. The convention was called to order at ten o'clock by Harry L. Seay, Esq., Commandant of Camp W. L. Cabell, No. 49, of Dallas. The chaplain general and assistant being absent, Rev. Frank Smith, chaplain of Camp W. L. Cabell, offered an eloquent invocation. Commandant Seay then introduced R. E. L. Saner, Esq., who delivered an address of welcome on behalf of Camp W. L. Cabell. He said:

"On behalf of W. L. Cabell Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, on behalf of the city of Dallas and the State of Texas, permit me to extend to you all a most hearty welcome to our city and State. We are delighted to have the sons and daughters of the Southland visit us. Our hearts and our homes are open to you.

"The organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was to keep alive the sentiment of valorous deeds and heroic achievements of Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Cabell, and thousands upon thousands of other noble hearts enlisted in a cause which closed in defeat, but which, if history is written aright, and the sentiment of chivalry and valor of the old Southland is kept alive in the minds of the growing, vigorous manhood and womanhood of the South, it will achieve victory in the development of a citizenship strong, sturdy, and capable.

"Texas and her citizenship owe much to the States of the Confederacy that were in 1861. It was from these States that came the men who made it possible that Texas, one and indivisible, an imperial State as she is to-day, could give you welcome, thrice welcome, as she does upon this occasion."

Commandant Seay then in a few appropriate words turned command over to J. P. Moulden, Esq., of McKinney, Tex., brigade commander of the Fourth Brigade, who, in a neat address, transferred command to Division Commander Thomas P. Stone, Esq., of Waco, Tex., who said:

"As a Texan and as Commander of this division of our Confederation it gives me great pleasure to preside over this convention for a few moments. It fills my heart with pride, for we have a grand and noble cause; and we ought to feel proud of the work we are doing, as it appeals to the highest impulses of our natures; it proclaims to the world that we are not ashamed to be called Sons of Confederate Veterans, it will prove to those who do not understand the purposes of our organization that we are ready to write a true account of that history which our fathers made when fighting under the banner of the 'Stars and Bars.' It is our right, it is our duty, and should be our pleasure to perpetuate the valor, the patriotism, and heroic deeds of those who once formed the army and navy of the Southern Confederacy. They were the greatest heroes the world has ever produced, for it was in defense of home that prompted them to take up arms against the government which they had helped to establish. Such was the issue made in 1861, and like all true men our ancestors rallied around that cause which was dearer to them than life itself, leaving all in defense of that principle, which was nurtured in the pure soil of a Southern heart and blossomed under the bullet showers of a battlefield, after thousands had fallen in that conflict against might and numbers.

"The struggle over, peace declared, the Southern soldiers, ragged, tired and hungry, overpowered but not defeated, turned homeward. Alas! where were their homes? These men who had fought with such bravery, with such devotion and loyalty to their country's cause, put down the musket for the hoe, the saber for the plow, the sword for the pen, and revived a nation unexcelled in social and intellectual progress and power.

"My comrades let us feel the thrill of Southern patriotism if only through a father's and mother's experience, let us be not indifferent to the truth of that history, the facts of which are so often perverted; rather let us join hands with those who made that history, while they remain and proclaim to the world the truth of that memorable war, that posterity may read what and who the Confederate soldier was. No more beautiful tribute could be paid to his memory in the history to be written than to record that he was true to his home, true to that which was right, and loyal to that flag which was furled on the plains of Appomattox, never to wave again over this beautiful land of ours. My comrades, we have a great work before us; let us strive to do our duty, let us prove ourselves worthy sons of such heroes as were the Confederate soldiers; let us emulate their example by always responding where duty calls; it will make us better men and worthier to bear the good names and uphold the glorious heritage which they have left to us.

"Now a word to my comrades from other States. I want to welcome you to this grand State of ours; we want you to feel at home among us, for this is one of the States that formed that galaxy of States composing the Confederate government. We are the same people, the same blood flows through our

veins that courses through yours. Our ancestors mostly came from other Southern States. We are the same people, and in the name of the fifty-seven Camps of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Texas I welcome you to its borders with the hope that when you return to your homes you will have a kind feeling for Texas, her boys, her old soldiers, and our beautiful women."

COMMANDER IN CHIEF HAUGHTON'S ADDRESS.

In his address Commander Haughton said in part:

"The purposes for which we are banded together make it an honor for any one to preside over our meetings. Our order is designed to aid our fathers in the work which their present organization has undertaken, to care for their former comrades who have become unable to care for themselves, to right the wrongs which history is doing to the Southern Confederacy and its people, and to preserve for ourselves and our descendants the hallowed memories which cling thick and beautiful around the vision of that fallen commonwealth. The concrete work that is before us is grand enough to satisfy the aspirations of the most ambitious dreamer. To be allowed to render these sacred duties to the men who carried the banner of the Confederacy through the smoke and fire of those four fierce years is glory enough for all of us. And we will always appreciate the privileges which these confer.

"But there is vouchsafed to us another privilege still. We are the representatives of the men who wrought the great achievements of the Confederacy, and it is our proud privilege to have transmitted to us the heritage of the inspiring and beautiful sentiments which cluster around the life of that Confederation. Sentiments are not ethereal only. Sometimes they are the most potent and enduring things in creation. Horace spoke truly when he wrote of his works: 'I have erected a monument more enduring than brass.' It is a sentiment which leads men into the mouths of cannon to protect the honor of their country; it is a sentiment which nerves the hero to walk into the jaws of death to save the life of a fallen comrade; and many of the most powerful springs to human action are sentiments, and sentiments only. Brass will canker into dust; marble will resolve itself into its original elements; the most adamantine of the material things of earth will, in their time, pass away; but the great thoughts, the noble expressions, the pure sentiments of a people will endure for all time. Therefore I say that the greatest heritage which we have from the achievements of our fathers is the fact that we are crowned with the sentimental halo which adorns their past. Let it be our care that we properly appreciate our great privileges. The ancient Roman would point with pride to the fact that he was a citizen of the Eternal City; Grecian poets and orators have enriched the world with tributes to the prowess and beauty of that wonderful nation; the loyal Scot, who can trace his lineage back to the heroes who surrounded Wallace and Bruce, has title clear to preëminence among his fellows; and the heroism of the knightly chevaliers who wrought out England's greatness adorns the greatest of England's nobility to-day in the crests and coats of arms which they proudly preserve and cherish.

"So with us; the descendants of the men who fought and won Bull Run, Seven Pines, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Chancellorsville, Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, the Campaign in the Shenandoah, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and the other great victories of the Confederacy, have a heritage far grander than that of the most noble of noble foreigners, and the magnificent records of the men of the old world shine with no such brilliancy as do those of our fathers.

"Look at the comparison: In the famed charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava the loss was 37½ per cent; one North Carolina regiment in that tempest of fire at Gettysburg lost 85 per cent. At Austerlitz 14 per cent and at Wagram 16 per cent of the French army bit the dust; at Chickamauga the Confederate loss was 29 per cent, and at Franklin 33 per cent. The total loss on both sides in the Crimean, Austro-Prussian, and Franco-Prussian wars was 3 per cent; the Federal loss in the war between the States was 4.7 per cent, while the Confederate loss reached the astounding proportions of 10 per cent. Military authorities of recognized standing say that the bombardment of Sebastopol, which is generally considered one of the fiercest in history, was light compared to that of Fort Fisher. The contending forces at Austerlitz aggregated 170,000 men; those at Gettysburg aggregated 170,000, and those at Chancellorsville 188,000. . . .

"Is our country great? The men who contributed most to her greatness were men from Southern soil. Soldiers, statesmen, diplomats, orators, scientists, and scholars are the products which the South has contributed to its glory. Is there a brilliant period in American history? It is that of the four years' struggle between those gigantic forces of the North and the South. Those years have portrayed in colors more vivid than any others of our history the true strength of our strong and great people. It is for this that we claim preeminence over the men of the Old World.

"And while apparent victory perched upon the banners of the North at the end of that great conflict, the true victory belongs to the South. The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. The verdict of a day cannot withstand the verdict of time. And in the impartial judgment of an impartial world to-day, the true victors in the war between the States were the men who followed Jackson and Lee."

Reports of other proceedings to come in condensed form.

SONS OF VETERANS IN VIRGINIA.

THE MEET AT WYTHEVILLE IN OCTOBER.

E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Commander of the Virginia Division, issues General Order No. 10 from the headquarters of the Virginia Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va.:

1. The Division Commander announces the appointment of the following comrades as members of his official staff for the ensuing year. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

L. W. Ryland, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Richmond.
Williams T. Davis, Quartermaster, Petersburg.
Edwin E. Garrett, Inspector, Leesburg.
Dr. Clarence T. Lewis, Surgeon, Staunton.
W. H. Hurkamp, Commissary, Fredericksburg.
Rev. Dr. H. W. Battle, Chaplain, Petersburg.
W. W. Sale, Judge Advocate, Norfolk.
John Weymouth, Assistant Inspector, Hampton.
Samuel L. Kelley, Assistant Inspector, Richmond.
A. M. Orgain, Jr., Assistant Inspector, Dinwiddie.
E. B. Glover, Assistant Inspector, Berryville.
Joseph Berry, Assistant Inspector, Vienna.
Alfred C. Moore, Assistant Inspector, Wytheville.
J. Balwin Ranson, Assistant Inspector, Staunton.

2. The staff officers can do much to build up our confederation if each one of them will take an active interest in establishing new Camps in their respective localities. They are also expected to keep up the Camps already established and see that they keep up with their *per capita* tax and are active in securing new members.

3. For all information pertaining to the formation of new camps address the headquarters at Richmond, Va.

Division Commander Spence calls a meeting of all the Camps of Sons in the State at Wytheville, Va., October 22-24.

There have been two large Camps of Sons organized since the last meeting of the Division, one at Newport News and one at Portsmouth, and there will be three more organized soon. The Division Commander will appoint the usual number of sponsors and maids of honor to represent the Sons at the Wytheville reunion, which promises to be the best meeting ever held by the Sons.

HARRY GILMOR CAMP, U. S. C. V.

W. M. Anderson writes from Baltimore, Md.:

I am glad to have the privilege of writing that, through the earnest efforts of Miss Kate Mason Rowland, of Towson, Md., and the kind assistance of Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, of this city, we were enabled on Thursday evening, August 14, to organize the Harry Gilmor Camp, United Sons of Confederate Veterans. We had a charter enrollment of sixteen members, and we fully believe that as soon as we can get our application blanks and get in good working order our membership will run up in the hundreds. This is the only Camp in the city, and I think the only one in the State; and as there are a great many sons of good old Confederate soldiers here, we see no reason why in a short time our Camp should not compare very favorably with any in the Union. Professor Shepherd, who, at the close of the war was a captain in one of the North Carolina regiments, opened the meeting, and, after entertaining us for a short while with his recollections of some of the great battles in which he was engaged, turned it over to the members present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Commander; Stephen T. Mason and W. M. Anderson, Lieutenant Commanders; Rev. W. Page Dame, Chaplain; Randolph N. Dame, Color Sergeant; J. Straith Briscoe, Adjutant; Dr. I. Ridgely Trimble, Surgeon; Armstrong Thomas, Quartermaster; Henry A. Shepherd, Treasurer; J. Pierce Bruns, Historian.

Our next meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 8.

MEMORIAL DAY DISCRIMINATION.

Maj. T. O. Chestney writes from Macon, Ga.:

At the risk of being considered tiresomely literal I want to call your attention to the heading of the article in the Daughters' Department of the July VETERAN, "Decoration Day in the South." Won't you explain that the word "Decoration" has no application to Memorial Day at the South? Memorial Day is exclusively Southern by legislative acts and historical use; while Decoration Day is the official designation of the "Grand Army" for the 30th of May, and by Congressional action, and is generally so recognized at the North. The title in each case fitly demonstrates the difference between the hallowed Memorial and the triumphant Decoration, and every Southern should know how the custom of observing the day at the South originated. We should not get confused in such points as these, and I am sure you intend the VETERAN always to speak accurately in referring to them. We always look out for our old friend Herbst's grave on Memorial Day (the 26th of April), but he would rise up and protest if we mixed him up with Decoration Day (the 30th of May).

Jouett P. Smith, of McCormick, S. C., writes:

Some old soldiers in this section were prisoners at Elmira, N. Y., where many deaths and burials occurred. I never see mention made of the Confederate dead at that place. Kindly give us some information about our dead at Elmira.

THE U. D. C. CONVENTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

Mrs. Thomas B. Pugh, Napoleonville, La., writes:

As President of the Louisiana Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, I take pleasure in assuring those interested in the Convention to be held in New Orleans, commencing November 12, that the active, enthusiastic New Orleans Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, has secured the Hotel Grunewald as headquarters for the Convention to be held in that city. The rates, soon to be made known specifically through the chairman of the Board of Information, are extremely reasonable, and the accommodations unexceptionable. For those who do not care to be at a hotel, many convenient private boarding houses will be open.

The energetic President of the New Orleans Chapter, Mrs. F. G. Ferrel, has her committees well organized and actively engaged in the work of their respective departments. No stone will be left unturned to make the Convention to be held in the Crescent City a brilliant one.

It has been my pleasure to entertain in my country home Miss Cora Richardson, the efficient chairman of the Bureau of Information, and I am sure everything possible will be done for the pleasure and benefit of those who may attend the Convention.

Trusting the Daughters of the Confederacy from every State in which our glorious order has raised its standard will rally to the work so dear to us, so fraught with good to our day and generation, and assuring all of a hearty welcome from the Daughters of Louisiana, I am, with best wishes for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

MRS. M. T. BELL, OF HOPE, ARK.

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our friend and colaborer, Mrs. M. T. Bell; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Bell we, the members of the Pat Cleburne Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy have lost a valued member, one who was at all times ready and willing to assist in all enterprises of the Chapter, of which she was a charter member.

Resolved, That the sympathies of the Pat Cleburne Chapter as a whole, and members as individuals, be extended to the family of the deceased in this their great bereavement.

Signed by Mrs. Sallie Hicks, President, and Mrs. Annie Duckett, Acting Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY CAMP BEE, AT FORNEY.

Whereas it has been the custom of some writers and speakers, in discussing the causes that brought on the war between the States, to use the phrase "we thought we were right;" and whereas the use of said phrase is not only repugnant to the old Confederate soldier and Southern people generally, but is deceptive and misleading, and also a stigma on the gallant dead who sacrificed their lives for that sacred cause; and whereas said phrase naturally creates the impression on the uninformed mind that the South was wrong, that her sacrifices were vain; now therefore be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Camp "that we were right," and we hereby recommend to all ex-Confederate soldiers everywhere adherence to the fact "that WE WERE RIGHT, and that we hand it as a sacred truth to our posterity, with the admonition that those who died for its cause died in the cause of right."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

WISE WORDS ABOUT SOUTHERN HISTORY.

Hon. Robert Neill writes from Batesville, Ark.:

Your editorial reference on page 298 of the July VETERAN to the limited sale of General French's book, "Two Wars," moves me to add my mite of commendation of that most admirable book. I bought the volume from you many months ago, and have read and reread it with absorbing interest, and have loaned it to several veterans, who are enthusiastic in its praise. The history of the author's service in the war with Mexico and the battles of Resaca de la Palma, Palo Alto, and Buena Vista is alone worth the price of the entire book.

It seems to me a reflection on their intelligence and fidelity to the principles for which we fought that the great mass of the surviving Confederate soldiery are so indifferent and careless in the matter of perpetuating and vindicating the truth of history—OUR HISTORY.

The adverse criticism of General French's book by General Boynton ought to help the sale of the volume. It strikes me that Boynton's complaint of what he calls General French's "somewhat too frequent flings at Yankees" is not well taken. General French would have been less than human, and have given evidence that the blood in his veins was not red, had he not resented and made a record of the treatment accorded his mother on her return from the South to her native home in New Jersey by the cowardly miscreants of that New Jersey town. The fact that General French was of Northern birth and rearing, but, having married a Southern woman and made his home in the South several years before the war between the States, drew his sword in defense of the home of his wife and children, from my standpoint redounds to his honor.

MORE ABOUT THE SUIT AGAINST THE C. M. A.

The suit brought by J. C. Underwood against the Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association has created a thorough sensation among the Southern people. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* prints a long special from New York, in which the following schedule is given: "Underwood charges the Association with $46,519.24 for commissions, $6,333.33 for salary, $2,333.33 for personal expenses, $2,750 for office expenses, $721.78 for sundries, $518.41 for special office sundries, $2,065.17 interest, $500 for extra expenses in effecting a compromise of the defendant's claim against the Marcus Daly estate, and $348.66 for money expended in connection with the Robert E. Lee portrait. This claim was assigned to the plaintiff Shaughnessy on August 13 last, who demands judgment for this amount from the Association."

Editorially the *Times-Democrat* says: "We wonder what the grim, gray men who fought with Lee and Jackson and Beauregard and Johnston and Forrest think of a secretary of a Confederate Memorial Association getting such a salary for such purposes? What, may we ask, would the great and good men whose memory it is intended to perpetuate have thought of the employment of such methods to raise a Confederate memorial fund? . . . How humiliating is the effort now in certain circles to coin money out of the sacred memories of the Confederate soldier!"

In copying the foregoing literally it is not intended to convey the idea that such is as exact as the odd cents to nearly every item might indicate. The VETERAN has reliable information that, of the $20,000 balance paid by the Daly estate in a compromise, one-half was retained by the Superintendent for himself and the lawyers. The Lee portrait on which he claims credit for expending $348.66 is the one donated by Professor Andrews, who has not had deserved credit. The amount for salary does not, evidently, include several thousand dollars paid by Mr. Rouss.

WISE WORDS BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

"I hold it to be certain that all the loyalty, all the patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice were not any more than all the courage on the victor's side. Lee represented, individualized, all that was highest and best in the Southern mind, and the Confederate cause, the loyalty to State, the keen sense of honor and personal obligation, the slightly archaic, the almost patriarchal love of dependent family and home. I look forward with confidence to the time when the bronze effigy of Robert E. Lee, mounted on his charger, and with its insignia of his Confederate rank, will, from its pedestal in the nation's capital look across the Potomac at his old home at Arlington. When that time comes Lee's monument will typify the historical appreciation of all that goes to make up the loftiest type of character, military and civic, exemplified in an opponent, once dreaded, but ever respected.

TRIBUTE TO DR. PALMER BY A RABBI.

Rev. Isaac L. Leucht, rabbi of the Touro Synagogue, referred very feelingly to the recent death of the late Dr. B. M. Palmer at his usual service. In the course of the prayer he delivered the following remarks: "May it not be that our trials and visitations tend to our good, and the pains and the joys here on earth are only hues and colors upon the canvas of creation pointing toward the ideal, for the highest within the grasp of man? Thus, Father, we view the death of the great preacher who was carried to his rest only a few days ago, and here, in this sacred place, we are privileged to do him honor. Not of our flesh and blood, he was ours as well. Not of 'my people,' he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Not a Jew, he was a child of they covenant made with our sires, upholding its blessed principles to the end of his sainted life. He was a mighty monarch in the empire of thought and piety, where the sun never set until his heart stood still, and even its afterglow will never sink into the sea of oblivion. O Father, even we, thy children, stand mourning at his bier. He was our friend, and in us he loved the very source of his faith. Thus, O Father, we place loving forget-me-nots upon the shrine of memory, and there they shall not pale or wither as long as we ourselves love the good, true, and noble here on earth. With this Sabbath eve let sweet hope enter our homes and our hearts. Let us toil on and never despair; let us strive and never be despondent. The storm will pass, and the rain of sorrow will cease. Thus, gracious God, we again welcome the Sabbath day. It shall remind us of thy light, thy peace, and thy truth, which shall not fail us as long as we lift our souls unto the light whence cometh help now and at all time. Amen."

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

President of the Confederate States of America,

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

Know ye, That, reposing special trust and confidence in the Integrity, Ability, and Punctuality of Wm H. Halliburton I do appoint him Chief Collector for the State of Arkansas, under the Act of Congress to authorise the a War Tax for their redemption, and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfil the duties of that Office, according to Law; and to have and to hold the said Office, with all the powers, privileges, and emoluments to the same of right appertaining unto him, the said Wm H. Halliburton until the expiration of this Provisional Government.

In testimony whereof, I have caused these Letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the Confederate States to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the City of ~~Montgomery~~, the Richmond, this 23d day of September in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty = one

Jefferson Davis

BY THE PRESIDENT:

R M T Hunter

Secretary of State.

COL. W. H. HALLIBURTON.

One of the most venerable men at the Dallas reunion was Col. W. H. Halliburton, of DeWitt, Ark. Although well advanced toward the century mark, he is erect and ripe in the philosophy of life.

Colonel Halliburton, though not a soldier in the field, did his part in another sphere, and he had with him a commission signed by the President and R. M. T. Hunter, Secretary of State, which is copied herein. The written part of authority extends beyond the print of margin an dis lost. The style of type and phraseology are characteristic of that period.

WAS ON SCOUT WITH SAM DAVIS.

The following from Newman Cayce, Esq., Columbus, Miss., was in type for the last VETERAN:

I am just in receipt of my CONFEDERATE VETERAN for June, and notice mention therein of the movement to erect on the capitol grounds at Nashville a monument in memoriam of that heroic son of Tennessee and of our beloved Southland, Sam Davis.

I am glad of an opportunity for contributing my mite to this movement so gloriously just and so justly glorious, and inclose herewith five dollars for that purpose.

It was my proud privilege to be at the side of Sam Davis in probably the last fighting he was permitted to do for the cause dearer than life, and for which his young life was so heroically given. My being with him was purely accidental, and might have never been recalled but for the account of his capture and death sometime since in the VETERAN.

In November, 1863, the regiment of which I was a member, the Fourth Alabama Cavalry (commanded by Col. W. A. Johnson), crossed the Tennessee River below Decatur, Ala., to make a raid on the enemy's communications along the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, between Stevenson and Nashville. After nightfall, near Athens, Ala., a scout of six men, under command of Lieut. Cal J. Hyatt, was ordered to go in the direction of Fayetteville and Winchester, Tenn., and watch the movements of the enemy, then stationed in force at Pulaski and Columbia, Tenn., in their probable efforts to get in the rear of our raiding column, when its presence became known. This scout consisted of Lieut. Cal J. Hyatt, John B. McKinney, Will McKinney, James Nugent, Tom Weaver, Frank Callahan, and myself. We were to get as a guide a loyal Southerner living a few miles north of Athens, Ala. When we reached the home of our expected guide (ten o'clock at night), we found that he was unable to accompany us, a member of his family being dangerously ill; but he said to us: "I think I can get you a guide. There is a Confederate scout who came in here this evening, perfectly reliable and familiar with the country. I will see him." He left us a short while, and returned with a young man whom he introduced to us as "Sam Davis." Young Davis very kindly consented to accompany us, saying that he was going to that section any way. It was quite a dark night and raining; but under the leadership of our guide we rode without delay, and reached the town of Fayetteville, Tenn., early the next morning, and got breakfast at a hotel on the southeast corner of the public square. Our landlord was an old citizen of the place, and was an acquaintance of Sam Davis. After breakfast our squad divided, Lieut. Hyatt, John B. McKinney, Will McKinney, and James Nugent going in the direction of Winchester, Tenn., while Tom Weaver, Frank Callahan, Sam Davis, and I rode in a northwest direction, along the Tullahoma road. Our squad was to meet that night, if practicable, at a farmhouse about three miles northeast from Fayetteville. We rode out the Tullahoma road about eight miles, and, returning, took dinner at a farmer's house about six miles from Fayetteville. The lady whose hospitality we enjoyed was an acquaintance, and I think perhaps a relative, of Davis. We met our comrades at the rendezvous agreed on, and remained there that night. Early next morning we started to Fayetteville, and intersected about a mile southeast of Fayetteville the Huntsville and Fayetteville road near the bank of a river. Riding

on toward Fayetteville, the road was, for a short distance, near the river bank, and then extended along the base of some high hills on the east until about opposite the town, then turned abruptly to the west. About forty yards from this abrupt turn we crossed a small creek, and ascended the slope of the hill toward the courthouse. For some distance high old-fashioned rail fences were on either side of the road and concealed us from view on either side, but they obstructed our view as well. Sam Davis and I were a short distance ahead of our comrades, I suppose about fifty yards, and as we rode around the turn of the road west we discovered the head of a column of Federal cavalry. They had just reached this little creek, and their horses were drinking, the riders' heads being inclined downward. They had not seen us. The remainder of their column extended back the road toward town. Davis and I instantly drew our pistols and opened fire upon the head of the Federal column in the creek. They did not see us until we fired upon them, and they were very much confused for a few moments. By the time we had emptied our pistols their officers had rallied them, and they charged us. As we galloped back down the Huntsville road Sam laughingly commented upon the antics of some of the Federals as we were shooting at them. We galloped on the Huntsville road to our comrades, and until we passed out of the lane, then turned eastward in the woods between the hills. The Federals did not follow us very far, and we returned and watched their movements until they returned westward. That night our scout went southward to meet our column near Huntsville, Ala.

During our ride of two nights and days I was much of the time with Sam Davis, and had become very much attached to him. I had recognized his brave, gentle, noble spirit. All the qualities of a dauntless, heroic comradeship were so manifest in him that I parted with him very regretfully, and as I clasped his hand, bidding him good-by, I said: "Sam, can't you go out with us?" He replied: "No, I am not ready to go yet. I am one of some special scouts for Gen. Bragg. We were sent to ascertain the location of the Federal troops in Middle Tennessee, the strength of the garrisons and of the works. My comrades are now in the vicinity of Columbia and Pulaski. I have some information, but I must see them and get what information they have, and then I will go back to the army. If I cross the Tennessee River anywhere in reach, I will try to see you." This was the first intimation I had of his special duty, and I appreciated the great honor and recognition of soldierly qualities manifest by such selection. All of this was recalled to my memory when I read in the Veteran some time since the account of his death and the special service he was on when captured.

We parted. I went southward to rejoin my command, and he went northward to an eternal immortality of glory. I never heard of his capture and death, and but for the account in the Veteran would probably have never recalled my being with the brave, gentle boy.

I have never understood why he should have been treated as a spy. When he was with me, which could not have been more than a few days before his capture, he was in Confederate uniform, and was engaged in the proper and legitimate duty of a soldier. He was inside the enemy's lines, clad in his Confederate uniform, ascertaining the location of the enemy, their strength, and the strength of their works, and the mere fact of his success in his daring venture ought not to have changed him from a scout to a spy. I am glad that it was my privilege to meet him, and proud to have been with him under fire, and shall cherish as long as memory endures the remembrance of his friendship.

Memorial Day at Clinton, La.—The new Memorial Day, June 3, was fittingly observed at Clinton, La. The Daughters and Camp of Sons of Veterans took charge. At 10:30 a.m. the people assembled in the courthouse yard, when Mr. R. F. Walker, marshal of the day, formed the following order of procession: First, the old Veterans; second, the Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; third, Joe Wheeler Camp, C. S. V.; fourth, citizens. They marched to the Clinton cemetery, where a large platform had been erected, on which the choir, officers, and speakers took their seats, the large assemblage of citizens forming around it. Prayer was offered by Rev. F. W. Lewis. Gen. George H. Packwood, the orator of the day, in a patriotic address, referred to the death of the grand old patriot and Christian, Dr. Palmer. He reviewed the time when the Hunter Rifles left there, on April 30, 1861, over forty-one years ago. That company was one hundred and sixty strong. I went to New Orleans, where two companies were formed, and both were attached to the Fourth Louisiana Regiment. Only three of that number were present.

RE-ENLISTMENT IN ARMY OF TENN.

Col. George C. Porter, commander of the Sixth Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division, writes concerning an article in the April Veteran (1902), page 175, on the subject of reënlistments by Col. William D. Pickett, of General Hardee's staff, stating that the reenlistment movement started in Vaughan's Brigade and that if it was by regiments the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Regiment, Tennessee, was the first to reënlist. Col. Porter states that:

Col. Pickett, with due deference, is mistaken in regard to this important historical fact. I am satisfied he only desires a correct solution of the matter, so that the honor may be given to whom it rightfully belongs.

This reënlistment movement began in the Sixth and Ninth Tennessee Regiments and in Capt. Robert C. Williamson's Company, the Somerville Avengers. This company was the first one in the whole army at Dalton, Ga., to reënlist, and was sworn in by myself. It was done about dark, and before nine o'clock the entire regiment had been sworn in for the war. The subject of reënlistment and reorganization of the army had been discussed for weeks and was becoming a serious matter to those in authority, and the movement was set on foot by Serg. Edward Seymour, of the Avengers, who wanted a furlough to visit his home in West Tennessee. came to my tent with Capt. Williamson and did so, reënlist he would get him a furlough. He (Seymour) came to my tent with Capt. Wililamson and did so, being sworn in as required by law. Capt. Williamson then said he would go back to his company and see if others would not follow the example of Seymour. In

a short time the company came in a body to my headquarters and reënlisted. The movement then became general throughout the regiment, and in a short time my whole command had reënlisted for the war. All of this statement can be substantiated by proof, placing the matter beyond any doubt or possibility of error. This subject is now in the hands of a committee from the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville, which I hope will make a full investigation of it, and report the result of their action at an early day.

GALLANT AND FAITHFUL OFFICER.

Capt. J. H. George was born July 4, 1827, in Iredell County, N. C. When he was five years of age his parents removed to Georgia, remaining there two years, thence to South Carolina, and after several years came to Lincoln County, Tenn. He attended the common schools of his section, and when a man held several minor offices.

In 1861 he volunteered and was made captain of Company D, Forty-First Tennessee Infantry; was mustered into service on November 4, 1861, at Camp Trousdale. He returned home soon after, on leave of absence, and was married, November 26, 1861, to Miss M. J. Halbert. He reported to his command soon afterwards. It was ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., under Gen. A. S. Johnston, hence to Russellville, Ky., and on to Fort Donelson under General Buckner. The regiment was surrendered with the army there February 16, 1862. With other officers, he was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, thence to Johnson's Island, where he remained as prisoner of war until September 1 of the same year. His men were held at Camp Morton. The officers and soldiers were sent to Vicksburg, Miss., at the same time and exchanged. He saw service in Mississippi and Louisiana up to May, 1863, when, on account of bad health, he was discharged and returned to Tennessee.

After regaining his health, Captain George reentered the service as captain of a cavalry company, part of a regiment which was organized near the Tennessee River by Col. W. N. Nixon (?), of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., and known as Nixon's Regiment, and was soon attached to Col. Bell's brigade under Gen. N. B. Forrest.

Captain George was in command of the regiment at the time General Forrest made that notable raid in West Tennessee on the Tennessee River, capturing a large number of Federal transports, in which he did active service. He was also with the command on General Woods's raid into Middle Tennessee, and on the retreat to Corinth. From that time on he saw service through Mississippi and Alabama up to the close of the war. He was paroled with General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 12, 1865. Returning home to Lincoln County, Tenn., he engaged in farming up to 1900, when he removed to Hunt County, Tex.

Crosses of Honor Bestowed in St. Louis.—Dr. J. J. Miller, a St. Louis Veteran, states: "I am wearing my cross of honor proudly, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, with great humility. When I think of the heroic self-sacrifice, the untiring labor, the patient waiting for the shock of impending calamity, which were endured by the women of the South during the war, and of their unselfish devotion in caring for the Veteran and in perpetuating the memory of his deeds and the dead of our Daughters since the war, I feel that our chiefest acts pale into insignificance. You, the United Daughters, lovingly place upon our breasts the 'Southern Cross of Honor;' we, the U. C. V., would proudly place upon your devoted heads a 'crown of glory.'"

Doctor Palmer and Henry Ward Beecher.—In a fine tribute to the late Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, Rev. Dr. T. A. Hoyt, in the *Christian Observer,* tells this story of his school days: "Dr. Palmer was a native of South Carolina, as were Thornwell and Girardeau, at a time when South Carolina boasted of such men as Calhoun, Cheever, Hayne, Legaré, Preston, McDuffie, Hampton. His family having ancestral ties with New England, he was sent as a student to Amherst, where he met Stuart Robinson and Henry Ward Beecher. The newspapers having widely published the statement that Palmer and Beecher became warm friends in college, it is proper that the following incident should be related, which will reveal the nature of the relations between them: They were attached to a literary society, the members of which were bound by a solemn pledge not to disclose what occurred at its meetings. One of the exercises consisted of the reading by the secretary of anonymous papers which had been deposited in a box at the door. A paper was read at one of the meetings which contained caustic but humorous criticisms of the professors. Consistent with his natural instincts, Beecher betrayed his fellow-members by informing the faculty. At the next meeting of the society an order was read forbidding the exercise, whereupon Palmer, then about fifteen years of age, moved that the paper conveying the order be put under the table, alleging that the faculty could not know of the exercise except through the treachery of one of the students, and that it was unworthy of the dignity of the professors to accept perjured testimony as evidence. The president was afraid to put the motion to vote, but two members held him in the chair while the question was put and carried. Beecher promptly carried this story to the faculty, with the result that Palmer was expelled from the college. These facts were narrated by Dr. Stuart Robinson, and, upon inquiry, confirmed by Dr. Palmer. Dr. Robinson, in telling it, remarked that it showed 'the boy to be the father of the man;' that Palmer displayed at that early age the high qualities of honor and courage which marked his life."

In closing the exercises of the meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Monteagle on August 5, 1902, Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald spoke briefly, and about as follows:

"I feel like repeating my short creed: I love everybody in the world—some more than others. The blessed women before me at this moment may classify themselves. No higher type of womanhood has ever been known on earth than the *ante-bellum* womanhood of the South. These women are the worthy daughters of worthy mothers. The time is coming when the nations shall learn war no more; the promise of its coming is made by Him to whom is given all power in heaven and earth, who is the Prince of Peace. The prayer of my heart is, that we may through grace abiding and abounding obtain admission into that city of God where neither the blue nor the gray will separate redeemed souls, where the sable robes of grief will be exchanged for the white robes that symbolize unending purity and peace, and where no drum beat shall call brothers to arms. This hope is the joy of our hearts and the inspiration of our prayer of thanksgiving to-day."

SKETCH OF DAVID OWEN DODD,

The youngest known hero and martyr to courage and honor, who died on the scaffold during the "great war of the States."

Mrs. William Kersh, President David O. Dodd Chapter, U. D. C., Pine Bluff, Ark.:

Whoever rescues from oblivion the name of a noble character performs a service to humanity. We commend the memory of that youthful martyr and unknown hero, David Owen Dodd, who was hanged January 8, 1864, by the Federal authorities at Little Rock, Ark., during the "great war" of the States.

It has ever been woman's pleasure to honor the brave. In doing so the U. D. C. No. 212, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas Division, decided upon the name of that humble, unknown hero, and youthful martyr to honor and courage for their Chapter—viz., "David O. Dodd."

Selections from an elaborate sketch published several years ago by Mr. M. C. Morris quite revive that of Sam Davis.

"David Owen Dodd was a young son of Pine Bluff, Ark., whose parents had refugeed to Texas, and he was sent back to Saline County, Ark., about fifteen miles southwest of Little Rock, Ark., to settle some business matters. Young Dodd procured a pass from Gen. J. F. Fagan, commanding the Confederate Cavalry in that section, to pass the pickets on Saline River. He jocularly told the boy, whom he had known from childhood, that, as he knew the country, he would expect him to find out all about the enemy and report on his return." With an ambition to comply David went into Little Rock, appearing to be in search of business, and during the time informed himself as fully as practicable, mixing much with the Federals. When ready to go, he applied to Gen. Steele, commanding the Federal army, for a pass to go to the country. The pass was procured, and he left the city on the old military road, going southwest. He passed both the infantry and the cavalry pickets, but the pass was taken up according to rule. Unhappily, he afterwards was met by a foraging party of Federals, who examined him and found, secreted in his boots, papers of importance. He was taken to Little Rock, and Gen. Steele had him placed under heavy guard. He was court martialed, charged with being a spy, and declared guilty.

The history compares equally with that of Sam Davis. David was offered his life and freedom if he would give the source of his information, but he with unfeigned courage refused to betray the confidence, and suffered death.

On the day appointed for his execution there was anguish among the citizens, for they knew the lad and his family. Gen. Steele in person made a plea for him to divulge the traitor in his camp, but David would not. He could not be influenced to accept the many and corrupt offers—terrible temptations to put before one so young and so full a life.

It is stated that ten thousand soldiers under arms were around the scaffold, many of whom refused to witness the scene, turning their backs to the scaffold: others, who saw the execution, have borne witness to the preserved manly courage and sublimity of the action, by which the promise of life was thrust away, because it involved the sacrifice of personal honor.

David's letter to his parents and sisters is truly pathetic:

"MILITARY PRISON, LITTLE ROCK, January 8, 1864.
Ten o'clock A.M.

"*My Dear Parents and Sisters:* I was arrested as a spy, tried, and sentenced to be hung to-day at three o'clock. The time is fast approaching, but, thank God! I am prepared to die. I expect to meet you all in heaven. I will soon be out of this world of sorrow and trouble. I would like to see you all before I die, but let God's will be done, not ours. I pray God to give you strength to bear your troubles while in this world. I hope God will receive you in heaven, where I can meet you. Mother, I know it will be hard for you to give up your only son, but you must remember it is God's will. Good-by. God will give you strength to bear your trouble. I pray that we meet in heaven. Good-by. God bless you all! Your son and brother,

DAVID O. DODD."

Soon after the execution Frank Henry began a subscription to erect a monument in his honor, but he died, and his father took it up, and, being assisted by the patriotic women of Little Rock, procured a modest marble slab, on which is inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of David O. Dodd. Born in Lavaca County, Tex., November 10, 1846. Died January 8, 1864."

The character of this martyred youth deserves greater prominence than this. In a letter to the *Arkansas Gazette*, inclosing his check for $100, Col. S. W. Fordyce, who was a Federal officer, writes: "It is certainly and ought to be a labor of love to revere the memory of brave and self-sacrificing men the world over."

Without detracting any honor from the brave Sam Davis, our Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy thinks that David O. Dodd was the greater hero because he was the younger, only seventeen years of age, too young to be a soldier, and he was equally a martyr to honor, even without being accustomed and hardened to the terrors of war, or the agonizing scenes of death.

All honor and glory to the lasting name of our hero! the youngest known martyr who suffered death on the scaffold during the "great war of the States"—the youthful and unknown, David Owen Dodd.

Years and years the grass has blossomed,
Faded, died his grave upon;
Years and years, yet not forgotten:
Mem'ries such as his live on.

BOY COMPANY OF THE FORTY-FIFTH ALABAMA.—My company was called the "Boy Company" as well as the color company, as it bore upon its roster probably a dozen under the age of fifteen, and probably twice as many under eighteen, and many were the pranks played upon these youngsters, and as for sickness and hard service we bore it as well as those toughened by maturer years.

On inspection in Dalton, Ga., Capt. Buck, of Cleburne's staff, had a way of pitching the gun back which made it look to us little fellows like a piece of artillery coming our way; and despite the firm brace of the feet to catch it, we would weaken and the force of the gun would almost carry us out of line, which afforded a little merriment, and with a smothered laugh from Capt. Buck he would pass to the next with similar re-

sult. On a forced night march in Georgia a very hard rain saluted us, the mud clung to us with the tenacity of a brother, and its fond embrace carried us down. One little fellow, very short of stature, could scarcely be seen below his shoulder. The men in the adjoining company sung out to us: "Go back, Company C, an' git your man; when we saw him last only his hat was in sight, and he was still gwine down!"

The above reminiscence is from C. C. Hay.

Charles Carter Hay, named for his grandfather, Charles Carter, of Washington, Ga., from whom the appellation of "more than Carter had oats" took its origin, was born in Stewart County, Ga., shortly after his uncle, Thomas Berry, died in Columbus, Ga., while its mayor, in 1848. This Carter Guards or color company of the Forty-Fifth Alabama, whereof he speaks, was drilled by him at Enon, Ala., in 1861, with the aid of the late Rev. J. B. Cottrell, who appointed him first lieutenant of cadets at Glennville. His company, the Carter Guards, was organized the next year at Auburn, Ala., and merged into the aforesaid regiment. He assisted Col. Treutlen in raising the Glennville Guards, and subsequently assisted in recruiting it. He was its drillmaster in 1861, when it became a member of the Fifteenth Alabama at Fort Mitchell, Ala. Mr. Hay, whose *nom de plume* is "Dried Grass," is the brother of a distinguished United States naval officer, a striking coincidence in connection with which is preserved in a picture of the only children of the Georgia family—one in United States naval uniform and the other a very young Confederate in gray.

Comrade Hay certainly ranks high as one of the youngest Confederates. Born in 1848, a drillmaster of the Carter Guards at Enon, Ala., at the age of eleven years, he was trained as a soldier in childhood. He entered the Confederate service at thirteen years, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, before he was fifteen. He was orderly sergeant of his company at the time, although he had declined two offers for commission as lieutenant. He received one Mexican silver dollar for his four years' service.

For some time after the war he served as Private Secretary to Hon. Alex H. Stephens to whose uncle, Dr. Gilbert Hay, Mr. Stephens was debtor, in part, for his education.

THAT "RIDE INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH."

W. T. Moore, Commander of J. W. Throckmorton Camp, U. C. V., at McKinney, Tex., writes:

Comrade H. H. Hockersmith, of South Union, Ky., in the June VETERAN asks who was the fearless rider at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou late in December, 1862. That soldier (my brother) is still living, although it seemed a great miracle that he was permitted to get through that "ride" safely. He is Rev. James A. Moore, now residing at Clarksville, Tex.

When Sherman's army landed at Chickasaw Bayou he was suffering intensely with huge carbuncles. He belonged to Johnston's Section of Company A, First Mississippi Artillery, and could not do service at the guns, so he offered his services to Col. W. T. Withers, Chief of Artillery, and acted as a courier for him. When asked about the perilous undertaking, he said to Col. Withers that, although feeling there was but one chance in a thousand for him, he would try it. The unseen hand of Him who doeth all things well was there and preserved his life, that in after years he might preach the gospel to a dying world.

He is a native of Mississippi. He first enlisted with the Brown Rebels, named for and commanded by ex-Governor and ex-United States Senator Albert Gallatin Brown, of Terry, Miss. The company became H of the Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry. On account of an old wound in the leg which gave him much trouble, he applied directly to the Secretary of War for a transfer to my company, which was granted. At the battle of Baker's Creek he was put in charge of the forage wagon, but left the wagon in charge of our servant, and mounted a fast horse and acted as courier for Gen. Loring and Col. Withers, and when some of our troops gave way he rallied as many as he could, and offered to lead them into the fight. He went into the lines at Vicksburg, and after three days of separation we met again. After we were exchanged the company was commanded by Capt. W. T. Ratliff, who is now living at Raymond, Miss. My brother was made quartermaster sergeant. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., May 4, 1865. He came to Texas in 1873, and has been a citizen of this State ever since. He sometimes speaks of that ride. He is a true Confederate, and always will be so long as God gives him life.

RICHARD W. WILDAY GIVEN THE CREDIT.

R. N. Rea, of Brunette, La., writes:

In your June issue I notice an inquiry from Comrade H. H. Hockersmith for the name of the bold rider who carried a dispatch from the extreme right of our line to the left at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou.

In reply, I have to say that Serg. Maj. Richard W. Wilday, of the Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, made just such a ride as represented on that occasion. He was from Yazoo County, and soon after this event a lady sent to the regiment a pair of socks, with the request that they be given to the bravest soldier in our regiment. He was presented with the socks for the successful performance of this daring deed of valor.

I am almost sure that Sergeant Wilday is the soldier referred to, as I never heard of two like deeds being performed on that eventful day.

Sergeant Wilday, after the close of the war, emigrated to California, and died of consumption. He was a lawyer, a personal friend of mine, and I do not think that there was a better or braver soldier in the service.

PATHETIC STORY ABOUT J. C. CLOUGH.

A note from Dry Grove, Miss., states:

There occurred a pathetic incident during the seven days' battle around Richmond well worthy of record in Confederate literature. A year or two previous to the war a young man, John C. Clough, came from Ohio to Mississippi and engaged in teaching school in Copiah County, and was so engaged when hostilities commenced between the North and South. Unlike many others from the North sojourning in the South at that time, he volunteered his services in the Southern cause, joined the Eighteenth Regiment, Mississippi Volunteers, went to Virginia, and proved himself as gallant a soldier as wore the gray.

During our encampment around Richmond, and just

before the ball opened which ushered in that memorable struggle, Comrade Clough learned that one of his brothers, a member of an Ohio regiment, was in the Federal army then menacing Richmond. Learning by some means of each other's identity, with their respective commands, they sought and obtained permission through the proper channels to meet on the lines. But that meeting, alas! was destined never to take place. Just before that the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment was ordered into the Malvern Hill fight, and while resting in a skirt of timber fronting Malvern Hill and waiting for the order to advance, a shell from the Federal batteries came tearing through the timber, exploded just before reaching our lines, and a fragment struck Comrade Charles Hester, killing him almost instantly, and tearing away Clough's leg near the knee, from which he bled to death before the field hospital could be reached or surgical attention obtained. It was only a few minutes later that the regiment advanced to the attack, through an open field, and left perhaps half of its number dead or wounded on the field.

Concerning What Mississippi Is Doing for Confederates.—Robert E. Houston, Esq., Aberdeen, Miss., gives statistics that conform to those published in June, and adds: "We have quite a number of colored servants who deserve and receive pensions. As we were among the pioneers in aiding disabled Confederates, we feel that great injustice had been done us in the house of our friends.

The Veteran repeats its source of authority for the statement over which these controversies arose. The same inquiries were sent to all Treasurers of the Southern States. The answers were prompt, and evidently were intended to be accurate. The general showing is creditable to all the States that were once Confederate.

RETURNING FROM THE DALLAS REUNION.

In a paper by Charlie Lofland to the Paducah (Ky.) *News-Democrat,* he says:

Standing on the platform of a chair car, one of eighteen coaches, on the writer's return from the Dallas reunion, indulging propensity for whiffs, as even in the smoker lady passengers were seated, a tall, commanding-looking Veteran, with star on his collar, was crossing from one coach to another, when he noticed my Tennessee badge, and said: "I enlisted in Tennessee at Clarksville myself." After a close scrutiny, he said: "Well, it is no use trying any longer. I can't recall who you are, and give it up. What's your name?" "Charlie Lofland," said I. "And mine is Rufe Cruse." . . . It was our first meeting for forty years, and both had changed from spare-made, youthful striplings. As barefoot boys we had played truant together, paddled "skimmers," and gone bathing in the Cumberland River, knocked the middle man, spun tops, etc. I enlisted, being the necessary eighteen years, while Rufe was refused the privilege on account of his youth; but a year afterwards he joined Company B, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by Capt. William Marr, under Morgan. From the day my company—Company A, Forty-Ninth Tennessee—left Clarksville until then we had not met, and it was all the more surprising and happy, as I had mourned Rufe as dead since the end of the war. Though Rufe at reunions wears a major's star, it indicates his rank only in the U. C. V., as he during the war was only a private, and proud of it. He is on the staff of Gen. A. J. West, of Georgia. Mr. Cruse is now a resident of Covington, Ga. He was with General Morgan at Greeneville, Tenn., when the latter was killed.

THIRD FLORIDA REGIMENT.

M. Roberts, of Chelsea, Ind. T., writes that our glory is of moral courage and fortitude shown in the unequaled contest for what we then believed to be right, and which belief forty years of subsequent history has not changed. I was sergeant of Company F, Third Florida Infantry, which was one of the regiments organized early in 1861, and did service along the coast at Fernandina, Talbot Island, St. John's Bar, and Cedar Keys, until the coast was abandoned by our forces after the fall of Port Royal, S. C., in February, 1862.

We were then reorganized and sent to the Army of Tennessee. We did provost duty at Mobile from May until some time in July, 1862, and were ordered to Chattanooga, there brigaded and placed in Patton Anderson's Division. We participated in the campaign of Kentucky, fought the battle of Perryville on the 8th of October, 1862, and were in all the marches and battles of the Army of Tennesssee.

We were put in Breckenridge's Division and sent with him to Jackson, Miss., to form part of the army that was organized to relieve Pemberton at Vicksburg. We got only to the Big Black River when Pemberton surrendered. We then fell back to Jackson and fought the Yanks there one Sunday morning, and licked them, but, for some cause we soldiers did not know, we fell back to Brandon Station, where by a general order quite a number of the boys got furloughs. This soldier was one of the lucky ones. Breckenridge was ordered back to Tennessee, and got to Chickamauga in time for the big fight. I tried to stop these Yankee bullets at the same time on the morning of the 20th of September, and they stopped me for the balance of the year 1863.

When I returned to my command I found it in camp at Dalton, Ga. We remained in camp until April, when Sherman advanced and commenced that continuous battle that ended at Lovejoy. Then came the long march into Tennessee with Hood, the terrible battle at Franklin, and the great disaster at Nashville. That was the last of my fighting. I had a sore foot, and a whole crowd of Yanks got in the road and told me that if I did not stop they would shoot. Well, I stayed in Camp Chase till the 12th of June, 1865.

CONCERNING THE TWELFTH MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. Jim English is entirely correct as to the time and place of the organization of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment. He and I both were members of that regiment, I of the company from Raymond, and he of the company from Port Gibson. I remember leaving Raymond on the 29th of April, 1861, and reaching Corinth early in May, where we were organized in the

regiment with nine other companies under the command of Col. Griffith.

About the 1st of June the regiment was sent to Union City, Tenn., and from there to Virginia. The first half of the regiment, including both of our companies, reached Manassas Junction on the morning of July 22, 1861, after the battle was over. We were in hearing of the battle nearly all day Sunday, but by reason of some trouble with the engine we were delayed so that we could not get into the fight. I remember there was some talk about lynching the engineer, as it was thought he was intentionally delaying us.

We got into no fight until the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. We were at Yorktown and in the retreat, but did not get into the battle of Williamsburg, and we had an idea that Gen. Johnston had a spite at us and was keeping us out of the fight in order to disgrace us, but after the battle of Seven Pines we came to the conclusion that we had certainly made a mistake. We went into that fight with 410 men, and lost 205, all killed and wounded, not a prisoner taken.

One of the highest compliments that I suppose was ever paid a regiment during the war was paid us by Gen. D. H. Hill after the fight. He said, among other things, that some time before his mother, while on a visit to Mississippi, had died and was buried in Mississippi, and that it had always been his intention to have her body removed and buried in North Carolina, her native State, but that since he had seen Mississippi troops fight it would always be his pride to know that his mother's remains lay beneath Mississippi soil.

In 1895 I chanced to be in Richmond with my wife, and with her and another lady I went to the Seven Pines battlefield. The keeper of the cemetery went with us over the field, and while I was explaining to the ladies the direction from which the Twelfth Mississippi came, and the redoubt we charged, this man asked me if I could tell him what troops came across the field immediately in front of the large redoubt around the "Twin House." I told him that it was the Mississippians. He said that a man from Florida had told him they were Florida troops, but that shortly before Gen. Hill's death he came out to the field, and being asked what troops they were that made that charge, said: "Sir, they were Mississippians and in my division."

STRANGE ACTIONS OF SOME FEDERALS.

C. C. Cumings, Esq., Historian of Texas State Division, U. C. V., Fort Worth, writes this strange story:

During the Memphis reunion last May a year I met my old messmate, Wes. Tucker, who lives on Vance Street, Memphis, and took dinner with him during one of those ever-to-be-remembered gala days when Memphis outdid herself in hospitality to the gray boys in gray. This recalled an incident in the battle of Leesburg (Ball's Bluff) October 21, 1861. Ours was Company B, Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by then Col. (afterwards Gen.) Featherston. We got in at the shank of the battle in the evening, and charged under an order from Featherston which made him famous and gained him a brigadier's wreath. "Charge, Mississippians! Drive them into the Potomac or into eternity." We did both very successfully as far as our late part in the feast of death could contribute.

The incident I wish to recall occurred after we had been successful in the charge in assisting in the fatal drive to death and into the Potomac. We halted a few steps from the brink of the bluffs to reform our lines and get ready for the last advance up to the edge of the bluff. We barely had time to dress our lines in solid array ready with pieces poised for the last advance when there suddenly debouched from an oblique ravine in our front a line of blue, twenty-one in number, headed by a tall, fine-looking captain, whose name we found to be Shaw, of the Fifteenth or Twentieth Massachusetts (not remembered as to number), a six-footer and a two-hundred-pounder, magnificent-looking man, and to tell you the truth he seemed to me to be as big as a mountain, for this was my second battle and I had not learned to measure proportions with the mathematical precision that I afterwards gained by experience.

It seems these had been sent out from the second bluff they were driven to in our charge, the second shelf next to the river, to reconnoiter. The Captain in front suddenly found himself confronted with a line of gray at a ready, leading he could not tell how far on either side, for we were in the woods. The war records show that they had just been levied from the walks of civil life by the then active Governor of Massachusetts, Gov. Andrews, and were at a loss to know how to act in such an emergency. A leader with experience when so caught would have thrown down his arms and up his hands without hesitation, but not so with Capt. Shaw and his men. They were first seen in the woodland not two hundred feet in our front, but continued mechanically to advance while we stood in amazement at the temerity of the unfortunates. They seemed to be dazed, for they handled their guns at a trail just as they used them in the ravine, and I remember exclaiming, "They are not Yankees," seeking to save them from our fire, because I did not care to shoot, nor did any of us, but we were naturally excited at such a strange maneuver. The Captain continued rapidly to advance with long strides till he got within a few feet of our captain, Wiley A. Jones, when Capt. Jones cried out to him: "In the name of God who are you, and what do you want?" Capt. Shaw, unfortunately for him and for the rest, grasped our captain by his long black beard, and then my messmate, Wes. Tucker, clubbed his gun and dealt the captain of the blue line a blow which felled him, and then all of my company fired and cut down the line of twenty-one to the last man. Lieut. Ed Thurmond stepped forward and unbuckled the sword of the dying captain, and presented it afterwards to Capt. Jones. We knew his name and rank from the engraving on the sword, and Wes. Tucker told me that some of Capt. Jones's family has it yet. Both our captain and lieutenant have crossed the great divide long since, and few are left of that company to tell the tale of one of the saddest incidents of our unhappy war between the States.

ABOUT WHO CAPTURED THE MAZEPPA

The Veteran for June had an article (on page 62), which had been delayed, concerning the capture of the United States Steamer Mazeppa, by Julian F. Gracey, son of Captain Gracey, in which he disagrees with Dr. J. A. Wyeth in his "Life of General Forrest."

This Gracey sketch is responded to by John H. Tyree for W. Claiborne West, with notes by Captain Hager, of Nashville. The sketch in the Wyeth history is on pages 520 and 521. With it the Tyree sketch comports.

On page 250 of the VETERAN for August, 1895, E. B. Ross wrote that Captain Gracey and John Horn and he made a little craft to go across the river and take possession of the captured vessel; that it went to pieces, and "Captain Gracey would not wait. He caught two of the largest pieces of the old craft, brought them together, and put his legs over them to hold them. Thus mounted on this strange craft, with a piece of plank for a paddle, he started alone across the deep and wide river. There was no knowing how many enemies he had to encounter on the other side. Of course the current carried them downstream, but he rowed hard, and finally landed alone in the enemies' territory far below the disabled steamer. He then made his way up the river, and just before he reached the prize he came upon some of the crew hiding behind some brush. He charged them, pistols in hand. It is doubtful whether the pistols would have fired, because they had been in the water; but the crew of the Mazeppa did not know that, and surrendered. In the words of the Irishman, he 'surrounded' them, and made them man one of the boats of the steamer, and crossed over the reënforcements. On the way across they picked up Captain Horn and the writer, who had made another raft and were crossing over. By means of a cable we hauled the huge steamer and barge to our side. Then we had a high old time."

STATEMENT OF JOHN H. TYREE.

On Friday, the 28th day of October, 1864, late in the afternoon, General Buford arrived at Paris Landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee River, with his division, Bells's and General Lyons's brigades.

The batteries were put in position at Fort Hindman below Paris Landing, and four boats passed that night unmolested. On Saturday morning the steamer Mazeppa came in contact with the battery about nine o'clock, going up the river. She became unmanageable, drifted to the opposite shore, and was deserted soon afterwards by all her crew except the captain. The next thing that attracted my attention was Claiborne West on his way to the boat on something that looked to be a piece of lumber. When Claiborne reached the boat he was assisted in boarding her by the Captain. The Captain then brought a yawl to the west bank, and General Buford and some others crossed over to the boat in the yawl. When General Buford got on the boat Claiborne had found a demijohn of brandy, with which he filled a canteen, and then gave the demijohn to General Buford, who tested the contents and said it was very good. I was a courier for General Buford and others through the Johnsonville expedition. The Mazeppa was burned about half past five o'clock P.M., the same day.

General Forrest had not arrived at the time of the capture of the Mazeppa. There were no other soldiers there except General Buford with two brigades of cavalry. I think Captain Gracey was in General Rucker's brigade, that had come on the ground at the time of the capture of the boat.

I make this statement to the best of my knowledge and recollection of what took place.

Concerning the above Capt. George F. Hager, of Nashville, who commanded Company G, Tennessee Cavalry, writes of the capture:

"In behalf of correct history and justice to a private soldier who at all times did his whole duty, I desire to state that Mr. W. C. West and John H. Tyree were both members of my company (G, Barton's Second Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's command), and took part in the Johnsonville campaign, and were present at the capture of the Mazeppa as described by Dr. J. A. Wyeth in his "Life of General Forrest." They both live now in Smith County, and are honorable and reliable men. They were good and faithful soldiers to the close of the war. They were paroled May 10, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala."

It is difficult to reconcile the inconsistency of these two reports. The VETERAN accepts both of them as true from the standpoint of the authors. The report of Tyree is too direct to be questioned, since West confirms it by letter. It would seem that Private West and Captain Gracey both did the same heroic service, and that West was the more fortunate in reaching the boat first, and that in the haste and confusion neither knew of what the other did. All patriotic Confederates must accept that neither would have deprived the other of any of the honor due him.

Mr. Julian Gracey performed his duty to his father's memory in his correction, having implicit faith in the accuracy of testimony furnished by his father's men and comrades, while Dr. Wyeth's sketch conforms vividly to the reports furnished in regard to Comrade West. The excitement attending such an event and the long lapse of years, together with the death of many participants, should induce the most liberal concessions concerning discrepancies.

FIRST PRESENTATION OF CROSSES OF HONOR IN VIRGINIA.—James Macgill, Brigadier General Commanding Second Brigade, Virginia Division, U. C. V., wrote from Pulaski, June 8: "I find on page 219 of the May VETERAN an interesting article written by Mrs. James A. Scott, of the Kirkwood Otey Chapter, U. D. C., of Lynchburg, Va., in regard to the first presentation of crosses of honor in Virginia. There is a mistake. Please correct, that credit may go where it is due. On the 19th of January, 1901, the Flora Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., of Pulaski City, Va., presented to the members of the James Breathed Camp, U. C. V., No. 881, crosses of honor, and also to the honorary members of said Camp—viz., Guards G. C. Wharton, Fitzhugh Lee, Thomas Rossor, and Col. J. H. Hager. I do not know that this was the first Camp in our State to receive this honor; but if there was none presented before January 19, 1901, the James Breathed is entitled to it, and the Flora Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., was the first to make the presentation in Virginia."

DECORATION DAY AT SPRINGFIELD, MO.

At its recent annual election Camp Campbell, No. 488, U. C. V., named as Commander J. Coleman Gardner; Lieutenant Commanders, George W. Jones, Hale S. Duncan, R. N. Snodgrass, of Springfield, and D. P. Hill, of Ebenezer. N. B. Hogan, of Springfield, was reëlected adjutant. This Camp adopted June 3 as its Memorial Day, conforming to suggestions from General Moorman.

The Confederate cemetery near Springfield is said to be the best kept and most beautiful of any of the resting places of Confederate soldiers in the South, and the monument which stands amid the silent sleepers the most imposing ever erected in honor of the heroes of the Southland.

There are about five hundred and twenty soldiers buried here, five hundred and five of whom fell at Wilson Creek and other battlefields adjacent to Springfield. The others have died since the war. In June, 1872, these graves were decorated for the first time, and ever since that time it has been the custom to hold memorial services each year.

The exercises consisted of a song by the People's Quartette and a prayer by Rev. E. W. Abbott, of the Westminster Presbyterian. Attorney Charles J. Wright, the son of a Confederate veteran, delivered the principal address, after which the ladies proceeded to place flowers upon the grave of each soldier.

A touching incident occurred when Dr. Melcher, of U. S. Grant G. A. R. Post of Chicago, was escorted to the stand by Commander F. R. Porter, of Campbell Camp, U. C. V. Dr. Melcher is totally blind and tottering with age. In the midst of Mr. Wright's oration, and seeing him approach in company with his daughter, Commander Porter hastened to his side and escorted him to a seat in the stand. During this performance there was scarcely a dry eye among the assembled veterans of either side. Dr. Melcher was surgeon in charge of the Union hospitals there during the war.

After Mr. Wright's speech had been concluded, Capt. George M. Jones paid a high tribute to the Union veteran who on last Friday, after the graves in the National Cemetery had been strewn with flowers, climbed the wall separating the two cemeteries and decorated the graves of those who had fought on the opposite side during the Civil War.

The perfomance was reversed to-day when Capt. J. Coleman Gardner, after flowers had been placed on the graves of all the Confederate dead, climbed the wall, and with the remaining emblems of love and purity tenderly laid them upon the sod which covers the moldering dust of his one-time foes.

U. S. C. V., Thomas H. Watts Camp No. 372.—This Camp has elected the following officers: William L. Lazenby, Commandant; Marion E. Lazenby, and Joseph S. Rogers, Lieutenant Commanders; Barton Perry, Adjutant; Ramsay Mills, Treasurer; John Knight, Quartermaster; Sanford Perry, Historian; Rev. W. F. Price, Chaplain; Willie E. Knight, Color Bearer.

Fifty cents a year, payable in advance, was the fee for membership each.

Marion E. Lazenby writes from Forest Home, Ala.:

On April 5, 1902, we elected Miss Myra Bell Wall Sponsor and Miss Beulah Rogers Maid of Honor for the Camp. At this meeting we also chose for our Camp the name of Hon. Thomas Hill Watts. Mr. Watts was a native of Butler County, Ala. He served as colonel of the Seventeenth Alabama Infantry at Pensacola, Fla., and also at Corinth. He was afterwards appointed Attorney-General of the Confederate States from April 9, 1862, to October 1, 1863. Then he was Governor of Alabama until the close of the war, after which he practiced law in Montgomery until his death, in 1892.

WITH "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

ALBERT GREENWOOD, NEWPORT, IND., WITH A. C. LLOYD, BRIDGEPORT, ALA.

We sat on the porch, when the sun went down,
And he showed me "The Stars and Bars."
His eyes were dim, his face was brown,
And his body was marked with scars.
"I was with 'Stonewall' Jackson," he said,
"At Chancellorsville that day
When iron rained on the living and dead;
I was there with the boys in Gray.

'Stonewall' said that our march had been hard,
In a voice that was low and mild;
But he'd ask us again to break their guard,
With a charge both fierce and wild.
We came from the woods, over hollow and knoll,
In serried and stern array,
And the Blue rolled up like a parchment scroll,
From the long, thin line of Gray.

The rifles crashed, and the cannon brayed;
But never a soldier quailed;
Though upon us a storm of bullets played,
And around us the dying wailed.
In triumph we swept o'er that bloody field,
Where never a foe could stay;
There was never an army that would not yield
To 'Stonewall' leading the Gray.

We slept that night on the field we won,
And waited the dawning light;
The sound, once more, of the bugle and gun,
And the wild, delirious fight;
But grief came in with the early dawn,
And it never has passed away;
'Stonewall' Jackson forever had gone
Out from the ranks of the Gray."

Heroic Achievement by Major J. R. Dunlap.—W. H. McClelland writes from Houston, Tex.:

The recent death of Gen. Hampton recalls one among the bravest, most gallant, and heroic acts of the late Civil War by a mere youth, Maj. J. R. Dunlap, then of Kemper County, Miss., but now doorkeeper of the Texas Legislature.

It was the evening of the third day of the battle that the Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry Battalion from Mississippi, under command of Col. J. Fred Waring, of Savannah, Ga., was ordered to charge a battery of twelve pieces of artillery that partially enfiladed Pickett's line of charge on the heights of Gettysburg. The battalion, after going through two lines of the enemies' cav-

alry, sent to defend it, took the battery and reformed in rear of it to defend it against another approaching column sent to recapture it. This was also charged and routed, when they again rallied to the defense of the captured battery. While thus holding the battery it was discovered that Gen. Hampton had been cut out and surrounded by the enemy. Without waiting for orders, young Dunlap rushed to Hampton's rescue. Alone and unaided he killed eleven of the foe, and brought Hampton safe from the field, though he received eleven wounds in the fight and lost his leg. He still survives, and is now doorkeeper of the Texas Legislature. The full particulars of this daring feat can be found on page 140 of a book entitled "Raids of Hampton's Cavalry," also in a small pamphlet called "Hampton's Brigade at Gettysburg."

IN MEMORIAM—GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

E. W. BLANCHARD, CO. A, JEFF DAVIS LEGION, HAMPTON CAVALRY.

South Carolina's loved and honored son,
Soldier, statesman, and patriarch in one,
The bells have tolled for thee,
The banners floating free
Have all been furled.

Thy noble life hath closed—thy work is done,
Thy last and greatest victory is won.
None bears a brighter fame,
None wears a whiter name
In all the world.

Fond hearts there are who loved and cared for thee,
And now by them thy sacred dust will be
Guarded in holy ground,
And o'er thy hallowed mound
Garlands will wave.

In time a costly monument of stone
Will to the world thy noble deeds make known.
But every tear that fell
From hearts that loved thee
Has gemmed thy grave.

South Carolina's name thou hast loved best;
In her fair arms to-day thou art at rest;
Her children weep for thee,
Her pines sigh solemnly
Above thy head.

She knows one of her brightest stars went down,
One of the fairest jewels in her crown
Was lost to view with thee,
And guards most sacredly
Her honored dead.

Men were who never deemed their duty hard
To stand in storm thy sacred tent to guard.
Thus will thy memory
As safely guarded be,
Till life depart.

And now a soldier who was proud to be
In thy command and humbly follow thee,
Would lay in tribute here
Upon thy hallowed bier
A faithful heart.

Capt. D. Thaddeus Beall, Commander of Camp W. H. H. Tison, No. 179, is a veteran of the Twenty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, a command which won distinction on the fields from Fort Donelson to the wind up at Appomattox. This regiment took part in sixty-five engagements. Beall was never disabled or sick, and was in every engagement of his regiment. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and held as a prisoner for six months at Johnson's Island, when he was exchanged at Vicksburg. His regiment was in Tilghman's brigade. After the battle of Baker's Creek and siege of Jackson, when the war of the West practically ended, the remainder of Pemberton's command was sent to the Tennessee and Virginia armies. The Twenty-Sixth Mississippi was sent to R. E. Lee, and engaged in the battle of the Wilderness. This regiment followed Lee until the close. This skeleton of a regiment which had been one thousand strong was thinned down to about two hundred and fifty men.

Near the time of Lee's surrender Capt. Beall was passing through Salisbury, N. C., with Col. J. M. Stone, of the Twenty-Fifth Mississippi, when Stoneman, with ten thousand men, was marching on to the town. These two officers, with about five hundred home guards and perhaps fifty veterans, undertook to defend the town (Salisbury), but were powerless, and were captured and sent to prison at Camp Chase, where Capt. Beall was held till June 15, 1865. On returning home, ragged and penniless, with all lost at home, he shared the many trials and hardships with his people connected with the reconstruction days of Mississippi.

He enlisted as a private August 20, 1861; was promoted to captain at Baker's Creek in May, 1862. Capt. Beall was of Company E, of the Twenty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, the color company. Jack Jones, the ensign, was a very gallant soldier, and at the battle of the Wilderness, by his cool and deliberate judgment, he waved the regiment out of a death trap.

When the men could not hear the order to retreat at Fort Donelson, the first battle Capt. Beall's company was in, he, with sixty men, captured three hundred of the enemy. This was an unexpected fight to the Confederates, as the plan was to slip out at a supposed gap in the enemy's line, but with empty guns that little detachment ran upon a heavy line of infantry, who opened fire. The Twenty-Sixth Mississippi was leading the column, and as raw soldiers fired in their faces much confusion followed before loading could be done. Capt. Beall, in the confusion, discarded Hardee's tactics, and quieted the nerves of the boys by yelling out: "Load quick, boys, and remember the blood of your mammies. Bend your necks like tobacco worms. Now charge; sweep h—l and burn the broom." This bold, reckless command gave nerve like magic, and the boys never fought with more vigor than they did, when they thought of home and dear ones. And to this day members of Company E are dubbed "Tobacco Worms." This wicked command was given when Capt. Beall was wild and forty years younger than to-day, and as the Missionary Baptists watch his general acts, they will not allow such; besides, it would be undignified in an old man of seventy-three years, to say nothing of the little Christian wife that would bring a long sigh and shudder should she hear such dialect used now.

After the war Capt. Beall served two terms as sheriff of his county, but he is now engaged in farming. As this comrade grows older, his love and devotion to that patriotic cause increases.

REUNION MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Address of Chaplain General J. Wm. Jones.

In the memorial address at Dallas Chaplain Gen. J. William Jones, after having been appropriately introduced by Gen. J. B. Gordon, explained that the address was made in conformity to "General Orders." He spoke as follows: . . .

I proceed with my task, however, in the full confidence that the warm sympathies and profound interest of my comrades, and of other loving hearts in this vast audience, will supply any lack of your speaker.

Varina Anne Davis (more familiarly known as "Winnie"), "the Daughter of the Confederacy," the crowned queen of our affections, was my personal friend whom I so admired, honored, and loved, that it is really difficult for me to speak of her in terms that do not seem extravagant. I saw her first at Beauvoir—the dutiful daughter, the graceful, queenly entertainer of all guests, and especially the companion of her great father, who read to him, talked to him, and cheered and brightened his last days. It was my privilege to have her for six weeks once as a guest in my own home, and to study her qualities of mind and heart, her graces of manner, and her brilliant conversational powers which made her the idol of every circle in which she moved. I saw her capture Richmond, and have its people at her feet. It was my privilege to be one of her escort when she attended our reunion at Houston, and to witness the ovations she received along the route, the enthusiastic greeting which the veterans gave her as she came quietly into our hall, and the modest, gracious manner in which she received it all. In a word, I saw her under all circumstances, and do not hesitate to say that she was the gentlest, truest, noblest, most queenly Christian woman I ever knew.

Here he quoted a tribute by Mrs. J. William Jones:

In those days of deepest gloom,
When we stood as by the tomb
  Of our Southland's fallen glory and her dead,
Then there came to bless our chief
In his hour of helpless grief,
  A heart's-ease on a cherub's cradle bed.

Of those cruel days that followed,
Of those trying scenes unhallowed,
  This wee heroine was a sharer of it all,
With her wooing baby grace,
And her dimpling lovely face,
  She was sunshine in that prison wall.

All through childhood's happy time,
Till sweet girlhood in her prime,
  Stood embodied as ideal to our raptured gaze,
Then our hopes were realized
As our Southland recognized
  A woman all deserving of her praise.

When the King of kings decreed
That our Davis should be freed,
  We sadly bowed in sorrow to His will,
But to us he left his daughter,
Our own Confederate daughter.
  A prouder gift no millionaire could will.

Her tactful manner, kindly grace,
Made her queen in every place,
  The carping e'en in her found naught to criticise;
'Twas but to see her to rejoice
And hear the music of her voice,
  The magic power and witchery of her eyes.

A few short weeks of wild unrest,
And then she's gathered with the blest.
  With her dear father in sweet Hollywood beside the river,
She'll sleep so well
Till trumpet sound shall tell
  God's saints to dwell with Christ forever.

We know not till they're called away
The blessings of our yesterday.
  To-day our Southland mourns her matchless dead.
In this hour of our grief,
For the daughter of our chief,
  A heart's-ease find where seraph maiden led.

And now what shall I say of our great leaders? Our President, Jefferson Davis, was a gallant, accomplished soldier, a statesman worthy to stand on the floor of the United States Senate with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others in the days when great men, not political tricksters, were sent to the Senate—the ablest and most efficient Secretary of War the country ever had, an orator who ranked among the greatest ever produced in this land of orators, a patriot tried and true, who walked the path of duty so steadfastly and firmly that men who did not know him called him obstinate; a man of such wide reading and accurate knowledge, and so brilliant a conversationalist that he "adorned every subject which he touched," a high-toned gentleman of the old school who graced the incomparable society of the old South, and withal a humble, devout Christian.

I need not say more, though I counted it my proud privilege to know him, and might speak of him by the hour.

Time fails me to tell of our other leaders—Albert Sidney Johnston, the great soldier whose fall in the hour of victory at Shiloh prevented, so far as we can see, the capture or destruction of Grant's army; Robert Edward Lee, the peerless soldier of the centuries, the great college president, the stainless gentleman, and devout Christian; Joseph E. Johnston, the great strategist and the idol of his men; G. T. Beauregard, the accomplished engineer and gallant soldier, whose defense of Charleston ranks with the most heroic and skillful in the world's history; Kirby Smith, the able commander of the Trans-Mississippi department; John B. Hood, whose heroic daring and maimed body won the unceasing admiration of his men; "Stonewall" Jackson, the thunderbolt of war, whose splendid military achievements were equaled only by his devout piety; J. E. B. Stuart, "the flower of cavaliers," who ended his brilliant career in a heroic fight which saved Richmond from capture, and who left a strong testimony to his simple, Christian faith, when he said to President Davis in his dying hour: "I am ready and willing to die if God and my country think that I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty;" Nathan Bedford Forrest, "the Wizard of the Saddle," and unquestionably one of the greatest soldiers that this or any other country ever

produced, and who spent the later years of his life as a useful citizen, a consistent follower of Christ, and a useful member of the Church of his choice; Sterling Price, whose men affectionately called "Old Pap," and followed with such heroic devotion; Dick Taylor, the sturdy fighter who converted Jackson's "Quartermaster Banks" into his own "Commissary General;" and glorious old Wade Hampton, the gallant and skillful soldier, and able statesman, whose recent death has carried grief to so many homes and hearts.

I have not time to even call the roll of our other distinguished leaders—A. P. Hill, Ewell, D. H. Hill, Hardee, Early, Polk, Pender, Ramseur, Cleburne, Breckinridge, and the rest who have gone before us. Never cause had grander leaders. Well might the London *Standard* say, in writing of Lee: "A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame, for the fatherlands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian than Robert E. Lee." Yes, we poor old Confederates may proudly challenge the world to produce leaders equal to those who led us in our great struggle for constitutional freedom.

And what shall I say of the rank and file of our armies who, often with bare and bleeding feet, ragged jackets, and empty haversacks, followed these great leaders on so many victorious fields?

The story of the "war between the States" may be summed up in a few words. The Northern States had a population of 20,000,000, while the Confederate States had only 5,000,000 whites. There were enlisted during the war a total of 2,859,132 Federal troops, and only 600,000 Confederates. We fought over two thousand battles, most of which were Confederate victories. The Confederates lost, killed in battle, and died of wounds or disease, 200,000 men; 200,000 more were taken prisoners, and 100,000 more were absent from ranks from physical disability or other causes. So we had the last year of the war only 100,000 available men to meet the 1,000,000 Federal soldiers actually on duty. Add to this the immense superiority of the Federals in arms, equipment, transportation, rations, clothing, everything save able leadership, patriotic devotion, and heroic courage, and it is simply amazing that we held out so long, won so many brilliant victories, and at last yielded only to "overwhelming numbers and resources," and were then "not conquered, but wearied out with victories."

I would not pluck one leaf from the chaplet with which the world has crowned our Confederate leaders. But I do not hesitate to declare, in this presence to-day, that our leaders could not have accomplished half as much as they did had they not been followed by men of the rank and file, who were the peers—not to put it more strongly—of any soldiers who ever marched under any flag, or fought for any cause in all the tide of time.

Gen. Lee once said: "The true heroes of this war are not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks."

. . . . . .

When Forrest defeated Smith and drove him back to Memphis, or defeated Sturgis at Brice's Cross Roads (capturing "everything he had on wheels"), or captured Streight, or performed other deeds of his marvelous career, he showed very great ability as a leader, but no small part of the credit of these achievements is due the men who "followed his feather."

One of the most brilliant achievements of the war was when our beloved comrade Stephen D. Lee, with only 2,700 men, defeated Sherman with 30,000 at Chickasaw Bayou and compelled him to reëmbark on his transports, and he deserves the highest credit for this as well as for other things in his brilliant career. But he commanded men who were ready to die rather than surrender.

That was a most brilliant feat of Magruder, which he actually accomplished, when he "charged gunboats with cavalry, and raised the blockade of Galveston, but great credit should be given to the heroic daring of his Horse Marines."

And certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of history was at Sabine Pass, when Lieut. Dick Dowling, with forty-two men, two lieutenants, and six guns, successfully held his position against an attack of twenty-three vessels and a Federal force estimated at 10,000 men, captured two gunboats, disabled a third, took eighteen guns and large quantities of ammunition and stores, captured 150 prisoners, killed fifty, wounded a large number of the enemy, and drove the fleet out of the river. The names of each one of these heroes should be written on the page of history.

I could literally by the hour recall heroic deeds of men of the rank and file, and give individual instances of most conspicuous gallantry. But I must not detain you longer.

Our commander has acted wisely in appointing this memorial service. It is eminently fitting that we should pause in the bustle of our meeting and devote an hour to thus recalling hallowed memories of the brave old days of '61-'65, and laying a wreath on the graves of our dead comrades.

In due course of nature it will not be long before all of us who are here to-day shall have passed away, and this service, turned over to our sons and daughters. My dear old comrades, brothers beloved, we are passing away.

Are we ready for our summons? Are we "soldiers of the cross?" Are we trusting in Christ alone for salvation? When the roll is called up yonder will we be able to answer, "I am here?"

God bless you, my comrades, guide you and help you, that you may heed the lesson of this hour, heed the voice of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, and Christian comrades gone before. "Be ye followers of me, even as I, also, am of Christ." God help you to bear the cross now that you may wear the crown "over there,"

> That crown with peerless glories bright,
> Which shall new luster boast,
> When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
> Shall blend in common dust.

The Young County Camp, No. 127, U. C. V., asked other Camps to join them in bringing about a "much-needed reform." Adjutant A. O. Norris sends this notice: "It is the voice of this Camp that the requirements and expectations of our national and State sponsors and maids of honor are onerous, expensive, and burdensome. Also we recommend that steps be taken by those in command to reduce this expense by commanding a uniform dress within the reach of any one."

ADDITIONAL PROCEEDINGS AT CAMP CHASE.

An explanation was omitted from the last VETERAN that much of the proceedings at Columbus, Ohio, were held over. Much, although in type, has been printed in other connections about the effective zeal of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Ohio; yet it was intended to represent them in reports of the monumental service at Camp Chase, and especially the following, which was an important part of the programme.

LEST WE FORGET.

A beautiful poem was affectionately dedicated by Mrs. Davie Lindsay Worcester, President U. D. C., Cincinnati, to Col. William H. Knauss, of Columbus, through whose untiring efforts and faithful care the Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery has been preserved and beautified, and through whose influence the monumental arch and statue were erected.

Not in the smoke of battle,
  Not by the cannon's ball,
Not by the deadly bullet
  Did these heroes fall.

This was not their fortune:
  'Twas their fate to be away
From the field of danger,
  Under a Northern sky to stay.

Death claimed them as they waited
  Their part in the strife to take,
And here we find them, silent,
  In that judgment day to wake.

Some one mourns these Southern dead;
  Some one may miss them to-day;
Some homes will wait their coming
  While under the sod they lay.

Too true the cause they fostered was lost,
  And their flag is furled;
But the memory of their sorrows
  Still echoes through the world.

And though the "Stars and Bars"
  And their army suit of gray
Have melted into the distant past,
  We who live will say:

We will garland their graves with flowers,
  We will praise them as good and true,
We will cherish them as heroes,
  We will keep them in memory new.

We will wave "Old Glory" over their graves,
  We will keep their covering green,
We will give them a place in history
  Where record of their deeds are seen.

We will think of them as brothers
  Who fought with us side by side,
And for their flag and their colors
  Endured, sickened, and died.

And after many years have passed,
  And our souls to our Maker gone,
Others will think of their struggles
  And in poetry and song

Will weave wreaths around their valor,
  Giving them a hero's fame,
Making their death an honor
  Not given to every name.

And the winds still blow o'er their silent tomb,
  The seasons still come and go;
Their children's children will listen
  To their oft-told tale of woe.

And the Blue and Gray will mingle
  As they talk the old times o'er,
And our dead will be more sacred
  As they near the other shore.

And, "lest they forget" who follow us,
  The dead, who herein lie,
This arch is reared to tell the tale
  Through the coming by and by.

And as long as time lasts, may the name be known
  Of one who wore the blue,
Whose aim in life was to lessen strife
  And honor the brave and true.

And when at last he is at rest,
  And his life's labor done,
May he receive a crown not made with hands
  Which he has justly won.

For it matters not,
  Now the war is o'er,
And the dead of both sides
  Are with us evermore.

Whether they wore the blue or wore the gray,
  Since our country covers them all,
Let us honor the dead for the life they shed,
  And await the Master's call.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

At one of the celebrations in Camp Chase Miss Elsie May Coates, one of the delightful young ladies who is ever ready to respond to the request of Colonel Knauss, took part as in the report which follows.

In the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other in gray. As twilight fell the bands on the Union side began to play "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag." The challenge was taken up by those on the other side, and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter, more tender air, and lowly as he played it all the instruments upon the Union side joined in, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down the army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that farther shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest in human nature, and one chorus of the two great hosts went up to God. When the music had ceased from the boys in gray came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies from

MISS ELSIE MAY COATES.

both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder." It was this incident which inspired the following poem:

The sun had dropped into the distant west,
The cannons ceased to roar, which tells of rest,
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night;
The moon had risen, casting softest light;
On either side of stream the armies lay,
Waiting for morn, to then renew the fray.

So near together a sound was heard by all,
Each could hear the other's sentry call,
The bivouac fires burned brightly on each hill,
And save the tramp of pickets all was still.

The Rappahannock silently flows on
Between the hills so fair to look upon,
Whose dancing waters, tinged with silver light,
Vie in their beauty with the starry night.

But list! from Northern hill there steals along
The softest strains of music and of song.
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
Which tells to all of gallant flag "still there."

Then "Hail Columbia" a thousand voices sing
With all their soul, which makes the hilltops ring.
From fire to fire, from tent to tent then flew
The welcome words, "Lads, sing the 'Boys in Blue.'"

And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer boy;
Then loud huzzas, and wildest cheers were given,
Which seemed to cleave the air and reach to heaven.

The lusty cheering reached the Southern ear—
Men who courted danger, knew no fear,
Whilst talking of their scanty evening meal,
And each grasped his gun or blade of steel.

Those very strains of music which of yore
Did raise the blood are felt by them no more.
How changed! What now they scorn and taunt and jeer
Was once to them as sacred, just as dear.

And when the faintest echo seemed to die,
The last huzza been wafted to the sky,
The boys in blue had lain them down to rest,
With gun and bayonet closely hugged to breast,

There came from Southern hill with gentle swell
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By every one who wore the coat of gray,
And still revered and cherished to this day.

In "Dixie's Land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battle cry.
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell.

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night
From men as brave as ever saw the light.
Now all is still. Each side had played its part.
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! From Rappahannock's stream there floats
Another air; but ah! how sweet the notes—
Not those which lash men's passions into foam,
But, richest gem of song, 'twas "Home, Sweet Home,"

Played by the band, which reached the very soul,
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear drop stole.

Men who would march to very cannon's mouth
Wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well-worn coats of gray and blue
Were generous, tender hearts, both brave and true.

. . . . . .

Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride,
The starting tear; as well try stop the tide
Of ceaseless, rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then, lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes,
A simultaneous shout, which came from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

MRS. MARGARET TODD KELLOGG.

Mrs. Margaret Todd Kellogg is a native of Lexington, Ky. Her father, Robert Smith Todd, whose illustrious ancestors came into Kentucky with Daniel Boone, was closely connected with the early history of Lexington, and was one of the most distinguished citizens. The early years of Mrs. Kellogg's life were passed in the Blue Grass; there she was wooed and won; thence she was carried into the far Southland by Mr. Charles Henry Kellogg, a prosperous business man of New

MRS. M. T. KELLOGG.

Orleans, La. After a few years' residence in Louisiana, Mr. Kellogg moved his affairs to Cincinnati, Ohio, which place became their permanent home, and with whose life, social and mercantile, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg were thenceforth intimately associated.

Although transplanted from the South, Mrs. Kellogg ever remained one of its true daughters—a Kentuckian always.

When the first shot rang out at Fort Sumter Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg were guests of President Lincoln and of Mrs. Lincoln, her sister, in the White House. Choosing to cast in their lot with the fortunes of the Confederacy, they hastened at once to their home in Cincinnati.

The succeeding days of conflict, the four years' bloody strife, brought tears and anguish to her as to thousands of other Southern women. Three gallant brothers were given to the cause of the South. One fell mortally wounded at Baton

Rouge, La., another bravely died on the field at Shiloh, and the third returned from the war shorn of all his possessions. Wrecked in health by the exposure and fatigues of those terrible four years, he yielded up the uneven struggle and went to an early grave. The names of those three—Samuel, David, and Alex Todd—are written in lines of bravery on the tablet of Time.

While worn with constant anxiety for the welfare of her beloved brothers, relatives, and friends in the Confederate army, Mrs. Kellogg was ever ready to relieve the sufferings of others. Many were her visits to the poor prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, and other prisons, carrying clothing and necessaries to the poor, starving, half-frozen Confederates confined there. Always a favorite with President Lincoln, his ear was ever open to Mrs. Kellogg's appeals, and many reprieves and pardons were obtained through her intercession—more than one man returned to his home without knowing who had been instrumental in pleading his release.

At the organization of the first Ohio Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Kellogg was made First Vice President, and her actual knowledge of historical events has served to make clear many disputed points, and her personal reminiscences are thrilling and interesting. The Cincinnati Chapter is proud to number among its charter members one who has "borne the brunt of battle," one who, on alien soil, dared to show herself as she is—a noble Southern woman, true to her convictions. In those troublous times life was measured not by days, but by heart throbs, and the memory of such a woman is rich in reminiscences, an actress in the tragedy which armed brother against brother, an encounter in which strength overcame, but which only served to strengthen the loyalty of each man fighting for the cause he held so dear.

The North and the South are reunited, the ivy is fast covering the ugly gash, but the South is just as surely reaching her true place in history, where the bravery and noble courage of the Southern heroes will be acknowledged by all. Time will give the proper perspective and show to the unprejudiced historian the Truth.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—HOW IT WAS ESTABLISHED BY ANDREW HAMILTON.

The sentiment of Omar Khayyam that man's life is only a little longer than the flowers is also applicable to his fame. There are so many worthy achievements to be remembered that a vast number necessarily pass into oblivion.

But it seems to me that at this time—near the one hundred and sixty-first anniversary of his death—one person deserving to be recalled by a grateful people has fallen into too much neglect—Andrew Hamilton. He was born in Scotland, but came to America while young, residing a few years in Virginia, and then taking up his permanent residence in Philadelphia. Adopting the profession of law, the crowning glory of his career was the establishment of the liberty of the press in 1735, when he successfully defended John Peter Zenger, charged with libel—a defense entered into for the sake of justice and without fee or reward.

The Zenger trial was one of the most sensational trials of the eighteenth century, not excepting those arising out of the first attempts to carry out the alien and sedition laws. The defendant was a printer who came from Germany to New York when there was only one paper published in the metropolis, Bradford's *Gazette*. For some years he was an apprentice in Bradford's office, but in 1733 he began the publication of a rival paper under the title of the *Weekly Journal*, and soon found himself figuratively in "hot water."

On the death of John Montgomerie, Governor of New York, Rip Van Dam, a merchant and senior member of the council, became, *ex-officio*, chief magistrate of the province. William Cosby, a colonel in the royal army, was appointed governor, but did not arrive for thirteen months after Montgomerie's death. Believing that public office is a private snap, Cosby demanded one-half of the salary which Van Dam had received during his term as the *ex-officio* governor. The merchant agreed—provided Cosby would divide certain perquisites he had received. This seemed fair, but the latter refused, and a long and bitter quarrel ensued. The Democratic party sided with Van Dam, and the *Journal* was its organ. The loyalist party, with the *Gazette* as its organ, supported Cosby and the administration. The lines were tightly drawn, the controversy being the first in America in which the newspaper was resorted to as a political engine. The *Journal* was obviously more ably edited than its rival, and its lampoons and pasquinades attracted wide attention. Its criticisms of the administration became so unbearable, indeed, that on November 2, 1734, the Council ordered certain numbers of the paper containing alleged libels, to be "burned by the hands of the common hangman, or whipped near the pillory," while its editor was thrown into prison.

At the April, 1735, term of the court, Zenger's two lawyers filed an exception to the commissions of Chief Justice James DeLancey and Frederick Phillips, his associate. The earlier courts were exceedingly arbitrary, though as a consequence of exceeding his powers, Nicholas More had, about 1685, furnished the first case of impeachment, and the judges in question were naturally irritated by having their authority questioned. Zenger's lawyers were promptly stricken from the list of attorneys.

The public indignation now became greatly aroused. Fearing that the advocate who had subsequently been appointed by the court might be overawed, Andrew Hamilton went to New York to defend the freedom of the press. He was the most eminent lawyer in the colonies, and his appearance in espousal of Zenger on the day for trial startled and disturbed the bench. He admitted the printing and publishing of the offensive article, but advanced the then novel doctrine that the truth of the charges in the alleged libel could be set up as a defense.

"You cannot be permitted," interrupted the Chief Justice, "to give the truth of a libel in evidence."

"Then," said Hamilton, addressing the jury, "we appeal to you for witnesses of the facts. The jury have a right to determine both the law and the fact, and they ought to do so. The question before you is not the cause of a poor printer, nor of New York alone; it is the cause of liberty, . . . the liberty of opposing arbitrary power by speaking and writing truth!"

By keen legal weapons he completely foiled the sophistry of the judges, while his eloquence was effective with the jury. The result was a verdict of "not guilty," and Zenger was released from his thirty-five weeks' imprisonment and lionized. The event has been referred to as the morning star of that liberty which subsequently revolutionized America; and while the position that the jurors are the judges of the law in all cases is not now generally indorsed in the different States of the Union, the right to prove the truth of the charges in libel cases, as laid down in Zenger's trial, is nowhere controverted. Andrew Hamilton thus established the liberty of the press.

The foregoing was written by the well-known journalist and author, Will T. Hale, for the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner*. That liberty of the press, so secured, was steadily maintained until the bitter days of the war between the States and the worse period of reconstruction.

HEROIC DEED OF LIEUTENANT MUMFORD.

F. M. Mumford, at the close of the war, was lieutenant and ordnance officer of Scott's Louisiana Cavalry Brigade, on the staff of Gen. Fred N. Ogden, who at that time was in command. The brigade was attached to Forrest's Cavalry, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 5, 1865.

One little incident during the war gave Lieutenant Mumford much prominence, and his action was complimented by General Ruggles, the first commander at Port Hudson. The fortification of Port Hudson had just begun. Boone's Battery was the only troops that had arrived. The United States gunboat Sumter (captured from the Confederates at Island No. 10) in landing at Bayou Sara, twelve miles above Port Hudson, ran on a bar in front of the town, and a falling river made her careen to a degree that rendered her fore and aft guns—thirty-two-pounders—useless. Lieutenant Mumford was in command of a company of Louisiana State troops at Bayou Sara at the time, and, seeing the helpless condition of the boat, determined to capture her if possible. He sent a courier to Port Hudson stating the facts in the case and asking that Boone's Battery be sent to assist in the attack. During the night the United States transport Ceres arrived, and, after making several unsuccessful attempts to pull the Sumter off, returned down the river. Young Mumford, having waited in vain for the arrival of Boone's Battery, demanded a surrender by going to the river with a flag of truce. He was gratified to find that the boat had been abandoned, the officers and crew having left on the transport Ceres. A few runaway negroes were left on board, and their exaggerated reports of the movements on shore no doubt caused the commander to abandon his boat. Mumford was soon aboard with his men. The magazine door was open, and, fearing a mine, a sentinel was placed on duty, with orders to allow no one to enter, and the men were put to work moving everything from the boat that could be handled. Shortly after daylight Gunboat No. 7 hove in sight, and the men were ordered ashore. Mumford remained to see that the boat was well on fire. After a lively shelling the No. 7 arrived, but too late: the Sumter was a seething mass of flames. The heat of the fire discharged the two guns, but they were so elevated that they caused no damage. The captured stores were delivered to General Ruggles, and the two thirty-two-pounders (which were secured later) were among the first guns mounted at Port Hudson. A short time after this occurrence the town of Bayou Sara was burned by a detachment of U. S. marines.

MISS ORIANA PILLETT, Camp Sponsor. LIEUT. MUMFORD, St. Francisville, La. MISS CORA DAVIS, Maid of Honor.

OUR DEAD DURING THE WAR.

GEORGE S. HOLMES, IN SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

Why weep for them? Their little day is done,
  They never knew the sadness of defeat.
The long, deep rest for them at last is won,
  And is not rest most sweet?

Yet twine a garland, let a shaft upspring,
  To those who sleep on mountain or on plain,
Or where the sea may never cease to sing
  A requiem for the slain.

They fought and died for honor and for right,
  In war's red tide they struggling hard went down;
Not theirs to wear above the helmet bright
  The victor's laurel crown.

Virginia Hills, your fame shall echo long;
  Your memory haunt the Carolina shores,
And all the streams, that in one countless throng
  The Mississippi pours.

Ah, wasted valor! Was it all in vain?
  Left it no lesson for the coming years?
From that grim harvest shall there be no gain?
  No joy from all the tears?

Not all in vain! The future years shall learn
  From you that death is not the greatest ill;
Life not the highest nor the chief concern,
  But duty higher still.

Then rest in peace; your memory shall remain
  Green in all hearts, in spite of fleeting years,
Time leaves the glory while it heals the pain
  And wipes away all tears.

A Typical Confederate Hero.—Dr. Westmoreland, one of the surgeons in the great war, was dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck near the carotid artery. It was a particularly dangerous case. While the surgeon was cleansing the wound, the blood vessel suddenly gave way. Dr. Westmoreland put his finger into the aperture and stopped the flow as quickly as possible.

The soldier glanced questioningly into the surgeon's face and asked: "Doctor, what does that mean?"

"It means death, my poor fellow," answered the surgeon, a strong sympathy in his voice.

For a moment the soldier lay with closed eyes, as if stunned by the fatal words; then, looking up, he calmly asked: "How long can I live?"

"Until I remove my finger," replied the Doctor.

"Will—you wait a little till I can—write a few words to my wife," asked the poor fellow.

The Doctor bowed his head affirmatively. The soldier wrote his brief letter; and then, with the pathos of resignation, said: "I am ready, Doctor."

The surgeon removed his finger, and in a little while the brave fellow was dead.

JOHN H. BULLOCK. JUDGE W. M. POLLARD.
R. N. RICHARDSON. JAMES COOK. W. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The above is a cut of the only survivors at the time of Company D, who were mustered into the service with Maney's First Tennessee Regiment and continued in the service during the war and surrendered with the regiment in North Carolina in 1865. This company was organized at Franklin, Tenn. John H. Bullock, of the above group, has crossed over the river. Whether upon the march, weary and worn down, or upon the field of danger, he was full of sunshine, good humor, and hope, shedding a radiance upon the pathway of those about him. The original purpose of this sketch was to pay tribute to Comrade Bullock, who died recently.

The four remaining comrades were requested to act as pallbearers, three of whom were present and assisted in the last sad rites of their departed comrade as they laid him away in Mount Hope Cemetery at Franklin, Tenn. Of the four remaining comrades, R. N. Richardson is an attorney at law in Franklin, in appearance about forty. W. W. Cunningham is a large farmer near the Hermitage. James Cook makes his home in Williamson County, Tenn. He is a bachelor, and leads a quiet, happy life. W. M. Pollard resides in Nashville, Tenn., and will take his seat as County Judge on September 1.

These four, like others of this company who remained during the war, are making good citizens. As they were true to the cause of the South from 1861 to 1865, so they have struggled with equal fidelity to build up their beloved country and exemplify true manhood in all the relations of life.

MRS. DAVIS CONCERNING GENERAL MILES.

In denying the authenticity of a letter purporting to have been written by Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, she states:

"For instance, General Miles is accused of having insulted my daughters, when one of the only two I had was an infant at that time, whom he certainly could not have insulted; the other daughter was never at Fortress Monroe then, or, I believe, at any other time since.

"Though the hideous memories of that day 'will not down,' and whatever irreconcilable enmity I may and do feel against General Miles for his carefully devised insults and cruelties inflicted upon my dead, I do not wish to accuse him of anything which he did not do or which has not been substantiated by the testimony of his subordinate officer, and as little do I desire to idly rail at him. The reference to President Johnson as a 'tailor,' etc., is also untrue.

"The sneers I am reputed to have cast upon the boarding house keepers and school-teachers have pained me greatly, as they constitute an attack upon a class to which I am bound by many ties of friendship, respect, and blood. These two occupations have been sought and honorably pursued by members of the oldest and most dignified families throughout the South, and I have no doubt of all parts of this country, and the obligations the country owes to the latter cannot be estimated or diminshed by the assumption of a fancied superiority by any person or class."

An Incident of the Battle of Nashville.—W. W. Booton, London Mills, Ill., writes that about four hundred yards southeast of the first redoubt captured by the Federals on the first day of the battle of Nashville and containing four brass guns, and about the same distance east of the fort on the high hill, a group of Federal soldiers gathered around a Confederate lieutenant who was apparently bady wounded and lying on his back. One of the number bent down, and, fumbling with the lieutenant's watch chain, said: "What is this?" The lieutenant said: "It is my watch; you can take it. I shall never want it any more." The soldier took the watch from his pocket and, holding it up, said: "He gave it to me." Who was the lieutenant?

Capt. Trusten Polk.

Capt. Trusten Polk, sixty-one years old, a well-known ex-Confederate, died recently at his home in Baltimore. He had been ill about eight months.

Capt. Polk was born in Sussex County, Delaware, in 1840. In 1852 he removed to Carroll County, Maryland. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in Company K, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, and served under Gen. Lee in his campaigns in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. He was also with Gen. Stonewall Jackson at Harper's Ferry.

In 1862 Capt. Polk joined the First Maryland Cavalry, enlisting in Company A. He participated in many battles, and was captured August 6, 1864. He was held prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio, until March, 1865, and was paroled in May afterwards. In 1871 he represented his county in the Legislature, and in 1873-74 he was Deputy Register of Deeds. In 1893 he was appointed to a position in the internal revenue service in Baltimore, and removed to the city.

Capt. Polk was a lifelong Democrat. He was a member of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, and had been an elder in the Maryland Avenue Presbyterian Church for several years. His widow, a daughter of Mr. Benjamin H. Dorsey, of Howard County, Maryland, seven sons, and two daughters survive him.

Adjutant Albert Peel.

Dr. R. H. Peel writes from Holly Springs, Miss.:

Adjutant Albert Peel, son of Volney Peel, Sr., was reared in Marshall County, Miss. When the war between the States begun he was a student at the Kentucky Military Institute, and was seventeen years of age. When his native State seceded from the Union he left the institute, hurried home, and enlisted for the war. His company became part of the Ninteenth Regiment. It was commanded by Col. Kit Mott, of Holly Springs, Miss., and Lieut. Col. L. Q. C. Lamar, afterwards United States Senator. In May, 1861, the Regiment was sent to Richmond, Va., and camped on the old fair grounds, where young Peel was employed as drillmaster, and, although a mere boy, he did his work so efficiently that he was soon appointed adjutant of the regiment, which position he held until his death, at the "Bloody Angle" by Spottsylvania. A quiet, dignified, brave, and true-hearted boy, he won the confidence and esteem of every soldier of the regiment. He was by the side of Col. Mott when he was killed, at Williamsburg, Va., and then with Col. L. Q. C. Lamar, who succeeded to the command of the regiment. Adjutant Peel was in every battle fought by his command in Virginia from Williamsburg to Spottsylvania.

Gen. N. H. Harris, of Vicksburg, Miss., who commanded the Nineteenth after Col. Lamar resigned, was then a brigadier in command of four Mississippi regiments, and with others was ordered by Gen. Lee to recapture and to hold this angle of breastworks, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy the preceding night. This was one of the most desperate battles of the Civil War, and has ever been so considered by both Federal and Confederates who took part in it.

Adjutant Peel had thrown aside his sword, and with a very fine rifle, captured from the enemy, he was shooting as rapidly as he could reload. He fell, shot through the head at the root of an oak tree which had been cut down by deadly missiles. His body was found by his brother, Dr. R. H. Peel, who was then surgeon of the regiment, and it was buried after dark. The stump of this oak tree at the root of which Adjutant Peel fell measured at that time twenty-two inches in diameter, and is now among the war relics in the museum at Washington City. We buried Adjutant Peel's body beside his colonel, the gallant T. J. Harbin, who was also killed in the battle.

Two or three years after the close of the war those noble women of Spottsylvania wrote to me that the graves of Col. Harbin and Adjutant Peel had been found and the remains removed to the Confederate cemetery. God bless those noble Southern women, and the grand old State of Virginia, and her ever-loyal people! Four years spent with them during the war has endeared them to me forever.

There were five brothers and four cousins of Adjutant Peel engaged in the Civil War, of whom six were killed and wounded and one imprisoned at Fort Delaware. When the army reached Petersburg there was but one of these Peels known to be living, through the one who was in prison was released after the surrender, and the youngest brother (Volney Peel) who was with Forrest's Cavalry, recovered from his wounds, and is still living. I have a photograph that was taken at the commencement of the war. It shows the uniform worn by Company I., Nineteenth Mississippi troops before being mustered into service. Albert Peel's rank was first lieutenant and adjutant of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A.

Lieut. Col. Owen Kenan McLemore.

Mrs. Annie McL. Allen, President of Owen K. McLemore Chapter, U. D. C., writes:

Lieut. Col. Owen McLemore was born October 21, 1835, in La Fayette, Ala. He was a son of Col. Charles McLemore, one of Alabama's most distinguished statesmen.

He displayed when quite a youth decided taste for military tactics, and at sixteen years of age was appointed from the Seventh Congressional District (Alabama) to a cadetship at the West Point Military Academy. While there his manly bearing, superior intellectual gifts, and Christian character won for him the love and respect of both teachers and pupils. After four years of close application, he graduated with honor, July 1, 1856. He was breveted and commissioned second lieutenant, serving in the Eighth Infantry, and afterwards in the Sixth Infantry.

For a time he was stationed at Leavenworth, and assisted in the survey of the territorial limits of Kansas. While there he commanded a body of troops who liberated some prisoners held by John Brown, one of whom was an old childhood friend from Alabama.

With the regiment he made the overland trip to the

Pacific, and it frequently fought roving bands of Indians. He remained in San Francisco until Alabama seceded, when he resigned his commission, and after a tedious voyage reached New York soon after Fort Sumter had surrendered.

He escaped capture only through the kindness of a friend, an old West Point classmate, himself a Unionest, who, noticing that he was still in the dress of a United States officer, warned him of the danger, and succeeded in smuggling him through the lines. Here their ways parted—one to battle for the North, the other to seal his devotion to the Southern cause with his life.

Upon reaching Alabama he offered his services to the Governor. His first duty was enlisting men for the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment. He was ordered to report to Gen. Beauregard at Manassas Junction, and was assigned to duty as lieutenant of artillery, June 26, 1861, and did effective service in the first battle of Manassas.

On September 9, 1861, he was appointed major of the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment. This regiment had won golden laurels at the first battle of Manassas. While with it he displayed the skill and genius of a trained soldier, the politeness of a Chesterfield, a heart so warm that it grasped the respect and love of every officer and private in the regiment.

From colonel down to lowliest private there was no coward within the ranks of that regiment. None named its commander but in praise; and when he led them on the field of battle, his equipoise in triumph or defeat was most admirable, as was his matchless ability, whereby he could handle the regiment.

His distinguished service at the battle of Williamsburg is thus related by the historian of the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment: "Three companies—viz., Company B, Capt. J. S. Williamson; Company G, Lieut. W. M. Bell; Company K, A. C. Wood — of the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment being posted in a redoubt near the one in which the other seven companies were to support a battery, were ordered forward. They were under command of Maj. Owen Kenan McLemore. Firmly they rushed through the drenching rain and deep mud to succor their suffering comrades. The gallant little Major was the pride of the regiment. . . . During the rest of the day the three companies under Maj. McLemore were engaged in that desperate battle the result of which is well known. From Williamsburg to Richmond the regiment was in the line of battle every day. May 21, 1861, he was elected lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Alabama, to whom he was no stranger. It was with deep feelings of regret that he parted with his old comrades of the Fourteenth, which wrote its fame on one of the brightest pages of Southern history, for wherever the standard of the Confederacy pointed the Fourteenth followed. In several battles Col. Egbert Jones was detailed for other duty, Lieut. Col. McLemore taking command at Seven Pines, seven days' fight around Richmond, and Second Manassas, in all of which, amid the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry, his manly form could be seen giving orders and inspiring his men with his own matchless courage, for he knew no fear."

In the fights around Richmond he received a severe flesh wound. He was ordered home by his surgeon to recuperate; but before his wound healed or his furlough had expired he returned, feeling that his duty was at the front. On September 17, 1862, he commanded the Fourth at the battle of Sharpsburg. Of this, Gen. Hood says: "It was one of the hardest fought battles of the war." Again he reports: "The two little giant brigades, one of them Gen. Lewis's, to which the Fourth belonged, of my command, wrestled with a mighty force; and, although they lost hundreds of men and officers, they drove the enemy from their positions and forced them to abandon their guns on the left.

It was here that Lieut. Col. McLemore, while leading the Fourth with the courage of a Trojan, received the wound which caused his death. That night he was carried to Shepperdstown, thence to Winchester, where he died September 30, 1862, at the home of Mrs. Carson, surrounded by loving comrades and new-made friends. He was buried in N. May Cemetery, Winchester, with military honors, the regiment and the division band marching several miles to perform this last sad rite.

Before leaving for the front a friend remarked: "Kin, don't let the Yankees get you." Holding up his sword in his right hand he remarked: "Never, without they get over this." Strange to relate, his first wound was in his right arm; the second, which caused his death, was in his shoulder. His sword was captured.

O. K. M'LEMORE.

A sketch of Col. McLemore would be incomplete without mention of his deep piety, which was so interwoven into every act that it illustrated that the life of a Christian is not inconsistent with that of a brave soldier. Four days later his brother, Hon. J. J. McLemore, arrived, hoping to take him home and nurse him back to health and strength, but alas! The devotion of these brothers was simply sublime—nothing comparable to it, except that of mother for her child. This was Col. McLemore's request: "If I fall in Virginia, bring me home. Let me sleep in my native town, in the State whose mandate I have obeyed, and upon whose altar I have sacrificed my life. Let me rest among those I love so well." To-day he sleeps in his native village.

J. M. Higginbotham.

J. Hatcher, Lancaster, Ky., writes a tribute to John M. Higginbotham, that contains the following:

The fast thinning ranks of the Confederacy mourns the death of John M. Higginbotham. He was stricken with paralysis at his home in Lancaster, Ky., on January 26, and died on February 5, 1902.

JOHN M. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Comrade Higginbotham was born in Garrard County, Ky., September 21, 1842; he attended school in Garrard and Madison Counties, and was a farmer until the beginning of the war, when he enlisted in Capt. M. D. Logan's Company, Third Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., under Col. R. M. Gano. He was captured with his regiment on the Ohio raid, but escaped, made his way south, and joined Gen. J. S. Williams's Brigade under Gen. Joseph Wheeler. He was in the battles at Knoxville, Chickamauga, around Atlanta, and in other engagements, but lost a finger in a skirmish near Lynchburg, which was the only wound he received during the war.

After the war closed he came home, like thousands of others, ragged and penniless, to begin life anew. Like his comrades, he was not made of the material which is downed by misfortune. He went steadily to work, and soon rose to fairly good circumstances. In 1898 he made the race for sheriff of his county, and though the county was overwhelmingly Republican, owing to his uprightness of character and popularity, he was elected and served two terms in this office. In 1882 he organized the Citizens' National Bank at Lancaster, and was the President until his death. Its success is a monument to the credit of its founder.

He was married in 1886 to Miss Emma Palmer, who survives him.

Mr. Higginbotham was charitable to a fault, and was ever ready to aid a comrade less fortunate than himself. The mere fact that the applicant had worn the gray was sufficient to loosen his purse strings at any time. Public-spirited, progressive, active in Church, school, county, and city work, he was ever ready to lend a hand in anything that would redound to the good of his native county and city. He was a member of the school board and of the city council, and held various other offices of honor and responsibility.

He will be missed by all with whom he came in contact, and especially will the surviving old Confederate soldiers miss him. Many of them were not in Dallas at the reunion this year who were wont to go when John Higginbotham was here to assist them. He has gone to attend the great reunion.

Capt. Will C. Curd.

Capt. Will C. Curd was born and reared in Somerset County, Ky., receiving a good common school education. He was deputy clerk of the county court for ten years, from 1851 to 1862, and the books of the office bear testimony to his efficiency. In the latter year he enlisted in the Confederate army, Company C, Sixth Kentucky Regiment, under Col. Grigsby and Capt. M. B. Perkins, Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He served until the close of the war, surrendering near Washington, Ga., the day before the capture of Jefferson Davis, he being one of the escorts of President Davis and Gen. John C. Breckinridge from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga. His record for bravery and faithfulness to duty, his enterprise, fearlessness, and daring as a scout, are remembered by old comrades in the war, and have been often referred to in their meetings since the war.

At the close of the war he returned to Somerset, read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He served as county attorney of Pulaski County five years, and was master commissioner twelve years, and had been United States Commissioner for a number of years. His wife and four children survive him.

Capt. W. A. Joplin.

A landmark and a prominent factor in the business, social, political, and religious prosperity of Caruthersville and Pemiscot County, Mo., Capt. W. A. Joplin, died March 26, 1902, at sixty years of age.

Capt. Joplin was born in Bedford County, Va., and was one of eight children, seven brothers and a sister, "honored citizens of as many States."

At the beginning of the war between the States he was rejected as a volunteer on account of delicate health, but afterwards succeeded in enlisting in the Twenty-Eighth Virginia Cavalry, which served under J. A. Early. Though not shot in battle, he received a serious sprain from a horse falling on him, which crippled his right leg for life, and caused him great pain in his latter days.

At the close of the war he refused to surrender, and, after secreting himself in Mississippi for a while, Capt. Joplin engaged in business at Memphis from 1876 to 1885. After the fever scourge in Memphis, he went to Caruthersville, Mo., where he afterwards resided. In 1894 he was elected county clerk, which office he filled till death.

Captain Joplin married, in 1882, Miss Emma Cromey, of Louisville, Ky., who survives with two children. Generous, benevolent, and sympathetic, he had a host of friends.

E. A. Jennings.

Mrs. A. A. Peyton, of Washington, D. C., writes:

E. A. Jennings enlisted in the Confederate army when but a boy, being one of five sons who answered to the first call of his country for troops. While always delicate, he was never slow to get in the front ranks of battle, and was in several engagements; was in the siege of Vicksburg. Together with one of his comrades, he laid his elder brother to rest in the City of Hills. From severe exposure he contracted a dis-

ease from which he never recovered, and on the morning of the 31st of last April he too went to join the great throng of uncrowned heroes.

He was devoted to his comrades and to the memory of those who had gone before. He loved the VETERAN, and was interested in getting subscribers for it.

A. J. STEPHENS.

Comrade C. C. Leonard writes of him:

Died, July 6, 1902, at Aurora, Tex., Andrew J. Stephens. He was born at Buncton, Mo., November 29, 1830. In 1852 Comrade Stephens went to California, returning in 1856. In 1858 he went to Texas and engaged in stock-raising. He enlisted under Gen. Price, and served until after the battle of Wilson's Creek. After that he removed his mother to Texas and reënlisted in the Second Missouri Cavalry, commanded by Col. Bob McCollough, where he remained until the close of the war. He soon returned to Texas, and was married, December 21, 1865, to Miss Ada Holford. He was true and upright in his dealings with his fellow-man. He was a subscriber to the VETERAN, and anxious that notice of his death should be published in its "Last Roll."

H. W. BURTON.

Another comrade has been called to answer the last roll call. Harrison Word Burton died at Corsicana, Tex., on July 12, 1902, after an illness of several weeks. He was born in Buckingham County, Va., August 30, 1840, and reared in Richmond. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Company D, First Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. P. T. Moore. After a year in the infantry, he reënlisted in the Otey Battery of Richmond (Capt. George Gaston Otey) in which he served to the end of the war. After the surrender he returned to Richmond and remained there for a short while; and then, moving to Petersburg, he took a position on the staff of the Petersburg *Index and Appeal*. He wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Harry Scratch." He married Miss Mary Virginia Tappey, of Petersburg, who survives him. In 1877 he moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he was appointed on the Governor's staff, with the rank of major. After a few years in St. Louis, he moved to Texas, where he lived up to the time of his death. He leaves an only brother, Robert C. Burton, of Baltimore, who served side by side with him in the same commands. Major Burton was a man who will be sadly missed in his community. His fine character and noble qualities earned for him hosts of friends, in whose hearts his place will not soon be filled. He was a Mason in good standing and a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church, and a member of Camp Winkler, U. C. V. Major Burton was a justice of the peace at the time of his death, and was unusually popular with all classes. He was genial, kind-hearted, a good friend, and above reproach.

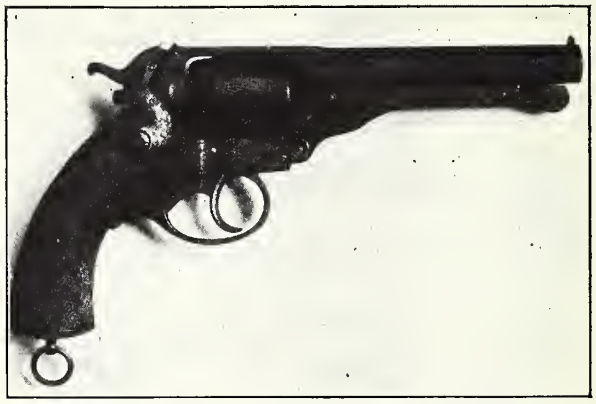
MAJ. WILLIAM W. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Maj. William W. Goldsborough, of the famous Maryland Line, died very suddenly in Philadelphia on last Christmas day. He had undergone a very severe operation some weeks before and did not recover from the shock. His remains were sent to Baltimore and buried with military honors in the Confederate burial plot of Loudon Park Cemetery.

From early manhood the career of Maj. Goldsborough was replete with the stress and storm of arms. As a lad, he ran away from home to enlist in the war against Mexico, but was overtaken and brought back home. During the war between the States his life was full of adventure. He was in many battles, was severely wounded, and was a prisoner. He admitted that he was "a man who loved fighting," and proved it by always being in the thick of the battle.

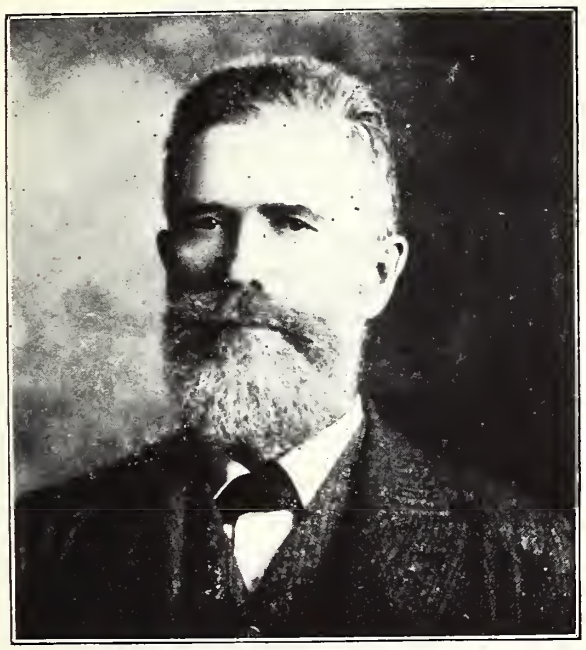
CAPT. JOE DESHA.

Capt. Joe Desha was born in Harrison County, Ky., May 22, 1833, and died May 8, 1902. He raised the first company in Kentucky for the Confederacy that was raised in that "neutral" State. They went by the L. and N. railroad to Nashville, from there to Virginia and became a part of the First Kentucky Regiment. In an engagement at Dranesville, Va., he was severely wounded in the shoulder, his left arm crushed below the elbow, rendering it almost useless the rest of his life; but the most remarkable of his many wounds was one in the head at Murfreesboro by a cannon ball, which left him apparently dead. While being carried from the field as dead he sat upright on the litter, and said: "What does this mean, boys? What's the matter?" Some of his men about him cried with joy, and said: "Captain, we thought you were



dead." He stood up and felt of himself, and said, "I am all right, I believe," and went back to the line. Afterwards, while in Richmond and passing the residence of President Davis, the President and his private secretary, Col. William Preston Johnston, saw the officer, and the latter mentioned that it was Captain Desha, of Kentucky, when the President said: "Call him back; I want to see him." He was introduced to President Davis, who said: "Captain, I wanted to see the only man ever struck in the head with a cannon ball and not killed." The President asked him about the effects of it, and he replied: "I believe about the only bad effects I sustained by it was the loss of a fine pistol dropped from my belt when the boys were carrying me off the field." Mr. Davis excused himself for a few minutes, and returned with a new pistol in his hand, and said: "Captain, allow me to make you a present of this pistol in the place of the one you lost." Another account of his wound by a cannon ball and the pistol, furnished by his widow, is that he became semiconscious, and asked the men what they were doing. They replied: "One of the men is wounded, Captain." "O yes, that was Curd." After a pause of a few moments, they moved on again. He became conscious of their motion, and asked again what they were

doing. Then they said: "Captain, you are wounded." He turned off the stretcher, and asked, "Where?" feeling his arms and legs. One of them said sadly: "It is your head." He then put his hand up and felt it, and said: "Yes, there's blood." He tied a handkerchief around it and went back into action.



CAPTAIN DESHA.

Captain Desha was held in high esteem as scrupulously truthful and honest. He was charitable to a fault for a man of his means, especially to any old Confederate soldier. Captain Desha was a patient, quiet sufferer for all the years that followed, doing good wherever he could. It is said that he was offered a brigadier's commission, but he was never able to take command.

The foregoing was furnished the VETERAN by W. R. Rogan, of Rogan, Tenn., whose sister (the wife) survives him.

CAPT. JOE DESHA—IN MEMORIAM.

BY L. BOYD, CYNTHIANA, KY.

An unseen hand beat taps at eventide,
An angel stood beside an open door,
And, in an unknown tongue, he called the roll
Of soldiers marching to the better land.

Our hero heard and straightway answered, "Here!"
Shook off the mortal dust that clothed his soul,
And joined the comrades he had loved erewhile
And led to fields whereon they slept and sleep.

His deeds in valor glow on history's page
To fire the heart of youth in time to come;
But those who loved him tell another tale,
Here where he lived and toiled and sleeps at last,

They tell of widows' tears he wiped away,
And orphans who have been his constant care;
Of words of comfort, whispered in the sinner's ear,
And outcasts sheltered when the storms were near.

So let the turf that wraps his glorious clay
Keep green by tears of those who loved him well;
His brave and modest soul scorned earthly fame,
But found that hidden way and sought the stars.

CAPT. TRUSTEN POLK.

Capt. Trusten Polk, sixty-one years old, a well-known ex-Confederate, died recently at his home in Baltimore. He had been ill about eight months.

Capt. Polk was born in Sussex County, Delaware, in 1840. In 1852 he removed to Carroll County, Maryland. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in Company K, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, and served under Gen. Lee. He was also with Gen. Stonewall Jackson at Harper's Ferry.

In 1862 Capt. Polk joined the First Maryland Cavalry, enlisting in Company A. He participated in many battles and was captured August 6, 1864. He was held prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio, until March, 1865, and was paroled in May afterwards. In 1871 he represented his county in the Legislature, and in 1873-74 he was Deputy Register of Deeds. In 1893 he was appointed to a position in the internal revenue service in Baltimore, and removed to the city.

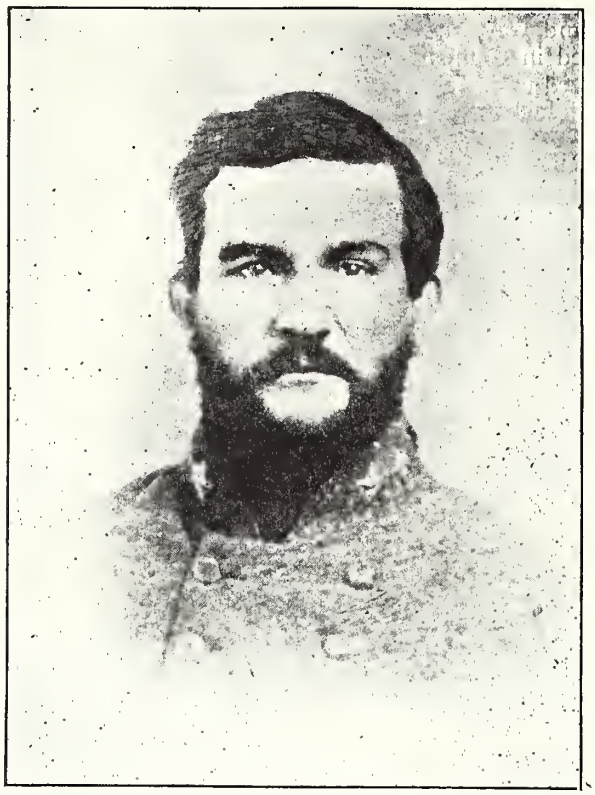
Capt. Polk was a lifelong Democrat. He was a member of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, and had been an elder in the Maryland Avenue Presbyterian Church for several years. His widow, a daughter of Mr. Benjamin H. Dorsey, of Howard County, Maryland, seven sons, and two daughters survive him.

COL. JOHN M. LILLARD.

V. C. Allen, Esq., of Dayton, Tenn., writes of him:

John M. Lillard was born May 22, 1828, where the town of Decatur now stands. His father, James Lillard, owned the tract of land on which the county seat of Meigs County was laid out. Here Colonel Lillard grew to manhood. When the Mexican hosts crossed the Rio Grande and Tennesseeans were called to arms, young Lillard responded and served as a private soldier through that conflict. Returning to his old home, he studied medicine, but grew tired of this profession and entered the law. He was in the State Legislature in 1854. He was married to Miss Jennie Thomas, of North Carolina, in 1856, and was happily and quietly practicing his profession when the dark days of 1861 came; and when Tennessee declared she would resist coercion he enlisted as a private soldier, and was elected first lieutenant in Capt. A. F. Bogg's company from his home county. The Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment was organized, and he was elected colonel. His regiment was the first under fire at Fort Donelson, and with his brave East Tennessee boys he was in the hottest part of that unequal conflict. As stated over the signature of Gen. Gideon Pillow, "Colonel Lillard was one of the distinguished figures on that bloody field." He surrendered with his regiment, and was sent to Fort Warren. He was exchanged in a few months, and at the reorganization of the regiment was elected colonel without opposition. His horse was killed under him at Murfreesboro, and he led his regiment on foot into the cedar thicket with Breckinridge on that memorable charge. After Bragg's army retired to Chattanooga, and final counsel of officers was had, Colonel Lillard was present at the earnest solicitations of his superior officers, and stoutly opposed the evacuation of Chattanooga, stating that it was the gateway to the South; but other counsel prevailed, Chattanooga was evacuated, and on September 19, 1863, on the bloody field of Chickamauga he fell mortally wounded. Fourteen shrapnel balls entered his body. He was carried to the rear, and, when consciousness was restored, requested his personal friend, J. R. Crawford, to go to the front and as-

certain the status of the engagement. On learning that the Confederates were successful and the enemy was retiring, he remarked, "I am content; I did not want to fall into the hands of the enemy," and a few hours more and the brave, manly Lillard "crossed over the river to rest under the shade



COL. JOHN M. LILLARD.

of the trees." Colonel Lillard had been notified of his recommendation for promotion, and would have been a brigadier general in a few weeks had he survived that battle.

The South's loss was greater by the sacrifice of the lives of such men as Colonel Lillard than all the property that was destroyed by the necessities of the conflict or the vandalism of Sherman, Sheridan, and others.

Thirty-Six Dead of One Camp.

Here is a list of deceased Confederate soldiers, members of Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, No. 28, U. C. V. Camp, who have died in ten years. The Bivouac committee, composed of Judge H. J. Livingston, J. R. Green, and J. E. Carter, furnishes the following names, as a complete list of all members of their Camp, No. 426, V. C. V., who have died since its organization, on September 5, 1891:

Taliaferro, C. S., Lt. Co. L, Seventh Cavalry, Aug. 25, 1892.
Fleming, A. W., Capt. Co. E, 13th Cav., Nov. 27, 1892.
Mann, B. A., Co. L, 7th Cav., Jan. 2, 1894.
Lea, Ben. J., Col. 52d Inf., Mar. 15, 1894.
Easler, Jonathan, Ord. Sergt., Co. D, 7th Cav.., May 21, 1894.
Potter, Dr. T. M., Surg., 6th Inf., May 23, 1895.
Mann, A. S., Co. M, 7th Cav., July 2, 1896.
Rose, Anderson, Co. M, 7th Cav., Oct., 1896.
Dupree, W. H., Co. L, 7th Cav., May 7, 1897.
Raynor, Kenneth, Co. A, 6th Inf., Jan., 1898.
Jeffries, Robert, Co. D, 7th Cav., June 13, 1898.
Bright, A. D., Capt. Co. K, 18th Miss Inf., Sept. 11, 1898.
Campbell, W. J., Co. E, 9th Inf., Sept. 28, 1898.
Duckworth, Alex., Capt. Co. L, 7th Cav., Oct. 5, 1898.
Allison, J. F., Co. D, 7th Cav., Dec. 1898.
Bizzell, W. H., Co. K, 6th Cav., Sept. 23, 1899.
Brantley, G. L., Co. D, 14th Cav., Nov. 22, 1899.
Herbert, W. T., Co. F, 31st Inf., Dec. 14, 1898.
Allen, W. H., Co. B, 6th Inf., Jan. 28, 1900.
White, R. T., Co. L, 7th Cav., April 11, 1900.
Crutchfield, W. C., Co. F, 31st Inf., April, 1900.
Russell, R. S., Capt., Co. B, 9th Inf., March 22, 1900.
Trupp, T. A., Co. D, 9th Inf., Sept., 1900.
Gilliam, A. P., Co. F, 12th Cav., Oct. 5, 1900.
Winston, P. B., Co. K, 31st Inf., Oct. 18, 1900.
Truss, S. W., Co. E, 10th Ala. Inf., Mar. 7, 1901.
Haggerty, R., Co. C, Confed. Regt., June 5, 1901.
Cox, J. R., Co. B, 9th Inf., June 6, 1891.
Brandon, J. S., Lieut. Co. D, 31st Inf., July 16, 1901.
Moses, J. P., Lieut. Co. B, 31st Inf., Sept. 8, 1901.
Cronch, W. H., Co. F, 4th Cav., Nov. 14, 1901.
Shaw, W. J., Capt. Co. G, Forrest's Old Regt., Jan. 9, 1902.
Rose, W. H., Co. D, Ark. Inf., Jan. 15, 1902.
Herring, J. W., Co. L, 7th Cav., June 3, 1902.
Grammer, Rev. G. A., Warren's Miss. Art., June 27, 1902.
Walker, Aaron Sr., Co. C, 14th Cav., July 22, 1902.

Some of these men were in high position in State affairs. Benjamin J. Lea, colonel of the Fifty-Second Tennessee Infantry, served in the State Legislature both before and after the war. Subsequently, he served a full term of eight years as attorney-general of the State; and, still later, for several years as a member of the Supreme bench of Tennessee, of which high court he was Chief Justice at the time of his death.

A. D. Bright served a full term as a judge in the Court of Referees of the State. He too served for some time as a special judge of the Supreme Court of the State.

Most of the others on the list, while not so conspicuous because of any high positions held by them, are none the less honored by all who knew them, because of their great usefulness as citizens and their high characters for integrity, intelligence, moral uprightness, and Christian philanthropy. These have crossed the river and are bivouacked "on fame's eternal camping ground."

The camp has one hundred and thirteen living members on its roll.

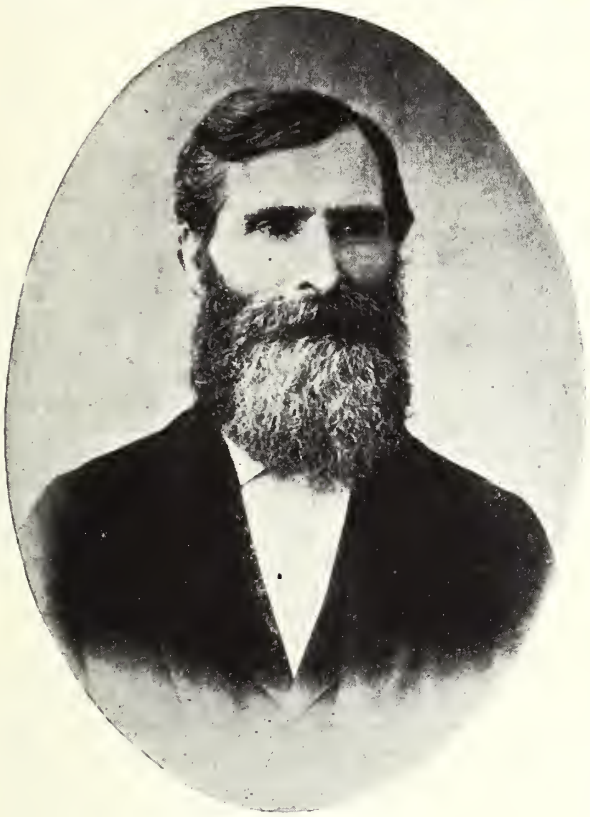
COL. WILLIAM QUAYLE.

Another Confederate veteran has rejoined the great body of the gallant army of the South. In another home is left for treasure the sad relics of a brave service to the Confederacy: an old field glass, a poor faded fragment of the red and white flag, worn canvas envelopes filled with yellow, half-obliterated papers, a commission, letters of instruction and commendation from superior officers.

Col. William Quayle, a lieutenant colonel of the Ninth Regiment of Texas Cavalry, and commanding major of the First Frontier District, died August 8, 1901, at his home in Moberly, Mo. He looked upon death as he had looked upon life, calmly and bravely, saying only: "I must pay the penalty for being mortal."

Colonel Quayle was born at his ancestral home, Chergy Creek Place, Kirk Michael Parish, Isle of Man, October 18, 1825. When a child his parents came to America and settled in Ontario County, N. Y. He attended school at Canadagua Academy. He went to sea in early manhood with a whaling expedition. He remained at sea during nearly ten years. While yet young, he became captain and one-half owner of the sailing vessel McClellan. After many prosperous voyages, the McClellan, in company with the five vessels under

Sir Edward Belcher in his search for Sir John Franklin, was caught in the ice off the coast of Greenland and was so badly crushed that the crew was compelled to abandon her. For several years following the loss of the McClellan Colonel



COL. WILLIAM QUAYLE.

Quayle traveled extensively through Asia and Europe, spending much time in the midst of the historical associations of China, India, Persia, and the Holy Land.

Upon returning to the United States, his health compelled him to seek a milder climate than that of New York; hence he went to the State of Texas, where he purchased a tract of land, placed negroes upon it, and established his home, in Tarrant County. In this county he served as district clerk and district judge respectively. Up to this time he held to the Whig party, but when Texas seceded and entered the Confederacy he at once allied himself with the cause of the South, and responded to the first call for troops. He organized and drilled a company of cavalry at Fort Worth. The torn muster roll of that company, most of the members dead, was found among his papers. His company became a part of the Ninth Texas Cavalry Regiment, and Captain Quayle was commissioned lieutenant colonel.

He commanded the regiment in the battle of Pea Ridge, and his heroic conduct was mentioned in the general's report. He also commanded it in the battle of Corinth. Old war letters from General McCulloch and others and from Governor Murrah express warmest praise of his actions. Shortly after the battle of Corinth, he was stricken with camp fever, and was removed to his home. While thus in feeble health he was elected State Senator, and was, at the same time, commissioned commanding major of the First Frontier District. He preserved many records and letters concerning some of the most tragic events in the war history of Texas.

In July, 1865, heartsick at the failure and utter ruin, he and other Confederate officers removed with their families to Mexico. That was a period of lawlessness. Austria was then making a last attempt to sustain Maximilian on the throne of Mexico. Although neither he nor his associates gave active sympathy to either Imperialist or Liberal, yet, on account of the "death law" against foreigners, they suffered much at the hands of brigands and Liberals. One of their number, the brave Captain Monroe, was murdered in the Hacienda Plaza, and Colonel Quayle escaped death at the same time in miraculous manner.

After several years' residence in Mexico, he returned to Texas and resided two years. Then he went with his family to visit his wife's parents in Missouri, where he decided to remain, though he never lost his love for Texas. He often spoke laughingly of "going back home to live," but always yielded to his wife's preference for Missouri. While in Missouri, his quiet private career was interrupted but once, when he served a term in the State Legislature.

Colonel Quayle was twice happily married; both times into old Southern families. His first wife was Miss Sarah, daughter of Rev. W. H. Henderson, of Mississippi; and the present wife was Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Terrill, of Missouri.

A man of strong intellectual power and of wide reading, Colonel Quayle spent much of his active later life among his books and periodicals. He kept up with the most advanced thought of the day with an interest as keen as in youth. He possessed a marked personality, great purity of life, broad, tender sympathies, and a courage that made him a stranger to any form of fear, and was resourceful in the face of the greatest difficulties.

Col. W. A. Hemphill.

The death of Col. W. A. Hemphill is noted with sorrow by the Veteran. At the dedication of the monument to Gen. W. H. T. Walker recently, an account of which will appear in the next issue, Col. Hemphill sought the editor of the Veteran to become his guest on the trip to the battlefield; and, although not well, he would not leave the guest until the exercises were completed. At parting in the city, there was a pathos in the good-by which now indicates more than it did then.

Colonel Hemphill was a faithful veteran, and was proud of his career in the army. In Volume VII., pages 258-260, of

COL. W. A. HEMPHILL.

the VETERAN, he gave an account of the Troup Artillery, in which he was an active participant. He was much more diligent to pay tribute to comrades than in crediting himself.

A native Georgian, when the war was over, he wended his way to Atlanta from his home at Athens, and was an ardent factor in building a city where the war had left little but ashes. Colonel Hemphill was in a broad sense the founder of the *Atlanta Constitution*. He kept in his private office a small iron safe with the original books of that paper, showing the amounts expended for paper daily, the advertising accounts, etc. The record is consistent with a well-ordered country weekly. Yet under his sagacious business management the *Constitution* became the most prominent daily paper in the South, and it was the fulcrum that enabled Henry Grady to become the South's most conspicuous citizen.

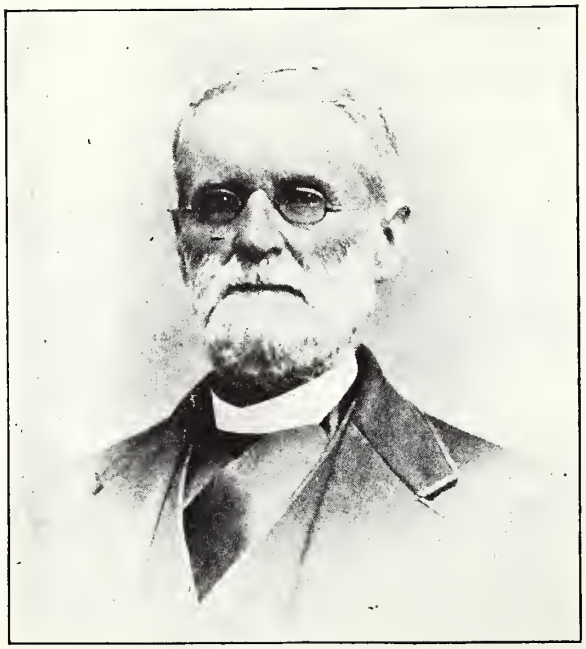
In all his varied duties Colonel Hemphill never abandoned interest in Christian enterprises, and he was the proud superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school for many years. On the morning of the day made memorable by his death he went in his carriage to the church for Sunday school service. but was so unwell as to be obliged to return home before the conclusion of the service.

The funeral service was attended by his comrades, by the Sunday school, the mayor, and the surviving ex-mayors of Atlanta, and other bodies showed the appreciation of his fellows to his merits as a citizen, his kindness of heart, and zeal as a Christian. The service was conducted by Bishop W. A. Candler. The concluding song was one of his favorites,

"God be with you till we meet again."

A. W. TRAYLOR.

Mr. Albert Washington Traylor, one of the oldest and most highly-respected citizens of Richmond, Va., and the father of Mr. Robert Lee Traylor, well known in business circles there, died at his home there on June 18, 1902. Mr. Traylor had



A. W. TRAYLOR.

attained an advanced age, and had been ill for a long time. In the summer of 1891 he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and never afterwards was a well man. A second stroke was speedily fatal. Mr. Traylor was in the 81st year of his age, and had a multitude of friends. The interment, private, was in Hollywood, the family plot. Albert W. Traylor was born at "Winterpock," Chesterfield County, Va., where his direct lineal ancestors had lived six generations. He married in Chesterfield County January 19, 1848, Mary Elizabeth Acree Adams, who died in 1888. In the Confederate service he was in charge of the slave laborers used in the construction of the earthwork fortifications at Drewry's Bluff, subsequently detailed for service in the management of the interests of Lewis D. Crenshaw & Co. at Midway Mills, in Nelson County, when they were filling large contracts for the Confederate government, and he later did actual service in the field as a private in Company E, Twenty-First Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Terry's Brigade, Gordon's Division, A. N. V. He was taken prisoner in Gordon's forlorn hope, the attack led by Col., now Judge, Thomas Goode Jones, of Alabama, on Fort Stedman or Hare's Hill, near Petersburg, March 25, 1865. He was confined at Point Lookout, Md., until released by parole June 21, 1865. He retired from active business pursuits a few years before the first paralytic attack. Comrade Traylor was a modest unpretentious man, who lived uprightly and commanded the full confidence of all with whom he had dealings. He was for years a deacon in the Baptist Church. He leaves four sons, Luther E. Traylor, of Jackson, Tenn., and Messrs. John A., Franklin B. and Robert Lee, and one daughter, Miss Martha J. Traylor, of Richmond, all of whom except the first-named were at his bedside at the moment of his death.

MRS. ISABELLA KOPPERL.

On May 9, 1902, Mrs. Isabella Kopperl, of Galveston, while seeking rest at Redlands, Cal., with a number of ladies, was thrown from a tallyho and sustained injuries resulting in her death. The best medical skill could accomplish nothing toward her relief. The body, accompanied by the two sons, was transfered by rail to Galveston, and the funeral services were held at the family residence at the intersection of Broadway and Twenty-Fourth Street by Rabbi H. Cohen. She was a consistent member of the Jewish congregation of Galveston.

Mrs. Kopperl was a native of Baltimore, Md. She was the daughter of Joe Dyer and niece of Isadore Dyer, deceased, who was once a prominent merchant of this city. She came to Texas when quite young, with her sister, Mrs. Osterman, who practiced love, faith, and charity, but her motto was that the greatest of these is charity. She was the widow of the late Hon. Morris Kopperl, for many years a prominent merchant and importer of Galveston, Tex., who represented his district in the State Legislature several years, and died in 1883. He was prominent in the upbuilding of his city, a strong motive power in building the Sunset road westward. He was connected with many charities, and for years was President of the Protestant Orphan Asylum.

Mrs. Kopperl occupied the greater portion of her life in charitable work, and took great interest in all civic affairs, especially all matters pertaining to the upbuilding of the city after the calamitous hurricane of September 8, 1900. She was one of the original Board of Managers of the Galveston Orphans' Home, and was deeply interested in the Old Woman's Home and other benevolent and charitable institutions of this city. Mrs. Kopperl was noted for her kindness in caring for the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy during and after the great war for the Constitution, and was an active member of the V. Jefferson Davis Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

The interment was made in the Jewish cemetery. A large number of citizens who honored the deceased for her many virtues attended the sacred service.

MAJ. J. M. BILLUPS.

Comrade W. A. Campbell writes from Columbus, Miss.:

Maj. J. M. Billups died Monday, August 11, and was buried the next day. He was seventy-nine years old. Captain Billups commanded Company B, Forty-Third Mississippi Infantry. He was in the battle of Corinth, and, as the colonel and lieutenant colonel were both killed, he acted as major in the battle. One by one they are going; the ranks are getting thinner. Major Billups was a gentleman of the "old school," and his family is of the best in this State.

Robert Neill writes from Batesville, Ark.: "In the July issue of the VETERAN is a communication from Jerome Twitchell, Company E, Eighth Arkansas Regiment, of Kansas City, Mo., referring to Harlan Johnson, of Arkansas, who was a member of the same regiment. The writer knew Harlan Johnson, who lived in this town, in the early seventies. He afterwards removed to the State of Louisiana, where he died some twenty years ago, leaving a widow, who now lives in this city. He has a younger brother, Louis Johnson, residing here now, from whom I get the information of Harlan's death. Two comrades here, Franklin Perrin and Bud Johnston, of the Eighth Arkansas, remember Comrade Twitchell. They served in Desha's Seventh Arkansas Battalion, which was in 1862 consolidated with the Eighth Arkansas Regiment."

STATUS OF THE CONFEDERATE MINING CO.

Comrade R. W. Crabb, Treasurer, Uniontown, Ky., writes in compliance with request from the VETERAN:

Yours of the 18th inst. to hand making inquiry about the progress of the Confederate Mining Co., and I will say, that in my opinion, no company ever organized has met with such universal encouragement and decided success as has the Confederate Mining Company from the old soldiers of the South and the Southern people generally. From the very beginning at the Memphis reunion, June, 1901, where it was first organized by the old soldiers, it has been crowned with success at every step. At that reunion Col. Lee Crandall conceived the idea of organizing a company that could relieve and help the old Southern soldiers. It was to create a fund and invest it in copper mines in Arizona, where it was known to be a safe and good investment. The organization was perfected, and the officers and directors were elected from among the old soldiers present. The idea was for one thousand men to pay in to the Treasurer $10 each, creating a fund of $10,000, and for the company to issue to each member stock for same.

The property was selected by expert miners in the famous Reno Canyon, Gila County, Ariz. This property is known to be rich in mineral values, and is said by expert mineralogists to be among the best copper property in Arizona.

After securing the charter under the laws of Arizona, our managers commenced work opening up a tunnel through the mountains, and has been at work continuously developing the mines. He has found copper and gold in paying quantities from the first two hundred feet. But as our company desires to put in a large plant, it will take three or four months yet to develop the property and to decide the kind of machinery that is needed. In the meantime, the new Gila Valley Railroad is now being surveyed, and they will commence work at once to build it. This road will run within sight of the mines. I visited this property in May and June, and examined it carefully. The title and deeds are perfect, and to say that I am well pleased with the outlook does not express it—I am simply delighted, and this is the expression of other stockholders who have visited the mines.

A gallant staff officer of high rank in the Confederate Army who has been unfortunate recently, was offered the VETERAN free, but writes from his Northern home: "I am not unmindful of your kind offer to send me the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the year (1902) free of cost. It was generous of you, and I fully appreciate it; but I have never been a man to accept favors, and I hope you will not consider me wanting in appreciation if I remit the dollar, subscription for one year, carrying me on your subscription list paid until January, 1903. I think the old Vets have much to thank you for. The publication deserves well at the hands of every true Southern man, whether in or out of the Confederate Army. Go on with the good work rejoicing, and be happy according to the measure of my wishes."

WHO BURNED COLUMBIA?

Col. J. G. Gibbs has published a history of the burning of Columbia by the army of Gen. Sherman. He has given not only an account of what he witnessed, in person, but has given a synopsis of the investigation by a committee appointed by the city council of Columbia, also the report of Gilmore Sims, Dr. Trezevant, Hon. Alfred Huger, ex-Mayor Stanley, M. H. Berry, O. Z. Bates, Capt. Brooks, and other prominent citizens of the city. He has also given the testimony of Gen. Sherman himself, before a United States Commisisoner, in a case where English parties claimed damages for property destroyed, also that of Gen. Howard and other prominent United States officers, with an account of Historian Nichols, a staff officer of Gen. Sherman, and a statement of Gen. Hazen. Besides he gives the letters and statements of Wade Hampton.

The author gives the profits of this interesting publication to the Daughters of the Confederacy, and they appeal for subscriptions. Price, 50 and 75 cents.

Order of E. H. Aull, publisher, Newberry, S. C., J. G. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C., or Mrs. Thomas Taylor, Chairman of Relic Room at the State House, Columbia, S. C. The proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to the Hampton Memorial.

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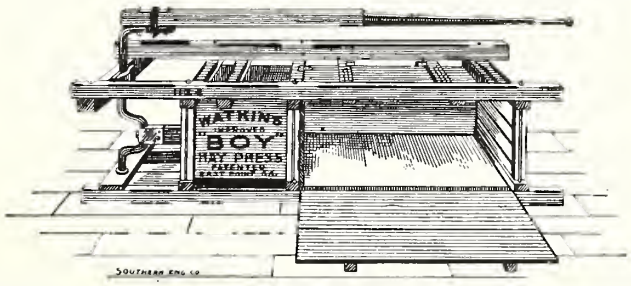

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D. N. Glover, Burnsville, Miss., wants to hear from some surviving member of Company I, Twenty-Seventh Louisiana, or Company A, "Caddo Rifles," First Louisiana Infantry. He needs proofs to establish his merits for a pension.

Thomas S. Brown, Chelsea, I. T., seeks information about his brother, Capt. William A. Brown, who was at Johnson's Island for eleven months, being released at the close of the war. Thinks he was captured at the battle of Atlanta, and says he was at one time in Cleburne's Division.

Corporal Thomas J. Smith (City Police, Twelfth Precinct), New Orleans, La., is anxious to procure a roster of Company E, First Louisiana Regular Infantry, in which he enlisted as drummer when under fourteen years of age. His father was a member of the same company.

Jeff Robertson, Louisburg, Kan., desires information concerning the last sickness or death of Horace Robertson, of Cass County, Mo., who was a member of Company F, Sixth Missouri Infantry, and who died at Morton, Miss., during the siege of Vicksburg in 1863. An aged father will appreciate anything regarding him.

Information is wanted by J. M. Richardson, Glasgow, Ky., of his father, James Monroe Richardson, who was born in Red River County, La., and went to Mississippi to live with relatives when a small boy. He had a half brother by the name of Tom or Frank. He became Capt. Richardson, of the Thirty-Sixth or Thirty-Seventh Mississippi Infantry, and was killed at Kennesaw Mountain.

Mrs. M. H. Vaden, Sulphur Springs, Tex., is anxious to locate W. C. McCastle, a stepson of Albert Trueblood, formerly County Court Clerk of Fannin County. Mr. McCastle enlisted in Company I, Crump's Battalion, C. S. A.; was captured near Atlanta, Ga., and confined at Camp Douglas in 1864, and released at the close of the war.

Mr. Joe H. Mulheron, of Mercer, Tenn., writes of an oil painting left in the care of Mrs. S. A. Dinsdale, Ducall's Bluff, Ark., by a soldier, who said he cut it out of the frame in a house near Vicksburg, Miss. The portrait is of a boy, four or five years old, nearly life-size. No marks or date whatever, except the name "Willie," written under the picture. Although Mrs. Dindale prizes this highly, she would gladly return to the proper owners.

John H. Levy, Adjutant Ohio Camp No. 614, Mt. Vernon Avenue, Columbus, Ohio: "Is there a survivor of Zollicoffer's raids into Kentucky and Tennessee early in the war who can give particulars of the death of William Moore Thompson, who was a member of a Western regiment, and was killed, it is understood, by a storekeeper in a dispute over the price of a pair of boots? He was of middle age—a veteran of the Mexican war.

J. L. Haynes, of Van Alstyne, Tex., who served in the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment of Wilcox's Brigade, is proud of the showing made by his regiment at the Dallas reunion, and hopes the veterans of Alabama will not hereafter be indifferent about their record and fail to have a good representation at any reunion. He is anxious to get a copy of the history of this regiment, with list of members, and will appreciate information as to where it can be procured.

A LARGE MAP OF THE

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"WHERE SLEEP OUR SOUTHERN DEAD."

They are sleeping on the hillsides
Where the grass is waving green,
Where the early hue of morning
In the rosy east is seen,
Bathing earth in dewy splendor;
And the flush from sunset skies,
Like a sudden gleam of glory,
Lights the spot where valor lies.

They are sleeping in the valleys
Where the earliest shadows fall,
Where rustling leaflets echo
The drowsy night birds call;
And on the boundless prairies
Still many lone ones sleep,
While the silent stars above them
Their ceaseless vigil keep.

On the field and by the wayside,
Where the steady camp fires shone,
In the arms of loving comrades,
To their resting places borne,
Many stricken ones are waiting,
After all the dreadful fray;
There the angel's trump shall find them
On the resurrection day.

Long ago, from ghastly trenches,
From corruption's mold and rust,
Loving friends with aching bosoms
Gathered up their sacred dust,
And unto the "Silent Cities"
Lo! they came with noiseless tread;
Bearing with them what remaineth
Of their loved and honored dead.

Still how many a heart is longing,
But to know just where he lies;
If where northern blasts are sweeping,
Or beneath the sunny skies;
But to know if o'er him bending,
One ear caught his latest breath,
O to know that some one gently
Closed for aye his eyes in death.

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Few people in this section who have not traveled over this railroad can realize the beauty and comfort that they find on the Norfolk and Western Railway, whether going to or from the East. The vast improvement that has taken place in the past year renders it one of the safest and most delightful roads in the South. Winding through the mountains, along the shady banks of rivers, the eye never tires of the scenery, nor is the traveler wearied by the heat of the journey. Along this road there are numerous summer resorts whose fame has gone over the entire country. Aside from this the Norfolk and Western furnishes the quickest and most convenient route to the East.—*Greeneville (Tenn.) Democrat.*

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It is approved by his widow and the late lamented Wade Hampton; by Generals Lee, Cabell, and Walker, the three Department Commanders of the U. C. V. and Camps and Chapters by the score.

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It may be justly claimed that in the "Story of Stonewall Jackson," by Mr. William C. Chase, this demand is supplied better than in any other biography of the unmatched soldier of the civil war.—*Atlanta Journal* (Ed.).

In this effort of his, Mr. Chase has been eminently successful.—*Times-Democrat* (N. O.).

Will appeal to the great mass of Americans, irrespective of sections.—*News* (Dallas).

Especially valuable.—*Globe-Democrat* (St. Louis).

A pleasant story told.—*Star* (Wilmington, N. C.).

Supplies a long-felt want.—*Herald* (Augusta).

It is well written.—*Advertiser* (Montgomery).

Valuable addition to Southern libraries.—*Times* (Chattanooga).

Most interesting—carefully compiled.—*Register* (Wheeling).

The book cannot fail to interest everyone.—*Telegraph* (Macon, Ga.).

Is better supplied with incident than any other.—*Courier-Journal* (Louisville).

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Has done his work well.—*News and Observer* (Raleigh).

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M. J. Strickland, Goldthwaite, Tex., asks for information of his friend Mat Luxton. He had a store at Forrest Hill, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, in 1866-67.

D. D. Nicholas, 123 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn., desires to procure the address of some member of the Fifty-Seventh Georgia Volunteers, C. S. A., who knew Capt. W. R. Thomas, of that regiment.

Mrs. M. V. Willis, 307 Church Street, Americus, Ga., asks: "Will some veteran who was in Lee's army, Phillips's Legion, at the surrender and knew Dr. George M. Willis, a surgeon of the Legion, please write of his being present at the close of the war?" The proof will enable Mrs. Willis to secure a pension, of which she is in need.

M. E. Hanlon, 2010 Waltonway, Augusta, Ga.: "While at the reunion in Dallas, Tex., I lost or mislaid my satchel. It was a small log cabin satchel, containing shirts, collars, etc., and especially my photograph, which had 'Camp No. 435, Georgia,' on the hat in picture. The satchel also contained a watch chain made of hair. It may be that it was found by some comrade, and that I can recover it by means of this notice."

I. K. P. Blackburn, Waco, Tenn., makes inquiry as to identity of two soldiers buried on his place during Hood's campaign into Tennessee. This place is on the turnpike leading from Columbia to Pulaski. These soldiers were said to be Mississippians and one (killed in a skirmish on the pike) thought to belong to the Second Mississippi. The other was killed by a limb knocked from a tree and doubtless was a member of Ballentine's regiment of cavalry. The Harvey Walker Bivouac plans to place headstones and otherwise care for these graves.

C. A. Powell, of Bigbee, Miss., wishes to trace a picture which was left by him in Columbus, Miss., in 1864 with a Mrs. McBray or McBrough. The picture is in a box case with the artist's name under picture—White, at West Point, Miss. In the picture a white stripe shows around the vest collar and down the front on each side of the buttons. There is also a leather watch guard with a knot showing where the guard comes from under the vest collar. The hair is parted on the left side. It is hoped that some reader of the VETERAN may know of this picture which Comrade Powell prizes highly. He was a member of Company F, Forty-Third Mississippi Regiment.

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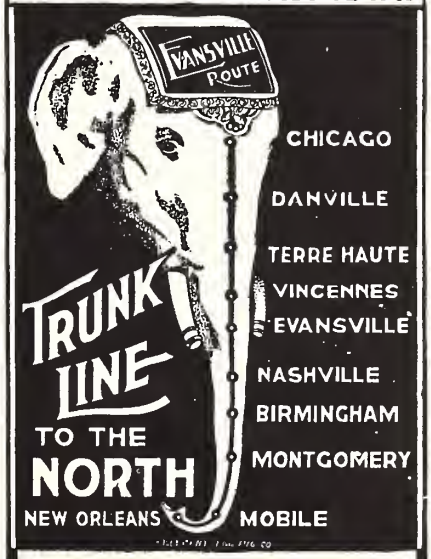

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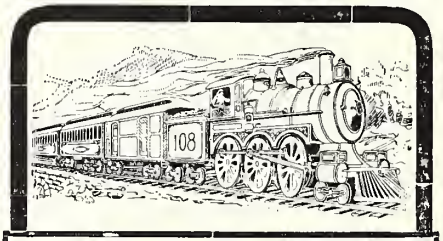

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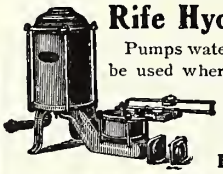

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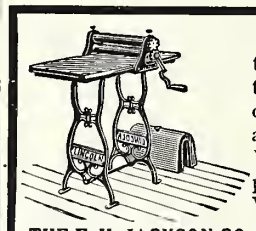

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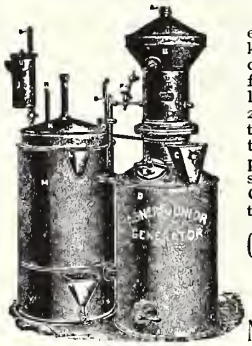

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Men hesitate to invest, awaiting for a "dead sure shot." There is no such thing in an investment. No matter what the probabilities are, there is a possibility of a loss.

"A dead sure thing" in mining means that the mines are old and established, and large quantities of ore is uncovered and is being shipped, and large dividends are being declared. But the stock commands fabulous prices, and it precludes all men of moderate financial standing from purchasing. So the mistake men make in mining investments is in waiting for the "dead sure thing." The men who make the big money in every great enterprise are those who come in at the beginning. Hundreds of mines sold their stock at from 5 cents to 50 cents per share at the beginning; now it is worth hundreds, and some thousands of dollars per share.

Buy when the stock is sold at moderate prices, based upon the undeveloped valuation of the properties. The Confederate Mining Company's property is in the mineral belt of Gila County, Arizona, where millions and millions of dollars worth of gold, silver, and copper is taken out every year. Its group of copper claims lies in the famous Reno Gulch district, where it is known to be underlayed with rich copper and gold ore.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more than $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their Treasury Stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of anyone. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

The old Confederates reason this way: Capitalists everywhere are making money in large quantities in the mining business. Why should we not create a fund, and do the same? By the placing into the treasury from $10 to $200 each it is easily done. There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the same confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and business like.

At a meeting of the officers and stockholders at Dallas, Tex., in April they added two directors from the stockholders, Capt. J. I. Wilkes, from Martin, Tenn., and Dr. Z. T. Bundy, of Milford, Tex.

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COL. LEE CRANDALL, Pres't.

Col. Lee Crandall, the President of the Confederate Mining Company, of Globe, Arizona, was Colonel of "The Regiment of the Confederacy." It was known so by the companies composing it from the different States. In the Colonel's regiment there was one company from Mississippi, two from Texas, three from Missouri, and four from Arkansas. There was always a spirit of rivalry in these companies to see which should get there first, and stay the longest in battle. This amused and gratified Col. Crandall, for he too was always ready for a scrap with the Yanks. This regiment did meritorious service throughout the war, and was known as "Crandall's Regiment of the Confederacy." After the war the Colonel resided in Washington City, and the last twelve years he has been extensively engaged, together with his son, Theo. Crandall, in the mining business of Arizona. Col. Crandall made application to the government to raise a brigade of young men from the South to go to the Spanish-American war, and the Southern people urged President McKinley to appoint Col. Crandall as Brigadier General; but the President was a Republican and Crandall was a Democrat, and that was the end of it.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

Maj. Crabb, our Secretary and Treasurer, is a native Mississippian, and was a member of Crandall's regiment, and was in all the "hard knocks" of that famous old regiment. Maj. Crabb located in Uniontown, Ky., soon after the war, and has been engaged in business there continuously for twenty-seven years. He was councilman of the city twenty odd years, and was Mayor for a number of years. He was Commander of Adam Johnson Camp, U. C. V., for ten years, and is now Major of the 2nd Ky. Battalion, U. C. V. Maj. Crabb was United States Deputy Revenue Collector for four years, under Cleveland's administration. He is bonded to this company by the Fidelity Security Co., of Maryland.

THE CONFEDERATE MINING CO., Uniontown, Ky.

If SAMPLE or Otherwise FREE Copy Be Received, Please Show It to Others.

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1902 No. 9

Confederate Veteran

NEW KENTUCKY HOME FOR CONFEDERATES.

The Trustees of the Kentucky Confederate Home selected Pewee Valley for its location, on which was erected the building herewith illustrated. It was known as the Villa Ridge Inn, owned by Comrade A. W. Gordon. He agreed to accept a house in Louisville donated for the purpose of a Confederate Home, valued at $4,500 cash, and $8,000 in money.

This inn building, a magnificent structure, is on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and is also reached by an electric suburban line from Louisville. It has a front of 155 feet, is three and a half stories high, contains ninety-two rooms, of which seventy-one are luxuriously furnished. It has steam heat and gas throughout, six large cisterns and one deep, inexhaustible well, all connected with steam pumps in good order. There are extensive verandas around the building. The Home will accommodate now 125 veterans with every possible convenience.

The Trustees are grateful in the procurement of so elegant a home for comrades in need, as they can be cared for immediately. They say that the call for space will not only be urgent, but large. Maryland furnished less than one-third the soldiers that Kentucky sent into the Confederacy, but her home has over one hundred inmates. Missouri, with not nearly so many men in the armies of the South, has 240 inmates in her home, and Kentucky may reasonably expect from 100 to 150 inmates. The central location will enable thousands of friends and admirers to visit the Home.

To construct such a home would require an outlay of at least $40,000. The building has a dining room and infirmary, parlors, a piano, office safe, ranges, laundry, necessary bathrooms, etc., and all appliances for every possible demand. It gives our noble heroes a luxurious Home.

The picture of the Home comes with the compliments of Col. Bennett H. Young, an active member of the Board.

MISS BESSIE PARK, DALLAS, TEX.

Sponsor for the Sterling Price Camp. Miss Bess is a native Texan, an expert rifle shot and horsewoman. Her father, Col. Milton Park, is on the staff of "Old Tige," Commander Trans-Mississippi Department.

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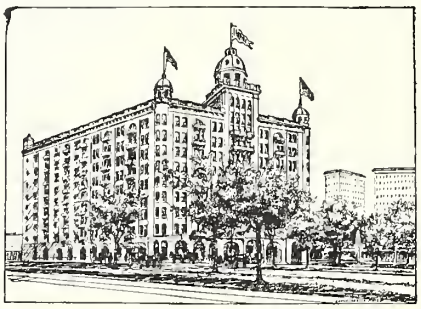

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (civil war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1902 | No. 9. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

FALSE HISTORIES OUSTED IN TEXAS.

J. E. Dupree, Chairman of the History Committee for Fannin County, Tex., makes a report adopted by the Confederate Veteran Association there, which is encouraging. He states that the "Beginners' History of the United States," by D. H. Montgomery, an "odious and false history" has been discontinued as a text-book in the public schools of Bonham. The Association will appeal to the Legislature to make all public schools of the county subject to the same rules.

Chairman Dupree gives an incident in the personal life of "our glorious old" John H. Reagan that occurred in 1859:

"Texas at that time was entitled to only two members in the Lower House of Congress. Mr. Reagan was the Democratic nominee in the eastern district, as was Gen. T. N. Waul in the western district of the State. Both of the conventions which had nominated these two distinguished gentlemen had utterly ignored an expression in regard to reopening the African slave trade. During the canvass Mr. Reagan was challenged for his views on this important issue. He came out boldly and denounced it as an inhuman practice that should never have been tolerated in any age or country, and that he would oppose any such measure if elected to Congress. Gen. Waul, in the western district, was also challenged for his views on this subject; but he ignored the question, and quoted the act or non-action of the nominating convention to sustain his silence. Mr. Reagan was triumphantly elected in Eastern Texas, although he was bitterly opposed by the great leaders and newspapers of his party. Gen. Waul was defeated in Western Texas, although he was ably defended by the same great influences. This shows the attitude of the people of Texas at that time touching the reopening of the African slave trade. Mr. Reagan is preparing a history of the great war between the States. In justice to himself and the people of Texas he should put this in his book, which, if God spares him to complete it, will be the crowning act of his useful and illustrious life."

REUNION RATES TO NASHVILLE.—Railroads traversing the State of Tennessee have, through Joseph Richardson, Chairman, established a rate of one cent per mile to the State Confederate Reunion to be held in Nashville October 8, 9. Tickets will be sold on the 7th. The following rates on this basis will govern: From Bristol, $8.10; Chattanooga, $3.05; Cumberland Gap, $6.80; Grand Junction, $4.15; Harriman Junction, $4.80; Humboldt, $2.95; Jackson, $3.05; Union City, $3.10; Jellico, $6.60; Knoxville, $5.50; Martin, $2.85; McKenzie, $2.35; Memphis, $4.65; Milan, $2.75; Paris, $2.35; Rives, $3.15. For this courtesy, this kindness, the VETERAN bespeaks the gratitude of every veteran in the State.

MEMBERS OF HOWDY MARTIN CAMP, ATHENS, TEXAS,
With their guests, Hon. John H. Reagan and wife.

MONUMENT AT VALLEY MOUNTAIN.

Capt. F. S. Harris, who visited the place, writes:

"I am of the opinion that no monument was ever built in a more inaccessible place than this one, which was unveiled on July 17, 1902. Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Ashby's Cavalry, was chief marshal of the mounted men, with J. C. Price, S. M. Gay, and T. C. Courtney as aides. Mr. Arthur Lawson was chief marshal of footmen, with Piatt Marshall and G. M. Key as aides. The procession formed on the public highway in front of where Gen. Sam R. Anderson's brigade of Tennesseeans were camped in 1861. The Marlinton band played 'Dixie,' and many of that great audience of over 2,000 had never heard it. Exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. W. T. Price, and a masterful oration was delivered by Bishop Peterkin. His oration is spoken of there as the Confederate 'Confession of Faith.'

"The dead are largely Tennesseeans, as Anderson's and Donelson's Brigades comprised the bulk of Loring's army while at Valley Mountain. It was unveiled by the two granddaughters of Col. Gatewood, exposing to view a low but beautiful monumental cross with the inscription, 'Non Sibi, sed Patriæ,' meaning, 'They died not for themselves, but for their country.' It is situated about one-fourth of a mile south of the main road, where it passes the highest gap in Valley Mountain, on a very high hill or mountain of land given by Dr. Cameron. It is a question who is most creditabe for this tender memory in granite, Bishop Peterkin or Arthur Lawson. The former was a private in a Virginia regiment and marched afoot over this section in 1861. After Appomattox he entered the ministry, and his work has made him a bishop. He lives in Beverly, W. Va., and next to his Church the memory of his comrades has been nearest his heart. Arthur Lawson is a young Englishman, a man of wealth, who has made large investments in that blue grass section, and spends a portion of his time there. When he first reached America he knew but little of our civil strife, but, being a Briton, his feelings, if at all biased, were in favor of 'the government.' He had not been in that section long before his attention was drawn to the Confederate soldier. From a most reasonable standpoint he soon reached the conclusion that a people who remained so faithful to a cause, with the fidelity shown by the followers of Lee, had a just cause of complaint, or were a race of very remarkable people. He found both to be the case, and largely through his influence this monument is permanently set on the top of Valley Mountain as a Confederate memorial. The old Johnnie Rebs, whose fidelity to a waning cause kept them true to these convictions, have a warm place in the heart of the generous son from the white cliffs of old England, and they are devoted to Arthur Lawson.

MONUMENT AT VALLEY MOUNTAIN, VA.

"As is the case with every other monument, the U. D. C. were largely instrumental in its perfection. They said: 'When we honor the Confederate soldier we honor ourselves.'"

Flag of the Thirty-Ninth Alabama Regiment.—Mrs. Sallie Hamner Nunnally writes from St. Paul, Minn., in regard to the flags of the Thirty-Fifth and Thirty-Ninth Mississippi Regiments captured at Allatoona, Ga., in October, 1864. She wrote an account of these flags for the Memphis *Commercial,* and a number of responses were sent from the veterans of the Thirty-Fifth Mississippi, but none from the Thirty-Ninth. She seeks information from survivors of that regiment. The Veteran can give the names of its field officers only. W. B. Shelley was colonel; William E. Ross, lieutenant colonel; R. J. Durr and W. M. Quinn were both majors at different times.

Decline to Return the Flags.

Since the foregoing was typed, the following telegram from St. Paul (September 4) has been received:

"At the reunion of the Fourth Minnesota to-day a resolution was introduced to return to the Thirty-Fifth and Thirty-Ninth Mississippi Regiments flags captured from them.

"'The flags are ours,' shouted one old man, waving his hands before a face white with emotion. 'We bought those flags, and we paid a price for them. I would rather burn them than return them.'

"This sentiment seemed to be that of the majority, for, despite the entreaties of the more conservative members, the resolution was defeated."

Mrs. Nunnally wrote subsequently that, although she failed to get the flags, she is not entirely without hope of getting them eventually, as public sentiment is in favor of it being done. Mrs. Nunnally is anxious to learn of members of the Thirty-Ninth Mississippi Infantry. Her address is 672 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

ERRORS CORRECTED—COL. EGBERT J. JONES.

S. B. Barron writes from Rusk, Tex.:

"In the August Veteran Mrs. Annie McL. Allen, in the sketch of the life and services of Lieut. Col. Owen K. McLemore, falls into some little errors. She states that he was assigned to duty as lieutenant of artillery June 26, 1861, and did effective service in the first battle of Manassas. On September 9, 1861, he was appointed major of the Fourteenth Alabama. This is doubtless true. But it is further stated that on May 21, 1861, he was elected lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Alabama, and that 'in several battles Col. Egbert Jones was detailed for other duty, Col. McLemore taking command at Seven Pines, about Richmond, and at Second Manassas.

"The fact is, Col. Egbert J. Jones commanded the Fourth

Alabama at the first battle of Manassas, in which he was mortally wounded, and died in Richmond, never having been in another battle, and of course was not there to be detailed for other duty while other battles were being fought. Owen K. McLemore was major and then lieutenant colonel of the Fourth, after having been major of the Fourteenth. I knew Col. Egbert J. Jones and quite a number of the Fourth Alabama well, and kept up with the history of the regiment pretty well. L. H. Scruggs, a resident citizen of your city, was also major and lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Alabama, and is familiar with all the facts."

James P. Rogers writes about it from Forkland, Ala.:

"The article is in part so erroneous as to require correction. Mrs. A. says: 'May 21, 1861, he was elected lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Alabama, to whom he was no stranger.' At the time she speaks of—May 21, 1861—the Fourth Alabama was in the Valley of Virginia, commanded by Col. Egbert Jones, Lieut. Col. E. M. Law, and Maj. Charles H. Scott, all of whom were wounded in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, Col. Jones mortally, Lieut. Col. Law severely in the arm, and Maj. Scott severely through both hips, from which he never entirely recovered. Mrs. Allen placed his appointment as major of the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment on September 9, 1861, some months after he had been elected lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Alabama according to this narrative. 'This regiment (Fourteenth) had won golden laurels at the first battle of Manassas.' It is a well-known fact that only one Alabama regiment was engaged in the battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, fought on July 21, 1861, and that the Fourth.

"'In several battles Col. Egbert Jones was detailed for other duty, Lieut. Col. McLemore taking command at Seven Pines, seven days' fight around Richmond, and Second Manassas—in all of which his manly form could be seen giving orders and inspiring his men with his own matchless courage, for he knew no fear.' The battle of Seven Pines was the second in which the Fourth Alabama Regiment was engaged. It was fought on Saturday, May 31, and Sunday, June 1, 1862. At that time Col. Egbert Jones had been dead about eighteen months, as he lived only five or six weeks after he was wounded, July 21, at Manassas. Col. McLemore did not command the Fourth Alabama at the battle of Seven Pines. I think, however, he was detailed and placed in command a few days before the battle of Gaines's Mill, Friday, June 27, 1861. After the battles around Richmond, and toward the latter part of August, our army was moved rapidly northward to meet Pope's newly organized cohorts.

"The second battle of Manassas followed, and resulted in such a signal victory for our arms that the authorities determined to remove the seat of war at least temporarily from Virginia soil. Crossing the Potomac River September 6, our army entered Maryland.

"Mrs. Allen further says: 'On September 17 he commanded the Fourth at the battle of Sharpsburg.' Col. McLemore was mortally wounded on South Mountain about dusk on the evening of September 14, 1862. The writer, a member of Company G, Fourth Alabama Regiment, was sitting by him when he received his fatal wound. I did not know at the time the serious nature of his wound as he went to the rear unassisted. Mrs. Allen confounds Lewis with Laws.

"I can indorse all that is said of his capacity and bravery. He was a strict disciplinarian, but when off duty mingled with his men freely. The picture is a good one."

The errors may not all be those of the author of the foregoing. For instance, she may have been misinterpreted in the use of Lewis's for Laws's brigade. She, with the editor and kind critics, certainly desires accurate record.

WHAT CONFEDERATE FLAG WAS IT?

John H. Howlett, Inspector U. S. N., Algiers, La., writes to Comrade E. M. Hicks, of Wisner, La., in regard to a Confederate flag which he saw while in action during the sixties. Veteran Howlett served in the Union army. He writes:

"On the evening of June 13, while bathing in the beautiful waters of the dear old Potomac, I was suddenly startled by the rattle of musketry and by the splash and whizzing of balls all around me. I soon finished that bath, and toilet too. I guess you all must have enjoyed the race of about fifty nude men running for their camp. We were soon back, however, and replied to the shots.

"On the morning of the 14th the same thing occurred, only we were not bathing. On the 28th we had another and longer brush with Louisiana troops—at least we were told that they were from that State.

"I remember distinctly that little battle flag as it waved defiantly in our front, part of the time in the open; then, when our fire got too warm, from around the corner of the old frame shack. It was the first we had seen, and it was different from the flags used afterwards. We kept firing until it disappeared. Then we were ordered to cease firing, and were marched to our tents.

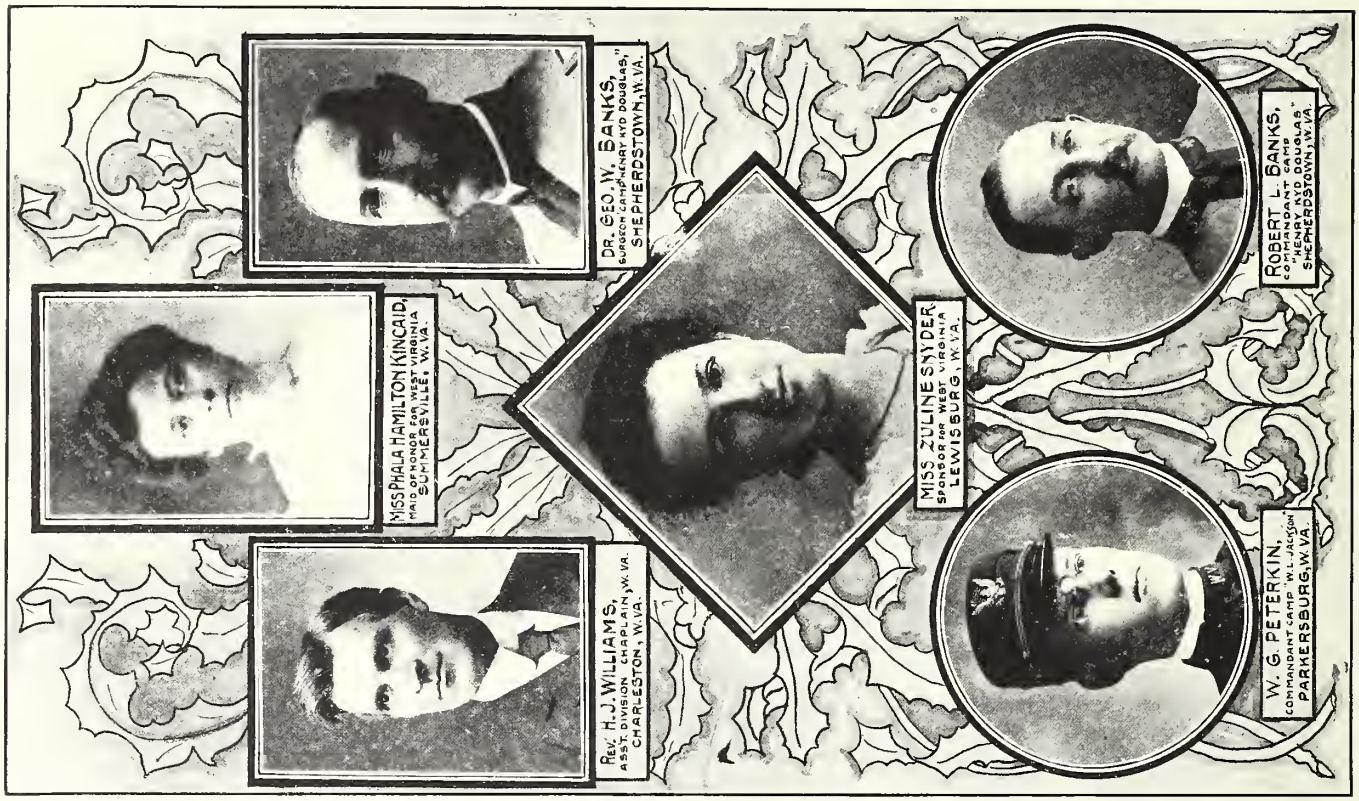
"I sincerely hope our shots fell harmless among your brave boys, and rejoice that yours did not find a resting place in my pelt, either.

"It would afford me pleasure to again see that saucy little emblem that bore itself so well on that occasion, although I tried my very best at that time to send my bullets into and around it. I will promise to behave better, and not shoot at it again, if permitted to do it homage after forty-one years of service.

"My brother, H. M. Howlett, was an honored member of the Seventh Regiment, Louisiana troops; was wounded, losing a left leg in Surag, Va., in 1862: kept a restaurant in the seventies at 109 St. Charles Street, this city. He is now lying in a cemetery in Washington, D. C."

HONORING SAM DAVIS IN CALIFORNIA.

John Shirley Ward, Los Angeles, Cal.: "With much pleasure I inclose, with a list of contributors, twelve dollars for the Sam Davis monument. It is a small but sincere tribute to the most heroic character evolved by the great clash of arms in the sixties. You are entitled to greatest credit for having made his scaffold the Calvary whereon were exhibited the highest characteristics which belong to the Southern character. When the great assize is made, the Muse of History, when calling the illustrious roll of epauleted and monumented heroes of fame, will call the name of Sam Davis and place it at the head of the list of worthies to be enrolled in the Pantheon of Fame. It is a proud and consoling thought to know that the highest elements which have ever glorified mankind were found in the private ranks of the Confederate army." The following contributions paid one dollar each: S. R. Thorpe, John Shirley Ward, G. N. Nolan, R. H. Howell, T. W. T. Richards, John M. Pirtle, W. T. Settles, S. K. Woodward, N. Blackstock, Francis H. Steele, J. M. Elliott, Miss Eliza B. Higgins. Miss Higgins is a "nice little Boston woman."



The Minutes of the Seventh Annual Reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans is a volume of 144 pages, and is a credit to the organization. It is splendidly illustrated. The engravings herewith printed are from its pages by courtesy. The Sons of Confederate Veterans are becoming encouraged in their work, and the VETERAN will gladly aid them for the asking. The most important duty of the Veteran Camps now is to enlist young men in this movement. The United Daughters will coöperate cordially.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The VETERAN henceforth intends to seek the advancement of Sons in their organizations. Daughters of the Confederacy could hardly do more patriotic service than to have young men organize. The death roll of veterans is increasing so rapidly that the highest incentives of patriotism and the respect due ancestral memory demand that sons and grandsons organize for the vindication of history. The demand for this, if carefully considered, would become sensational.

UNITED SONS IN MISSOURI.

By invitation of the United Confederate Veterans, the Missouri Division, U. S. C. V., held its annual convention in conjunction with the Confederate veterans at St. Joseph, Mo., September 9-12, 1902. The programme of the Sons of Veterans was appointed for 8 P.M., September 10, at Casino Theater, by beautiful Lake Contrary.

The programme included addresses by the commander of the local Camp, Maj. Clay C. MacDonald, and by Division Commander Chilton Atkinson. An address of welcome by W. E. Stringfellow, of St. Joseph, was responded to by Past Commander in Chief Richard B. Haughton, of St. Louis. Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, made an address.

An important part of the programme was an essay by Miss Mamie Magruder, of Sedalia, Mo., entitled "Robert E. Lee."

CLIFTON ATKINSON, ST. LOUIS, COMMANDER MO. DIV., U. S. C. V.

The programme was interspersed with music. The Sons of Veterans had for their sponsor Miss Helen Hale Sloan, of St. Louis, and for Maid of Honor Miss Lucia Packard, of Hannibal, Mo., chaperoned by Mrs. George Trenholm, of St. Joseph.

The reunion at St. Joseph was a brilliant event, including a parade with Maj. Gen. Elijah Gates in command, entertainment at the beautiful Lotus Club at Lake Contrary, a handsome ball, many private entertainments, and a wholesome display of hospitality, for which St. Joseph is famous. Addresses by Judge J. B. Gantt, of the Supreme Court, Senator F. M. Cockrell, Senator James H. Berry, of Arkansas, and Hon. John Allen, of Mississippi, contributed to the occasion "a feast of reason" as well as "a flow of soul." A grand barbecue given at Lake Contrary was also a feature. Gen. John C. Landis, on behalf of the veterans, and Mr. Joshua Graham, on behalf of the Sons, both St. Joseph citizens, were particularly active in looking after the visitors, and will long be remembered in connection with that event.

REUNION OF SONS IN LOUISIANA.

The fourth annual convention and reunion of the Louisiana Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was held in New Orleans, La., August 6-8. The convention was held in the Boys' High School Building. Commandant Henry M. Gill, of Camp Beauregard, No. 130, called the convention to order, and after the usual courtesies the meeting was turned over to Brigade Commander Harry H. Clark, and he to the Division Commander, W. M. Barrow.

Comrade J. J. Prowell delivered the address of welcome, which was responded to by the Division Commander.

G. K. Renaud, Assistant Division Adjutant, acted in the unavoidable absence of A. E. Rabenhost, Division Adjutant.

The following Camps were present and entitled to votes: Victor St. Martin, Beauregard, Brule, West Feliciana, and Bouanchaud. But five Camps out of nineteen were represented.

Mr. C. Kimbrugh, of Mississippi, stated that funds were being raised for the purpose of giving the Confederate veterans a loving cup. The convention pledged their support in helping Mr. Kimbrugh to secure this cup.

Harry H. Clark, of Camp Beauregard, No. 130, New Orleans, La., was elected Division Commander; Edward A. Fowler, Ferd Claiborne, and H. T. Liverman were elected respectively to command brigades first, second, and third.

A notable feature of the meeting was the appearance of sponsors and maids. These young ladies entered the hall in a body and seated themselves upon the platform, forming a beautiful picture, which was greatly admired by the large attendance. On Wednesday night the sponsors and maids were entertained at a dance given at the Southern Yacht Club House, West End. On Thursday, the festival for the benefit of the Beauregard monument took place, and was largely attended by the visitors. Friday night a grand ball and reception at the Washington Hall was very largely attended by sponsors, maids, ladies, veterans, Sons, and the public, which event closed the reunion.

The visitors had a fine time, and carried with them pleasant recollections. The next reunion and convention will be held in Alexandria, La., 1903.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, U. C. V.

Lieut. Gen. C. T. Walker appoints his staff as follows:

Brig. Gen. J. G. Holmes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Charleston, S. C.; Col. Archer Anderson, Assistant Adjutant General, Richmond, Va.; Col. Winfield Peters, Assistant Adjutant General, Baltimore, Md.; Col. Graham Daves, Assistant Adjutant General, Newbern, N. C.; Col. E. H. Sparkman, Assistant Adjutant General, Charleston, S. C.; Col. J. J. Wescoat, Inspector General, Charleston, S. C.; Col. Charles Goldsborough, Quartermaster General, Baltimore, Md.; Col. T. G. Simons, M. D., Surgeon General, Charleston, S. C.; Col. J. T. Morehead, Judge Advocate General, Greensboro, N. C.; Rt. Rev. G. W. Peterkin, D.D., Chaplain General, Parkersburg, W. Va. Lieutenant Colonels' Aides: Sol Emanuel, New York, N. Y.; F. D. Markham, Durham, N. C.; D. Cardwell, Columbia, S. C.; C. M. Blackford, Lynchburg, Va.; Richard B. Davis, Petersburg, Va.; George H. Ingraham, Washington, D. C.; J. W. Reed, Chester, S. C.; F. M. Farr, Union, S. C.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Copies of this VETERAN will be distributed in Washington City during the Grand Army week, October 6-11, with the wish that patriots who have proper regard for the South may become interested in it. Grand Army veterans have been subscribers all the years of its existence, and that friendship encourages the inclination to have it more widely known at the North. The VETERAN is intensely loyal to the Confederates and their interests, yet it seeks to be so fair and just that Union veterans will find pleasure in perusing the facts set forth by the "rank and file" of the Confederate army.

NOTICE OF THE VETERAN AT REUNIONS.

The following kind note is used as a text:

"*Mr. Cunningham:* I shall call you to the stage not to mention the merits of your journal, but to speak a few words of encouragement."

It was from the President of a State Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The invitation was declined. The VETERAN nursed the organization in its infancy. It was promptly made the official organ of the body, and its editor has been faithful personally every day of its existence to promote its interests, and has never neglected any known opportunity to serve any member of it. The partial recognition of all these things, in the note quoted, is appreciated.

The editor would not have commented about his publication if he had referred to it at all in the convention. The invitation was from one of his most faithful friends, and the condition made was not from disinclination to aid the living cause for which he has ever labored—the right recognition of Southern people for their conduct during the sixties.

The editor recently attended a U. C. V. reunion requiring a journey of 1,350 miles. He went by the solicitation of prominent members of the Division. He was greeted by leading veterans most cordially, but not a word was said in public of him or the VETERAN. It seemed unfair to many good men there—who would gladly have greeted him—for his presence not to there be made known, as well as to him and the great work in which he is enthusiastically engaged. These things ought not to continue. There should never be a reunion or convention of Confederates, Daughters, or Sons without discussing the VETERAN. If there is no representative present, some one should be designated; and if nothing better is practicable, it would be well to place a crooked stick on the platform and announce that it represents the VETERAN. The journal should be introduced at every public Confederate assembly, and it should be commended or condemned. Its editor will not be misconstrued in the matter of notoriety. He doesn't seek that. He can't afford to go to reunions for the luxury—he has no vacations. A comrade said recently: "Your work is appreciated; you have passed the line of comradeship." General coöperation for the VETERAN is the most important work that Southerners can possibly do. It is preserved largely in the home, being in many instances handsomely bound, and its work, its record, for nearly ten years is the most effective that has ever been done for Confederate honor. The opportunity for such a record is passing rapidly, and all should do their part speedily.

There ought to be published reports of all State and even less prominent reunions. The VETERAN is not half what it should be. The responsibility of advancing its usefulness now, while the light of life and the pulsation of soul is spared to participants, is of so serious consequence that any concession or any exertion possible to advance it will be made.

While writing the foregoing a messenger handed the editor the following from Capt. Thomas Gibson, Librarian of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, which maintains a free library for its employees—as worthy a tribute from the management as any corporation in the United States can show. Capt. Gibson states:

"The library of the N. C. and St. L. Ry. has five beautifully bound volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. They are greatly prized. As a source of true history of the great war —1861 to 1865—it is a treasure that will grow in value as the years go by. If every family in the South—and I might say in the whole nation—could read it, doubtless they would be surprised at its fund of reliable information and interesting history. Many instances of heroism would make them glad and thankful that they had such grand and patriotic fellow-citizens. The ex-Confederate soldiers since the close of the war have ever shown their loyalty to their country and devotion to principle. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, with its 20,000 copies issued, should be one of the great mediums for advertising all kinds of business, as it reaches almost every State and territory of this vast country. The high, the lowly, the rich, and the poor, ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, farmers, and mechanics, look eagerly each month for its arrival. The railroads, I see, appreciate the VETERAN as a valuable advertising medium. Success to the VETERAN!"

The founder of the VETERAN does not intend to be responsible for its failure to reach the 100,000 subscription mark. He contemplates a plan whereby Camps and Chapters and individuals may be interested. His plan promises the achievement of just such general interest as the VETERAN has merited for years, and may be promulgated before Christmas.

The following circular letter was sent out last month:

"Not having heard from you in any way since sending notices of your delinquency as a subscriber to the VETERAN, we write to call your attention to this matter once more, and to say that it will be necessary for us to place the account with an agency for collection unless you make some response. We should regret to do this, and trust to hear from you promptly."

Responses are varied in character. Some are apologetic, others are defiant. This latter class need not worry. Legal action will never be instituted to collect. The liability is left with their consciences. It makes it hard to supply the VETERAN for years without even thanks, but the account will balance all right finally.

If those who are offended and consider the above as a threat to sue will reread, they may change their opinions. Suit was never brought against but one patron, and he was not a subscriber. There are subscription agents who do this work, but they require commission.

COMMANDER TORRANCE'S APPEAL.

The VETERAN prints the following request from Commander Torrance with sincere pleasure. It notes the contrast between now and 1896, when the Richmond reunion was postponed in contemplation of a joint parade by the two great bodies in New York

City, and the refusal of the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic to concur. He persisted in his refusal after the explanation that none of the Confederates would have guns, saying he would not consent for the G. A. R. to march in the same parade with them if they wore gray clothes.

Commander Torrance is actuated by motives for which the South will ever honor him, no doubt; but he unwillingly embarrasses many who would be gratified to honor him, because, while they would like to know of a generous spirit to respond by his comrades, they are emphatically opposed to the idea that they are so indigent as to accept aid in the manner proposed.

While Confederates honor the brave men who fought in the war for principle, and with whom it was all over in 1865, they are too proud to accept alms or homes in the manner proposed. At least, this is the opinion of the editor of the VETERAN.

HEADQUARTERS, Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 1, 1902.

To the Members of the Grand Army of the Republic: In April last I visited the Departments of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas. My visit was in every respect a delightful one, but most gratifying of all was the cordial good feeling I found existing between the Union and Confederate soldiers. I affirm without hesitation that among the best friends of our comrades in the South are the surviving ex-Confederates. This friendship is based upon the mutual respect which one good soldier has for another; and had it not been for the bronze button, I would often have been unable to distinguish between the blue and the gray, for the cordial welcome extended by the one was equaled by the generous hospitality proffered by the other. In all my journey I found no sectional lines, sullen faces, or closed doors. One marked contrast, however, distinguishes the surviving soldiers of the two armies. The national government has properly made generous provision for her defenders, but whatever aid the ex-Confederates receive must come from their more fortunate comrades or from the municipalities in which they reside; and while the people of the South have in a spirit worthy of the highest praise done much to relieve their necessities, the "nation's wounds" have not yet been fully bound.

At the close of the war the Southern people were too impoverished to make adequate provision for those who suffered from disease and wounds, and the result was that many a Confederate soldier ended his days in the almshouse and was buried in a pauper's grave.

When at Montgomery it was my pleasure to meet Col. J. M. Falkner, District Attorney for Alabama, L. & N. Railroad Co., formerly an officer in the Eighth Confederate Cavalry, who for some time past has been earnestly directing his efforts toward the erection of a Confederate Home at Mountain Creek, Chilton County, Alabama. The erection of the first cottage was commenced April 7 last, on forty acres of land donated by Colonel Falkner, and to-day two comfortable cottages have been completed, which shelter seventeen old Confederate soldiers, not one of whom could earn a living in a land of plenty against the competition of a child.

The plan is to build forty of these cottages, that many or more being required to accommodate those whose disabilities are total. My purpose in writing this letter—and it is the last one I shall address to you as Commander in Chief—is to afford the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, individually or as Posts, an opportunity to contribute to the shelter of these needy veterans. The dignity of their demeanor and the uncomplaining, soldierly way in which they bear suffering and privation, render them worthy of our respect and sympathy, and it becomes a privilege to assist in making their last days comfortable.

I know of no surer or shorter way to a complete unification of this country in purpose and feeling than the highway of kindness, and I believe its extreme outposts should be jointly held by the surviving soldiers of the armies of Grant and Lee.

There was a time when the nearer we came together the worse it was for all, but now the closer we come together the better for all. The old order "to kill" has given place to the gentler command "to make alive," and for the bitter contest forever ended at Appomattox has been substituted a perpetual contest of good will and patriotic devotion to a common country. I believe it is within the power of the surviving soldiers of the great war to make fraternity a national anthem, loyalty a national creed, and charity a national virtue.

My comrades, as we grow older our hearts become more gentle and tender, and next to the comrade who stood by our side is the brave soldier who faced us.

Contributions should be forwarded to Col. J. M. Falkner, Montgomery, Ala., who will acknowledge receipt and gladly furnish such additional information as may be desired.

Fraternally yours, ELL TORRANCE,
Commander in Chief Grand Army of the Republic.

Hon. J. M. Falkner writes from Montgomery, Ala.: "It affords me much pleasure to be able to inclose the accompanying letter sent out by General Torrance, Commander in Chief Grand Army of the Republic. It occurs to me that you will want to give publicity to this magnanimous action of the Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., and I believe that every veteran will heartily appreciate his patriotic action.

John Day Smith, Esq., of Minneapolis, Past Department Commander G. A. R. of Minnesota, sends the letter with a personal letter in which he states: "*Dear Mr. Cunningham:* Perhaps you will remember my being in your office and talking over matters relating to the Civil War some three or four years ago. I have been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since and have enjoyed it. I write to you now and inclose herewith a circular letter issued by Ell Torrance, Commander in Chief Grand Army of the Republic. I want you to give editorial mention in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to this circular letter; and I want you, in behalf of the Confederate veterans of the South, to express your appreciation of the sentiments expressed in this communication. Of course Judge Torrance will receive adverse criticism in the North for the course he has taken. I have been in consultation with him, and have approved the course he has pursued. In response, I sincerely trust that many small contributions will go South to aid the Confederate Home in Alabama."

How Many in the Confederate Army?—Colyer Meriwether, Secretary of the Southern History Association, Washington, D. C., of which Dr. J. L. M. Curry is President, writes the Veteran: "I have so constantly read in your pages and in other places that there were only some six hundred thousand soldiers on the Southern side in the great Civil War that I have concluded that those figures are generally accepted throughout the South. I myself did not know until a few months since that these statistics were ever denied or even questioned by any one on either side. But about that time I happened to come across an investigation of the whole subject by T. L. Livermore, of Massachusetts, who concluded that the total number of men in the Confederate armies was from a million to a million and a half. He reached these results along different lines of reasoning, all carried on in the most scholarly manner and with the utmost spirit of respect for Southern courage and endurance, with not a spark of prejudice or unfairness so far as I could observe from the beginning to the end of his book. He is a member of a military historical association in Boston, and his work was first presented to that body and afterwards published last year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I have looked in vain in your comprehensive journal, and in other Southern periodicals so far as I could, for some answer to Livermore, but I concluded that he is right, and consequently no reply is called for, but in that case there should be no more repetition of the six hundred thousand limit. Of course I have nothing to say on the matter, as I am not acquainted with the history of the question; but I cannot help thinking that the South should either quit repeating the six hundred thousand, or that some one in the same exhaustive manner and beautiful attitude should refute Livermore. As your publication has the widest circulation among Confederates, I hope you will call attention in some of your issues to this matter, so that some authority in the South can either make a reply or a graceful acknowledgment of widespread error as to the six hundred thousand."

The editor of the Veteran prints the foregoing, earnestly hoping that some nearer approximate of statistics as to the enlisted Confederates may be made. He had seen the Livermore statistics, and, though not accepting his figures, has an idea that the accepted 600,000 by the South is too small. This theory is not consistent with the claimed number by each State in the aggregate. Then the 2,800,000 Federal aggregate is being added to until 3,000,000 is frequently named as the Federal strength. The Veteran would make the proportion of one to four in the belief of fairness. The Confederate records are lost to all eternity, and so it would seem best to be liberal in our estimates.

J. W. Shelton and His Flag.—J. L. Abernathy writes from Paint Rock, N. C., of a historic old flag, concerning which he states in a letter from Princeton, N. C., June 20, 1902: "I rode up to a house at 11:40 o'clock to-day and called for dinner and horse feed. The question was asked: 'Where are you from?' 'Cherokee,' said I. 'Yes, sir; alight.' So my horse was fed and dinner prepared, which I enjoyed very much. We were soon seated on the front porch, where I was asked several questions about old Cherokee soldiers. Then I found I was partaking of the hospitality of J. W. Shelton, who was first to pick up the red, white, and red after its bearer, Bill Breeden, of Cherokee, fell on the field at Chickamauga in the first charge. Breeden belonged to Capt. Mount's company. Mr. Shelton says he carried the flag through seventeen battles after that one closed (at Resaca, Ga., where the staff was shot out of his hand three times, and sixteen holes shot through his clothes; at Muddy Ditches, near New Hope Church, in Georgia, where Gen. Polk was killed; at Kennesaw Mountain, then near Atlanta, Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Altoona Heights, Tilton, Jackson, Miss., Franklin, Tenn., Nashville, Tenn., Columbia, Tenn., and Spanish Fort, Ala.; in four smaller fights not named), and came out with his flag containing one hundred and sixty-nine holes—three from bombshells, ten from grapeshot, and one hundred and fifty-six from smaller balls of various kinds; had sixteen holes shot through his clothes, and one shot through his leg, and the blood drawn from his body at several places. Shelton still has the flag to show for itself. He volunteered his services at seventeen years of age in Company A, Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment. He was in eighteen regular battles in Virginia prior to the battle of Chickamauga. In 1865 he returned home on a furlough, and was married to Miss A. E. Long, of Jackson County, and has resided in said county ever since. He has reared six children, three sons and three daughters—one son remaining at home yet, twenty years old."

ELDEST SON OF GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Gen. George Washington Custis Lee, popularly known by the shorter name of Custis Lee, was for twenty-five years President of Washington and Lee University in succession to his father, Gen. Robert E. Lee. On his retirement from the university he went to live on his estate in Fairfax County, Va., where he now resides. He is the eldest of Gen. Robert E. Lee's sons, of whom there were three—George Washington Custis, William Henry Fitzhugh, and Robert E. Lee, Jr. The second of these died some years ago. He was a member of Congress at the time of his decease from the old home district in which he was born and where he well maintained the prestige of the family name.

GEN. G. W. C. LEE.

DESERVED COMPLAINT AGAINST THE VETERAN.

Maj. T. O. Chestney, of Macon, Ga., writes: "I am much obliged for your notice of the error in designating our Confederate Memorial Day as Decoration Day. It didn't do much good, as you straightway published an account of the celebration of Memorial Day at Springfield, Mo. (page 258), and gave it the caption of 'Decoration Day at Springfield, Mo.'" The Veteran has committed this error frequently, and apologizes for it. Let contributors take notice.

Mrs. Laura H. Martin, Treasurer of the New York Chapter, calls attention to the omission from the list published in the Veteran of ten dollars given by that Chapter for flowers at Camp Chase.

ORGANIZING U. C. V. REGIMENTS.

Clay Stacker, of Clarksville, Tenn., Commander of Third Brigade, Tennessee Division, U. C. V., sends out order No. 1, in which he says:

"I desire to try the experiment of forming the Third Brigade into three regiments, with the hope of arousing some little interest among the Camps in Middle Tennessee. With this end in view I have grouped the following Camps, which will compose the First Regiment: Frank Cheatham Camp, No. 35; John C. Brown Camp, No. 520; Boyd Hutchinson Camp, No. 1019; Forbes Camp, No. 77; Alonzo Napier Camp, No. 1349; Bill Green Camp, No. 936; Linden Camp, No. 1035; Henryville Camp, No. 992; Woolridge Camp, No. 586; Confederate Veterans of Lawrence County, No. 927.

"The Second Regiment is as follows: Frierson Camp, No. 83; Turney Camp, No. 12; Trousdale Camp, No. 495; Eagleville Camp, No. 970; Shackelford Fulton Camp, No. 114; Starnes Camp, No. 134; Donelson Camp, No. 539; Shephard Camp, No. 941; Dibbrell Camp, No. 55; W. B. Taylor Camp, No. 1020; F. Ragsdale Camp, No. 917; Jo B. Palmer Camp, No. 81; Confederate Veteran Camp of Lincoln County, No. 993; Anderson Camp, No. 173.

"The Third Regiment is as follows: W. C. Preston Camp, No. 1243; W. C. Hancock Camp, No. 944; Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 967; G. G. Dibbrell Camp, No. 1171; Fox Spring Camp, No. 935; S. S. Stanton Camp, No. 900; Henry Havron Camp, No. 931; Savage-Hackett Camp, No. 930; H. M. Ashby Camp, No. 458; L. N. Savage Camp, No. 1018; Confederate Veteran Camp, No. 672; S. L. Freeman Camp, No. 884.

"These Camps will please proceed to ballot for the field officers for the regiment—to wit, one colonel, one lieutenant colonel, and three majors—and send me the result of the ballot, and as soon as the votes of the Camps are in I will announce to them the result. I hope also that the Camps will organize themselves into companies and elect their company officers; and even should the Camps not go to the next reunion in a body such officers elected would be entitled to wear the insignia of their rank."

Staff Officers of the Third Brigade.

Maj. A. F. Smith, Clarksville, Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Maj. H. H. Norman, Murfreesboro, Judge Advocate General; Maj. Isaac J. Howlett, Nashville, Inspector General; Maj. Jesse Cage, Nashville, Quartermaster General; Maj. W. A. Smith, Columbia, Surgeon General; Maj. B. G. Slaughter, Winchester, Commissary General; Capt. N. O. Lovelace, Clarksville, Chaplain.

General Order No. 22, from Headquarters Third Brigade, Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Clarksville, Tenn., August 5, 1902: It is requested that each Camp appoint one or more delegates, who shall be authorized to vote at the State Association in Nashville in October next for the field officers of the regiment to which that Camp belongs. By order of Clay Stacker, Commanding Third Brigade, Tennessee Division, U. C. V.; A. F. Smith, Adjutant General.

Comrade J. S. Ritchey sends from Greenville, Tex., a letter from Julius Priester, Company E, Twenty-Sixth Iowa Infantry, now residing at Oregon City, Ore.:

"Our division (first of Fifteenth Army Corps) was in the right wing in front of Big Shanty. While there I noticed an officer, about daybreak, with his glass, and the next night your forces made a sortie and killed a friend of mine and one more of my company. We were one night on and the next night off duty, so I promised that if that officer comes out to-morrow night or morning I am going to avenge my comrade. I had reconnoitered and found that I could get to within fifty yards of an angle in your works, and there I took position, awaiting daylight. It proved a success. The officer came, and I saw him come from your right and going to the left and stepping up and looking over every once and awhile. At last he came to my place, and I fired. It was my intention to disable him, but he dropped forward and lay quiet until he was taken off, so I fear that I am the murderer of that officer, which I did in a way that I think was wrong. This happened the latter part of June, 1864. I lost my diary near Kennesaw Mountain, where I was ordered by one of your bullets to go to the rear, so I cannot give the exact date. I am now sixty-seven years old. I am getting close to my last roll call, but wish I could find out whether I killed that officer or, as I intended, only disabled him. Whatever did happen, I have never forgotten this, and should very much like to know and explain my case either to him or his family, and ask forgiveness. I have an idea that he was an officer of rank, for he had done his reconnoitering and sortie-making quite a while. I only began my observation when my friend was killed. You would confer a great favor on me by giving me this information. If I killed him, give me the address of his folks; and if I explain my case, maybe they will grant my prayer and forgive. I belonged to the color guard. Our color bearer fell, when I picked the flag up. It was not long until I went down. Our flag had twenty-three bullet holes in it, and the flag staff was shot off. I carried the flag and did very little shooting in battle. I always did my duty, and have a few scratches, but I have no hard feelings toward any one. Out of one thousand that started with my regiment, one hundred and ninety-eight came back."

MISS CLIFTON ELGIN, MARSHALL, TEX.
Maid of Honor Fourth Texas Brigade Dallas.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY—ORIGIN AND OBJECT.

In the programme for the Monteagle (Tenn.) Assembly there was a day given to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was an occasion long to be remembered. A report of the proceedings has been delayed by the VETERAN. One of the papers, read by Mrs. John P. Hickman, is so carefully historic that it is given quite in full:

Having been Recording Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy since their organization, save one year, it was suggested that I read a paper on the "Origin and Objects of the Federation," which I do with a plain and succinct statement of facts.

The State of Tennessee has been the owner of the Hermitage tract since 1854, but permitted Mrs. Andrew Jackson, the widow of the adopted son of General Jackson, to occupy it, free of rent, until she died, in 1888. Immediately after her death, Frank Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate soldiers, knowing that the State would make some disposition of the Hermitage, resolved to secure it if possible for a Confederate Soldiers' Home. With this object in view the Bivouac appointed committees to write letters and make urgent appeals to members of the Legislature, and keep the subject prominently before the people through the newspapers of the State. This work had the desired result, and the Legislature of 1889 gave to the Confederate soldiers four hundred and seventy-five acres of the Hermitage tract for a Confederate Soldiers' Home, and at the same time appropriated $10,000 to fence the farm, build cottages, and care for the inmates. It soon appeared that this appropriation was wholly insufficient, whereupon the ladies of Nashville organized and chartered what was known as the "Ladies' Auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home." This organization raised and turned over to the trustees during the first year $6,200, and it continued to work for the Home until the spring of 1892, the Legislature in the meantime making appropriations that amply provided for the absolute needs of the inmates, minus the luxuries and delicacies needed for the sick.

At the last dinner given by the "Auxiliary," in May, 1892, our honored and much-beloved Honorary President, Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, suggested the uniting of all organizations of Southern women into one grand body, which might, and doubtless would, exert a powerful influence for good. This suggestion was taken up by our newspapers and brought prominently before the people. In the spring and summer of 1894 Mrs. Goodlett wrote letters to every organization of which she could hear, and to a number of prominent women in the South, inviting them to meet in the city of Nashville on September 10, 1894, for the purpose of organization. At this meeting only Georgia, Tennessee, and Texas were represented. However, they organized an association known as the "National Daughters of the Confederacy," adopted a constitution and by-laws, and elected Mrs. M. C. Goodlett President and Mrs. John P. Hickman Secretary. The body adjourned to meet again at Nashville on March 30, 1895.

At this meeting Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas were represented. It approved and indorsed the action of the previous meeting, and issued an address to the Southern women, which was sent to every State in the South, urging them to unite with the organization.

The next meeting was held in the city of Atlanta, Ga., on November 8, 1895. This meeting was more largely attended and more interest was manifested, as Virginia, Kentucky, Florida, and Maryland Daughters had fallen in line and united with the organization. The constitution was amended, and the name of the association was changed from the "National Daughters of the Confederacy" to the "United Daughters of the Confederacy." From this beginning the growth of the association has been phenomenal. It now has five hundred and ninety-eight Chapters, located in every State in the South and in California, Indiana, Montana, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indian and Oklahoma Territories. It has an approximate membership of thirty thousand earnest, devoted, and patriotic women. It is one of the largest organizations of women in the United States, and probably in the world, and is still growing, there being chartered every year from fifty to one hundred new Chapters.

FIVE IMPORTANT OBJECTS.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have five objects, with either one of which its existence is assured—social, educational, memorial, benevolent, and historical.

It is social in bringing together the women of the South, who have a common heritage, and who are bound together by a bond of love and respect for all the principles involved in the issues of the sixties.

It is educational, as it is teaching the present generation, to be handed down to our descendants, the principles on which the South went to war—not for conquest or booty, but that we might live as freemen, as guaranteed in the bill of rights and the constitution of this country.

It is memorial, in building monuments to perpetuate the memory of the men and women of the South who gave up their properties and many of them their lives to maintain their liberties and freedom. These sacred memories must be preserved, and how better can we do it than in marble and bronze? A people who do not revere and hold sacred the memories of their progenitors will have a posterity who will care little for themselves.

It is benevolent, in caring for the maimed and indigent soldiers of the Confederacy, their widows and children; in burying our indigent dead, and annually strewing their graves with flowers in recognition of their heroism and self-devotion to principle; in assisting in maintaining the Confederate Homes, and in providing the delicacies for their hospitals in order that our decrepit soldiers may answer to the last roll call surrounded by the comforts of life.

It is historical, in preserving the history of the old South, a people with conditions and environments, however worthy, that will never again exist. It is said by some that we are living in the past, but how can the present and the future advance without a knowledge of the past, in its traditions and aspirations?

There has never been a time when the true Southron will blush for the part his section of this great country has played in the upbuilding of the republic. Southern men were foremost in opposition to the tyranny of England, and the Mecklenburg declaration of independence antedates the Philadelphia declaration by several years. The men of the South ruled the government and made its laws from its inception until the beginning of the war between the States. When that war came, the South, with 600,000 men, with no military organization, held at bay 3,000,000 men, with unlimited means, for four long, eventful years.

In all history there has never been excelled the patriotism, devotion, and sacrifice of the women of the South. Many of them, raised in affluence and wealth and surrounded with everything that would make life worth living, yielded all, and with an unsurpassed love and devotion they upheld and administered to the Confederate soldier in all of his trials and

hardships. They nursed in the hospitals, made clothing for the soldiers, did their own cooking, tilled the soil, and made menials of themselves, that their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons might keep to the front and repel the invading foe.

With this record of self-sacrifice for principle, and this devotion to a just cause, why should not the United Daughters of the Confederacy exist? Our cause was constitutional freedom, and should live in song and story as long as freedom has a devotee.

Know ye why the cypress tree as freedom's tree is known?
Know ye why the lily fair as freedom's flower is shown?
A hundred arms the cypress has, yet never plunder seeks;
With ten well-developed tongues, the lily never speaks.

Being a subjugated people, we for years kept quiet, and not until the bitterness of strife had died away did we again reassert our rights and demand recognition of the justice of the cause we espoused. Time has wrought many changes, and the victors are beginning, though tardily, to acknowledge the valor of our men, the heroism of our women, the justice of our cause, and to give us credit for honesty of purpose.

In May last General Schofield, a commandant of one of the Federal armies, in testifying before a committee of the Senate, said of the Confederate army: "It was the best army ever organized; it elected its own officers, its members had an individuality, and were brave even to daring."

In last June, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, said in a speech delivered in Chicago that "the States had a right to secede under the constitution; that several States had entered the union reserving that right, but that it was impracticable, and would break up one of the strong governments of the world." He moreover said that "General Lee was one of the purest and best generals the world ever produced, and the government should erect a monument to his memory in Washington City." This is but one instance of the innumerable recognitions of the right of secession by the learned men of the North.

The history of the South, before and during the war between the States, its people and social conditions, should live in memory and be handed down from generation to generation until time is no more.

The Daughters were organized with this main object in view, and who can teach the youth better than his mother? The mothers of the world rule the world; and if the women of the South will but be true to their traditions, the coming generations will rise up and call them blessed.

"Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

DELAYS IN BESTOWING CROSSES OF HONOR.

Anna Alexander Cameron, Hillsboro, N. C., writes:

There is widespread dissatisfaction among the Chapters of the different State Divisions, U. D. C., in regard to the limit of days in the year on which the Crosses of Honor may be bestowed upon the old soldiers. The North Carolina Division has sent a circular letter to each of the twenty-one Divisions requesting the Chapters to act unanimously to have the rules changed, and to send their delegates to the next general convention, U. D. C., instructed to vote as a unit in behalf of it. There is perhaps no Chapter in the organization that has not had the sorrowful experience of seeing old soldiers disappointed in not receiving their crosses because of some mistake or unavoidable delay in getting them in time for distribution on one of the three days allowed. And, worse still, many have died without them, and many more will die without them because—and ah the pity of it!—they must wait for January 19 before any Chapter can give them to the men who earned them forty years ago and who want them, but must wait—for what? An arbitrary rule should not be of more value than the immortal Confederate soldier! They are passing away very fast. Surely Southern women should hasten to pay this last tribute to the splendid achievements and heroic sacrifices of Confederate veterans. The Presidents of State Divisions should have the power to appoint days in addition to those now set apart, so that the veterans can get their crosses without delay. We have just learned of an Arkansas veteran ninety-two years old who went to the late Confederate reunion expecting to get his cross of honor; but by the rule he had to wait, and now he is dead.

The Cape Fear Chapter, No. 3, U. D. C., Wilmington, N. C., has appointed the following delegates to the State convention which meets in New Berne the second Wednesday in October: Mrs. R. D. Cronly, Mrs. L. L. Pritchard, Mrs. M. S. Willard, Mrs. C. C. Brown, Mrs. Frank L. Huggins, Mrs. W. G. Pulliam. Alternates: Miss Clara Woodward, Mrs. Walter Rutland, Mrs. Gaston Meares, Miss Eliza Metts, Mrs. F. A. Lord, and Mrs. R. C. Cantwell.

The officers for the current year are as follows: Honorary President, Mrs. W. M. Parsley; President, Mrs. M. S. Willard; Vice President, Mrs. T. E. Sprunt; Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. W. Hicks; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. L. Stover; Treasurer, Mrs. L. L. Pritchard; Registrar, Miss Mary F. Sanders.

Children of the Confederacy at Fort Worth.—On page 301, July Veteran, there is a sketch of Chapter No. 1, Children of the Confederacy, with its list of officers, etc. Miss

Mattie K. Melton, the Directress, who has animated these children to patriotic enthusiasm, is Secretary of the Julia Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., at Fort Worth.

Who Knew This James Carter?—A. P. Carr, Company B, Nineteenth Indiana, Macklin, Wash., some years ago, while an officer in Tacoma, Wash., attended a sick man who seemed to be without friends. He provided medical attendance for him until he recovered. This man said that he was a Marylander, that his name was James Carter, and at the breaking out of the Civil War he was a cadet at the naval academy at Annapolis; that he secured leave of absence to visit his relatives, then went South and joined the Confederates. He further claimed that he was on the Dixie when she was sunk by a blockading ship, and that, after being held a short time as a prisoner of war, he escaped to Canada, and later joined another Confederate vessel. Soon he went to England, then to Lisbon, where he claimed to have joined the Alabama, and to have been on that vessel during the fight with the Kearsarge.

THE REUNION AT FISHER'S HILL.

The great occasion of the year in the Shenandoah Valley has come and gone again. Instead of the variable or decreasing interest generally manifested in such an annual gathering these reunions at Fisher's Hill command increasing favor among the people year by year. This year it was estimated that nine or ten thousand people were present, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the longed-for rains had at last begun to fall. The principal attendance is, of course, from the county of Shenandoah, the home county, together with the neighboring districts of Frederick and Warren. But people have always been present from a distance, and this was noticeably the case at the meeting this year. All up and down the Valley the old soldiers and their friends turned out to meet veterans and friends, and with them came also visitors from Baltimore and Norfolk and points even more remote. Nothing draws like a crowd, and that these occasions have never yet failed to bring out.

The efficient managers of Stover Camp, C. V., whose headquarters are at Strasburg, Va., and under whose auspices these yearly meetings are held, have begun to reach out somewhat more widely for speakers to grace the occasion, and this year were particularly happy in securing the services of Colonel Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky. Colonel Young was among the men, recruited principally from the blue grass region of Kentucky, who followed the fortunes of that dashing cavalryman General John H. Morgan, and the Colonel showed by figures that the Confederate soldier of the West fully kept up his prestige in arms. It is easy to show up the little skirmish this country lately concluded with Spain, but Colonel Young went a good deal farther back into American history, and showed that even the war of the Revolution was, at least in the percentage of casualties, a trifling struggle as compared with the strife waged in the sixties. Military reputations nowadays spring up like mushrooms, but it needs only a superficial glance at the facts and figures of history to show that it is a perilous thing for the heroes of these modern gunning expeditions to place themselves in competition with the soldiers of the Civil War.

Our Kentuckian at Fisher's Hill seemed to think that the Confederate soldier in the West had not received all the praise he had earned, and set out to supply the deficiency. The veterans of the Valley gladly heard all the speaker had to tell of the famous "Orphan Brigade," and welcomed with special delight Colonel Young's good-humored raillery against themselves. Indeed, the whole speech was so redolent of the kindly half-humorous, big-hearted personality behind it that the great crowd heard it through with manifest delight.

After Colonel Young came other visitors and veterans with a word of greeting. Among them was Col. Thomas Smith, Commander of the Grand Camp of the State, and an enthusiastic "Vet." So great is the Colonel's love for the old cause and his comrades therein that down in Suffolk, his home, a handsome monument erected by himself alone marks the graves of the Confederate dead. Colonel Smith told us of the ends for which the Grand Camp of the State was formed, and among them mentioned the exclusion of partisan histories from the public schools. In our judgment, there is no subject of like importance before the Confederate soldier. He owes it to his children, he owes it to truth and to the world, to tell his own story. It is not contended that the Southern soldiers' story will itself be wholly free from partisan spirit; that would be expecting something hardly human. But he ought, nevertheless, to tell it for himself. Ever since there was a South, it has suffered in the eyes of the world because of a lazy and lordly indifference to what "the other fellow" said.

It need hardly be added that old-fashioned Virginia hospitality was greatly in evidence at Fisher's Hill. It always is; and if any man went away on the day of reunion not wholly satisfied with the good things of the Valley, it was appetite he lacked, and not opportunity.

Some people in the North, and perhaps a few among ourselves, look askant on these meetings, with their revival of old memories and affections. They need not. They who love lightly, lightly forget; and the man who allows his children to think slightingly of his conduct in the days of '61 has chosen but a poor way in which to inculcate the love of country for to-day and for all time to come.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT ELMIRA.

William L. Rhea writes from Knoxville, Tenn.:

Sometime since, I made inquiry through the VETERAN in regard to William Sturm. Some man answered from Texas that he, Sturm, was a prisoner at Elmira, N. Y. So I wrote to the postmaster at Elmira, and Mr. M. M. Conklin, assistant postmaster, wrote me a very nice letter which said that William F. Sturm, corporal, Company F, Sixty-Third Tennessee Infantry, died October 10. He said it was his duty every morning to inspect all bodies for burial, and that he placed Sturm's body in his coffin. He said he would like to have the names of the Confederates printed in some paper. There are 3,000 of them, but they may not all be Confederates. It is beautiful where these soldiers are buried. The Union soldiers are laid by the side of the Confederates. All the graves are kept in fine condition, and on Decoration Days flowers are strewn over the Confederates as well as the Union dead. The names of every soldier buried in that cemetery are kept on record, and from a diagram it would take but little trouble to find the grave of any one sought for. Mr. Conklin seemed very much interested in helping the Confederates in any way he can.

MEMORIAL DAY AT FARMINGTON, TENN.—Appropriate services were held on the site of the battle at Farmington, Tenn., this month. These annual services were begun in 1891. The religious features were conducted by Revs. J. M. Brown and B. F. Isam. Fitting music was touchingly rendered by a choir of trained voices and Capt. W. G. Loyd, of Lewisburg, delivered the address, after which flowers were placed upon the graves of the Confederates who fell in that severe battle. Capt. Loyd gave a concise account of the battle and read a list of those killed there. Terry's Texas Rangers it seems suffered the greatest loss of

any command. The monument was erected on June 15, 1874. Comrade Loyd quoted expression of thanks from H. W. Graber, now of Dallas, Tex., a member of the Rangers, for the consideration shown his comrades who were killed there. Worthy tribute was paid by the speaker to the late President William McKinley, for his patriotic consideration for the Confederate dead; and also to the Grand Army Posts at the North for their kindness in caring for our dead at the North, numbering in the aggregate 23,552.

More About the Battle at Jenkins Ferry.—Dr. G. N. Beaumont, Austin, Tex., who was surgeon of the Eleventh Missouri Infantry. Fourth Missouri Brigade, Price's Division, writes of a criticism on page 266 of the June Veteran, 1902, of "an incident of the Battle at Jenkins Ferry, Ark.," as related on page 124 of the March issue, suggests that a third party might make it plain that there is no cause for controversy.

To those familiar with our army organization at that date it would seem practically certain that the errors referred to are simply typographical, and that the words "Burn's Eleventh Mississippi," and "Ryndall's" Battalion were intended to be and should be Burn's Eleventh Missouri and Pindall's Battalion respectively. This is evident from the admitted fact that there were no Mississippi troops west of the river, and that there was no such command as "Ryndall's" anywhere. It is true, however, that Col. Simon Peter Burns commanded the Eleventh Missouri Infantry, and *was* in *that battle*. It is equally true that Maj. Pindall's Missouri Battallion of sharpshooters was also there, and formed the extreme right of the Missouri Division in that engagement. This explanation makes it clear beyond a doubt, that this "error" was either a misprint or bad chirography.

Your correspondent, "being desirous of seeing facts only in the Veteran," may be pleased to know that Pindall's Battallion did not belong to "Bowen's old brigade in the Army of Tennessee." Now, as he proposes to "correct some errors," it might be well for him to begin with this. He further says: "I think our friend is in error in his opinion that Marmaduke carried those colors." Whether this "opinion" is a "fact," let the thousands who were there and saw it answer.

"Confederate Military History," Vol. IX., page 167, describing this battle, says "General Marmaduke and his aide Capt. William M. Price, rode among the men, each taking a battle flag in his hand, and led them forward." Marmaduke was at this time on the left center of the Missouri Division. It is immaterial who bore the order of assault to Major General Parsons, or who rode with Pindall's colors on the right; as it was a soldier on duty, and one whom I happen to know would himself never claim credit for the act.

The writer, after so long a lapse of time, fails to recall the destruction of that Federal "six-gun battery" stationed on a knoll, as claimed by the comrade. He also regrets that he has heretofore overlooked all mention of this "fact" in the war histories or the current official reports, but he does well recollect that a similar sad fate befell a part of Ruffner's Missouri Battery on our own side. The following language of your correspondent, "now concerning the fight at Camden, Ark., on the Saline River, at Jenkins Ferry," might perhaps be clearer to old comrades to know: First, this fight was not at Camden; second, Camden is on the Ouachita, and not on the Saline. Third, Jenkins Ferry, where the battle occurred, is on the Saline River, and about sixty or seventy miles from Camden.

This "fact"-loving scribe had but one more chance to get in "error," and he promptly embraced that in the statement that "General Parsons and Colonel Standish were killed in Texas, trying to get to Mexico;" while the truth is, these noble brothers-in-law, together with Colonel Conrow, a member of the Confederate Congress, Major Monroe of Missouri, Tom Standish, a brother of the Colonel, and others, were massacred by Mexican bandits far down in that republic at some point between Camargo and the city of Monterey.

More About Re-enlistments at Dalton.—Ed W. Smith, Sr., wrote sometime since: "I notice in your April number that Col. William D. Pickett, writing from Four Bear, Wyo., makes the statement, according to his 'distinct recollection,' that the re-enlistment movement in the Army of Tennessee in the winter of 1863-64 started in Vaughn's Tennessee Brigade, and as he remembers by the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment of that brigade, if the reënlistment was by regiments. Col. Pickett seems to have been a member of Gen. Hardee's staff, and certainly, therefore, occupied a position favorable to the correct observation of the progress of events in the army, and especially of Hardee's Corps, to which Vaughn's Brigade belonged. But all the same, I think he is mistaken in his recollection as to which command in the army first reënlisted for the war. He is right as to time and place and gravity of the situation at the time; but as to priority of voluntary reenlistment at that critical juncture in Confederate history, the honor without doubt belongs to Douglas's First Texas Battery. Although a simply private in that command, I respectfully take issue with Col. Pickett, and appeal to the record, if it is accessible. My 'distinct recollection' is that, at the assembly for roll call one February morning in 1864, without suggestion from the action of any other command, the First Texas Battery, under the leadership of its gallant captain, James P. Douglas, now deceased, voluntarily reënlisted for 'twenty years or the war' in a series of ringing resolutions. These resolutions, committing the battery to that heroic venture, were immediately forwarded to General Johnston, who the next morning issued a general order embodying the resolutions and commending the action of the battery to the army under his command. A copy of the resolutions was sent the day of their adoption to the Chattanooga *Rebel*, that game little journal published on the wing, and the next morning the army was sown down with copies of that paper containing them. Then swiftly the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee fell into line—so swiftly, indeed, as to appear that it acted on its own initiative in advance of any knowledge of the action of the Texas Battery. The order of General Johnston, commending the action of the battery, can doubtless be found in the volume of Confederate Records concerning that date. The movement of the Texans, followed by the swift second of the Tennesseeans, proved to be contagious, and spread through

the Confederate armies like 'wildfire.' This is written for the truth of history, without any thought of disparaging any Confederate command. As the old soldiers won nothing but glory in their four years' struggle, surely each, whether individual or command, ought to be given without grudging his or its due share."

Col. V. Y. Cook, ex-Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., sent Capt. Ed. Porter Thompson, through the VETERAN, the "Life of Forrest," and in just such acknowledgment as the gifted Thompson could write he states: "Colonel Cook has become one of my most enthusiastic helpers in the present State work of trying to record the names and services of all our Kentucky Confederates, a work too long delayed, and the interest he takes in it is full of encouragement."

SUGGESTED CHANGES AT REUNIONS.

Gen. Fred L. Robertson writes from Tallahassee, Fla., about reunion, the crowds, etc.:

I note you excerpt from the Dallas *News*. It is all right to brag about the success, ease, etc., with which the crowd was entertained, but the crowd should be given credit too. The old Confeds were, and are at all times, willing to put up with any old thing just to get together once more. Dallas did her best, but I had eight in the room I paid for, and they each paid for it too. The young ladies I had with me said that there were six of them in the room. Now I am not kicking. I could have slept on the soft side of a plank out of doors for the privilege of meeting again some I met there, and would have taken the floor to meet most any of the people assembled in Dallas. What I am after is to try to prevent another such uncomfortable jam. We fellows are growing old, and to enjoy the reunions, should be as comfortable as possible and not crowded; hence I am in favor of meeting in cities big enough to handle the multitude without crowding the Veterans. New Orleans is all right, and I hope the next one will be like unto it.

I hope the Sons will turn out in full force, and I would like to see inducements offered to get them to attend the reunions. Expenses might be cut for the boys by establishing a regular Camp. The local troops would very willingly do all the guard duty, look after and protect property, and the expense of each camp police would be very light. Really I think it a good idea to have General, Department, Division, and Brigade Headquarters in tents. The men unaccustomed to a city (large city) experience great trouble in finding localities. We who have been in the habit of looking up people in these human beehives have no conception of the difficulties and confusion that confronts the stranger who lives in the country or small town. By the time most of these men find the place wanted the knowledge is of no value because the reunion is over, and the seekers are disappointed. Two brothers who had not met in thirty years hunted each other for three days in Charleston. I saw them both, but could never get the two bunched. Each was too busy hunting for the other. One found the headquarters, "third floor, Masonic Hall," after three days and said: "Well, I have passed this corner one hundred times more or less; but there's so many banners and things I am lost all the time." Can this not be remedied?

The VETERAN would like to attend one reunion solely of old comrades. Give this class of noble men a week together undisturbed by others, and they would be content to say good-by without the promise of meeting again this side the pearly gates.

COMRADE RECALLS AN AWFUL CRISIS.

T. B. Beall, of Salisbury, N. C., Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, writes:

The 12th of May at Spottsylvania will never be forgotten by those who took part in the fight of "Bloody Angle." I belonged to General Rhodes's Division, and we were drawn up to charge the Yankees from our captured work in the center. While delayed for completion of alignment, an officer from the Richmond Howitzers came to me asking recruits to man one of his guns, all his men having been shot down. I called for volunteers and five or six men stepped out. In a few minutes the officer ran back to us and fell beside me with a fearful wound in the throat and said: "If I die, tell my people I fell at my post." Just then we received the order to charge, and went forward, leaving him behind and forgotten for a time. I often wondered who he was and if he died.

This incident was brought to mind at the reinterment of President Davis. A freind of mine took me aside to introduce me to some comrade in the cemetery. I wore my old army coat, and after my friend introduced me to the crowd as a gallant Confederate soldier, in evidence of same he turned me around, and, pointing to a hole in the back of my old coat, remarked: "He was shot in the back." One of the party spoke up and said: "He is not that kind of soldier from his looks. I would say if he was wounded, it was like myself, in the front, not the back." I asked him where he was wounded and in what battle, and he said: "In the throat at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12. I belonged to the Richmond Howitzers, and was working our guns on the enemy while our line was preparing to make a charge on them." I asked him if he remembered running back and falling beside an officer in the infantry line when wounded. He replied: "I did." I had found my man after thirty years' search. We clasped each other's hands. He was J. Thompson Brown, Richmond Howitzers, Virginia.

In this charge we drove the enemy from our second line, and regained possession of the left side of "bloody angle," where we spent the day and most of the night fighting Grant's army hand to hand. It was a dark, rainy night, and after the firing died down to only the sentinels on the works, I sat down on the side of the ditch with my back against the breast works. Every few seconds I heard explosions like pistol shots over my head, and watching closely soon found that the enemy were shooting explosive balls at us. I saw them explode as they passed over our works. Our army has been charged as having used explosive balls at Gettysburg, and Grant condemned it in strong terms as being brutal and heathenish in the extreme. I never saw an explosive in the Southern army, and the only ones that I ever saw or heard of were the ones shot by Gen. Grant's army that night.

FALSE ALARM AT GALVESTON.

BY GEN. J. C. MOORE, MEXIA, TEX.

Introductory to a series of Civil War incidents, Gen. Moore states that he will not attempt to describe battles, but merely touch upon points of more or less historic value, and relate incidents somewhat humorous which are not found in published records.

In the spring of 1861 I was ordered to Galveston to take command of that military post. I found a battery of small, smooth-bore guns at Fort Point, at entrance of Galveston Bay, and another on Pelican Island, in front of the city, but no soldiers to man them. Calling on the citizens for volunteers, a sufficient number was soon secured.

About the fourth of July the blockading steamer South Carolina dropped anchor opposite the eastern point of the island, creating great consternation, especially among women and children, many believing the city was doomed. The mayor hurriedly called a public meeting, and a committee was appointed to visit the steamer under a flag of truce and try to learn what course the unwelcome visitor proposed pursuing. They reported they had been received with great courtesy by the commander, Captain Alden, of the regular navy, who stated his sole object was to blockade the port, unless hostile demonstration was made against his vessel. This relieved the mental distress of many, but some feared there might be a trick concealed under this fair promise, as it is said that all is fair in love and war.

To prepare for such a contingency, a regiment of home guards was organized by the citizens, composed of all sorts and sizes of privates from mere boys to two-hundred-pounders, and armed with anything that could be fired and would make a noise. The regiment was drilled on the public square, and the exhibition was worth going miles to witness. When officers could not remember commands set forth in Hardee's Tactics, they substituted something of their own manufacture, which was not always clearly intelligible. To prevent the enemy's slipping in from the blockader and grabbing the city under cover of darkness, a mounted squad was organized whose duty was to patrol the beach at night and give the alarm in case of hostile demonstration by the enemy.

As military life was becoming rather monotonous, I decided to introduce a variation, and test the military metal of our home guards by resorting to a false alarm. It was publicly understood that in case of a hostile demonstration by the enemy at night, an alarm would be given by the batteries firing two guns each, and all the church and other large bells in the city being rung. The officer in command at Fort Point, to whom the beach patrol reported at short intervals, was to notify me by telegraph through the city office of any threatening movements of the enemy. The home guards were to assemble at once and the colonel report at my office for orders.

About twelve o'clock on the night selected for the false alarm, each of the batteries fired two guns, soon the bells began ringing, and, as previously understood, the city operator rushed into my office with a dispatch from Fort Point stating the patrol reported the enemy landing in force from their barges a few hundred yards south of the battery. In a few minutes the fleshy colonel of the home guards came puffing and blowing to my office, not waiting for his horse. I read him the dispatch and directed him to proceed at a double-quick to the threatened point with his regiment, and said I would follow as soon as my horse was brought. As they had to march about a mile through deep sand, I did not hurry. The moon was shining brightly as I rode along one of the principal residence streets, and my conscience condemned me for having caused such even temporary distress. Many second-story galleries contained white-robed figures, some apparently perfectly calm, some weeping and wringing their hands, while others seemed laughing hysterically—all apparently supposing their husbands, fathers, brothers, or sweethearts were marching into the very jaws of death. I found a number of heavy-weight warriors had fallen out of ranks and were lying on the sand panting like hard-driven horses. Reaching the head of the column a few hundred yards from the beach, I received, as previously arranged, a note from the Fort Point commander saying the patrol had been deceived by the billows rolling in on the beach, which had been mistaken for the enemy's barges. The news brought forth many a long-drawn sigh of relief, and the home guards returned to the city with easier step. The secret was well kept and the ruse had not been made public up to the time I left Galveston some weeks later.

Percy W. Moss, Commander of Camp No. 449, U. C. V.: "Seeing the article from Capt. Granbery, Cabot, Ark., about being the youngest Confederate living, I am one day older than the Captain, but Col. V. Y. Cook (Major General U. C. V.) is younger than either of us. He was born November 16, 1848. All three of us served in the Spanish-American war in the same regiment, the Second Arkansas—Cook as Colonel, Granbery Captain of Company G, and I commanded Company D. In the great war I was private in Company E, First Kentucky Cavalry (Butler's Regiment). I had two sons with me in the Spanish war."

Dr. J. E. Stinson, Chickasha, Ind. T., asks the readers of the VETERAN if any one in Southeast Tennessee can give him information concerning a C. C. Majors. He lost his left leg in some battle of the war, and spent his furlough at Dr. Stinson's father's, near Union Springs, Ala., toward the close of the war. He claimed to have brothers fighting on "the other side."

Camp Wade Hampton, Number 375, was formed in Wheeling, W. Va., after quite a little difficulty in securing eligible membership. The charter was issued on June 12, to a Camp of fourteen members, who elected Robert L. Boyd Commandant, Dr. E. B. Plant Lieutenant Commander, Dr. W. A. Cracraft Adjutant, Geo. A. Feeney Treasurer, Leo V. Thornton Historian.

All the members are business and professional men, and expect to have a prosperous and growing camp.

S. M. SHELTON, VICKSBURG, MISS., A MEMBER OF THE TWELFTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—I cannot afford to do without the VETERAN. I see so many things in it that describes scenes which are familiar to me, and I have sometimes been tempted to write a little myself, but it is so much more pleasant to read what others have written that I have simply lain back and enjoyed the luxury of hearing others tell of those scenes.

HONOR TO GEN. W. H. T. WALKER.

Monument Erected Where He Was Killed, Near Atlanta.

In a succinct address, Julius L. Brown, Esq., President of the Walker Monument Association, who conceived the idea and plan, said, addressing a large assembly gathered on the occasion:

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends: In all ages valor has been admired by the human race. The world with Virgil's "Arma Virumque Cano" in chorus joins.

The dim traditions of the past show that nations, which have arisen, ruled, and fallen, have left upon the history of the world only the names of their warriors.

Carthage has passed away and left no trace of its lawgivers, its poets, or its philosophers. Of her great men, only the names of Hannibal and of Asdrubal have come down to us in their glory.

Egypt, which has been well called the mother of civilization, has left no great names in her history save those of her warriors. Rameses the Great, Shishank, and her other rulers extended her boundaries by force of arms. We know nothing of the names of her poets or of her philosophers.

It was Leonidas and his band at old Thermopylæ, and Alexander the Great, who made Greece famous.

It was Julius Cæsar who left his impress upon Rome and gave his name to all future ages as the synonym of kingly power.

Homer and Virgil sang of warriors, not of poets, lawgivers, or philosophers, and even Milton chose war for the subject of his immortal poem.

The North American Indians, after their parties returned from the warpath, held their war dances, and around their camp fires told of the deeds of daring done by their tribes. In this way, without a written language, their history was handed down and preserved, as an example and as an inspiration to those who should come after them.

So we see that it is universal with men, whether civilized or savage, to admire those who have distinguished themselves in war.

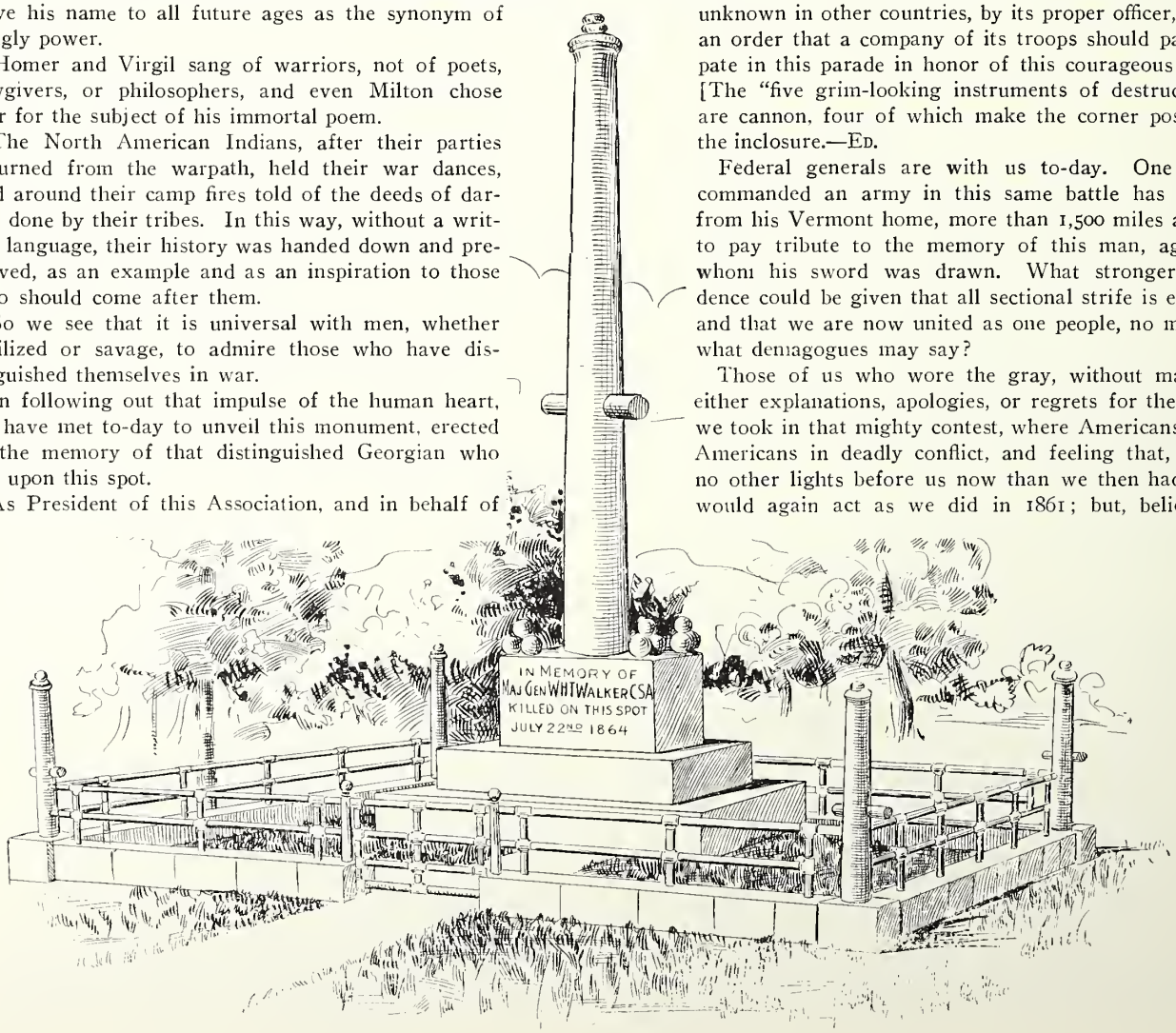
In following out that impulse of the human heart, we have met to-day to unveil this monument, erected to the memory of that distinguished Georgian who fell upon this spot.

As President of this Association, and in behalf of its officers, who were charged with the task of erecting this monument, it is my duty to give you a short history of what we have done.

There can be no question about its having been the duty of some one to build this monument. For many years it was thought that the State of Georgia would undertake this work. Finally, despairing of that, some of us, about the 1st of April, feeling that it was a shame and a disgrace that no memorial shaft was placed upon this historic spot, undertook the work. Correspondence was begun with that peerless Congressman, Col. L. F. Livingston, who has so ably represented this district, with a view of ascertaining whether or not guns could be procured for such a purpose from the United States government. We were informed that it was necessary, under the law, that a monument association should be formed. It was done at once, and a charter was applied for, and, through the generous kindness of the officers of the courts, no charge was made for our charter. It was granted May 23, 1902. This land was generously donated to us by a soldier who had the cause at heart and who lives upon this battlefield, Mr. Samuel J. Sayler. The county of DeKalb, through its officers, graded the site, and the United States government gave us these five grim-looking instruments of destruction, which had hurled shot and shell at the Confederate forces led by this brave general, for the monument to mark the spot where he, a foeman, fell, and that same government, with a liberality unknown in other countries, by its proper officer, gave an order that a company of its troops should participate in this parade in honor of this courageous man. [The "five grim-looking instruments of destruction" are cannon, four of which make the corner posts of the inclosure.—Ed.

Federal generals are with us to-day. One who commanded an army in this same battle has come from his Vermont home, more than 1,500 miles away, to pay tribute to the memory of this man, against whom his sword was drawn. What stronger evidence could be given that all sectional strife is ended, and that we are now united as one people, no matter what demagogues may say?

Those of us who wore the gray, without making either explanations, apologies, or regrets for the part we took in that mighty contest, where Americans met Americans in deadly conflict, and feeling that, with no other lights before us now than we then had, we would again act as we did in 1861; but, believing



from the knowledge we now have that the Great Ruler of the Universe, who does all things well, ended this conflict for the best, and knowing that from out of that mighty contest there has been developed the grandest and best government this world has ever known, here pledge to it our loyalty and our devotion equally with those who wore the blue.

We thank our government for its liberality, and we thank the officers and the soldiers who wore the blue for their generous kindness and friendship in being with us to-day. We greet you as friends, as brethren, and as countrymen, each having our reunited country's interest equally at heart. The poet truly says:

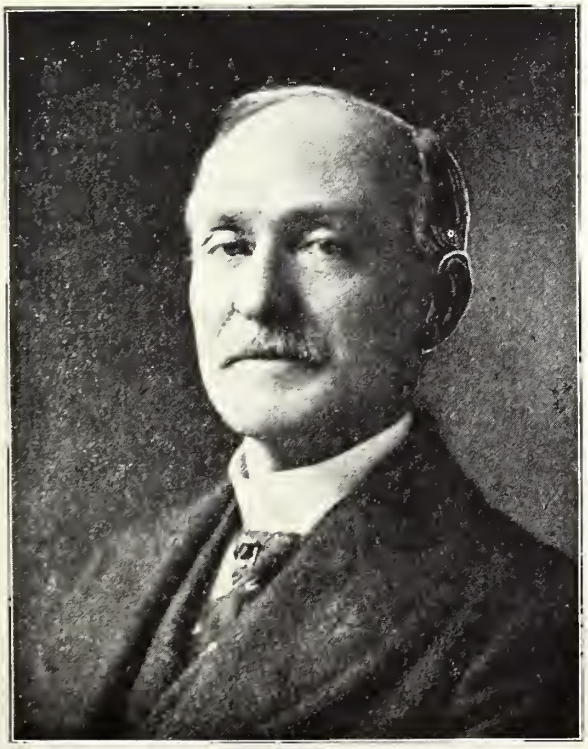
> Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends;
> Their generous discord with the battle ends;
> In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
> And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

It took England many long years after the war of the Roses, and long years after the war between Cromwell and Charles, to become a united people. But to-day in England they point with pride to statues erected to their great men, no matter on which side they fought.

It was long years after Wolfe and Montcalm fell upon the Heights of Abraham at Quebec before a monument was erected by the British government to their joint memory.

In Mexico, Mexia and Miramon, who were shot with Maximilian, are buried in the same cemetery where repose the remains of Juarez.

Many years ago the Army of Tennessee erected a monument which stands within modern pistol range of this spot to the memory of that superb soldier, Major General McPherson, who fell at about the same time and upon the same field where our hero met his death. Would that a joint monument had been erected to them instead of two separate ones, thus showing to the world that we are indeed one people, and that, although we may have our family quarrels, the nations of the earth had best beware how they seek to presume upon our former differences. I need not tell you how Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, after wearing the gray, wore the blue when a foreign nation sought war with us.



JULIUS L. BROWN, ESQ.

JANET M'LEAN WALKER.

Having secured this spot of land for our monument, and the guns with which to build it, we proceeded next to raise the money necessary to erect it and to properly entertain our guests. We made subscriptions ourselves. We appealed to the generosity of the railways, the liverymen, the hotels, the breweries, the saloons, the professional men, the merchants, and other business men to aid us.

The work assigned to us has been completed, and we are prepared to entertain you.

I cannot permit this occasion to pass without naming a few of those who have aided us in addition to those I have mentioned. Mr. James McWhirter unselfishly abandoned his summer outing to superintend our work. Messrs Mell and O'Shields donated the work of constructing our fence. The Morrow Transfer Company handled our guns and material free of charge. The Georgia road and the Atlantic Coast Line brought them to Atlanta for us without cost. Our thanks are due to them and to Brig. Gen. William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, Capt. E. W. Van C. Lucas, of the Corps of Engineers, and Maj. D. A. Lyle, all of the United States army, for most valuable and timely assistance rendered in shipping our guns.

I cannot attempt now to go more into detail and show who have aided us. It would take too long. Their names will be inscribed upon our records. Neither shall I consume your time on this hot July day in going into the life, character, and gallantry of General Walker. That has been assigned to an abler brain and to a more eloquent tongue than mine.

The gentleman who will receive this monument and speak of General Walker is not himself unknown to fame. In his early manhood he entered the diplomatic service of his country. He is a Georgian, living in the same city where four generations of his people have lived before him, and where his loved ones are buried. He drew his sword for his beloved Georgia when she called for him. He is no stranger to the legislative halls of his State. At the forum he stands without a superior. Great and mighty interests have been committed to his able and careful keeping, and upon this occasion this Association could not have selected one to receive

this monument so well fitted for the duty as Maj. Joseph B. Cumming, Chief of Staff of Maj. Gen. William H. T. Walker.

And now, sir [after asking Major General Walker's little granddaughter, Miss Janet MacLean Walker, to unveil it], in behalf of my associate officers I deliver this monument to you for this Association.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOSEPH B. CUMMING, OF AUGUSTA, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL WALKER.

Surely this is a most remarkable occasion. If any man of the thousands assembled on this field thirty-eight years ago had ventured to predict what we now see with our eyes and hear with our ears, the apparently rational explanation would have occurred to all who heard him that the excitement of battle had affected his brain and dethroned his reason, so wild would have seemed his prophecy.

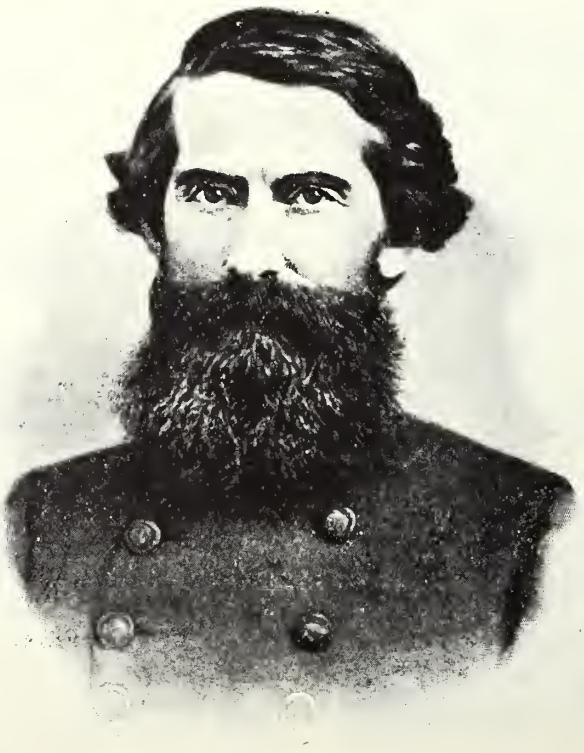
What are the salient features of this remarkable occasion? The men who then stood apart in hostile ranks united here in a contest as to which will do the greatest honor to his foeman of that dreadful day—the gray vying with the blue in laying flowers on the monument of the brave Federal McPherson; the blue side by side with the gray to unveil a monument to the gallant Confederate Walker; the cannon, the characteristic feature of that monument, contributed to do honor to Walker by the government against which he fought; the same government sending a company of its gallant officers and men to salute the unveiling of that monument. What a contrast, too, between that day of booming cannon and roaring musketry, of smoke and bursting shells, of blood and passion, and this scene of peace and good will, with nothing in the air deadlier than the rays of the July sun, and no sound more discordant than the rustling of the leaves in the summer breeze.

The like of this, so far as I know, has never occurred in history, and, as I verily believe, could not happen elsewhere than in this wonderful country, which the greatest war in history could not rend in twain.

SKETCH OF GENERAL WALKER.

A short sketch of the man whose memory we are seeking to honor this day will probably be more interesting than any mere declamation or words of eulogy of the present speaker. In presenting such sketch, no attempt will be made to arrive at perfect exactness as to mere dates. In a sketch intended to be general and characteristic rather than minute and exact, the attention need not be fatigued with such minutiæ.

William Henry Talbot Walker was born in Richmond County, Ga., November 26, 1816. He was the son of Freeman Walker, a Senator of the United States. He graduated at the West Point Military Academy in 1837. The following Christmas day he was borne as a dead man from the bloody field of Okeechobee, that fierce battle with the Indians in the Everglades of Florida. But it was not written in the book of fate that that wiry form should perish thus early, or that that dauntless spirit should be dismissed from its earthly career by the bullet of the Seminole. While Ponce de Leon had vainly sought in this same Land of Flowers for the Fountain of Youth, there seemed, on this occasion at least, to be some potent life-preserving quality in its waters.



GEN. WILLIAM H. T. WALKER.

This brave young soldier, being carried from the battlefield to be consigned at the very outset of his career to a soldier's grave, was laid by his bearers, as they stopped to rest, where no perfectly dry ground was to be found. The touch of the water of this mysterious fairyland set that gallant heart to beating once more. If even at that early day he had been borne to a soldier's grave, he had achieved enough to make his resting place worthy to receive such a monument to his memory as now, sixty-five years later, we unveil this day. But instead of to a glory-haunted tomb, he was borne to a bed of anguish, where that brave spirit wrestled with and baffled the hand of death.

Ten years later we find him in Mexico. Where would one look for Walker in the day of battle? Surely in the forefront of it—a place where his superiors, who wished daring deeds to be done, would place him, and whither his own gallant spirit would carry him. Here again his career seemed to be closing and this day to be rendered impossible. Hopelessly wounded, as it was thought by the surgeons, as he led the assault at Molino del Rey, it seemed that, like Lady Macbeth, "more needed he the divine than the physician." When the man of God approached him with such ministrations as alone his case seemed to call for, our hero dismissed him not irreverently, not disrespectfully, but with the rational purpose of concentrating all the resources of his brave spirit upon the task of coming up again from the jaws of death. And then, when, in his own opinion, but not that of his surgeon, he had sufficiently recovered for the attempt, he commenced that long retrograde movement which was to bring him again to home and country. And so this young captain, who had marched gayly and gallantly at the head of his company from the sea to the plateau of Mexico, from Vera Cruz to the ancient capital of Montezuma, retraced his steps stretched on a litter, keeping a spark of life aglow by his unconquerable spirit and high hopes of the future. In those far-off days how long and how weary the way from Mexico to Albany on the Hudson, where his young wife awaited him! How meager the means of transportation of those times! How comfortless, how rough compared with the luxurious appointments of to-day! No comfortably equipped hospital ships, no smooth-running ambulance trains then! What tossings on the Gulf! How slowly the steamboat labored up the Mississippi! How descending currents retarded the progress of the wounded man when, leaving the "Father of Waters," he journeyed eastward up the Ohio! How many weary days and weeks before, still lingering between life and death,

loving hands received him on the Hudson! Even then, long after he had reached this goal, which in those days was so far off, his condition was precarious and his sufferings extreme. But still, despite the prophecies of surgeons, he would not die. It was left for two bullets through the heart seventeen years later to quench that dauntless spirit here on this hallowed spot.

But while, as I have said, there remained to him seventeen years of life—and a part of them the most active and the most glorious—he never recovered from the shock of the desperate wounds, whose marks he bore to the grave. Those of us who recall his erect and spirited figure, whether on foot or horseback, remember how attenuated it was, how frail it seemed to be, and how it was a never-ending marvel to us that he was capable of so much exertion and fatigue. And those of us nearest to him knew what a martyr he was to several phases of bodily suffering.

During the twelve or thirteen years between his recovery from his Mexican wounds and the outbreak of the Great War, he was, when his health permitted, on the active list of the United States army. His most conspicuous tour of duty during that period was as commandant of the corps of cadets at West Point during the years 1854-56.

The election of Lincoln found him major and brevet lieutenant colonel. On the happening of that event, believing that war was inevitable, he resigned from the army. He was at that time at his home on an indefinite leave on account of his shattered health. When the State of Georgia seceded, there being at that time no Southern Confederacy, he offered his services at once to the great war governor of Georgia, the father of the gentleman to whom is due the credit of this occasion. Governor Brown proceeded immediately to raise two regiments of infantry, to the command of one of which he appointed Colonel Walker and to the other Colonel Hardee. When, however, a few weeks later, the Confederacy was formed, both these veteran soldiers offered their services to that government. I pause here in this narrative to say that the two contemplated Georgia regiments which I have mentioned were consolidated into one, which achieved a glorious record in the Army of Northern Virginia as the First Georgia Regulars.

His offer of his services to the Confederacy was met with the tender of a colonelcy. This he considered not commensurate with his record and reputation as a soldier, and it was declined. The Confederate government soon took the same view and tendered him a brigadier generalship, which he accepted. He assumed command of a brigade composed of Louisiana troops in the Army of Northern Virginia, and soon brought it to a high state of discipline and devotion to him.

In December, 1861, the Confederate War Department, following out a policy of brigading together troops from the same State and appointing them a brigadier also from the same State, took the Louisiana brigade from General Walker and assigned to its command the President's brother-in-law, Gen. Richard Taylor. In an impulse of disappointment and indignation General Walker resigned his commission. At that time Governor Brown was organizing for the defense of Savannah a division of three brigades of excellent troops. The division commander was already appointed, or doubtless that position would have been offered to General Walker. He was given a brigade, which he accepted. But the passage of the conscript act in April, 1862, dissolved this division, and he was again out of service, and so continued until February, 1863.

Thus a great war raged around him without any participation in it by him for nearly a year. During this period of inaction the battles around Richmond, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg had been fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and Perryville and Murfreesboro by the Army of Tennessee. Those who knew well our hero can imagine how that fiery spirit chafed against this inaction. The sound of battle in his ears, and he pursuing the ways of peace! Human nature is the same socially in all ages, and doubtless that modest home on the sand hills held its same inner life, the same chafing against inaction, the same restlessness, the same unsuccessful search for justification in real or fancied wrongs which three thousand years before were compassed by the tent of Achilles raging against his treatment by Agememnon. To our hero it was an intolerable situation. A war in which his beloved country was in a death grapple, and he, a soldier by nature, by taste, by education, and experience, taking no part therein! Feeble health and a frame shattered by the wounds of two wars furnished to his knightly soul no good reason why he should not be at the front. So, repressing his sense of the injustice done him, he again offered his sword to his country. He was immediately reappointed to a brigadier generalship. This was in February or early in March, 1863.

It was at this time that my association with him in military life began. I was ordered from other fields to report to him as his brigade adjutant. Now, nearly forty years thereafter, at a time of life when one expects little of the future and turns with anxious inquiry to the past to find among its vicissitudes, its errors, its failures, and its disappointments at least here and there some firm ground where the spirit may encamp with satisfaction, I look back on that association as one of those cherished resting places, and I cannot refrain from so much of egotism as will voice the deep satisfaction I feel in knowing and remembering that, from the day I reported to him until the words of respectful remonstrance which I addressed to him a short half hour before this spot received his blood, I enjoyed his friendship and his entire confidence in camp and field.

His rank of brigadier was of short duration. In a few weeks, on the application of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, to whom he had reported and between whom and himself there continued to the last the closest friendship, he was promoted major general.

In the Chickamauga campaign he commanded the reserve corps of the Army of Tennessee. When the generalship of Rosecrans deranged Bragg's plan of battle, this corps, intended to be kept in reserve, was the first to be attacked in an isolated position, and for hours Saturday, September 19, 1863, bore with Forrest's cavalry the brunt of the fierce and bloody battle, but held its ground until reënforcements arrived and the new order of battle was inaugurated.

On the reorganization of the army at Dalton in January, 1864, he resumed command of his division.

It is not my purpose to follow our departed friend's career day by day and movement by movement during the arduous campaign of the summer of 1864, in the midst of which he rendered up his life. What more I have to present to you in the way of narrative shall be confined to the twenty-four hours whose end was marked by his fall on this very spot, the morning of the 22d of July of that summer.

General Hood in his book, "Advance and Retreat," says that Hardee's Corps was selected for the main attack of that day, because, among other reasons, after the battle of Peachtree Creek, on the 20th, it was fresh and unfatigued. How different from this view is my vivid recollection of that night march from the line of the creek through Atlanta and then south to the position where we were to reach the left flank and rear of the Federal army! How many miles of that

weary march I slept in my saddle! How many better men fell out of the ranks from mere irresistible sleepiness! One incident in the early stages of the march I would recall. As we reached General Hood's quarters, at the house still standing on Peachtree Street, General Walker dismounted and went in. In a few minutes he returned full of serious enthusiasm. He told me, as we rode, that Hood had earnestly impressed him with the conviction that a battle next day was necessary to prevent the immediate fall of Atlanta, and had rapidly unfolded his plan and the arduous nature of the undertaking. That was enough to tone the noble spirit of our hero up to its highest pitch. He was aglow with martial fire from that moment, and his attenuated, tireless figure sat his horse erect all through that weary night, and his uplifted spirit soared above all suggestion of fatigue or danger.

I hasten on to what, relatively to this occasion, was the culminating event of the day, pausing only on one incident. I have spoken of a respectful remonstrance on my part as among the last words which passed between us. When we had filed out of the road on which we had been marching, and formed line of battle under the orders of the corps commander to do so and to advance in line in the direction of the enemy, I observed a thick and tangled brier patch in front of one of our regiments. I called General Walker's attention to it and to the difficulty of breaking through it in line, and suggested that that regiment should pass this obstacle in the movement "by right of companies to the front." He approved this suggestion. Any other commander of his rank would have taken the discretion to modify in this small particular the orders which he had received. But so scrupulous was he in his exact obedience of orders that he would not make the change without the corps commander's approval. So he rode up to General Hardee, who was near by, and began to state the situation. Without waiting to hear him through, General Hardee turned roughly and rudely upon him and said loudly in the presence of staff and orderlies: "No, sir! This movement has been delayed too long already. Go and obey my orders." Near at hand then was the hour when he should fall dead from his saddle, but the bullets that pierced that proud and sensitive heart had not for it the sting of these bitter words. A fiery reply rose to his lips, but was checked there, but the fierce glare at his commander was not to be repressed. He saluted, turned his horse, and slowly rode back. As we rode he said in tones in which passion and self-control contended: "Major, did you hear that?" I replied: "Yes; General Hardee forgot himself." He answered: "I shall make him remember this insult. If I survive this battle, he shall answer to me for it." Our line soon advancing, some order to carry or other exigency took me for a few minutes from his side. When I returned, he told me that a staff officer from General Hardee (I think it was Lieutenant Colonel Black) had just come to him to say that General Hardee regretted very much his hasty and discourteous language, and would have come in person to apologize but that his presence was required elsewhere, and that he would do so at the first opportunity. I said: "Now, that makes it all right." But, being still in great wrath, he said: "No, it does not. He must answer for this." Then it was that I ventured to remonstrate with him and to say that the occasion called for other thoughts. It was enough. At once everything was forgotten except the requirements of the hour. The whole man was once more only the patriot soldier and the zealous commander, wholly devoted to the duty in hand.

MAJ. JOE B. CUMMING.

Our advance through the woods continued. So dense was the growth that it was impossible in places for each brigade to see the flank of its neighbor brigade, and thus to preserve the proper intervals and alignment. To meet this difficulty, he dispatched three of his staff (Captain Ross, Captain Troup, and myself), one to each of the three brigades, keeping with him his volunteer aid, Captain Talbot, and Lieutenant Bass of his escort. It was but a short while after this, before the battle was fairly begun, while I was conducting to the best of my ability Stevens's brigade, a courier brought me the intelligence that General Walker had fallen. My immediate duty was to find the senior brigadier, General Mercer, and report to him. This I did, and from that moment the exigencies of the battle, which lasted all day and into the night, demanded my poor services on the field. And thus it happened that, after my few well-received words of remonstrance and his brief words of command, never again did I look upon that martial figure or that noble countenance in life or in death. Before I left that field his body, bearing its recent wounds and the scars of two other wars, was on its way to its resting place in his native earth, which never took back to her bosom a nobler son.

What manner of man was he whose memory we are honoring to-day? I have labored in vain if in the tedious narrative I have given you I have not presented his career in such a way as to enable you to characterize him. What can any feeble word of mine add to the facts of his honorable life and glorious death? If I tell you that he was the bravest of the brave, the soul of honor and generosity, the incarnation of truth, the mirror of chivalry, the devotee—I had almost said the fanatic—of duty, what do I say which his life and death have not proclaimed with more of eloquence? I, who knew him best in the latest and most marked period of his life, pronounce, in addition to all I have said and to what his life and death have eloquently proclaimed, that of all things under the vault of heaven, for nothing, not whistling bullet nor shrieking cannon ball nor bursting shell nor gleaming bayonet, had he any fear—for nothing except one thing, failure to obey orders to the letter, and do his soldierly duty to the uttermost. Only at times when unexpected circumstances made impossible the literal performance of orders have I known anything in the semblance of fear to approach that dauntless soul.

Tribute to His Followers.

While we do honor this day to him who stood above the ranks as leader, let us not forget the followers who fell on the same field. Not less worthy were they. The low-lying valleys are just as much a part of this beautiful world as are the mountain peaks, but it is these latter which are glorified by the rays of the morning and evening sun. And so it is a part of the fortune of war that he who by merit or fortune has risen high in command draws to himself the fame and glory which brave followers have helped him to win. What dangers they encountered, how hotly his division fought, will appear from a few simple facts. On the 20th of July its major general and its three brigadiers led their respective commands. By eventide of July 22d the major general and one brigadier general were dead on the field and another brigadier general grievously wounded. A few months later I saw Gist, one of these brigadiers, and Smith (who, after General Stevens was killed July 20, commanded Stevens's brigade in the battle of the 22d) dead on the bloody field of Franklin. Of one division and four brigade commanders, all but one had in four short months fallen on the battlefield.

He Died Not in Vain.

Whatever estimate may be made of the battle on this spot thirty-eight years ago, the general cause in which we fought was lost. Must it be held, therefore, that Walker and the many other brave men who perished in it gave up their lives in vain? Is it true that there is no good but success? O God in heaven, is it permitted that men shall in honest devotion to a cause, and in the noblest spirit of self-sacrifice, endure suffering and surrender life, and no good thing spring from such planting of what is best in human nature? Are the noblest deeds and sacrifices to be considered wasted unless they achieve the very thing at which they were aimed? Shall courage, patriotism, fidelity to convictions be pursued even unto death and no fair flower spring from such precious seed unless, peradventure, they be watered with what short-sighted mortals call success? To each of these questions, had I the tones of Jove, I would thunder "No!" and that negation should roll through the empyrean till it was heard of all people. Nothing worth having comes without toil and sacrifice more or less, and the price which a people pay for glory, for the respect of the world and their respect for themselves, is counted in tears and blood. That we people of the South have presented to all the world an exhibition of unsurpassed courage, energy, devotion, heroism, and endurance; and have, though failing in the particular objects of our efforts, made the world ring with our praises; and especially that we have acquired for ourselves and shall transmit to our posterity the consciousness that we were capable of great deeds and untold sacrifices; that we have heroic memories as a people instead of a dull record of commonplace, commercial, money-making history—these precious possessions have we obtained in the only obtainable way, through tears and blood and wounds and death. But even this great price must not be considered as lost. And when we turn from this general view to the contemplation of the particular case of our hero, dare we say that he was a loser by his glorious death? "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." The prospect of falling in the discharge of duty on the battlefield is ever before the true soldier, until it comes to pass that he falls in love with that picture and looks to it as the fitting crown of his career. Lifting our eyes from the little span of human life and regarding the ages which will roll over this imperishable monument, what a gainer he was by the day which we are commemorating! On that day he exchanged for what of life may have remained to him in the order of nature, filled as it might well have been with sorrows and trials and disappointments, and which in any event would have terminated long before this morning—on that day he exchanged for that fragment of mortal life the lasting fame which this monument will make perpetual.

We therefore salute thee, thou stately shade, who we fain would believe moves invisible across this scene; we salute thee not only with honor, but with felicitations, thou brave and gallant soldier, thou true and knightly gentleman, thou of the generous heart, thou of the dauntless spirit, who fell on this spot, which we can only mark but thou didst consecrate.

SEVENTH GEORGIA SOCIETY—SOMETHING OF THEIR VISIT TO VIRGINIA.

The veterans of the Seventh Georgia Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, had recently a delightful tour of Virginia battlefields. The society was accompanied by several ladies, the whole party numbering about one hundred and thirty persons. They arrived at Petersburg, Va., July 28, from Richmond over the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and were met at the Market Street depot by A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, fifty-six strong, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Petersburg Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mrs. Robert T. Meade, President of the Grand Division of Virginia. The line of march from the depot attracted much attention as it passed through the streets.

On arrival at the hall of the local Camp the address of welcome was made by Adjutant Carter R. Bishop, who said:

"Commander, Ladies, and Gentlemen: It is my pleasant duty to throw wide open the doors of A. P. Hill Camp Hall and extend a hearty welcome to those who in days gone by stood between our city and a baffled foe. During the siege there was in the Confederate Hospital, which then stood where General Battle and Dr. Battle now live, a soldier of the Seventh Georgia Regiment severely wounded. The young ladies of this city, than whom there were none sweeter, even though the others might come from Georgia, were accustomed to visit the hospitals and minister as they only could to the wounded. A very pretty girl asked this Georgian if there was anything she could do for him, and he answered wearily, 'No.' 'O,' she said, 'I would like so much to help you in some way, may I not?' 'No, I thank you,' said the soldier. 'But,' said the dear girl, 'may I not wash your face and hands?' 'Well,' said he, 'you may if you want to, but you will be the fourteenth one that has done that this morning.'"

Hon. William M. Jones, Mayor of Petersburg, extended the welcome of the city, in which he said:

"Nearly forty years ago, when the hostile hosts of the North, marshaled by their greatest captain (General Grant), invested our city, which was defended by the 'thin gray line' which Beauregard had collected, together with the old men and boys of Petersburg, in the 'very nick of time' you filed into the trenches and once more met face to face your old foe, the Army of the Potomac, and kept them back. For this we owe you gratitude, and in the name of the good people of Petersburg we thank you, and bid you welcome, and open wide our gates. We extend to you the freedom of the city."

In response, Dr. Henry L. Wilson, who was surgeon of the Seventh Georgia Regiment, a native of Danville, Va., said that the regiment started out for a simple reunion at Manassas on July 21. On reaching Manassas they found a bevy of ladies representing the Daughters of the Confederacy, and also a committee of ladies from Alexandria, who immediately took possession of them and begun at once to issue orders. They arranged for us to go on the battlefields on the morning

of the 21st, and accompanied us there in large numbers, and at one o'clock in the afternoon served a good dinner. In the afternoon we went to Alexandria, where we were met by a large committee from R. E. Lee Camp. We were escorted to their hall, where we were cordially received and grandly entertained by the ladies. On Wednesday we spent the day at Fredericksburg, and then went to Richmond, and from there came to Petersburg. One of the great features of our visit has been the joy we have experienced in meeting the warm-hearted people of Virginia. They have thoroughly shown us that the old war feeling is still alive, and their appreciation of the old Confederate soldier is as bright and tender now as it was forty years ago.

Continuing, Dr. Wilson said that Ricketts's was the first battery taken during the Civil War, and that was at Manassas, and it was taken by the Seventh Georgia and the Eighth Virginia Regiments, supported by Pemberton's Black Horse Cavalry, of Virginia. The flag we carry to-day and carried during the entire war was planted upon that battery and held by one regiment. Our Commissary, W. T. Wilson, a native of Danville, Va., engaged in that fight from the beginning, was shot down in the afternoon. Colonel Gartrell having resigned the regiment to go to Congress, Captain Wilson was unanimously elected colonel of the regiment. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in his report spoke of him as the gray-haired hero of many hard-fought battles. Colonel Wilson was killed at the second battle of Manassas.

In closing, Dr. Wilson said that the Seventh Georgia Regiment had dwindled to about one hundred and twenty-three members.

The address of welcome on the part of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was made by Rev. H. W. Battle, D.D., and aroused great enthusiasm. He said:

"Appropriate words of welcome have been addresed to you by the accomplished adjutant of that superb body of men, the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans. Our honored Mayor has gracefully tendered you the freedom of a city as generous in peace and as heroic in war as adorns the planet; and it has been deemed fitting that the Sons of Confederate Veterans should be given an opportunity to add some expression of sentiment on their part to these various greetings.

"Brave survivors of the Seventh Georgia, we, Sons of Confederate Veterans, welcome you! Our fathers have told us the story of your renown from first Manassas to Appomattox. We have heard how the gallant Bartow fell at your head,

> And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
> Looked proudly to heaven from a deathbed of fame!

"We have heard how your colonel (subsequently general), Lucius J. Gartrell, on the bloody altar of the same terrible battle, with more than Spartan devotion, sacrificed his darling boy 'in the grace of tender childhood,' to his country's cause. We have caught the far-away echo of your yell, answering to the growl of 'Old Tige,' as you rushed on the foe; we have heard that Stonewall Jackson actually uncovered to you on the battlefield, while from the thin, taciturn lips impulsively leaped the sentence: 'I take off my hat to the Seventh Georgia!' The Tenth Legion of Cæsar, the Old Guard of Napoleon never won honor like that! We have traced your record all along the way of those tragical but glorious four years, written in martyr blood on our battlefields, and you are to-day welcomed to the sod which your valor and fortitude helped to make immortal. When the son of a Confederate veteran, wherever he may roam or beneath whatever skies he may dwell, ceases to love the Confederate soldier, or fails to teach his children to cherish the fame of the men who followed Lee and Jackson and A. P. Hill and John B. Gordon as a heritage more precious than gold, then may Benedict Arnold find a fellow and Judas Iscariot hope for a peer in crime! Sure I am that such a one could not long subsist in this region. The very breezes that caress our battlefields, bearing on their soft bosoms the fragrance of flowers blooming from the dust of heroes, would stifle him; the sunbeams, like glittering spears flung from the hands of the God of eternal justice, would smite him into madness. No, Georgians, there are no traitors in our ranks! Though true to our allegiance to the Union—our Bagleys, Hobsons, and hundreds unknown to fame demonstrate that we are your children and that 'Rome has not lost the breed of noble bloods'—we would be torn limb from limb rather than be false to you and to the cause for which you fought."

Hon. J. B. Gordon, of Newnan, Ga., said:

"We started out to visit the battlefields, where we fought, in a quiet, unostentatious manner, but it has been an ovation from Manassas to Petersburg. I was born in Dinwiddie County, Va., sixty years ago. Forty years ago I was here, and on the day of the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, between the Crater and Fort Steadman, a noncommissioned officer commanded my company. The only protection then between Petersburg and the enemy was a cordon of men placed as thick as we could put them twelve feet apart. At noon on Sunday, while President Davis was in church at worship in Richmond, I was put on notice that at eleven o'clock that night we would quietly fall back and abandon the lines, and also Petersburg. After drawing a week's rations, which consisted of a loaf of bread, we marched through Petersburg on our way to Appomattox Courthouse, where the surrender took place."

Judge George W. Gleaton, of Conyers, Ga., said:

"I am not a member of the Seventh Georgia Regiment Association, but I was a member of the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment. In 1862, when Gen. R. E. Lee was placed in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, there were three Tennessee regiments in the Virginia army, made up of the most gallant men of Tennessee, and with them the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment, composing Archer's Brigade of A. P. Hill's Division. This regiment, with that brigade, saw as much hard service as any other from Georgia, with possibly the exception of the Thirty-Fifth Georgia, which was in Hill's Division from the beginning to the end of the war. I had often read of the goodness and hospitality of the Virginia women, but had never met the ladies of Virginia. I had never been under the roof of a dwelling while in Virginia. They kept me marching and fighting so continuously that I saw none but soldiers, for I was in every battle from West Point, on York River, to Sharpsburg, where I was unfortunately wounded and left on the battlefield. I knew nothing of the hospitality of the men and women. But sometimes, while foraging, we thought then they kept their chicken houses and lamb pens too closely guarded."

About half past nine o'clock the visiting veterans, accompanied by a number of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans and ladies of the Daughters of the Confederacy, took the electric cars for the terminus of the electric railway, from which point they were conveyed in tallyhos to the Crater, where some time was spent. The party returned to the city about noon, and the visiting veterans were tendered an elegant spread at the hall of A. P. Hill Camp.

THAT PERILOUS RIDE AT CHICKASAW BAYOU.

R. L. Bachman, of Knoxville, Tenn., writes:

In the Veteran of June, page 259, Mr. H. H. Hockersmith, of South Union, Ky., makes inquiry as to the rider who car-

ried a dispatch from the extreme right of our line to the left in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. I do not know that I can name this man, but think I can do so. I belonged to Company G, of the Sixtieth Tennessee Regiment. Our colonel was J. H. Crawford, and our brigadier general was J. C. Vaughn.

At the commencement of the battle our regiment was on the extreme left toward Vicksburg from Chickasaw Bayou. The first intimation that we were in reach of the enemy's artillery was a shell which passed over us and exploded within five feet of our quartermaster, Capt. John McClure. The regiment was ordered to move into the blockade of fallen timber just at its side for protection. While obeying this order, a shell from the enemy's battery fell into our company, the captain of which was J. N. Bachman, my brother. It passed through one man, then exploded, mortally wounding five others. A fragment of the same shell tore the cover off of the haversack of another soldier and broke the bayonet in its scabbard hanging by his side. Just about this time the regiment received an order to hasten to the support of Gen. D. H. Maury, who was being hard pressed on the right. The road over which it had to pass lay along the base of a range of hills on the right and an open, unobstructed plain on the left. So soon as the regiment moved out the enemy's battery of six cannon and unnumbered sharpshooters opened upon it. The order to "double-quick" was given and promptly obeyed. The faster we moved the more rapidly the enemy fired. The nearer we approached our destination the more deadly did the fire become. After double-quicking possibly a mile and a half in full range of the enemy, we came to a cut in the road, and there the colonel halted the regiment not only for protection but that he might now definitely determine the location of General Maury's position. In order to do this he commanded his adjutant, C. S. Newman, to ride forward and find General Maury and report. In obedience to this order Lieutenant Newman dashed forward some half mile or more under a raking fire. Fast and thick shells and Minie balls fell about him and whizzed over and around him. Seeing that the road turned into the swamp, he jumped off his horse and laid down a moment in the wagon rut in order to look around and see what the situation was. Nowhere could he see General Maury. Knowing that he and his horse would soon be killed in their exposed position, he at once remounted, and, pulling his cap over his face, and lying almost flat on his horse, he made the perilous ride back to where the regiment was halted. As he was the only moving object in view, the enemy concentrated their fire on him alone.

On returning to the regiment, Adjutant Newman found that Colonel Crawford's horse had been wounded. Determined to find General Maury, the colonel commanded Newman to go back to the first ravine, to pass up it, and, if possible, locate Maury. In obeying this order he was again exposed to the enemy's fire for something like a half mile. He was successful in finding General Maury at his headquarters on the ridge. When the General learned the position and condition of our regiment he commanded Newman to tell Colonel Crawford to leave the road at once and withdraw his regiment over the ridge. So again Newman had to pass over the dangerous road in the face and under the fire of the enemy in order to report to his colonel. Under these perilous conditions he passed over a portion of that dangerous road not simply once or twice, but thrice.

According to Mr. Hockersmith, the brave rider he saw "had his hat in his teeth." That was not Adjutant Newman of the Sixtieth Tennessee, for he had his cap on his head and his heart in his teeth. He was no dare-devil, but he was as brave and faithful a soldier as ever rode the battle line. And I am quite confident that he is the man whom Mr. Hockersmith wants to find, that he is the one who made the gallant rides at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. His old comrades can find him in business at Knoxville, Tenn., hale, hearty, and happy.

THE ROUSS BATTLE ABBEY.

At a meeting of the U. D. C. Convention, Tennessee Division, the President, Mrs. T. J. Latham, appointed a committee to consider the suggestions of Capt. J. W. Morton, as printed in the April VETERAN concerning the Rouss Battle Abbey. The committee met at the Soldiers' Home. Mrs. Latham called the committee together at the Soldier's Home on yesterday, the 16th inst. Mrs. Latham expressed a good deal of interest in the matter, and enlarged the committee. Mrs. W. J. McMurray was made the Chairman of the committee. Mrs. Latham acted as Chairman *ex officio* at that meeting. Capt. John W. Morton explained the objects and purposes of the munificent and patriotic donation of the late Charles Broadway Rouss. After which Miss Annie Claybrook submitted a series of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted. They are as follows:

"Whereas it has been evident from some cause that the patriotic and munificent gift of $100,000 by the late Charles Broadway Rouss of New York, to commemorate the virtue and courage of the Confederate soldier by the erection of a memorial building as a depository of relics, etc., has not been made available after six years' effort; therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That it is the sense of this delegated Convention of the U. D. C., Tennessee Division, that the proposition that a fair division of the $100,000 among the several Southern States for the erection at its Capitol or elsewhere in the respective States of a Rouss Memorial Hall, would be wisest and best, and that an amount equal to the Rouss appropriation be provided for the purpose of maintenance and the collection of records, relics, and souvenirs.

"2. That it is the belief of this Convention that the objects of the generosity and patriotism of Mr. Rouss would be more fully carried out, and his name more prominently connected with a dozen or more museums than with one for the entire South.

"3. That the Secretary of this Convention be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the State Divisions of the U. D. C., to the officers of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and also to Col. A. G. Dickinson, sole representative of the munificent donation by the late Charles Broadway Rouss, and to each member of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association.

"Mrs. T. J. Latham, Chairman, ex officio, Memphis; Mrs. W. J. McMurray, Chairman, Nashville; Miss Annie Claybrook, Franklin; Mrs. John C. Brown, Nashville; Mrs. Mary Paul McGuire, Nashville; Mrs. E. O. Wells, Chattanooga; Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, Columbia; Mrs. A. B. Martin, Lebanon, Committee."

Mrs. Latham, in her characteristic and forceful way, urged the committee to exercise active diligence in having all the chapters in the Tennessee Division take immediate interest and action in this matter.

CALIFORNIA HONORS PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Hon. A. W. Hutton, in an address before Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at Los Angeles, Cal., gave a most interesting sketch of the life of Jefferson Davis:

It has been said that we do knowingly no act for the last time without a feeling of regret, nor attempt for the first time the performance of any important duty without some doubt that we may prove unequal to the task.

It was with something akin to this latter feeling that I received an invitation to address you on this occasion. Even now, remembering the day and the twin subject—the dead but immortal chief, and the dead but ever-glorious heroes of the South—I feel my inability to do justice to the subject.

A full and just presentation of the topic involves an impartial consideration of the constitutional principles of our State and Federal governments as they then existed. The heroism of the Confederate soldier and marine is a topic upon which orators may declaim afresh and of which poets may sing anew until the mighty angel shall stand with his right foot upon the sea and his left foot on the earth and swear by Him that liveth forever and ever "that there should be time no longer." I am, however, comforted and encouraged by the consciousness that Jefferson Davis and the dead heroes of the Confederacy need not for the perpetuation of their fame the flowers of rhetoric which spring from the fervid imagination of the orator, and by the fact that the difficulty has been, not to find something to say, but rather to cull and condense within a reasonable limit from the multitude of thoughts which press for utterance when I reflect upon the life and character of Jefferson Davis and the heroic deeds of the vast army of Confederates who, in behalf of a cause they knew to be just, gave their lives as freewill offerings upon the battlefields, in the camps and hospitals, and in Northern prisons.

Your sister Chapters in the Eastern States each recurring year go forth on their memorial days and find in every cemetery the resting places of those who belong to all these different classes.

But such is not to be your experience. There rests not in any of our cemeteries the bones of a single soldier or marine whose death did not occur subsequent to the close of hostilities. All of the Confederate dead whose graves are to be found in our city came in life to this coast either to make here their permanent homes or to benefit their impaired health.

Here they formed new associations and new friendships, and by their deportment and conduct proved to the world that, however valiant they may have been as soldiers in war, they were equally deserving of the esteem of their friends as citizens in times of peace.

I congratulate you, my friends, upon the happy thought which has resulted in the selection of this anniversary of the birthday of the President of the Confederate States as the day upon which you are about to deck with beautiful flowers the graves of those heroes who sleep their eternal sleep in our midst, far removed from the scene of their conflicts, and for whom

> The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
> The soldier's last tattoo.

Your Chapter has at all times been prompt in the advocacy of every measure for the good of your association, and ardent in the doing of every good work for the benefit of either the living or dead Confederate veteran.

It is a debt we owe to him, as well as a duty to ourselves and to the truth of history, to do what we can to overcome this prejudice and to induce the world to study and know Jefferson Davis as he really was. In life he was always open and manly, brave morally and physically, faithful to his duty as he saw it; and now in death he would scorn to have the world think better of him than he deserved.

Here he gave the history of Jefferson Davis, from which a few brief extracts are made:

Who can say what might have been had the father of Jefferson Davis emigrated to Illinois and the father of Abraham Lincoln removed to Mississippi? Whatever the result, it is morally certain that Mr. Lincoln would not now be revered as the preserver of his country. Those who have been so harsh in their judgment of Mr. Davis might find here some food for reflection. . . . In the battle of Buena Vista he was seriously wounded in the foot early in the action; but the Americans were sorely pressed by large odds, and he resolutely refused to give up his command until the gallant Mississippians, aided by a portion of an Indiana regiment, all under the command of Col. Davis, had turned the tide of battle, and he himself had so impressed his commander that General Taylor afterwards said of him: "Napoleon never had a marshal who behaved more superbly than did Colonel Davis to-day."

The whole Union rang with his praise. As late as 1858 he was introduced by Caleb Cushing to a vast assemblage of the citizens of Boston in the old historic Fanueil Hall as a man renowned in war as well as a statesman, as an American patriot who had quitted the high position of a seat in the halls of Congress to fight as a volunteer the battles of his country, and who by his bravery and skill upon the field at Buena Vista had deservedly won the title of Restorer of Victory to the flag of his country. He returned from Mexico on crutches, and was met on the way by an offer from President Polk of a commission as brigadier general.

He took an active part in the presidential canvass of 1852, and after the election was offered by President elect Franklin Pierce a position in his Cabinet. This was at first declined, but afterwards accepted, and on March 4, 1853, he became Secretary of War of the United States.

It has been so often charged against him, and reiterated by those who have been blinded by their prejudices, that perhaps three-fourths of the people of the North and one-fourth of the people of the South, having never investigated, believe—possibly I might say *honestly* believe—that he earnestly desired and schemed to bring about a dissolution of the Union. He always believed in the right of a State to secede, but there was nothing novel in that doctrine.

The first mutterings of secession came, and *repeatedly* came, from Massachusetts and the other New England States. They were heard as early as 1793 against the threatened war with England; in 1803 and in 1811 from those who feared that the acquisition in the South-

west of the territory of Louisiana, and the admission of a portion of it as a State, would affect the power of the New England States in the Union.

At this latter date (1811) a representative from Massachusetts in Congress, speaking of the bill to admit Louisiana, characterized its passage as virtually a dissolution of the Union, and said: "As it will be the *right* of all, so it will be the *duty* of some, definitely to prepare for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must." He was called to order by a delegate from the then Territory of Mississippi. The Chair sustained the point of order; an appeal was taken to the House, and the ruling of the presiding officer of the House was reversed, thereby holding that the words spoken were not out of order.

What a change in fifty years thereafter! In 1811 a representatives from Massachusetts, asserting the right as well as duty to secede, called to order by a delegate from Mississippi; and yet in 1861 Massachusetts denied the right of secession, and contributed all of her im-

HON. A. W. HUTTON.

mense power to prevent Mississippi from peaceably withdrawing from the Union. Again, in December, 1814, these mutterings were heard, though uttered behind closed doors, at the celebrated Hartford Convention, where the question of secession was not only considered, but the best mode to be pursued by the seceding States was formulated, which mode, by the way, was substantially the mode pursued by South Carolina and her sister States in 1860 and 1861.

Once more the rumbling was heard from the same quarter in 1844 and 1845 in opposition to the admission of Texas, the Legislature of Massachusetts declaring that the project of annexation, unless arrested, may tend to drive these States into a dissolution of the Union; and, further, that "such an act of admission could have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts."

The Constitution differs but slightly from the Constitution of the United States, and the first act passed by the provisional Congress was one continuing in force all laws of the United States which were in force on November 1, 1860, and not inconsistent with the Constitution of the Confederate States.

The flag which was adopted was so similar to the stars and stripes that at the very commencement of the war it was found to be deceptive to friend and foe, and for that reason a special battle flag was designed and thereafter used. Thus did the people of the South cling not only to the principles of the old Constitution and government, but also to its mere symbol.

The odds were all against the South. Allowing 400,000 as the population of West Virginia, the total population, according to the census of 1860, of the thirteen Confederate States was 11,041,044, of which 7,435,157 were whites and 4,005,887 were negroes; and the total population of the rest of the Union was 20,402,746. But these figures are misleading, because all of these thirteen States were not by any means solidly Confederate. On the contrary, they furnished to the Federal armies 238,988 white soldiers and 93,441 negro soldiers. Besides this, there were 92,576 other negro soldiers, about one-half of whom were enlisted in the anti-Confederate States and the remainder probably from the South.

Kentucky, though classed as Confederate, gave to the North 75,760 men and to the South only about 25,000, while Missouri gave 109,111 to the North and about 35,000 to the South. Besides this, there were in the Federal army 494,000 men of foreign birth.

The total number of enlistments in the Union army was 2,778,304. The "Confederate Handbook" gives the total of Confederate enlistments as 600,000, whilst our highly esteemed and revered friend and fellow-citizen, Hon. John Shirley Ward, in a monograph entitled "Did the Federals Fight against Superior Numbers?" published in 1892, states that, according to Federal statistics, the enrollment in the Confederate army was 690,000—a little more than four to one against the South.

It is safe to put the actual enlistments at least three to one and to say that they might have been increased to five or six to one.

These figures show that the foreigners, Southern whites, and negroes alone, combined, gave the North an army far exceeding numerically that of the Confederates.

The South was almost destitute of arms, powder, balls, and other military stores, manufactures, medicines, and clothing. Her ports were blockaded, so that there was no communication with the outside world except now and then some small vessel in the darkness of night would slip by the vessels of the enemy standing watch and ward at the entrance of every Southern port from the mouth of the Potomac to that of the Rio Grande. On the other hand, the North possessed all these things in the greatest abundance, and had the whole of Europe from which to purchase.

This total lack of preparation in the South for the struggle ought to be received as sufficient evidence that no struggle was either contemplated or desired.

Looking backward, it is not difficult to see why the South, unrecognized and with all odds against her, was in the end unsuccessful; but still at that time, hoping for recognition and relying upon the valor of her sons and the patriotic devotion of her daughters, she accepted the issue and, appealing to the "God of battles," sent forth

her soldiers upon the land and her few sailors and marines upon the seas to win for themselves and for her that imperishable fame which even ultimate defeat can never pale.

For four years the struggle continued, the army and navy of the North increasing; those of the South, after the end of two years and a half, decreasing.

President Davis was captured by a small party of Federal cavalry on May 10, 1865, and sent to Fortress Monroe, where for two years he was closely confined and subjected to all the indignities which malice could inflict upon him.

He was accused of responsibility for the death of Federal prisoners at Andersonville, of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, and was indicted for treason. No effort was spared to find some evidence against him, either as an official or individual. The utter failure of his powerful enemies must now be universally accepted as his most triumphant vindication. At last, when Reason had resumed her sway, realizing that no conviction of treason could be had, he was released and the indictment dismissed. He resided in Canada about a year, and made one visit to Europe.

With these exceptions, he lived until death quietly among his people, going in and out before them, always advising them to accept with resignation the results of the war and to discharge, as before, honestly and in good faith all civic obligations; but for himself, conscious of his own rectitude and controlled by his self-respect and regard for principle, he never asked any pardon.

His health gradually failed, and in the latter part of November, 1889, whilst on a visit to his plantation at Brierfield, he was taken sick and went to the home of a friend in New Orleans, where, on the morning of December 6, he laid down the burdens of life, and left all the people of the South in mourning.

He was the vicarious sufferer for them; he had deserved no punishment which should not have been inflicted upon them. No people, without dishonor to themselves, could be ungrateful to such a friend and leader.

DEATH OF BRAVE ANDREW LEOPOLD.

Andrew Leopold was murdered on May 25, 1864, at Fort McHenry by Generals Lew Wallace and Morris. H. Bedinger Baylor quotes from the diary of Capt. W. Baylor, of Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, who was an eye-witness:

May 25, 1864.—I was awakened from my slumbers by the noise of a large body of armed men drawn up in a hollow square around the gallows erected to hang Capt. W. B. Compton, who made his escape a few days ago. In a moment I discovered that the victim was Andrew Leopold, a Confederate officer tried and convicted by a Military Commission held at this place last February, since which time he had been confined in a cell. I learned the sentence was read to him this morning just before they brought him out to ascend the scaffold. Our officers were all aroused from their beds to witness the execution.

Leopold ascended the scaffold firm and undaunted. He said he died in defense of his country, for which he was willing. He parted with his life without a murmur. He trusted that God would yet give her independence and liberty. He then pointed to General Morris, who was present on horseback, and said that old gray-haired man was the cause of his death, but God was the judge, not he; that he forgave General Morris, and hoped he would meet him in heaven. He waved his handkerchief twice to the Confederate officers, offered a prayer to God, and then told them he was ready. Elijah Brown, of the Second United States Infantry, Company I, who had volunteered as the Jack Ketch, adjusted the rope, went down and touched the spring, and at 5:30 A.M. he was launched into eternity. He died bravely and without a struggle. He was allowed to hang thirty minutes, when he was taken down and caried to the dead house. General Lew Wallace and his staff, who had come down from Baltimore, remained on the ground until the body was taken down. General Morris rode off as soon as the trap fell. Andrew Leopold died as a brave man should do, praying first for his country, then for his widowed mother, his family, and lastly for himself.

Andrew Leopold was from Shepherdstown, Va., and enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company F, First Virginia Cavalry (Colonel Morgan's Company). His mother is still alive and resides in Washington County, Md. Is it strange that Gen. Lew Wallace fled so precipitately at Manassas? The ghost of the murdered Leopold no doubt appeared to him then.

REUNION OF AGED VETERANS.

Comrade W. H. Ogilvie writes from Allisona, Tenn., that Company A, Forty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment, held its eighth annual reunion at the Drip Spring, in W. H. Ogilvie's lot, near Allisona, July 30, 1902. Fourteen veterans were present—viz., First Lieut. B. F. Jarrell; Sergts. R. S. Cowles, W. J. Petway, B. P. Grigsby; Corporals J. P. Ogilvie, W. M. T. White; Privates B. A. Lanier, J. M. Gee, W. H. Graham, J. C. Taylor, J. W. Sheffield, B. T. Wilson, H. L. Edmonds, W. H. Ogilvie. Veteran members absent, eight; of families of veterans present, fifty.

This company reunion is the best day of the year with us. Big reunions do not compare with it for real enjoyment. At our first reunion, seven years ago, eighteen of the nineteen who surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., were living. Eight discharged members have joined our association. Twenty-two of the twenty-seven are living—eighty-one and a half per cent. Five members are eighty-four, eighty-three, eighty-two, seventy-nine, and seventy-three years of age. The average of the twenty-two is about seventy years. Four of the five octogenarians were present at this reunion. We challenge companies of either army to show a better record for longevity.

But we shall soon go. All are ready. Twenty years from this we will have a grand reunion above the Drip Spring, none absent.

J. W. Breedlove, of Baltimore, reports the sudden death on April 4, at Louisa, Va., of Capt. Robert P. Dickinson. They were fellow-members of the Fifty-Sixth Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. Capt. Dickinson retired the evening before in apparent good health. He was respected highly in his community, and was a brave soldier. He was in his sixty-sixth year. Surviving him are the widow, two sons, and a daughter, Mrs. O. E. Driscoll, living in Charlottesville, Va.

FROM BEHIND PRISON BARS.

WRITTEN BY HENRY FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Bright-hearted and brilliant William Stewart Hawkins! To a former generation thine indeed was a name loved and honored! Yet to-day the words which were then so lovingly spoken by the tongues of admiring friends are almost forgotten. Over a frame frail and delicate thy blood coursed, the blood of the noble knights of King Arthur's Round Table, and beneath there lay a heart as rich in grace and goodness as that peer of the Golden Fleece. Right well was it that thy body was surmounted by the head it was, one filled with such high thought that it was kenned by few.

And as thy sweetest verse was written from behind the bars, so those words can be appropriately used as the title of the story which brings thy name from behind the bars of ignorance and back into the light of the public eye. Thy name has been almost forgot, though that one song, "The Letter that Came too Late," should have preserved it imperishable.

Who was William Stewart Hawkins? That is a question but few could respond to correctly, even those who loved him in the days of his living, since none seem to know who he was. Of course this one or that could tell you that he did this or that, but not one knew who he was in a broad usage of the interrogatory. Accident sometimes brings to light the most valuable lore. It was this eccentric quantity which identified the subject of this sketch. I walked into the office of the Morristown *Republican* a day or two ago, and while there had the opportunity to examine an ancient scrapbook which the editor, John E. Helms, Jr., had just had bound. It was the property of an old man over seventy years of age, and I knew that hidden away between its covers was something which might be of interest and value. In it was an article entitled: "Who Was William Stewart Hawkins?" The article had evidently been elicited by some previous article which confused William Stewart Hawkins with one S. W. Hawkins, a man who, under the protection of a captain's epaulets of the Federal army, had committed many questionable acts. William Stewart Hawkins was blamed for them, and the writer of the old article was defending him from the charges and proving "who he was." The story told almost all that is essential to know of the man, the soldier, and the poet, as William Stewart Hawkins was. It is a romantic story and one pulsing with vitality set to action with a melodious rhythm.

COL. W. S. HAWKINS.

He was born October 2, 1837, at Triana, Madison County, Ala., his father, who was a native of Maryland, having removed there a few months previously. His father, named Robert, was a son of Caleb Hawkins. Robert himself was a man of brilliant literary attainments, devoted to music and poetry. He died while yet a young man, and William Stewart Hawkins was left fatherless when but ten months of age. His collegiate education was received at the University of Nashville and at Bethany College of West Virginia, which latter was presided over at the time by the gifted Alexander Campbell. Two years of his student life in the University of Nashville were under Gen. Bushrod Johnson, in charge of the military department, and it was under him that William Stewart Hawkins was trained. Later he was for a short time at Lebanon University, enjoying the immediate tuition of his uncle, A. P. Stewart, afterwards a lieutenant general of the Confederate army. At the age of twenty-one he was awarded his degree. From 1858 to the outbreak of the war he studied law under Hon. A. F. Goff and Gov. Neill S. Brown at Nashville.

The following year he won considerable distinction as a public speaker in advocacy of secession. He continued the expression of his oratorical powers until he entered the service of the Southern army, in 1861. He was attached to the cavalry arm of the service, and soon became noted as being one of the most dashing and dare-devil of the troop of graceful riders he officered. In January of 1862 his bold spirit won him his promotion to the majority of the Eleventh Tennessee Battalion. In this rank he distinguished himself at the battle of Shiloh and before Corinth, and still more in the retreat from the latter place. The following interesting letter gives a good view of the soldier as he was then:

"HARTSVILLE, TENN.

"I was with Hawkins then (the fall of 1863) for about a month. He was organizing a regiment of horse at Johnsonville when we arrived there on a scouting tour, and our stay in that vicinity for some time afterwards enabled me to form a good mental estimate of one of the most gallant and dashing cavalry leaders and inspiring poets of the Southern cause. His half brother, Wallace Briggs, was also with him. . . .

"After our separation I next saw him in Camp Chase prison. He was a prisoner of war. He returned to Nashville at the close of the war. After his death Albert Roberts and other friends collected his fugitive poems and published them under the title of "Behind the Bars." It had been written almost completely while he was a prisoner in Camp Chase. His versifying improvisations were simply wonderful. I saw him ride along the road with his comrade heroes and to while away the slowly passing hours catch the fugitive tune from a singer's mouth and fit the words to it so happily in selection that rank after rank would catch 'the swing o' the words' and join in the song. Hawkins was dashingly handsome, and was very popular with the men he commanded. Therein is an attestation of his character which any man could be proud of. When a soldier admires the man he obeys, then indeed is that commander worthy of admiration. H. C. SMITH,

Fourth Tennessee Cavalry.

Hawkins had raised a regiment of partisan horse and was a lieutenant colonel, his troops occupying Columbia and Franklin upon the retreat of General Negley. He was previously with Major General Wheeler as inspector general, then adjutant of his staff; and in July, 1863, at the age of twenty-six, was commissioned colonel of General Wheeler's scouts. He established such a reputation as a scout that when he was captured General Rosseau said he would rather have caught him than any other man he had "heard of for six months." Colonel Hawkins was made a captive in January of 1864 by a portion of General Smith's Federal cavalry division, and was sent to Camp Chase. There for a time he was paroled as one of the Confederate agents, but voluntarily asked to be relieved of his parole, as he wished to take advantage of an opportunity to escape. But he never did escape.

The following beautiful letter sketches in chosen words the man as he was, as his comrade-prisoners saw him, in Camp Chase:

"Camp Chase, Ohio, August 21, 1864.

"There is no general officer here. The most distinguished officers with us are Colonel O'Brien, of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment, who was captured on the parapet of Fort Sanders, Knoxville, after Longstreet's memorable charge; Colonel Josey, of Arkansas, who is still suffering from his wounds; Majors Calmees and Green, of Virginia, one of the cavalry and one of the engineer corps; and Col. William Stewart Hawkins, of the noted scouts of Middle Tennessee. At his capture the whole Northern press vilified and maligned this young soldier, who was but fresh from his college walls when the war broke out. Rosecrans himself vindicated his claim to be treated as a prisoner of war. But when two hundred and fifty officers left for Fort Delaware in March he was detained by special order to punish him for repeated and persistent efforts to escape. He had asked to be relieved from his parole for that purpose, and had very nearly succeeded several times, notwithstanding he was closely watched. Then the Yankees spread the report that he was completely subdued, to weaken, if possible, his influence; but month after month has passed, and he is still 'The brightest, truest, and dearest' of our throng. His pen and voice have enlivened the weary hours for us, and his songs are the most popular we sing. One is the 'Rebel Marseillais' of our prison, and the authorities have already tabooed it. 'The Triple-Barred Banner,' also one of his poems, was recently published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* after being emasculated of its very pointed Southern sentiment. It is entitled 'The Guerrilla's Serenade.'

"Colonel Hawkins has devoted himself to the sick, has organized a corps of volunteer nurses, established a hospital fund, and by his personal popularity and influence in the States of the border has had numberless contributions forwarded to the sick and needy. We have no chaplain, Parson Duval being too aged and feeble for service, and Captain Phillips, of Staunton, being the victim of bronchitis; Colonel Hawkins, a lay member, has supplied with noble and ceaseless effort the vacancy. We are permitted to have preaching every Sunday, and, rather than have a Yankee chaplain come and deal out to us blatant abolitionism and low befouling of our cause and country, Colonel Hawkins speaks to us himself. The last time he painted with really wonderful oratorical power the naval fight off Cherbourg, and when his hundreds of auditors stood well-nigh breathless before him, he reached the climax: 'So the Alabama of the soul must go down before the flaming portholes of the Kearsarge of sin. All would be lost, but God sent to us his Son, and this dear Book, this Holy Yacht, which comes like a "thing of life and light," to bear us to a land of safety.' . . . Our hopes, our prayers, are all with you, and in the stern words of our prison poet:

Go say to all our brothers, still wage your fight sublime,
For fast our car of triumph rolls along the groove of Time.
For God and Right still form in might,
Your proud and peerless band:
And Freedom's gleaming crown,
Shall yet bedeck our native land.

Edgar H. Ransom, of North Carolina."

In the foregoing letter mention is made of General Rosecrans's vindication of Hawkins. Yea, his conduct inspired his enemies who knew what war was—not the prison guards—with admiration and emulation. General Rosecrans, in a letter dated St. Louis, February 2, 1864, says: "I have known so many instances of your noble, gallant, and honorable conduct that if you give me your word of honor that my government shall suffer no detriment from it I would most heartily indorse your application for parole." Soon afterwards Colonel Hawkins made the pledge as desired and was released, but did not return to Nashville until after the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

It was while he was a prisoner at Camp Chase that he established his reputation as a poet, a singer of songs sweet and of odes warlike. Many of his writings were printed and widely copied. The most touching one was written under the most peculiarly pathetic circumstances imaginable. The one referred to is "The Letter That Came too Late," one of the sweetest and saddest poems in the American language, an inspired rebuke to falseness and infidelity. When he first wrote it he simply addressed it to "My Friend," but when he prepared it for publication he gave it the name suggested by the verse. The named version is somewhat different from the first one; but as the changes are for the better, the last version will be given:

The Letter That Came Too Late.

Your letter came, but came too late,
For heaven had claimed its own.
Ah! sudden change from prison bars,
Unto the great white throne.
And yet I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain,
Could he have read those tardy words,
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady,
Through so many a weary hour;
Had you other lovers with you
In that dainty silken bower?
Did others bow before your charms,
And twine bright garlands there?
And yet I ween in all the throng
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were with me now,
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
Awhile before he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him
Still has left its weary trace,
And a meek and saintly sadness
Dwells upon his pallid face.

"Her love," said he, "could change for me,
The winter's cold to spring;"
Ah! trust of thoughtless maiden's love!
Thou art a bitter thing.
For when the valleys fair in May
Once more with bloom shall wave,
The Northern violets will blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear;
Though to the last he kissed with love,
This tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come
I would not have them find
The sign of falsehood in his tomb.

I've read your letters, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it—fearful thought!

What lavish wealth men often give
  For a trifle light and small!
What manly forms are often held
  In Folly's flimsy thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now
  He's past your hope and fear;
Although I wish that you could stand
  With me beside his bier.
Still I'll forgive—Heaven knows
  For mercy you'll have need,
Since God his awful judgment sends
  On each unworthy deed.

To-night the cold winds whistle by
  As I my vigils keep
Within the prison deadhouse where
  Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds him now;
  Yet death always gives grace,
And I would rather see him thus
  Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your rooms are gay
  With wit and wine and song;
And you are smiling as though
  You had never done a wrong;
Your hand so fair that none would think,
  It penned these lines of pain.
Your face so white—would God your soul
  Were half so free from stain!

I'd rather be my comrade dead,
  Than you of life supreme;
For yours the sinner's waking dread,
  And his the martyr's dream.
Whom serve we in this life,
  We serve in that to come.
He chose his way; you, yours:
  Let God pronounce the fitting doom.

In those burning words are painted the inspiration and the cause of the poem: A gallant young Tennesseean named DeMoville was dying in the hospital. When Colonel Hawkins learned of it he began his tender ministrations to ease the poor boy's last hours. DeMoville was suffering from internal injuries received at Vicksburg in a gallant attempt to steal the Federal colors. Soon he learned to love Hawkins, and to him he confided his life story. Back yonder in the Blue Grass of Kentucky he had a sweetheart. The war had kept them apart for a long time, and her letters at last failed to reach him—she was not writing, but he did not know that. As he lay in a delirium his heart, true in death, would impel him to cry aloud for his lost love. "Magdalene, my Magdalene," was his ceaseless and heart-breaking moan. "I want her, O, I want her," he would say, and then slip off into troubled slumber, when his murmurings would tell to the tired watchers that a vision-Magdalene was at his side. . . . At last DeMoville came to realize that she was unfaithful to their troth, and then his death was but a matter of a few short hours. With a group of his saddened comrades around him, for the dying boy was a gallant young soldier of many graces, he passed into the dim beyond. The last word on his lips was "Magdalene." The day after DeMoville died the long-looked-for letter came, but it was well that the poor boy had died first. "The Letter That Came Too Late" was one which not only told him of his cruel-hearted sweetheart finding another lover—jade she was—but reproaching him for his faithfulness to the Southern cause. No wonder Colonel Hawkins found such fiery rhythm at his pen's command with such a wrong to inspire him. . . .

Colonel Hawkins died November 7, 1865, a few months over twenty-eight years of age. It was noted and commented upon by almost every prominent paper in the South. The following extract from the Nashville *Banner* shows the esteem in which right-thinking men held him:

"Col. William Stewart Hawkins, one of the most gallant officers who served in the Confederate army, one of the most gifted and genial of our fellow-citizens, died at his residence in this city on Monday evening, November 7. The announcement will carry regret to many a heart in Tennessee, for few men possessed a wider circle of fond and admiring friends. With him is hushed an eloquent voice, and in his grave will repose great learning, genius, and manly purpose. The career of Hawkins as a soldier was full of adventure, but his best achievements were those of peace. He was a sweet poet, a noble scholar, and the best impromptu speaker we have ever heard."

Such was the character of the man whom unjust criticism had sent to an undeserved death. Congestion of the brain is assigned as the cause of his death.

One of his poems from the volume "Behind the Bars" was published in 1866, after compilation by his wife. The *Banner* greeted it with these few words:

"A little volume of poems by the late Col. William Stewart Hawkins was issued from the press of the Albert Roberts Company, publishers of the old *Republican Banner*. The poems were written while the author was a prisoner in Camp Chase, as they indicate, and are fittingly grouped together under the title 'Behind the Bars.' One of the last he ever wrote is given here:

Defeated Valor.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
  Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
  The pilgrim here to pause.

In the seeds of laurel in the earth,
  The blossom of your fame is blown;
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile behold the tardy years,
  Which keep in trust your storied tomb!
Behold your sisters bring these tears,
  And these immemorial bloom.

Small tribute; but your shades shall smile,
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some common-molded file,
  Shall overlook this clay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no nobler spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned."

What sweeter or grander tribute could be rendered a man whose life was lived as fully and nobly as that of William Stewart Hawkins? May this epistle but serve to bring his name nearer to the generation of to-day whose life itself would be all the higher and greater if it was but patterned after such a light!

COMMODORE J. E. MONTGOMERY.

Although very little appears in the VETERAN about the Confederate navy, the mere mention of it ever recalls thrilling deeds of heroism and wonderful achievements in that department of service.

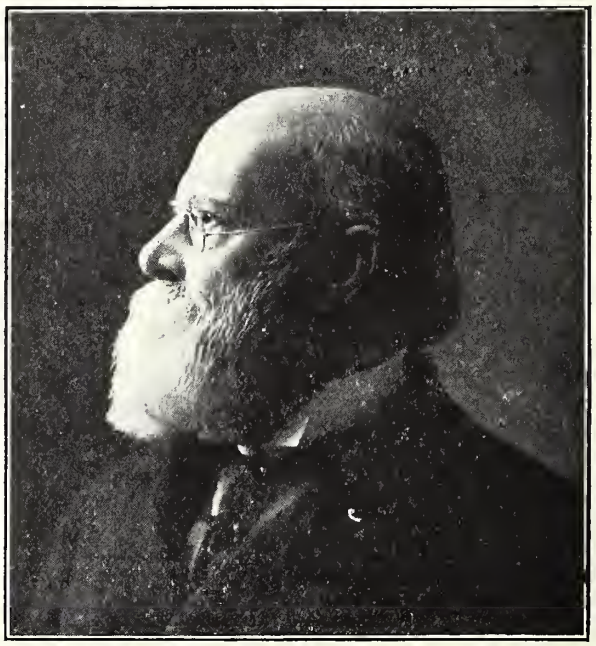
Commodore J. Edward Montgomery died in Chicago August 9, at the residence of his son, Dr. James Montgomery. His wife died sixteen years before, leaving the son, above referred to—who has one child, a son James—and a daughter, Mrs. Clara Montgomery White, who has five children, all grown, two sons and three daughters.

Commodore Montgomery was a Kentuckian, born at Carrollton in 1817. He was of revolutionary ancestry. His father was in the war of 1812, and he had three uncles who served under Washington. He had two brothers in the Union service, one in the army and the other in the navy. For some years before, and at the outbreak of war in 1861, he had a line of mail boats between Louisville and Cincinnati. He was a close personal friend of President Davis and was an old neighbor of U. S. Grant, while Judah P. Benjamin had been his attorney. He was offered a commission as privateer, "which would have allowed him to scour the seas in search of booty," but he was not in the war for money. He chose the equipment of vessels, and a grant of six million dollars was made for that purpose, and the fleet was destined to play an important part.

Later on he learned that Admiral Farragut was entering the Mississippi by way of the Gulf, and he hastened to intercept him. With his own hands he steered the flagship General Van Dorn when she rammed the admiral's boat, the Preble, and sank her. On May 9 he captured the Cincinnati and a monitor at Plum Point. Proceeding up the river, he came into action with the full Union fleet, and for a time there were warm doings. The Commodore was so exposed that thirty-six bullets passed through his clothes and his coat tails were shot away, yet he escaped as by a miracle and two of the enemy's ships lay at the bottom of the river.

A month later he fought his next engagement, and incidentally almost lost his life as the result of treachery. The Union steamer Lancaster was sinking, and lowered her flag as the signal of surrender. The Commodore ranged alongside and was busy transferring the prisoners, when Captain Ellert, of the Lancaster, drew his revolver and fired. The ball passed through Commodore Montgomery's hat, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. Angered by the treacherous shot, he fired back, and had the satisfaction of seeing his adversary drop dead just as a second bullet sped from his revolver and shattered the smaller bones of the Commodore's wrist. This battle ended disastrously, however, for the Northern flagship sunk the Little Rebel, which carried the Southern colors, and the Commodore was forced to seek safety in flight. Pursued by a storm of bullets, which spattered the water all around him, he swam ashore, and, climbing the bank, soon escaped from his too eager enemies.

In the summer of 1864 he commanded the steamer Nashville, which he largely built with his own hands. Each stick of timber he had selected from the growing trees, each bolt he had forged or superintended its forging, each stroke of work he did not actually perform he had overlooked; and so perfect was his workmanship that, after the struggle was over, the Union took the boat and transferred her to Annapolis, where she acted for many years as a training ship for the United States navy. At this time she had hot work to perform; and her calm, resolute commander was just the man to carry it out. It was in Mobile Bay that one of the most successful of his ruses was worked, to the eternal confusion of the ships that came against him. Seven of the enemy's fleet advanced down the river to attack the town, and he had torpedoes carefully laid at the narrow entrance to the bay. Then he took a position on the side, opposite the fort. Both he and the land forces knew exactly where to train their guns, for they had experimented beforehand.



COMMODORE MONTGOMERY.

With the break of day the enemy hove in sight and made straight for the narrows. The first to enter received a shot in her boiler which sent the crew hurtling skyward, the second met with a similar fate at the hands of the fort, the third ran on a torpedo, and the other four were also disposed of with ease. By the time the Confederates breakfasted that morning they had sunk seven of their adversaries' fleet.

These instances show the resourcefulness of the Commodore and his personal courage. When on his way across country to Texas he was surprised in camp by a party of marauders, made up of deserters from both armies, who were out seeking booty. He had with him at the time $250,000 in gold bonds issued by the Confederate government and secured by cotton in England.

He was ordered by his captors to sign the transfer, but refused to do so. On this they took him to a room and, placing a stalwart man on each side to quiet his struggles, a knife was put to his throat and he was given his choice between death or his signature. "Cut away," he replied, "I'll not sign," and he did not. Those bonds are still in possession of the family, and they hope some day to clear away some legal impediments and to receive the $400,000 which they are now worth.

He knew many notable men. At the age of nine his father introduced him to Lafayette, and afterwards he became acquainted with every occupant of the White House, from Adams to Roosevelt. Grant, it has already been said, he knew well both before and after the war. This remarkable story is told of him after the battle of Belmont, when the Union forces were flying before the victors. Grant was mounted, and Montgomery pursued him, also on horseback. After a while the Confederate officer gained on his adversary, and was about to put out his hand and pluck him from the saddle, when Grant slipped off and, rolling down a bank, effected his escape. His horse fell into Montgomery's hands, however, and was kept by him till, at the interchange of prisoners at Columbus, he was able to return it to its owner.

"Mark Twain" was another of the Commodore's friends, and actually owes his *nom de plume* to his suggestion. Mr. Clemens was at that time learning how to pilot a river steamer from the Commodore, and was also engaged on a series of river letters for the New York *World*. "We were sailing up a long stretch of smooth water," said the Commodore recently in describing how it came about, "and I was in the pilot house giving him the facts for one of his letters when he said: 'Captain, I'm tired of signing these things in my own name; can't you suggest something better?' Just then the man in the chains was swinging the lead and as he drew it up shouted, as is the custom of sailors, 'By the mark twain.' 'There's your *nom de plume*,' I said. 'Put it at the bottom of your letter—Mark Twain.' He did so and the famous humorist has been known by that name ever since."

J. H. Ezell.

At a meeting of the Veterans of the Confederate Soldiers' Home to take action on the life and death of Comrade John H. Ezell the following proceedings were had: Comrade H. P. Leftwich and B. J. Roberts were elected Chairman and Secretary. The Chair appointed George Z. Harris, J. F. Grant, J. M. Cook, L. H. Norman, a committee on resolutions, which reported as follows, the chairman being of the committee:

John H. Ezell was born in Giles County, Tenn., February 7, 1835, where he spent the greater part of his life. He enlisted in the Confederate army in Company K, First Tennessee Regiment, May 2, 1861, and served until the last gun was fired. He was an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, but died while on a visit to his sister in Nashville, about July 8. He died calmly in the faith that had sustained through life. He was never married, yet in a broad sense he was father and brother, by the death of his parents, to the younger members of the family. To that sacred and responsible duty he cheerfully sacrificed all other ambitions of his life. How well he performed that delicate task, their love and respect for his memory abundantly testify. No man ever led a more upright and blameless life. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church and was above reproach in all his habits. Temperance and moderation in all things was the motto of his life. Nothing could swerve him from his sense of duty.

John H. Ezell volunteered in Capt. Hume R. Field's Company (afterwards Captain W. C. Flournoy's) in May, 1861. He was in Company K, First Tennessee Infantry, in all marches and battles of that noted regiment until the battle of Mission Ridge, when he was shot twice through the right leg, and was so disabled that he could not longer serve in the field. He refused a discharge, and was assigned to Maj. Sykes, in the Quartermaster Department, where he served until April, 1865. He was paroled at Columbus, Miss., after serving four years and twenty-two days. He was popular in the regiment, and often did duty for sick comrades. He was ever ready to sacrifice his pleasures and interest for others. He lived and died a true friend, a gentleman and a Christian. His battles are over on earth, and there is for him the reward of the pure in heart.

Capt. J. F. Woodward.

Capt. J. F. Woodward died at his home in Hamilton County, Tex., December 18, 1901. He was born in Wayne County, Tenn., in 1836. His parents moved to Mississippi in 1840, where the father died two years later, and his mother returned to Tennessee, and there passed away in 1845. Captain Woodward then returned to Mississippi, but in 1859 he went to Texas, and entered into mercantile business at Cusseta. In September, 1861, he was made first lieutenant of a company known as the Lone Star Rifles. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, and afterwards, being discharged, went to Alabama, where he raised a company of cavalry, becoming its captain. This was Company B of the Fifth Alabama Cavalry, and served with Forrest most of the time.

Captain Woodward made his home in Hamilton County, Tex., May 22, 1878. He was twice married: First to Miss Henrietta Smith, who died in 1894; and, in 1896 he was married to Miss Julia Witherspoon, of Bessemer, Ala. Captain Woodward was one of the large landowners of Hamilton County, and did much to improve the locality and introduce new settlers.

J. A. Morgan.

John Allen Morgan was born September 25, 1835; and died March 16, 1899, at Clinton, La. He was a member of Feliciana Camp, Number 264, U. C. V., Jackson, La. He enlisted from East Feliciana Parish, under Capt. S. E. Hunter and Col. Robert Q. Barrow, and was in the following engagements: Shiloh, Baton Rouge, around Jackson, Miss., around Atlanta, Ga. Was promoted to orderly sergeant at Vicksburg, Miss. He was wounded several times at Shiloh, Atlanta, Baton Rouge, and in front of Atlanta lost his left arm, which caused his discharge in March, 1865, at Magnolia, Miss.

James F. Ford was born in Danville, Ky., and died near Lexington, Mo., April 16, 1902, aged sixty-five years. He enlisted in 1861 in the Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. Was twice desperately wounded at Gettysburg.

Dr. J. A. Derbanne.

Died, at Cheneyville, Rapids Parish, July 19, 1902, Dr. J. A. Derbanne, nearly sixty-two years of age. He was a native of Natchitoches Parish, and resided in Washington from 1876 to 1900. In 1861, when the innate spirit of chivalry that had so long lain dormant in the land was aroused to activity, young Derbanne's patriotic spirit caught the contagion, and he hastened to offer his services to the Southern cause, in which he ardently believed. In April, 1861, the Pelican Rangers, Number One, were organized at Natchitoches with the following officers: W. W. Brezeale, captain; W. O. Brezeale, G. W. Holloway, L. Caspari, lieutenants, with a roster of one hundred and fifty-four noncommissioned officers and privates, among whom Comrade Derbanne held the rank of third sergeant. In May following, the Third Louisiana Infantry was organized at Camp Walker (Metarie Course), N. O., with the following commanding officers: Colonel, Louis Herbert; Lieutenant Colonel, S. M. Hyams, Sr.; and Major, W. F. Tunnard. The Pelican Rangers became Company G of this gallant regiment. It was in the battles of Oak Hills and Elkhorn in Missouri, under the gallant McCulloch, subsequently under Gen. Van Dorn. The Third Louisiana was then sent to Vicksburg. He was wounded there and confined to his cot unable to be moved at the surrender, and remained sometime in the hospital, where he was kindly cared for, a fact he frequently referred to with characteristic gratitude. After he was able, he rejoined his comrades, and served to the close of the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

What was characteristic of Dr. Derbanne as a soldier soon manifested itself in civic pride. He studied and took up the profession of dentistry, practicing it in North Louisiana until 1876, when he moved to Washington, La., where he resided continuously until 1901. He then removed to Cheneyville, where he died from a stroke by lightning in the field near his home. Dr. Derbanne married Miss Alice Pipes, of East Baton Rouge. This union was blessed by three children: Mrs. J. G. Carriere, of Washington, La.; Mrs. J. C. Trichel, Jr., of Natchitoches; and A. Booty Derbanne, of Cheneyville. He was an indulgent father, an affectionate husband, a kind friend, and a generous neighbor. He was a member of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., at Opelousas, La.

G. E. Cook.

George E. Cook died at his home near Pulaski, Tenn., April 18, 1902, aged sixty-five years. He was a kind husband and a devoted father.

Comrade Cook enlisted as a private in Company B, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment. He first went to Camp Trousdale, but took the measles, and was brought home unable for service. His regiment was captured at Fort Donelson, and sent to Indianapolis. He then went to Corinth, Miss., joined the Fifth Tennessee Regiment, and was in the battle of Shelton Hill. He was on Bragg's Kentucky campaign; took part, and was in the battle of Richmond, Ky., under Kirby Smith. He rejoined his regiment at Murfreesboro after they came out of prison, and was promoted to First Lieutenant in 1863. He was with Bragg on his retreat to Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and Resaca, where he was severely wounded. When able for duty, he rejoined his regiment, and remained with it until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. He was a soldier of the highest type, and served his cause faithfully.

W. E. Moore, Texas Ranger.

William E. Moore died at his home at Ashby, Matagordo County, Tex., June 5, 1902. He was a Confederate veteran, having left his home at Indianola, Tex., August, 1861, in company with James and Joseph Collins, Hays P. Yarrington, John Collins, and Daniel Hoffman, expecting to go to the front in Virginia. At Houston, however, they enlisted in the Eighth Texas Cavalry, better known as Terry's Texas Rangers, and were sent to Bowling Green, Ky., where the regiment was fully organized. A braver set of men never lived.

When Gen. Zollicoffer was killed, at Fishing Creek,

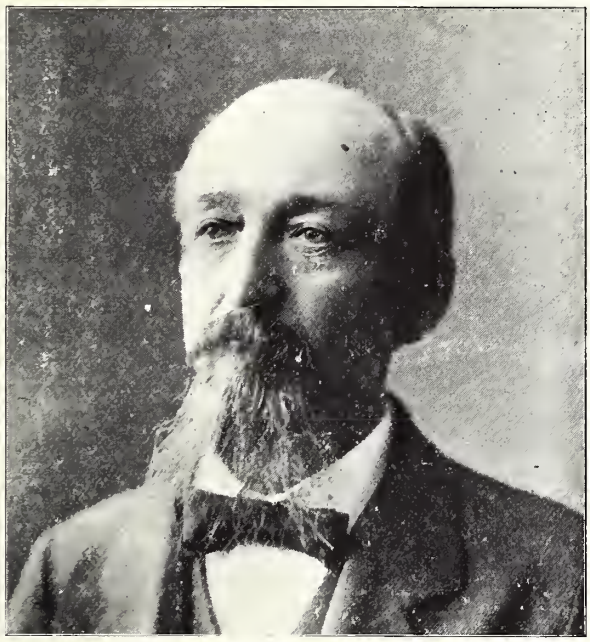
W. E. Moore was one of the party sent under flag of truce to recover his body. Three horses were killed under him during the war. One of them held a very high head, which fact saved his rider's life. He was dangerously wounded at Murfreesboro, shot through the body, and was taken to a plantation and left for some time in charge of an old negro man. He was afterwards moved to the home of a kind family in the neighborhood. When convalescing the lady of the family sent him some of her husband's clothes to wear. He was so impatient to rejoin his command that he left before his wound was thoroughly healed, and it broke out afresh. He declined a discharge from the army on account of his severe wounds.

His old comrade Yarrington writes of him: "We went out and served together until my capture, which

occurred near Nashville three weeks before the war ended. He was dangerously shot in the thickest of the fight near Murfreesboro, on July 13. I got him to a place of safety. The tide of battle turned against us, and we moved from there to McMinnville, via Woodbury. . . . He was a brave and efficient soldier, and very popular with his regiment. The few of our noble band left now are feeble and old, past taking part in the active struggles of life."

J. J. Montgomery.

J. J. Montgomery, who had been for six years the efficient local agent of the Confederate Veteran at



J. J. MONTGOMERY.

Louisville, Ky., died August 7 while being taken to the hospital. The day before his death he went to the home of Mrs. L. T. Ross, her daughter, and young granddaughter, Laura Talbot Galt. He had spent much of the day there, and was in the act of starting to the city when he suddenly fell forward, putting his hands to his head. Members of the family were greatly alarmed and sprang to him, but he could make no response. A physician was called and all that could be was done for his relief, but he never regained the ability to speak. On the next day, as he was being conveyed to the hospital, he gently pressed the hand of his friendly attendant and suddenly expired without a struggle.

J. N. Mosley.

T. H. C. Lownsbrough writes from Woodland Mills, Tenn.: "Comrade Mosley was a member of the Twenty-Sixth Alabama, Rhodes's old brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was badly wounded at Gaines's Mill in the seven days' fight in front of Richmond. He was captured at Gettysburg and taken to Fort Delaware and kept there until the surrender. He died at the home of his brother, at Crew's Depot, in his sixty-seventh year. He was a gallant soldier, an honorable man, and an upright citizen. One by one they are crossing the river upon whose farther shore comrades and loved ones are waiting to meet them in glad welcome and teach them the songs of those around the great white throne."

Gen. J. J. Dickison.

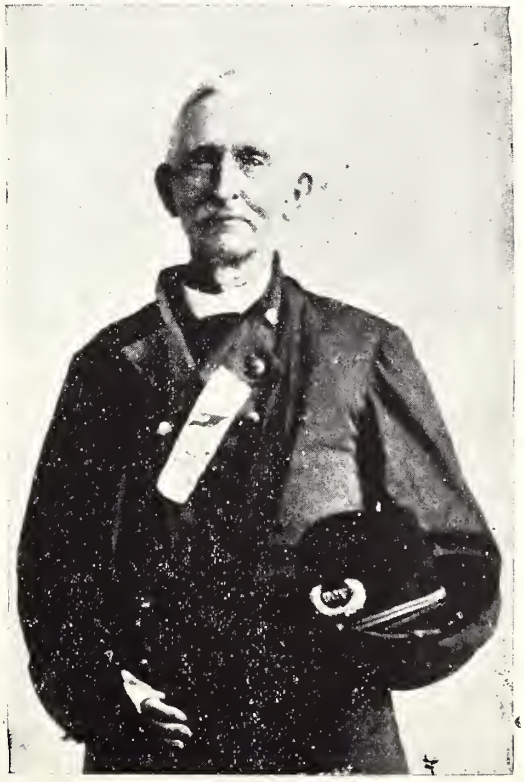
Maj. Gen. E. M. Law, commanding the Florida Division, U. C. V., issues through Fred L. Robertson, Chief of Staff, Special Order No. 15, to the memory of Gen. J. J. Dickison, "the great soldier and patriot," in which he says:

"With feelings of the deepest sorrow the Major General commanding the Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans, announces the decease of one of the truest, bravest, and best of the defenders of the 'Southern Cross.' 'Death loves a shining mark,' and in Gen. Dickison he found a target bright enough, noble enough to satisfy his most exacting demands. In the death of Gen. Dickison the State loses one of her bravest sons, and his comrades of this Division a most faithful friend.

"A leader among leaders, he was the hope and defense of the State in the dark days of the Civil War, the only safeguard of the people against the foe that swarmed on every side. He swept from place to place with such rapidity and secrecy that even his name struck terror to the hearts of the enemy and made them fearful of every move.

"While he was like a whirlwind in battle, he was as tender as a woman to suffering and sorrow. No matter whether of friend or foe, affliction always appealed to him with irresistible power, and he never neglected an opportunity to do all that lay in his power to afford relief.

"No man in Florida was ever loved and trusted as he, and few men in any land will ever find the place in the hearts of a people that Gen. Dickison found in the hearts and homes of the Floridians. Grand in war, he was grander in peace. In



GEN. J. J. DICKISON.

the darkest day of adversity and personal suffering, he was always the same gentle, loving man, fearless in his advocacy of right and daring in the defense of his friends.

"An earnest, humble Christian, a loving husband and in-

dulgent father, a true and loyal friend, he leaves as a heritage to his people and his State a memory rich in noble deeds, full of kindly works for his fellow-man, and unsullied by a single act of injustice and uncharitableness.

"Gen. Dickison was born in Virginia and moved to South Carolina when a boy, locating at Georgetown, where he engaged in merchandising and planting. From South Carolina he came to Florida a number of years before the war, and settled in Marion County. He was a soldier by birth, and delighted in the profession of arms. In his early manhood he took a prominent part in the military affairs of South Carolina, being adjutant general of the militia. His war record in Florida is a story of splendid success. After the war he showed himself as good a citizen as he had been a brilliant soldier. Upon the election of Gov. Drew, in 1876, Gen. Dickison was appointed Adjutant General of the State, and filled the position with honor for four years.

"When the Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans, was organized, in December, 1891, he was unanimously elected Commander, a position he filled for six consecutive terms. Upon his retiring from active duty he was unanimously elected Honorary Commander of the Division for life.

"The members of the general staff, the Camps of this Division, and the soldiers of Florida will neglect no means at their command to do fitting honor to his name and to impress the memory of Gen. Dickison and the story of his deeds upon the hearts of their children, that he may have a lasting monument in the love and veneration of all Floridians."

Of the thrilling and pathetic events in the war few are equal to this noble soldier carrying the body of his dead son on his horse in front of him from the battlefield. Many thrilling stories are told in his book, "Dickison and His Men." It can be procured through Mrs. Dickison, Ocala, Fla.

Capt. DeWitt Anderson.

Capt. DeWitt Anderson died at his home near Marianna, Ark., August 21. Capt. Anderson was a representative scion of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Tennessee, where he was reared to manhood. He enlisted at the age of seventeen as a soldier in the Confederate army in the company of his brother, Capt. Monroe Anderson, Seventh Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and was in active service in Virginia until he was discharged, having succumbed to a severe attack of rheumatism, which unfitted him for service.

Returning home and having recruited his health, he enlisted in a company commanded by Capt. Paul Anderson, in the memorable Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, which was brigaded with the Third Arkansas, Eleventh Texas, and Terry's Texas Rangers at various times under Gens. Tom Harrison, John A. Wharton, Paul Anderson, Joseph Wheeler, and Bedford Forrest. No soldier ever did more severe service or participated in more active fighting than did Capt. Anderson. He was an ideal soldier, ever ready for duty, brave and resolute. Six months before the close of the war he was taken prisoner and confined at Johnson's Island.

As a citizen and civilian he was strong in his convictions, resolute of purpose, with a magnetic force and energy of intellect that made his influence felt in the community in which he lived. His care and attention were absorbed in the management of the affairs of his plantation on Langville River, in Arkansas. Courteous and cordial of manner, generous and hospitable, in conversation earnest, forceful, and fluent, his recital of events attracted the undivided attention of his hearers. His companionship was ever sought for, and he drew around him a coterie of the best citizenship of the country.

His eventful life closed at the age of fifty-nine, and in accord with his expressed desire his remains were interred beside his brothers, Col. Paul and Capt. Monroe Anderson, at Helena, Ark.

Capt. Anderson was the youngest of seven brothers, all of whom wore the gray. Two sisters survive him—Mrs. Andrew McGregor, of Lebanon, Tenn., and Mrs. Sam S. Ashe, of Houston, Tex.

Capt. J. N. Barney.

Capt. Joseph Nicholson Barney was born in Baltimore August 25, 1818. His father, Hon. John Barney, served in the United States Congress from 1844 to 1846; and his grandfather, Commodore Joshua Barney, U. S. N., was distinguished in the war of the Revolution by his defense of Philadelphia, defeating the British ship of war, General Monk, with his own vessel, the Hyder Alli, and by his gallantry in the battle of Bladensburg.

Capt. Barney entered the navy in 1832, and graduated at the head of his class in 1835. He served afloat continuously from 1835 to 1861, visiting all parts of the world, passing twice around the globe.

In June, 1861, being on foreign service, he resigned as lieutenant in the U. S. navy, and on his return to the United States, in July, entered the Confederate navy service with the same rank. He was ordered to the Jamestown, which took part in the famous Hampton Roads fight between the Monitor and Merrimac, or Virginia. Later the Jamestown was used to transfer guns and ammunition from Norfolk to Richmond, running past Fort Monroe at night. When the Federal fleet came up the James, the guns of the Jamestown were placed at Drewry's Bluff, and the vessel sunk in the channel.

CAPT. J. N. BARNEY.

These guns aided largely in defeating the Federal fleet, and won a promotion to the commander by the Confederate Congress for "gallant and meritorious conduct," the only such promotion in the navy. In 1862 he was ordered to command the Harriet Lane. Later he was sent to Europe, and took command of the Florida, which had been built in England, and then put into Brest, France, for outfitting. Capt. Barney armed and manned the Florida, but on account of ill health was relieved of the command of that vessel, but he remained abroad until the close of the war. After the war he lived in Powhatan County until 1874, when he removed to Fredericksburg, Va., where he resided until the time of his death, June 16, 1899. An intelligent, faithful, and zealous Christian man, he was the devoted head of a Christian household and a consecrated ruling elder of the Presbyterian

Church. Love for his Church was one of the distinctive features of his character.

When the summons came he was ready, and said to his pastor: "I am only waiting." Sustained and rooted by an unfaltering trust, he approached his grave,

"Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Col. W. M. Hopkins.

Thomas W. Colley, Abingdon, Va., who was a corporal in Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, writes of his friend:

"Warren M. Hopkins was the son of Col. Henry L. Hopkins, of Powhatan County, Va., and his mother, Sarah A., was the daughter of Dr. Abner Crump. Warren Hopkins was born June 1, 1839, in Powhatan County, and came to Washington County in 1858 to live with his uncle, the Hon. George W. Hopkins. He attended school at the Abingdon Male Academy. He was bashful and tender-hearted as a maiden of sixteen summers, yet as brave and high-toned a gentleman as I ever met. I was with him in camp, on the march, and on the picket line.

CAPT. W. M. HOPKINS.

"He volunteered in the Washington Mounted Rifles, April, 1861, which became Company D, First Regiment, Virginia Cavalry. He was appointed color sergeant to carry the company flag, which he did until we were attached to the First Regiment and our company flags were laid aside in the fall of 1861. Capt. William E. Jones was promoted to colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry. Col. J. E. B. Stuart having been made brigadier general, Colonel Jones appointed W. M. Hopkins adjutant of the regiment, and he served in that position until 1862, when Col. Jones was relieved of the command of the First Regiment, and assigned to the command of the Seventh Regiment, Virginia Cavalry. Comrade Hopkins went with him and served with him: and when Jones was made brigadier general he made Col. Hopkins his adjutant general, and he served with him until Gen. Jones was killed, at Piedmont, Va., June 15, 1864.

"On the 4th day of November, 1864, Col. Hopkins was assigned to command of the Twenty-Fifth Virginia Cavalry, and served with it until the close of the war. His commission as colonel of cavalry in the Provisional C. S. A. bears date of January 19, 1865. His General Order Number 1 to the Twenty-Fifth Virginia Cavalry breathes the spirit of defiance to the enemy and a determination to hurl the invaders of our soil back to their own land. He was a strict disciplinarian, but kind and impartial to both officers and privates alike. He was married to Miss Mary H. Baltzell in March, 1862. They lived happily together until he peacefully crossed over the river, December 9, 1875. According to the faith of the Presbyterian Church he lived and died. I cannot hope to do his memory full justice, but desire to help to perpetuate the memory of this generous, whole-souled, Christian gentleman, soldier, and citizen, who has outstripped me in the race of life and gone to join the immortal throng on high."

Maj. Thomas Hall McKoy.

Maj. Thomas Hall McKoy died at Wilmington, N. C., about the middle of May. He was the youngest son of Dr. William McKoy and Mrs. Ann Hall McKoy, and was born in Clinton, N. C., April 27, 1837. He began business in Wilmington with his brother, the late W. H. McKoy, when only a lad fifteen years of age, and was soon afterwards admitted to partnership. He continued with his brother until the Civil War broke out and the business was given up.

Major McKoy joined the Wilmington Light Infantry in April, 1861. His capacity for leadership soon demonstrated itself, and he was commissioned a second lieutenant in Company C, Seventh North Carolina State Troops, commanded by Capt. Robert MacRae. Further promotion was rapid, and he soon was captain of his company, and as such saw much active service in the Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania campaigns. He was subsequently made Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, with the rank of major, in Lane's Brigade, following the fortunes of that command until the surrender at Appomattox.

After the war Major McKoy was engaged again in commercial pursuits, and for the past seven years he had represented Messrs. Alexander Sprunt & Sons, the cotton exporters.

In November, 1868, Major McKoy was married to Miss Margaret Young Anderson; and she, with two children, Mr. Edwin Anderson McKoy, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Ernest N. Farrior, of Charlotte, survives him.

Eccles Cuthbert.

Eccles Cuthbert died in Washington City July 13. He was born a native of Ireland, and was sixty years old. In his youth he came to America and located in South Carolina. He was a member of a military company when the States seceded that became part of the First Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. At the close of the war he entered journalism, was connected with the New York *Herald,* and became eminent through his letters to that paper. In 1891 he formed a connection with the *Richmond Dispatch,* which he maintained as its Washington correspondent until his death. The funeral was conducted by Rev. L. R. Mason at Grace Episcopal Church, in Richmond. Frank W. Cunningham sang "Peace, Perfect Peace," "Abide with Me," and "Gates Ajar." Comrade and Confrére Cuthbert was a most genial man, noted for his kindness of heart and unfailing humor. He was unmarried, and leaves a brother in California and another brother, Mr. Robert Cuthbert, in Nashville.

Benjamin Hardin.

A Bardtown (Ky.) exchange tells the story:

"Benjamin Hardin, grandson and namesake of the famous lawyer, Ben Hardin, is dead. He was in his sixty-fourth year. He had suffered with a complication of diseases for about ten years, the last four of which he was confined to his bed. Although not a Church member, he had professed religion.

"Ben Hardin was the last surviving son of Col. Rowan Hardin, colonel of Kentucky volunteers, who distinguished himself at the storming of Monterey. The deceased was born in Bardstown July 9, 1838. In 1856 he joined the Filibusters, under the command of Gen. Walker, who almost completed the conquest of Nicaragua before the United States government interfered and drove them from that country.

"Returning to Bardstown in feeble health, he remained about a year; then went to Texas and joined a ranger company and served until the breaking out of the Civil War in

fighting Indians on the frontiers of Texas. At the commencement of the great war he enlisted in Douglas's Texas Battery, and soon made himself conspicuous for his gallantry. Step by step he was promoted, until he was given command of the battery. He was with Bragg at Chickamauga and was with Hood at Nashville. He served also with Price in Missouri.

"At Richmond, Ky., his battery captured a Federal battery of more than twice its strength. In this engagement Capt. Ben Hardin was wounded, but continued in command of the battery. He was with Johnston in the surrender.

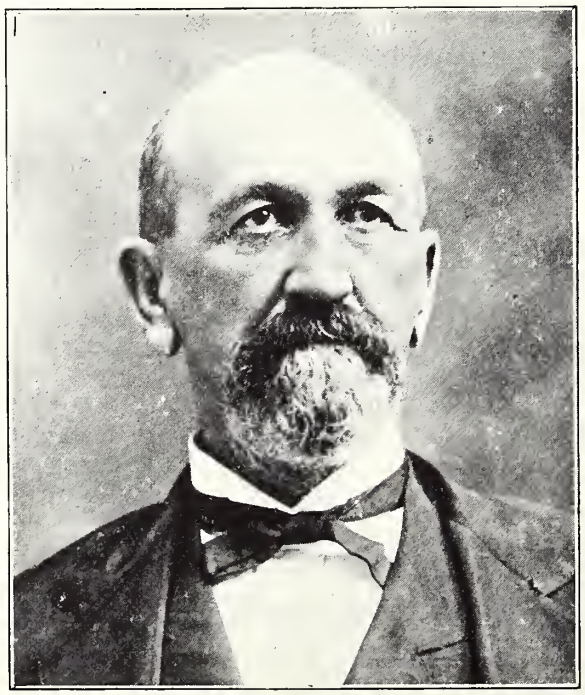
"After the close of the war he returned to Bardstown and read law, and was admitted as a member of the bar. In 1870 he was elected to represent Nelson County in the Legislature, after which he abandoned his profession and retired to the farm of his mother, a few miles from town.

"The name of Ben Hardin is recorded in the pages of Texas history. On the streets of Dallas stands a monument of time-enduring brass, on which is carved the names of the heroes of the late war. Among them is the name of Lieut. Ben Hardin. On the old battlefield of Chickamauga a granite shaft points skyward, erected by the State of Texas, to commemorate the achievements of the First Texas Battery, commanded by Ben Hardin."

Capt. William Dunovant.

The sudden, tragic death of Capt. William Dunovant, of Houston, Tex., was a great shock to the public. He was a forceful man, strong in every way. His only sister, Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, President of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, is the only survivor of that immediate family. Miss Dunovant is well known to the readers of the Veteran, and everywhere her friends and admirers will sympathize deeply in this great loss.

Capt. William Dunovant was for years one of the picturesque figures of Texas. He was always a man of



large affairs, prominent as a planter, prominent in railroad circles, prominent in political matters, and likewise in the affairs of the United Confederate Veterans. He was a member of the Camp at Eagle Lake. His enthusiasm for the cause never waned for an instant, and, like a warrior of the Old Guard, he died without surrendering. He refused to bow to the edict of battle; was never "reconstructed." His love for the Confederacy, for its flag and all it stood for, was neither withered by time nor made stale by the changing opinions of others. His opinions remained steadfast, exempt from innovation or shifting. His life was guided by fixed principles, and from these he wavered not. He was as unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, the sister of the deceased, is President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and has done more for the promotion of the organization than perhaps any other influence.

The following sketch is taken from Confederate military history:

"Capt. William Dunovant, of Houston, was a native of Chester, S. C., son of Col. A. Q. Dunovant, a signer of the ordinance of secession of that State and an officer on the staff of the governor. His grandfather, Dr. John Dunovant, was for many years a State Senator, and on the side of Capt. Dunovant's mother the ancestry reaches back to the colonial days of South Carolina and to Gaston de Foix, of France. Two brothers of Col. A. Q. Dunovant, uncles of Capt. Dunovant, were distinguished among the gallant South Carolinians who fought for the Confederacy, and both had their first military experience with the Palmetto Regiment in the war with Mexico.

"One of these, Gen. R. C. M. Dunovant, organized a company for the Palmetto Regiment, commanded it in Mexico, and after the death of Col. Butler, became lieutenant colonel. Subsequently he published an account of the battles in the Valley of Mexico. When South Carolina seceded he was a signer of the ordinance of secession. As adjutant and inspector general of the State he was intrusted with the command of Fort Moultrie after it was evacuated by the Federals. He was in command when the first shot of the war was fired against the steamer Star of the West, and until after the fall of Fort Sumter, and later was made brigadier general commanding the State troops. After these forces were turned over to the Confederacy he was commissioned colonel of the Twelfth Regiment, South Carolina Infantry, in the Confederate service. His defense at Bay Point met the approbation of General Lee and elicited the commendation of military critics. After the close of the war he lived in comparative retirement until his death, in 1898, at the age of seventy-seven years.

"The other brother was Brig. Gen. John Dunovant. He was born at Chester, S. C., March 5, 1825; served in the Mexican war as Third Sergeant of Company B, Palmetto Regiment; and was severely wounded in the charge of his regiment at Chapultepec. Subsequently he was commissioned captain in the Tenth Regiment, United States army, a position he resigned in 1861 to enter the Confederate States' service. He succeeded Gen. M. C. Butler in command of a South Carolina brigade of cavalry in Virginia, and was killed October 1, 1864, while leading his men in an attack on the Squirrel Level road, below Petersburg.

"Capt. William Dunovant entered the Confederate service at the age of fifteen years and six months as a private in Company F, Seventeenth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers; subsequently was appointed "for skill and valor" to the captaincy of Company C, Seventeenth Regiment. Capt. Dunovant was severely wounded in the right arm at the second battle of Manassas, and lost his left arm in the battle of Crater, on the Petersburg lines, the following winter; but overtaxed nature

refusing further sacrifice, he was compelled to return to his home.

"About the year 1874 Capt. Dunovant and his sister, Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, came to Texas, making their home at Eagle Lake for twenty years, and later at Houston. He was an extensive planter of sugar, cotton, and rice, and was formerly President of the Cane Belt Railroad, of which he was the principal owner.

"He established on one of his estates, in Colorado County, a town called Lakeside, designed exclusively for the promotion of his own business enterprises. In it are located the general offices of the Cane Belt Railroad, a rice mill, sugar factory, etc. Capt. Dunovant contributed not only greatly to the material development of his section of the State, but he has been foremost in all thought tending to the elevation of the South. In conversation, the whole field of literature was his domain; for, although he entered the Confederate service, he had just completed a thorough collegiate course, including Greek and Latin, at Mount Zion College, Winnsboro, S. C., and this was supplemented in later years by extensive reading.

"His native powers of oratory received recognition. Two of his speeches—'Lee and the South,' and 'The Relation of the Silver Question to Agriculture'—attracted wide attention because of his original and logical treatment of great underlying principles as well as eloquent diction. Capt. Dunovant never permitted his name to be brought forward as a candidate for office.

"Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, one of the most talented ladies of the South, a leader in original thought and a popular contributor to the newspapers and magazines, has devoted much of her time to the preservation of the sacred memories of the Confederacy, and is Historian of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy."

Miss Kate Daffan, of the Ennis Chapter, U. D. C., writes:

"Intelligent sympathy with the joys and sorrows of human life is one of the marks of true greatness of soul. And since we must bow to the divine decree in the removal of this good man, soldier, citizen, and friend; be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That Ennis Chapter extends loving sympathy to our State President, Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, in her irreparable loss.

"2. We realize that the State has lost a worthy citizen, the South a loyal son, and the Daughters of the Confederacy a true friend, who gave generous sympathy and interest to our efforts and work and advocated our principles.

"3. Though human hearts will ache and eyes will weep in longing and loneliness because we cannot reach where God holds our loved ones, and touch their hands, and no message ever comes to us from the happy dead, we know that God in his infinite love and mercy will comfort and sustain our worthy President in this dark hour, and make bearable this awful grief.

"This expression of sympathy and regard will become a part of the record of this Chapter."

Rev. R. E. Nunn, pastor of the Methodist Church, Eagle Lake, Tex., writes:

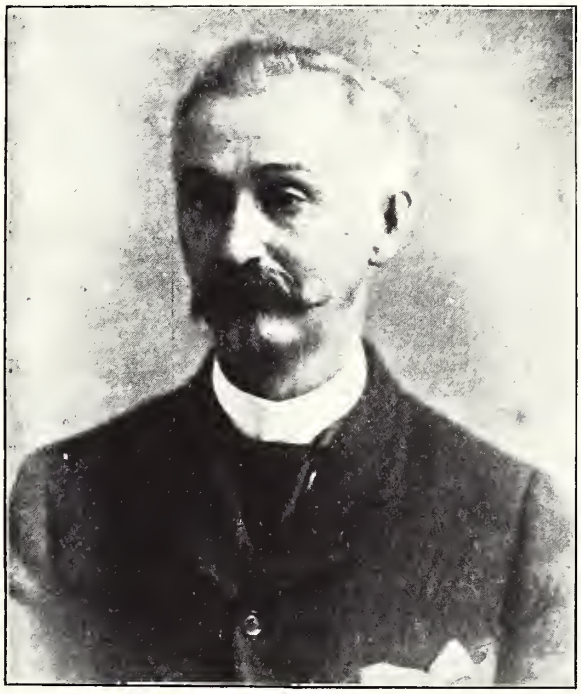
"A great calamity has come upon our community in the killing of Capt. William Dunovant. As a personal friend and admirer I desire to place one flower on the wreath of honor that encircles his memory.

"He was honored and revered in this community as no other individual, and his place among us cannot be filled. In my labors here to elevate society I found a helper in Capt. Dunovant. His pocketbook was always open to every good work, and in his last conversation to me, he said: 'I am glad you are succeeding, and just as soon as I can get time I shall build you a church at Lakeside.'

"His character is too well known to be commented on by me. Throughout our great State he was revered for his uprightness, manhood, and moral worth. His sagacity, his friendship to the poor, and his adherence to right principles characterized him as a leader in every undertaking for the good of mankind. Though dead yet he speaketh. Peace to his ashes."

Maj. B. A. Rogers.

On July 18, past, in Florence, Ala., the knightly spirit of Benjamin Armstead Rogers left earth to join his comrades in the bivouac of heaven. As husband, father, friend, and soldier he did well his part. He was a native of the grand old "Volunteer State," having been born near Clarksville sixty-seven years ago. He was a graduate of the college of that city, afterwards taking a full course in the Lebanon Law School, and graduating with distinction there. He stood



gallantly for the "bars and stars" during the entire period of the war. A wealthy Kentucky relative offered to make him heir to a large estate if he would not enter the Confederate service, but to no avail. He was too true to his inherited principles of right to shirk when duty called. His father was a distinguished soldier under Andrew Jackson, and his grandfather served in the Continental army. He was made provost marshal of Clarksville, and afterwards captain of Company H, Second Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. Woodard. His company saw service under Forrest and Wheeler, and so well did he perform his part that he was promoted to major for distinguished gallantry. His health failing, he was changed from field service to the secret service of the government, where he did still more valued service by his courage and skill. He was a true representative Southerner of the old school. Manhood is elevated by the record he made. He was a man of superior intelligence, an advanced thinker. He reared his children to believe in the justice of the cause for which he fought, and his dearest possession was his Southern Cross of Honor. He was gently laid away by forty old veterans of Camp O'Neal, of which he was a member, with the dear old Southern flag enshrouding him.

Surviving members of Company D, Forty-Third Tennessee Regiment, will please write to T. B. Binyon, at Jacksonville, Ala. He is an old man, and wants a pension from the State of Alabama.

Dr. I. H. Alexander, Camden, S. C., who was a member of Company G, Palmetto B. L. Infantry, would be glad to locate his old comrade, E. G. Robinson, who went from Camden to Memphis, Tenn., and afterwards to some point in California.

F. D. Brady, Alvarado, Tex., wishes to hear from any of the officers or crew of the Confederate ram "Arkansas," commanded by Isaac N. Brown, and burned by Lieut. Henry K. Stevens near Baton Rouge, La. Mr. Brady's father, James Brady, was one of her pilots.

J. L. Stinnett, Rutledge, Miss., an "old Yazoo City Reb," says he would like to hear from some member of Company D, Eighteenth Mississippi Volunteers. The regiment was made up of Jackson, Vicksburg, and Yazoo City, and was in Barksdale's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps.

F. H. Jackson & Co., who are advertising to sell the Lincoln Kneader to the readers of the VETERAN at wholesale, write us that they have sold several to its readers and that they are all well pleased. We think this a good proposition, and the readers of this paper will do well to write for the price.

A Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans has been organized at Wheeling, W. Va., with fourteen charter members. The officers are as follows: R. L. Boyd, Commander; Dr. E. B. Plant Lieutenant Commander; George A. Feeny, Treasurer; Leo V. Thornton, Historian. Commander Boyd would be glad to hear from any who are eligible for membership in the order.

LOW RATES TO WASHINGTON AND NEW YORK.

Tickets to Washington, D. C., and return and to New York and return will be on sale October 3, 4, 5, 6, 1902, via Bristol and the Norfolk and Western Railway. All information cheerfully furnished. Sleeping-car reservation made. D. C. Boykin, Passenger Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.; Warren L. Rohr, Western Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. B. Bevill, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

A. N. Reece, No. 242 Market Street, Chicago, Ill., asks about any Southern regimental histories that have been published, and especially of any concerning the Forty-Third Georgia Regiment. He says: "This regiment occupied a prominent position at Champion Hill, and defended their position with great courage against the final charge made by my regiment. Col. Skid Harris, of this regiment, was mortally wounded, and, while having his leg amputated, Gen. McPherson came up and grasped his hand. Although not a word was spoken, it made an indelible impression on us all. Maj. J. W. Anderson, in command of the battery stationed at this point, was killed, and he and Col. Harris were buried on the brow of the hill. He was a brave officer. Have often wondered if their friends had removed them."

A LARGE MAP OF THE

United States

and

Mexico,

Size 19½x35½ inches, is being distributed by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

It is printed in five colors, and shows all of the principal railroads and the largest cities and towns. It is an excellent map for a business man, and will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 2-cent stamp.

W. L. DANLEY, *General Passenger Agent,* Nashville, Tenn.

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to every reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN who needs it and writes for it, to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Only one small dose a day perfectly cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion, and constipation. It clears the liver and kidneys of all congestion and inflammation and takes all irritation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from the prostate gland.

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CURES RHEUMATISM. Send stamp for book of particulars. Uricsol Chemical Co., Los Angeles, Cal., or the Lamar & Rankin Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga., Distributing Agents. $1 per bottle. For sale by druggists.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

RAILROAD COMPANY

have placed on sale, beginning May 1, 1902, Interchangeable Mileage Ticket, Form 1,

1,000 Miles, Price $25,

GOOD OVER THE FOLLOWING LINES:

Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern Railway; Atlanta & West Point Railroad; Atlantic Coast Line Railroad; Chesapeake Steamship Co. (Between Baltimore and Norfolk); Charleston & Western Carolina Railway; Columbia, Newbury & Laurens Railroad; Georgia Railroad; Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway; Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway; Northwestern Railroad of South Carolina; Plant System; Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad; Seaboard Air Line Railway; Washington Southern Railway; Western Railway of Alabama; Western & Atlantic Railroad; Louisville & Nashville Railroad (except the following Branches: L., H. C. & W. Railroad, Glasgow R. R., Elkton & Guthrie Railroad, and Pontchartrain Railroad).

This ticket will be on sale at all Coupon Stations Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co.; Northwestern Railroad of South Carolina; Columbia, Newbury & Laurens Railroad; and Eastern Offices Atlantic Coast Line, at

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WASHINGTON—601 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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WARREN L. ROHR,
Western Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.;
W. B. BEVILL,
General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

A camp of United Confederate Veterans was organized at Canon City, Colo., on May 30, with twenty members. It was named in honor of Capt. A. F. Alexander, who served with the Forty-Third Tennessee Infantry from its organization to the close of the war. He is still loyal to the South and her memories. His wife, who died several years since, served in the Confederate Hospital Department from the battle of Stone's River till the war ended, both giving the best of their young lives to the cause of the Southland. The officers of the camp are: G. R. Tanner, Commander; L. J. Tanner and George W. Kelso, Lieutenant Commanders; E. E. Rankin, Adjutant.

UNIQUE NEW UNIFORMS.

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* of September 1 says: "The Mobile and Ohio Railroad has inaugurated its dining-car service between St. Louis, New Orleans, and Mobile. A striking innovation is the uniform worn by the conductors. Garbed in silk-faced, brown broadcloth tuxedos, with trousers to match, and high-cut vests of white, corded piqué, with gilt buttons, they present a natty appearance. The color and the absence of all insignia, to say nothing of the evident expensiveness of the material and the workmanship, constitute a marked departure from all established precedents in railroad uniforms."

SUMMER HYMNAL A WINNER.

The success of "The Summer Hymnal," Mr. John Trotwood Moore's book, is most gratifying to Mr. Moore's friends, here and elsewhere. The *Literary Digest,* a high authority, reports it among the thirty best-selling books in the United States for September, while in the two cities of Philadelphia and Kansas City it ranked third among the six best-selling books. When you think of the increasing number of books on the market and the thousands sold daily, this means a great deal.—*Columbia (Tenn.) Herald.*

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line to Denver is from St. Louis via the Missouri Pacific Railway, leaving St. Louis at 9 A.M. and arriving at Denver at 11 o'clock the next morning—only one night out. Pullman sleepers, superior service. For complete information address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.; or H. C. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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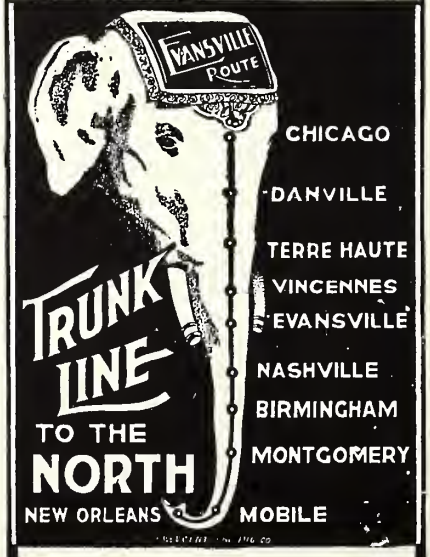

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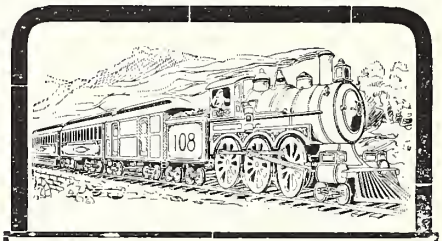

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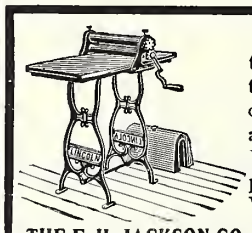

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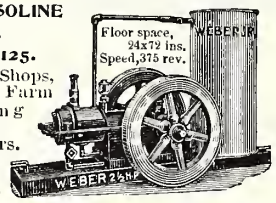

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G. E. TOWNSEND, M. D. Bowling Green, Ky.

The Confederate Mining Co.

The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you are left out. The Confederate Mining Company has long since passed its uncertain or doubtful stage. It is now on the high road to a great financial success. It is under the management of honest and able men. They have all the capital they need now to develop their claims, which property is known to carry a large body of mineral ore. The stock in this company will enhance in price as the development work advances, and will soon return to the stockholders large dividends.

Men hesitate to invest, awaiting for a "dead sure shot." There is no such thing in an investment. No matter what the probabilities are, there is a possibility of a loss.

"A dead sure thing" in mining means that the mines are old and established, and large quantities of ore is uncovered and is being shipped, and large dividends are being declared. But the stock commands fabulous prices, and it precludes all men of moderate financial standing from purchasing. So the mistake men make in mining investments is in waiting for the "dead sure thing." The men who make the big money in every great enterprise are those who come in at the beginning. Hundreds of mines sold their stock at from 5 cents to 50 cents per share at the beginning; now it is worth hundreds, and some thousands of dollars per share.

Buy when the stock is sold at moderate prices, based upon the undeveloped valuation of the properties. The Confederate Mining Company's property is in the mineral belt of Gila County, Arizona, where millions and millions of dollars worth of gold, silver, and copper is taken out every year. Its group of copper claims lies in the famous Reno Gulch district, where it is known to be underlayed with rich copper and gold ore.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more than $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their Treasury Stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of anyone. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

The old Confederates reason this way: Capitalists everywhere are making money in large quantities in the mining business. Why should we not create a fund, and do the same? By the placing into the treasury from $10 to $200 each it is easily done. There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the same confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and business like.

At a meeting of the officers and stockholders at Dallas, Tex., in April they added two directors from the stockholders, Capt. J. I. Wilkes, from Martin, Tenn., and Dr. Z. T. Bundy, of Milford, Tex.

The Confederate Mining Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF ARIZONA.

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000.

PAR VALUE, $10 PER SHARE.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, President,
GLOBE, ARIZONA.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer,
UNIONTOWN, KY.

MR. THEO. CRANDALL, General Manager,
GLOBE, ARIZONA.

Fortunes are being made in mining in the great Southwest. Will you join us?

Address and make all remittances payable to
MAJ. R. W. CRABB,
Main Office, Uniontown, Ky.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, Pres't.

Col. Lee Crandall, the President of the Confederate Mining Company, of Globe, Arizona, was Colonel of "The Regiment of the Confederacy." It was known so by the companies composing it from the different States. In the Colonel's regiment there was one company from Mississippi, two from Texas, three from Missouri, and four from Arkansas. There was always a spirit of rivalry in these companies to see which should get there first, and stay the longest in battle. This amused and gratified Col. Crandall, for he too was always ready for a scrap with the Yanks. This regiment did meritorious service throughout the war, and was known as "Crandall's Regiment of the Confederacy." After the war the Colonel resided in Washington City, and the last twelve years he has been extensively engaged, together with his son, Theo. Crandall, in the mining business of Arizona. Col. Crandall made application to the government to raise a brigade of young men from the South to go to the Spanish-American war, and the Southern people urged President McKinley to appoint Col. Crandall as Brigadier General; but the President was a Republican and Crandall was a Democrat, and that was the end of it.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

Maj. Crabb, our Secretary and Treasurer, is a native Mississippian, and was a member of Crandall's regiment, and was in all the "hard knocks" of that famous old regiment. Maj. Crabb located in Uniontown, Ky., soon after the war, and has been engaged in business there continuously for twenty-seven years. He was councilman of the city twenty odd years, and was Mayor for a number of years. He was Commander of Adam Johnson Camp, U. C. V., for ten years, and is now Major of the 2nd Ky. Battalion, U. C. V. Maj. Crabb was United States Deputy Revenue Collector for four years, under Cleveland's administration. He is bonded to this company by the Fidelity Security Co., of Maryland.

THE CONFEDERATE MINING CO., Uniontown, Ky.

Personal to Subscribers!

As a Beacon Light

VITÆ-ORE points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease toward the rocks and shoals of **Chronic Invalidism,** port your helm ere it be too late, take heed of the message of **Hope** and **Safety** which it flashes to you; **stop drifting** about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin the proper treatment immediately and reach the goal you are seeking by the route **so many have traveled with success.** Every person who has used **Vitæ-Ore** is willing to act as a p[illegible] you, each knows the way fro[illegible] ing followed it; attend their advice, **follow the light** and be cured as they have. **Can you afford to disregard It?** Hundreds of readers of this paper have accepted this offer since it first appeared, and are now either enjoying **perfect health** or rapidly traveling the road to it. Every reader who is ailing should send for a package and allow the Company to demonstrate, at its own risk and expense, that Vitæ-Ore is the best medicine on earth for the afflicted. Every reader of this paper who has some friend or relative ailing should inform him or her of this offer and give them a chance to accept it. This offer is a special one made to **subscribers** of this paper and their **friends and relatives,** whom the subscriber can recommend as honest and trustworthy.

Read Our Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **postpaid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine rock-like substance—mineral—**Ore**—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach every case with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same fo you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the two-cent stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in the above announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card. Address **Theo. Noel Co., Chicago, Ill.**

THEO. NOEL CO.,

VETERAN DEPARTMENT.

527, 529, 531 W. North Avenue, ***Chicago, Ill.***

If SAMPLE or Otherwise FREE Copy Be Received, Please Show It to Others.

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1902 No. 10

Confederate Veteran

THE DEFEATED SOUTH IDEALIZED IN THE MARYLAND CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

The Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy are preparing to dedicate their fine monument early in December. At a recent meeting Mrs. D. Giraud Wright spoke enthusiastically of their work, in which she said:

"During all the years we have worked together for the cause we love (and they have been many and long) we have never met on just such an occasion as the present. From time to time we have gathered our forces, summoned by that irresistible call, to whose clarion note I believe our souls would respond when the heart fails and the eye grows dim, and shoulder to shoulder, with an energy born of undying love, we have clothed the naked and fed the hungry of our brethren in our midst; we have found shelter for the homeless and helped to provide a place where the maimed and suffering soldier in the armies of the South might lay his weary head, for it is only in the hearts of his comrades and the women of his land that the meet charity to minister to his needs is found.

"From year to year we have gone, a sorrowing but triumphant band, to lay memorial wreaths upon the graves of our sacred dead—sorrowing that all in vain was made the sacrifice of those precious lives, but triumphant in remembering the glory that sheds its pure light on the last resting place of our heroic dead.

"And when the time seemed ripe we rallied once more for a supreme effort in spite of discouragement and gloomy prophecies of failure, not sparing ourselves, but puzzling heart and brain to find a way by which we could fitly commemorate the heroism of that martyr band who for us and for love of country gave fortune and life itself for the cause we love. And now to-day is the day of days which sees us come together to announce the full fruition of our work—the crowning of the labors and the hopes of many years. . . .

"And more than this, to us shall attach in the future—to us, the members of the Maryland Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy—the peculiar honor that we are the first band of Confederate women to erect to our heroes a monument which embodies in itself an idealization of the Confederacy in an allegorical representation of the glory of the South in her defeat.

"The sculptor, with a happy felicity and a poetic interpretation simply marvelous, has portrayed in this group the spirit of our motto—'Glory stands beside our grief!' It is veritably an apotheosis of the Confederacy.

(F. W. Ruckstuhl, Sculptor.)

"The subject embraces and typifies the sentiment lying deep in all our hearts; that which we feel but cannot express is here expressed for us, and, better than that, for all to see that our beloved South, though conquered, was never humiliated. In the strength of her endurance, in the suffering of her people for principle, in the magnificent courage of her soldiers, in the pure patriotism of her noble women, in the genius of her great leaders, in the personnel of her armies and navy, where no higher type of men has ever been produced than those who fought in the ranks as common soldiers, where, whether dying on the field of battle, mid clang and clash of arms, or of disease in the loathsome hospitals—they displayed a sublime courage which compelled the admiration of the world, and which has made the name of the Confederate soldier the synonym for incomparable valor.

"In this monument of ours it is not too much to say that all this thought is fully expressed. That Confederate soldier, upon whose boyish face still lingers the light of innocence of youth, yet in its lineaments displays high heroism and the stern sense of duty which stamps it with a noble manhood—look at the beautiful, fearless brow, the closed eye—no terror there; the pain in the lines around the sweet, young mouth. He 'consents to death, yet conquers agony.'

"See him as he stands at bay, face to the foe—alone. No arm outstretched to save. One hand is pressed to that brave young heart in mortal pain; the other grasps even in dying the dear crimson banner, the tint of whose ensanguined folds is deepened with his blood!

"To him that flag is the cause for which he dies, and even in the throes of death he never falters, never yields the principles for which he fought. . . .

"A gloom black as night hangs over the battlefield. Look! The clouds are cleft, and through a path of light a radiant vision comes. Glory descends. Her eye has pierced the darkness, and, seeing her beloved in such straits, on swift pinions she swoops from the skies and, ere he falls, with one mighty arm she draws him to her side. Aloft she holds a laurel wreath—fit emblem of the glory of the South—and with calm, unruffled majesty she stands defying the world to match his valor or to take him from her side; while he, like a tired child safe in his mother's arms, falls asleep on Glory's breast."

The Confederate Mining Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF ARIZONA

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000 — PAR VALUE, $10 PER SHARE

THE Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis Reunion, June, 1901, by the Confederate soldiers, who alone will own and control its properties. The officers were selected from among the old soldiers who are capable, honest, and experienced business men. They are men who took some "life risks" in the war and who are not afraid to take some money risks in the Confederate Mining Company. The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you are left out.

The directors are prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of money in the treasury. No debts, liens, or incumbrances will be placed on the property. The stock is fully paid and nonassessable.

The board of directors have set aside 50,000 shares of the capital stock as treasury stock.

Property Owned by the Company

The Confederate Mining Company owns six valuable mineral claims and has two claims adjoining that are bonded to the company until developed. The property is located in the famous Reno Gulch, in the Reno Mountains, Gila County, Ariz. A miner's claim is twenty acres, and each claim must be named and known by that name, hence the Confederate Mining Company's claims are known as follows: "Reno Pass No. 1," "Reno Pass No. 2," "Sulphide," "Alabama," "Mill Site," "Sheep's Tail;" the two bonded are known as "Sunny Side" and "Canyon Springs." This group of claims lies just above old Fort Reno, where the Indians whipped the United States troops and burned the fort in 1869. These claims are said by mining experts to be the richest in mineral value of any in this famous mineral belt.

Our manager, Mr. Theodore Crandall, is now driving a tunnel under the mountain. He selected the "Sunny Side" claim to found the mine upon, it being in the middle of this group. This property is situated fifty-five miles northeast of Globe, Ariz., and seventy-five miles east of Phœnix, Ariz. The new Gila Valley Railroad, from Flagstaff to Globe, will pass within two miles of the Confederate Mining Company's property. This road will be completed in 1903. There is plenty of wood and water within easy reach of this property. These are the things so necessary in mining. A large flow of splendid water was struck back in the company's mines, and it comes rushing out through pipes to a large reservoir in front, and then over the mountain side down to the gulch below. This stream of water is very valuable, as it can be harnessed up and sold to the placer miners along its route down the mountain's side.

The company's property is situated in the same mountain range and same mineral belt as that of Senator Clark's mines, which are just sixty miles above at Jerome. Senator Clark has been offered one hundred million dollars for his mines, and he said "No." The output of copper from his mines has paid him one-half of that amount in two years.

Why should not the Confederate Mining Company succeed? We have the property bearing the copper. We have the capital to develop this property. We have the manager who has experience in this work, and his success so far is just as favorable as was the Clark mines at their beginning.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their treasury stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of any one. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and businesslike.

The fourteen-inch gold streak recently discovered in the Confederate mines will pay $5 to $6 per ton, and will almost pay the running expenses of the copper output. This is considered by expert miners to be a valuable find, and it justifies the idea that the Directors will advance the price of the stock at their fall meeting in November.

Stock will continue to be sold at $1 per share until the meeting of the Directors.

THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

COL. LEE CRANDELL, PRESIDENT, Globe, Ariz.
MAJ. R. W. CRABB, SEC. AND TREAS., Uniontown, Ky.
THEODORE CRANDALL, MANAGER, Globe, Ariz.
CAPT. J. I. WILKES, DIRECTOR, Martin, Tenn.
DR. Z. T. BUNDY, DIRECTOR, Milford, Tex.
R. W. WOLSEFER, DIRECTOR, Frankfort, Ky.
JEAN CRANDALL, DIRECTOR, Washington, D. C.

A Few Advantages

$5 to $6 per ton, gold streak, just discovered.

Property paid for in full.

Title absolutely genuine and perfect.

No debts or incumbrances of any kind.

$50,000 set aside as treasury stock.

Stock fully paid and nonassessable.

Plenty of wood and water, so necessary in mining.

New railroad coming within two miles of our door.

Not long to wait for dividends.

Copper enough in sight now to pension every old soldier member of the company.

The best mining experts say that our property is among the best in all the mineral belts of Arizona.

Fortunes are being made in mining in the great Southwest. Will you join us?

Address and make all remittances payable to MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Main Office, Uniontown, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (civil war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1902. No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

CONVENTION OF THE U. D. C. IN NEW ORLEANS.

Gen. George Moorman issues Geenral Order No. 290 concerning it, in which he pays the following tribute:

"While the association of the 'Daughters of the Confederacy' is in no sense a component part of the U. C. V. organization, yet the aims and objects of these patriotic and noble women of the South are so closely allied with the scope and purposes of the U. C. V. Association, and their loyal and unselfish efforts are so intimately blended with the hopes and aspirations of the survivors of the Confederate army, that, inasmuch as their meeting is to be held for the first time in the city where the U. C. V. headquarters are located, the General Commanding not only feels it to be his duty, but with heartfelt and sincerest pleasure he calls the attention of all Camps and commanders of the U. C. V. Association to this interesting event, which is of so much importance to them, and to ask them and every Confederate survivor to give all the aid and assistance in their power to make this meeting of the 'Daughters of the Confederacy' both eminently successful and pleasant.

"Comrades! In that resplendent gathering on the 12th day of November next will be assembled our uncrowned queens of the South. What a galaxy of beauty and glory will there be presented! What glorious recollections of the past and what splendid promise for the future will their presence evoke!

"A few of the grand old mothers of the Confederacy yet left will be there to grace the occasion, who after their benign and glorious careers are now slowly and peacefully sinking to rest behind the clouds of eternity into everlasting life; also their beautiful and lovely daughters and granddaughters, worthy descendants of those illustrious women of the sixties, will be there, shedding luster upon the story of the glory of the South; and who in their deathless devotion to a cause and their people have won the admiration of the world, and have proven by their priceless deeds that they are the highest, the purest, and noblest types of womanhood.

"The old veteran who attends will once again behold the survivors of the gray-haired heroines of the Confederacy, whose fortitude and heroism, like Volumnia and Vergilia in choosing between Coriolanus and Rome, between the son and husband and their country, chose their country first; for every one of them sent husband and sons to battle for their 'homes, their firesides, and their native land,' and with the Spartan mother's deathless injunction, 'Return with your shield or upon it.' They will be face to face with those golden-hearted women who, in their dire distress and hour of need, sent them food and clothing, and who sustained their drooping courage in the field; whose every message wafted to them was freighted with love and hope; who ministered to them in the hospitals, closed their comrades' eyes in death, and then tearfully laid them away in their graves of glory; who toiled bravely in sunshine and in storm, and who wove and spun incessantly in their loncly homes during those sad and weary days of war; and who, with eyes upturned beseechingly to heaven, wept and prayed in the silence of the night until the very stars seemed to pity those desolate watchers.

"Also before him, radiant with youth and beauty, will be ranged the daughters and granddaughters. descendants of those peerless women of the Confederacy. He will behold these daughters and granddaughters, who are now organizing Chapters all over the South and building monuments to 'Our heroic dead,' who, in Godlike mercy, are assisting to erect 'soldiers' homes' and provide comforts for the sick and disabled old veteran in his declining years, who are preserving in enduring form the glorious history of their forefathers, who are scattering sweet flowers upon the graves of 'our dead' and weaving garlands around the Temple of Fame, under whose broad dome will be gathered the story of the glory of the South and of her undying heroes and beloved heroines."

THE RIGHT TITLE FOR OUR WAR.—Mrs. J. H. Williams writes from Gainesville, Ala., that unless our great men and others who write for the press find a better title for our war than "Civil War," "War of Rebellion," "War of Secession," and "War between the States," how can we expect the rising generations in our own dear Southland to know that their fathers and other loved ones were not rebels, traitors, and secessionists? Was it not war for the constitution and Southern independence? The whole truth is, what we fought for was right.

EARNEST APPEAL FOR RICHMOND MONUMENT.

H. T. Davenport writes from Americus, Ga., (October 15, 1902): "Our Georgia reunion is October 28 and 29, at Columbus, Ga., and hope you can be with us. If not, keep before the readers of your dear VETERAN the great importance of erecting a suitable monument to Jefferson Davis, and of paying for it. The Daughters propose to erect it in Richmond in 1903, and we should see to it that sufficient funds are in their hands to pay in full the cost. To erect this monument is the most important step the South has ever undertaken for ourselves and posterity."

The post office address of W. A. Williams, who subscribed one dollar to the Sam Davis Monument, is desired. It was given at Dallas, Tex., April 24.

OUTING WITH THE PRESIDENT.

Whatever may be the sentiment of citizens concerning the official and personal acts of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, there are obligations to pray for those in authority and respect them officially. Besides, there is so much involved in the destinies of seventy millions of people and more that there is instinctive regard for the man so honored.

Mr. Roosevelt had responded so cordially for copies of the VETERAN containing a splendid sketch of his uncle, Capt. James D. Bulloch, that the editor journeyed to Chattanooga

HIS CORDIAL GREETINGS AT THE PARK STATION.

on the occasion of his visit there in September. The morning *Times* contains the list of gentlemen designated to ride in an electric car to Chickamauga Park with the President, and when rules were so promptly broken as to "pass that gentleman in" he felt complimented. Soon after the start, Governor McMillin, of Tennessee, introduced him to the President, who received him so cordially that he occupied the seat with him the greater part of the way to the Park. Just before arriving at Chickamauga Station, a local official asked him if he would like to have a horse, and he replied that he would be delighted. Leggings and gauntlets were ready, and soon after arrival the President was mounted.

PRESIDENT MOUNTED FOR A RIDE IN CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

The Seventh Cavalry, a large, fine regiment, was at the station, and a moment after the President surveyed the surroundings, accompanied by Gen. H. V. Boynton, Chief of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga Park Commission, he dashed off over one of the government roads, the thousand horsemen following. The scene was animated and thrilling.

In the review field the exhibition was magnificent. After the review, the regiment on foot, horse holders in the rear, gave a calisthenic drill. The band rendered music and, with their guns as wands, the men in line for a quarter of a mile, in duck trousers and purple shirts, gave a beautiful exhibition. During that exercise he sent for a minister, who was popular with the soldiers there, and told him that he would thank him to hold a service after the luncheon—a repast worthy of the occasion. The writer attended the President

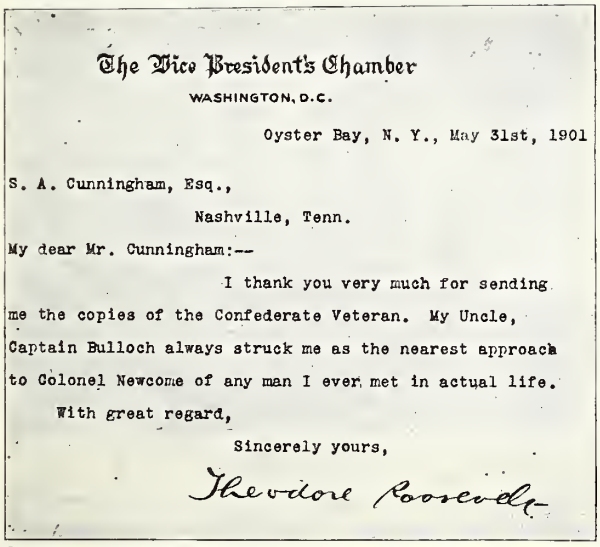
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MINGLING WITH HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS.
LARGEST FIGURE IN ENGRAVING IS GOV. M'MILLIN. THE MAN WITH CIGAR IS J. F. SHIPP, QUARTERMASTER GENERAL U. C. V.

and his Governor (McMillin) through this service, holding his umbrella over them and the minister the while.

It was a delightful and memorable day close to the anniversary of that fateful Sunday on which the great battle was fought on that ground, and where, only a few years ago, there were forty thousand tented soldiers for the Spanish war.

There was no more genial and apparently happier man of the thousands gathered than the President. At the conclusion of the religious service the President talked publicly to some of his Rough Riders who happened to be in the service there, just as genially and cordially as if he had been a private soldier of the command. Many expressions were noted as indicating the characteristics of the President, of which this is a significant illustration: 'Whether a man is a hobo or a millionaire, if he doesn't realize that there is something for him to do, he is to be pitied." The electric car was detained for a few minutes just back of the John Ross house, still occupied as a residence, and he was much interested in seeing it. He showed remarkable familiarity with the life of that noted Indian, and said, among other things, that he was the first of his people to use characters in writing. After passing the Kentucky monument in driving through the Park, the long procession waited while the Assistant Private Secretary ran back to copy the inscription, which was for the Kentucky dead of both sides in that great battle.

In this connection the brief kind note referred to above is republished. The President delighted to dwell upon the



The Vice President's Chamber
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., May 31st, 1901

S. A. Cunningham, Esq.,
Nashville, Tenn.

My dear Mr. Cunningham:—

I thank you very much for sending me the copies of the Confederate Veteran. My Uncle, Captain Bulloch always struck me as the nearest approach to Colonel Newcome of any man I ever met in actual life.

With great regard,

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

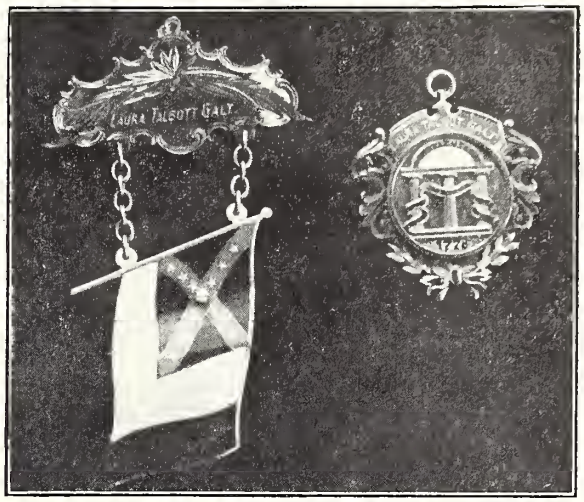
admirable man, his uncle, who served with Admiral Semmes and later as confidential agent for the Confederacy in foreign lands. He paid privately great compliment to another ex-Confederate of whom mention may be made herein at another time.

What the President has achieved in at least temporary settlement of the great issue between capital and labor may become one of his greatest achievements. Millions of people honor him for this and are truly grateful. There is another issue, however, the gravity of which the President does not seem to comprehend. Until leopards become spotless, and until black becomes white, in fact, the effort of no man for social race equality will succeed. It is hard to compute the injury to black as well as white that may come of practices revolting to the race that will rule at any cost.

HEARTY TRIBUTES TO LAURA GALT.

Many honors have been rightfully bestowed on Laura Galt for what was, under the circumstances, really a heroic deed. The O. C. Blacknall Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, at Kittrell, at its September meeting, elected her an honorary member of the Chapter, and communicated the intelligence to her in the following words:

"This Chapter commends to the full your refusal to sing 'Marching through Georgia.' There was patriotism of the highest type and wisdom beyond your years in the stand you took. This song glorifies the most brutal deeds in American,



BADGE AND MEDAL TO LAURA TALBOT GALT.
These are the tributes presented to her at Owensboro, Ky. (See August VETERAN, page 232.)

we might say in Anglo-Saxon, history. It glorifies the devastation of an area of Southern territory larger than some of the Northern States; it glorifies the wanton and utter destruction of thousands of peaceful Southern homes; it glorifies the ruin and beggaring of tens of thousands of innocent and defenseless Southern women and children. Worse even than all this, it glorifies crimes against Southern womanhood too dark to confide to any keeping save oblivion. To sing it in the presence of a Southern woman is worse than dancing on the grave of her mother. Than this song, nothing can more tend to perpetuate sectional strife and hatred. All just and patriotic people, North as well as South—all who would let the dead past of hatred bury its own dead—owe you a debt of gratitude. In token of our debt to you, you have this day by unanimous voice been elected an honorary member of this Chapter for life, and we pray that your entire life may only be on a level with that high and noble stand you took in the cause of peace and patriotism."

R. T. Owen, adjutant of Camp James H. Walker, 237 U. C. V., writes from Shelbyville, Ky.:

"While on furlough in the winter of 1863-64, I visited at the home of Maj. Ben Nelson, Linden, Copiah County, Miss., during which time a Confederate captain of a Louisiana infantry regiment in Bragg's army spent the night there, rooming with me. He was on furlough and *en route* to his home. He informed me that his regiment was in the battle of Perryville. I told him I had an uncle killed in that fight on the Federal side—Lieut. James A. T. McGrath, of the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry. He said a sword at his home in Louisiana had that name engraved on the steel scabbard, and that when the war was over he intended sending it to me. I lost his address, and I don't know whether he survived the war.

"Please inquire through the VETERAN, so that it may reach him if he still lives, or the notice of any one having the sword. I sincerely hope my old comrade is still living."

Confederate Soldiers of Kentucky.—Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, of Frankfort, Ky., Compiler of Confederate Records for Kentucky, sends out a circular from which the following extracts are copied: "After having for thirty-seven years failed of record in their father's house, the Confederate soldiers of Kentucky are at last indebted to a gallant and generous Federal soldier, warmly seconded by Gov. Beckham, for this act of recognition. By a resolution introduced in the Senate early in the session of the General Assembly of 1902, through the influence of Adjutant General David R. Murray, adequate provision is made for adding to the material already on hand, by correspondence, personal interview, by examination of such manuscript as may be submitted, and by collaborating printed records, to prepare for publication the roster and muster rolls of all the organizations of Kentucky troops that did service in the Confederate army. The books are to be distributed among the counties as in the case of other such public documents, while a sufficient number will be kept in stock in the Adjutant General's office to serve as a permanent public record. As many as it is thought likely will find a market are to be intrusted to the State Librarian for sale, the proceeds of which are to be turned into the State treasury. The collection of the Confederate muster rolls captured when Richmond fell, and now preserved in the Washington War Office, is incomplete. It becomes necessary, therefore, for those who are interested in having the printed record full and reliable to open correspondence with Capt. Thompson at once, with a view to furnishing him every possible item of information regarding themselves and their respective commands. It is desirable that names be written in full, or that at least one Christian name be given, so as to avoid unsatisfactory entries. The record is intended to comprise the county, city, or foreign country whence each man came; his rank; when enlisted; when and where mustered in; age at time of enlistment; and such remarks as will give a succinct view of his service."

Every surviving Kentuckian who served in the Confederate army ought to embrace this opportunity to have his name and that of his comrades, living and dead, enrolled for preservation among the military archives of the State, along with those who were in the war of 1812, in the Mexican war, and on the Union side in the great Civil War.

In our civil strife, neither Federal nor Confederate Kentuckian forgot for a moment that above all things he was expected to maintain Kentucky's old renown for valor and constancy, and the American people are coming more and more to honor both as a high type of the American soldier.

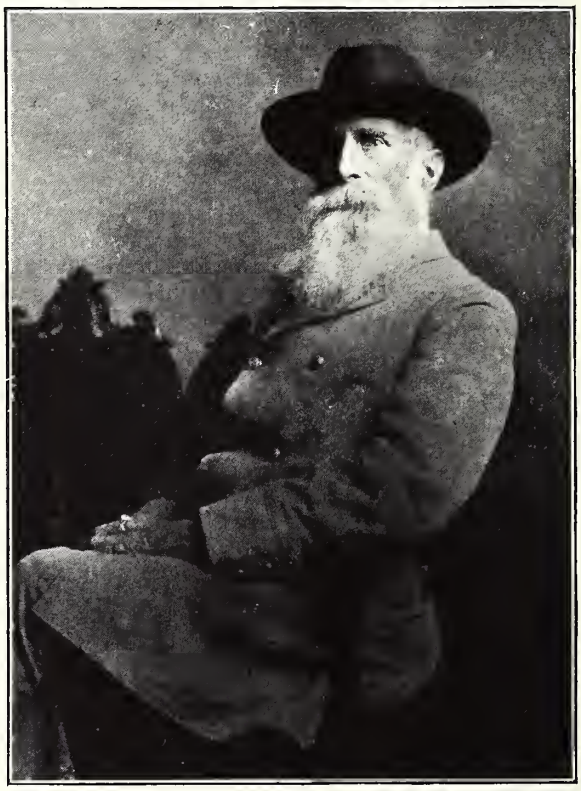
If you have old muster rolls or other documents which would aid in making up the record, they will be carefully preserved and returned to you in due time if you will send them to Ed Porter Thompson, Frankfort, Ky.

Dr. T. R. Wingo.

Dr. Thomas Rudd Wingo was born October 12, 1826, in Nottoway County, Va. His father was a soldier in the war of 1812 with the troops stationed at Norfolk. Several of his uncles were also in that war, so the Wingos were of good old Virginia fighting stock.

In 1835 young Wingo removed with his parents to Middle Tennessee, living several years near the Hermitage. Subsequently they located in Carroll County. In 1848 he entered Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was connected with that institution as student and teacher for nearly ten years. Deciding to make the profession of medicine his life work, he entered the Medical Department of the University of Nashville in 1859. In 1860 he went to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, where he graduated in the spring of 1861. Returning to West Tennessee, he practiced medicine until the beginning of the war, when he was made assistant surgeon of the Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment, which was first stationed at Trenton, Tenn. His first actual service was as a volunteer in caring for wounded in the battle of Belmont, Mo., although his regiment was not in it. Dr. Wingo was always at his post in time of battle, however furious it was. He did not lose an hour from duty except when on furlough during the four years.

While the army was encamped at Shelbyville, Tenn., in 1863, Dr. Wingo was promoted to full surgeon of his regiment. Toward the close of the war Gen. Tyree H. Bell, one of Forrest's most trusted brigade commanders, asked



DOCTOR WINGO.

General Cheatham for a good surgeon from his division to act as his brigade surgeon, and Dr. Wingo was assigned to the place.

Dr. Wingo never gave down by the results of the war, but began life anew, and even now, at the good old age of seventy-six, is enthusiastic in every good work. He is a general favorite with his comrades and the younger generations, and at the large reunion in his section of the country is a magnetic delineator of the past, and a wise, comforting counselor of the future. The younger Wingos and the people generally are blessed by his example as a hero and a Christian.

LIEUT. COL. OWEN KENAN M'LEMORE.

Mrs. Annie McLemore Allen asks the Veteran to kindly correct errors in the sketch of Lieutenant Colonel McLemore printed in the August issue. She states: "I suppose it occurred by confusing the Fourteenth and Fourth Alabama Regiments, also in a clipping used for the sketch. It was the Fourth instead of the Fourteenth that won golden laurels for themselves in the first battle of Manassas.

Owen K. McLemore was in this battle as first lieutenant in the artillery. On September 9, 1861, he was appointed major of the Fourteenth Alabama Regiment, but as it had not reached Virginia, and as most, if not all, of the field officers of the Fourth were absent on account of sickness or wounds, he was detailed to take command of the regiment in the fall of 1861. In November, 1861, he was ordered to report to his original regiment, Fourteenth Alabama. May 21, 1862, instead of May, 1861, he was elected lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Alabama, which belonged to General Laws instead of General Lewis's brigade."

George E. Nissen, Salem, N. C., inquires: "Where were the Confederate dead buried at second battle of Manassas? Have they been removed or are they buried there? Has the ground they are buried on been purchased?" Some one kindly give all particulars.

COLONEL M'LEMORE AND HIS ALABAMIANS.

R. T. Coles writes from Cottonville, Ala.:

"During the first battle of Manassas the Fourth Alabama suffered severely in officers and men. All the field officers were wounded, Col. Egbert Jones mortally. There being no field officers, and the company officers much reduced, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assigned Major Alston, of South Carolina, a West Pointer and former cavalry officer in the old army, and Major McLemore, of the Fourteenth Alabama Infantry, to the Fourth Alabama. Alston, being the senior, took command of the regiment, and both remained with us until our wounded officers reported for duty in the winter of 1861-62 at Cockpit batteries, on the Potomac, near Dumfries. Colonel Jones having died of his wounds, Lieut. Col. E. M. Law and Maj. Charles M. Scott, on their return, relieved the above officers, Major Alston being assigned to the cavalry service in the Department of the West, and Major McLemore returning to his former position with the Fourteenth Alabama, which at the time was stationed at Yorktown under command of General Magruder.

"In May, 1862, General Johnston took his army down to Yorktown to assist Magruder; and there, on May 21, 1862, we had a reorganization of our regiment, reëlecting Law and Scott, and electing McLemore lieutenant colonel. After falling back on Richmond from Yorktown, Colonel Law was promoted to brigadier general and McLemore remained the colonel of the Fourth Alabama until we reached Boonboro Gap, Md., on our way to Antietam, September 15, 1862. Then General Lee ordered the old Third Brigade (formerly Barnard E. Bee's), composed of the Second and Eleventh Mississippi, Sixth North Carolina, and Fourth Alabama, to hold the Gap against a heavy force of the enemy until his army should pass that point, which we did by fighting all night and exhausting all our ammunition. Sometime during the night Colonel McLemore climbed upon a fence in front of our line, and while peering through the darkness was shot in the shoulder and severely wounded. Just before daylight, all the army having passed, we placed McLemore on a litter and carried him with us in the direction of Antietam, and from there we sent him to Shepherdstown, the regiment in the meantime taking up their position in line of battle near Sharpsburg on the evening of the 16th, in readiness for that terrible battle of the next day.

The Fourth Alabama Regiment, with McLemore in command, followed Stonewall Jackson through the Valley of Virginia, when we met the enemy at Gaines's farm. In this battle Colonel McLemore was severely wounded in the arm just before reaching the double line of works hastily thrown up by the enemy, and it was also in this battle that McLemore's old company of regulars were captured."

MORE OF THAT VICKSBURG PIANO.

(Copied from the Military History of Louisiana.)

Andrew Gardner Swain, steamboat captain on the Mississippi River, and a veteran of the Washington Artillery, was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1837, reared from infancy in New Orleans, and educated at Dayton, Ohio. When Louisiana seceded from the Union he was engaged in steamboating on the Red River, and was so occupied when the Washington Artillery of which he was a member before the war went to the front. At Grand Junction, Miss., about a week after the fifth company under Capttain H dgson left New Orleans, he joined the command and entered the Confederate service as a private. In the course of his service he participated in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, and the Georgia Campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro, including the fighting about Atlanta. At the time of the capitulation by General Richard Taylor, he was on detailed duty by order of that officer, taking the steamer St. Charles, laden with ordnance, from Demopolis to Gainesville, Ala., and he was paroled at Mobile, in 1865. Since his return to New Orleans, Captain Swain has been engaged in steamboating, and is now captain of the Texas & Pacific Transfer Steamers at New Orleans, and is widely known as a skillful and capable officer as well as a courteous and intelligent gentleman and influential citizen.

In July, 1862, while in the trenches at Vicksburg, Miss., a house was ordered to be burned that obstructed the view in front. A piano was taken out before the match was applied, and carried to the Washington Artillery. (See July VETERAN, pages 315, 316.) Private Swain, who was the musical spirit of the company, sat down at once and commenced playing and singing camp songs, assisted by the company. A few minutes after, firing was heard in front and grew nearer and louder. Swain kept the piano going until the order came for men to take their places at the guns. The enemy was charging in front of Cobb's Battery and the Washington Artillery. The generals and officers of other commands who had been listening to the boys sing "You Shan't Have Any of My Peanuts" hastened to their regiments, for the battle was on. Shot and canister went forth from the two batteries, but in twenty minutes it was all over. Those not killed were captured. Swain went back to the piano and joined in the singing and rejoicing. As the prisoners passed they were heard to say, "My God, what kind of people are these Rebels? they have got pianos on the battlefield and singing, 'O let us be joyful.'" The piano was left on the field when the army retreated, and was taken North by the enemy. After the war the owner recovered it.

This Harrodsburg Kentucky Monument built of granite in splendid proportions, the statue being eight feet high, is of great credit to the people of Mercer County. The formal ceremony was attended by a large number of people. Addresses were delivered by Col. Bennett H. Young and Judge Robert J. Breckinridge. The monument was unveiled by Miss Gussie Robards, whose father, George Robards, fought for the Confederacy under Gen. John H. Morgan.

Gen. Francis M. Parker, commanding Third Brigade of North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, owing to ill health, tendered his resignation to Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, N. C., who appointed as his successor, James I. Metts, of Wilmington, N. C., in every respect a worthy appointment.

G. A. R. COMMANDER TORRANCE'S LETTER.

Concerning the appeal of Commander Ell Torrance, of the G. A. R., in behalf of the Confederate Home for Alabama, Hon. Z. W. Ewing, ex-Speaker of the Tennessee Senate, wrote from Pulaski, October 24:

"It seems to me that you wholly misconceive, in your editorial in the September VETERAN, the spirit that actuated Judge Ell Torrance, Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., in his appeal to soldiers of the Union army to make contributions for the aid of the Confederate Home at Mountain Creek, Ala. While he does speak of the poverty of the South at the end of the war, the appeal is not based upon the idea or, as it seems to me, thought of giving charity or alms to the cause he appeals for, but as an evidence of good will and fraternity, the cementing of the spirit of mutual admiration and good will that now prevails between the once-disunited sections. At any rate, is it not better and more in keeping with the spirit of this day to thus look at Judge Torrance's letter to his comrades? His visit to the South, no doubt, made him sure that in no sense are our people beggars or 'charity patients,' and he could but admire the self-reliant and independent spirit shown everywhere by Southern soldiers. Hence I am sure that he was moved only by the highest and best of motives, and in this spirit his action should be received.

"If a stranger should pass by a church or an orphanage in the course of being erected and say, 'This is a good cause; I want to have a brick in the wall,' would the builders say, 'No, thank you, we are not paupers?" On the contrary, would not the gift be readily and thankfully accepted, and who would demur? If our Northern brethren, once our deadly foes, want to have a brick in the wall to shelter our aged and decrepit and poor comrades, shall we throw ourselves back upon our dignity and heroism of the past and say: 'No, we can take care of ourselves?' Is this showing a high and noble spirit? Is this acting in a feeling of reciprocity and brotherly love?"

If the editor of the VETERAN varies radically from confrères in anything, it is in admitting error, and apologizing when it is made. He thanks Comrade Ewing, who is a true Confederate, for the foregoing. No man, either, is more grateful than the writer to Judge Torrance. That fact may be seen, however, in the comment referred to on pages 392, 393, September issue. The editor of the VETERAN has ever honored the Union soldiers who, when the war ended, went to their homes happy and full of good will and respect for those who were forced to yield. He is grateful that such sentiment grows, but he does not become more conservative toward those men who argue and his own comrades who concede that Americans fought Americans and that "both sides were equally brave." There were more foreigners and hired substitutes in the Federal army than there were Confederates all told, and it is a shame to class them as equal to men who were fighting for the constitutional rights of their fathers and their homes. Ignoring sectional lines and sectional pride, it is against human nature that men who served for pay were the equals of Confederate soldiers.

The VETERAN has occasion for prejudice against begging from those who were against us for any purpose, and the editor apologizes for inability to accept the situation as graciously as did Comrade Ewing, Judge Falkner, and other most worthy comrades.

As Democratic editor of political newspapers through all the years of reconstruction and afterwards, he often proposed to leave all of our sectional troubles to the gallant men who saved the Union—the men who fought its battles. In Washington City, at the Grand Army Encampment recently, the writer and a Union veteran discussed many battles where they faced each other, and we heartily agreed that "we could not quarrel if we wanted to." All honor to the men of the North actuated by noble impulses, as set forth in Judge Torrance's letter.

MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Thomas P. Stone, Commander in Chief United Sons of Confederate Veterans, revives the appeal officially in behalf of the monument to be erected—a monument to the women of the Confederacy, inaugurated at the Charleston Reunion in 1898. He states:

"The author of that resolution, Mr. James Mann, of Nottoway, Va., was appointed chairman of that committee, and each succeeding Commander in Chief, recognizing his faithfulness and eminent fitness for this work, has reappointed him chairman. He has done a great deal of hard work to carry out the intention of the resolution offered by him and adopted by the confederation, but the members of our organization have not rendered him the assistance and coöperation that he needs and which this noble cause justifies. . . . It is time something practical was being done to carry out the promise we made then, and to fulfill a sacred duty we owe to those women of the Old South whose unequaled courage and supreme unselfishness made the campaigns and hardships of the Confederate soldier lighter and easier.

"We *must* raise the money to carry out this resolution. We cannot afford to have the world point at us and say that we failed in a duty which by the ties of all filial love we owe to such heroines.

"Each Camp is requested to call a meeting at once for the purpose of devising means for raising money for this fund. I would suggest that you at once arrange some kind of an entertainment for the benefit of the 'Women's Memorial Fund,' and give it under the auspices of your Camp. This will be a good means of showing to the community that you take pride in the great cause.

"Let each of your members contribute all that he can. Each one should give as much as twenty-five cents to this grand cause, and by this means we could raise this year a very handsome amount of money.

"It is the desire of the Commander in Chief for each member to constitute himself a committee to help in raising this money, and after expending all of his energies in that direction the money raised should be turned over to the Adjutant of the Camp, who is directed to send it to this office and the receipt of it will be promptly acknowledged, and at the next annual reunion, which will be held in New Orleans, a report will be made showing just how much each Camp has contributed."

Mobile has just increased its list to the VETERAN, through Miss F. E. Bligh, more than fourfold. The *Register* mentions the VETERAN as being "devoted to matters connected with the Southern survivors of the 'war between the States,' and their descendants. The magazine is filled with interesting articles dealing historically and biographically with scenes, events, incidents, and personages of the war; and it contains, besides, news of activity in the different societies composed of veterans, their sons, wives, and daughters."

Mrs. T. H. Turner, 220 North Cross Street, Little Rock, Ark., desires information concerning her husband's service. She states that he was in "Capt. Jim Bowers's regiment," (she must have meant Bowers's company) for a time, and afterwards went with the reserves going from York District, S. C. She will appreciate information.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "U. D. C."

Dedicated to the New York Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, by Mary Fairfax Childs, Corresponding Secretary.

Full nigh two score of years have passed
Since, 'mongst the relics laid away,
Was folded up with tearful eyes
The coat of old Confederate gray;
And, hung with loving hands above
The chimney shelf, the sword and gun,
To rest, yet tell the silent tale
Of battles lost, of battles won.

Full nigh two score of years have passed
Since frighted Peace returned to bless
The sunny land of Southern homes,
The gods' own land of loveliness,
And stand, with sad, averted face,
O'er mounds she ne'er before had seen,
All dotting thick the rolling hills,
All dotting thick the meadows green.

Full nigh two score of years have passed,
Yet woman—knowing, ah, full well
That 'twas for her, for fireside, home,
Those brave Confederates fought and fell—
Has ever held in mem'ry dear,
As sacred as religion's tie,
Each act of general, private, scout,
Who dared to do, who dared to die.

Full nigh two score of years have passed,
And woman, faithful to her trust,
Fails not to raise the honored shaft,
To mark where rests the honored dust;
And to do reverence to our own,
Our Davis, Jackson, Johnston, Lee,
We formed this brave, united band,
The woman's army, "U. D. C."

OFFICIAL NOTICE FROM NEW ORLEANS.

The official invitation of the New Orleans Chapter, November 12-15, containing important information:

"Headquarters and Information Bureau will be located at Washington Artillery Hall, No. 733 St. Charles Street, convenient to all car lines. Rooms and board have been secured in private boarding houses from $1.25 to $2.50 per day. Chairman of Transportation Committee reports a rate of one first-class fare for the round trip from all points south of the Ohio and Potomac, and east of the Mississippi Rivers, to New Orleans, La., and return, account of the occasion above specified. Dates of sale, November 8, 9, and 10, with final limit of ten days in addition to date of sale.

"The rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip on the certificate plan has been announced from all points in Southwestern Passenger Bureau territory. Certificates are to be signed by Mrs. John P. Hickman, Recording Secretary, New Orleans, and validated by Mr. D. E. Morey, Secretary New Orleans Passenger Bureau, No. 204 Camp Street, New Orleans, La., Joint Agent. Each delegate should obtain a certificate of purchase of ticket in order to secure return ticket at one-third fare."

The invitation is signed by Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Chairman of the Transportation Committee.

Mr. C. L. Richardson, Chairman of Information Bureau U. D. C., writes that, as there are three national conventions convening at the same time, an early answer will be necessary to secure comfortable quarters. The Information Committee will be glad to give any assistance in locating delegates and looking after their comfort. Mr. Richardson's address is 1625 Prytania Street, New Orleans. There will doubtless be ample accommodations for all who go.

Gavel for the New Orleans Convention.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, Cal., will present a gavel to the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the New Orleans Convention. It is a beautiful silver gavel, tipped at the ends and handle with wood, with the eschscholtzia blossoms and leaves in gold twining up the handle. On each side of the wide silver band is etched "Eschscholtzia." Beginning at the top on one side is written: "To the United Daughters of the Confederacy Assembled in Convention at New Orleans, November 12, 1902, from the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, of San Francisco, Cal." On the other side, beginning at the top, divided by the national emblem —a star—is engraved this: "Motto: Unity in Great Things, Liberty in Small Things, Charity in All Things." In a large bunch of flowers the word "eschscholtzia" is written. The Golden Gate is etched in beautiful design. These are the motto, flower, and emblem of that Chapter only. Other Chapters in the State are expected to adopt other designs.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, President of this Chapter, was Miss Annie Bailey, daughter of Col. David J. Bailey, of Georgia, who was one of the signers of the Ordinance of Secession. He went into the army over age, and his son, Seaton Grantland, enlisted under age, while Dr. Voorhies also served through the war. The wife of Dr. C. H. Tebault, a sister of Mrs. Voorhies, will entertain the Albert Sidney Johnston delegates while in New Orleans. Of the delegates appointed are Mrs. Susan Bate Childs, daughter of United States Senator Bate, and Mrs. Prichard, daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. Mrs. Voorhies will take with her and plant a Sequoia Gigantea flower at the grave of Gen. Johnston.

This Chapter will give a bal masque at Native Sons' Hall October 31. The object of this entertainment is to add to their fund to endow a room in a hospital for the use of those who may be sick and without home or friends. Such veterans apply frequently. Only those invited are to be admitted. As a safeguard the applicants are required to present the invitation at Robertson's bookstore, to be indorsed for admission upon the payment of five dollars. Should those receiving invitations desire others for friends, they must apply to Mr Robertson, who will communicate with the committee.

The Entertainment Committee comprises Mesdames A. W. Foster, William M. Gwin, William H. Herrin, William Berry Craig, Phœbe Hearst, John Garber, Eleanor Martin, Inez Shorb White, and Alfred Hunter Voorhies, President of the Chapter.

THE DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The following earnest appeal is sent from Virginia:

The Board of Directors of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association met in Richmond last week in earnest and protracted sessions. The special business before them at this time was the selection of a design for the Jefferson Davis Memorial Arch. Ten models were presented for their consideration by the competing artists.

Mr. Charles Albert Lopez, the sculptor named by North Carolina's Director, submitted a beautiful and artistic design, considered by a number of the Directors the most desirable of all, in many respects. A bust of President Davis six feet high just above the archway was most appropriate and beautiful, but the design of Mr. Lewis Albert Gudebrod

was the favorite, and is a very beautiful model, a description of which has been published in all the leading papers. A committee of two, Mrs. Smythe and Mrs. Weed, were appointed to confer with Mrs. Davis in regard to the arch. These ladies left at once for New York. Returning next day, they reported a most affectionate and touching meeting with Mrs. Davis, who said that she withdrew all opposition to the arch, as it was strictly memorial. She desired the location which had been selected by the Daughters at Twelfth and Broad Streets changed, on account of the trolley line passing through it. Several locations were then discussed, but there were only two available ones—Twelfth and Broad, and Monroe Park. A telegram was sent Mrs. Davis, asking her which of the two she preferred. Her reply was, Monroe Park.

The Directors were the recipients of many graceful attentions from the charming people of Richmond, who left nothing undone to make this visit of the Directors a most delightful one. Now that the matter of the arch and the location is settled, and satisfactorily to all parties, ways and means of raising the balance of this fund is the all-absorbing question. Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, the efficient treasurer, reported at this meeting $43,000 in bank drawing interest. The arch when completed will cost $75,000, so it is very plain we cannot be idle. It was suggested that a bazaar be held in Richmond next May, each State to have a booth. It seems to us this is the quickest and easiest way to raise the money. Before anything definite is decided, however, Directors are requested to confer with their Chapters and make a report. Since Mrs. Taylor's last printed report, November, 1901, North Carolina has contributed to date, $272.77; her total contribution since the work began is $1,872.27. This is the largest contribution of any State, Virginia excepted, and is the largest Division contribution.

North Carolina has done well in this work, but we ask that the best and noblest efforts, for the next two years, be put forth for this glorious cause. We ask the support and encouragement of the people of the South. Chapters are urged to suspend all local work, as far as possible, until the memorial is completed.

We wish to thank the patriotic children of the graded schools of Raleigh, Greensboro, and Concord for generous penny contributions.

Cabarrus County Camp, No. 212, U. C. V., contributed to this fund for 1902, and we earnestly hope that other Camps will send, through their State Directors, contributions, no matter how small.

How glad we should be to hear from the Sons of Veterans! When the subject of the arch was brought before the convention at Wilmington, not a single objection was heard, and each State was well represented. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have pledged themselves to erect this monument to the beloved and only President of the Confederate States of America. They will do it.

Mrs. John P. Allison.

The Board of Directors adopted resolutions of thanks to the competitive artists for designs, all of which received the hearty praise of the members.

U. D. C. Work in Florida.

Such a cheerful report comes from the Chapter at Lake City, Fla., that others who have struggled to make their work a success will receive inspiration and encouragement thereby. Mrs. S. B. Thompson, Vice President, sends the following report:

"In April, 1896, Stonewall Chapter, No. 47, U. D. C., was organized at Lake City, Fla. Mrs. L. D. M. Thompson was its first President, and is now Honorary President for life. Although the Chapter numbered but few, it has accomplished much work from the beginning. Various causes were helped, among them the soldiers' home at Jacksonville, and the Battle Abbey Fund, to which latter forty dollars was contributed at one time.

"This organization, like every other one, has had its time of prosperity and depression; but is now, after seven years, firmly established and doing fine work. Since the election of our last President, Mrs. C. A. Finley, scarcely two years ago, we have marked with neat marble head and foot stones the graves of one hundred and forty-seven Confederate soldiers who were killed or fatally wounded at the battle of Olustee, fought only twelve miles from here. We have also erected a monument to those dead soldiers who are buried here, at a total cost of five hundred dollars, and we have done this work entirely alone, only one other Chapter in the State contributing a very small sum. We now have in bank nearly one hundred and fifty dollars, which we propose to use when we have added to it a sufficiently large sum to erect a strong iron fence around our Confederate Cemetery.

"While doing this home work, we have never failed to respond to other calls upon us. Yearly we have sent money to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, to the Winnie Davis Memorial, to purchase flowers for the graves of our dear dead who are buried north of the Mason and Dixon line, and to assist our living Confederate soldiers. We are working to keep the glory and honor of our 'Cause' before the present and future generations, and we are succeeding."

Greeting from Louisiana.

Mrs. Thomas B. Pugh, the gifted President of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., sends the following cordial words of greeting to the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

"To every Daughter of the Confederacy whose eyes rest upon these lines there comes a cordial greeting from the President of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., with full assurance that when the convention shall meet in New Orleans, in November, a most cordial welcome awaits all who attend. Not only will the Daughters of the Confederacy of our active New Orleans Chapter be glad to have you within the confines of the city, so justly famed for hospitality, but Daughters throughout the whole State will be glad to have you in Louisiana, whose motto is: 'Union, Justice, and Confidence.'

"Our charter Chapter is large and enthusiastic; their gracious President has her committees at work in the pleasant duty of making every arrangement for the comfort and entertainment of the delegates; and whenever the women of New Orleans work in anything, success crowns their efforts. The State Division of Louisiana is not resting on its oars, but, floating on the surface of the occasion, and, trusting to the sublimity of fate, it is pushing forward, impelled by enthusiasm for the sacred cause. New Chapters are being formed and old ones aroused to renewed activity. We are determined, as a united body, to take our full share in all work before the general order. Now that so many States are holding their conventions, and so many Veterans are meeting, our hearts go out to them all."

Mrs. Pugh also submits a graceful little poem to the Veteran for publication, it having been read at the Louisiana State Convention and greatly admired on that occasion. She is the author of a spectacular play or tableau, representing the "Secession of the States and Their Return to the Union," which was put upon the stage by Southern women in Napoleonville at the time of the convention, and drew crowded houses.

MRS. PUGH'S ANSWER TO FATHER RYAN'S "CONQUERED BANNER."

"Furl that banner," and we furled it,
As the poet priest had said,
Furled it slowly, furled it sadly,
For our hopes, alas! were dead.

"Furl that banner," and we furled it,
Though our hearts were bowed with pain
As we thought upon the heroes
Who beneath its folds were slain.

"Furl that banner," and we furled it,
Banner of the sacred cross;
As we furled it, many a woman
Knelt, and wept some loved one's lost.

"Furl that banner," yes, we furled it,
Laid it softly down to rest;
But the place where we enshrined it
Was within each faithful breast.

Yes, we furled it, and we laid it
In our hearts, far out of sight;
But our Southern women taught their children
That their fathers' cause was right;

That 'tis right to fight for honor
'Gainst a foe, however great;
That the cause for which we fought
Was but the sovereign right of State.

Taught them to revere that banner,
Love its cause and heroes brave;
That, to them, the South's escutcheon
Free from stain their fathers gave.

And they have revered that banner,
Kept its record ever bright;
And when of late the Union called them
They were *eager* for the fight.

Loving honor, loving duty,
To that record they were true,
And Southern women gave their blessing
To their soldier boys in blue.

DAUGHTERS AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Mrs. F. A. Chase, Secretary of the Sterling Price Chapter No. 401, St. Joseph, Mo., United Daughters of the Confederacy, writes:

"During the past year our Chapter has had the pleasure of entertaining, in our city and homes, the annual meeting of the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The reunion of United Confederate Veterans was entertained by Cundiff Camp, United Confederate Veterans, who gave our Chapter an invitation to assist them in their social functions. Both were pleasant gatherings, and kindled anew in our hearts the love we have for our cherished cause.

"January 19, General Lee's birthday, being one of the days appointed by the general convention for presenting the Crosses of Honor, was observed by our Chapter. One of the features of the evening was a beautiful eulogy on the life and character of Gen. Lee by Dr. C. M. Bishop, pastor of the Southern Methodist Church. Capt. John Landis made a pleasant address in presenting to eleven veterans the Crosses of Honor, which were pinned on the veterans by Miss Caroline Landis, Miss Emily Davis, and Miss Hannah Cundiff. Col. J. W. Boyd, on behalf of the veterans, made a most admirable speech. These exercises, interspersed by music and a social hour, made an evening long to be remembered by those present.

MRS. F. A. CHASE.

"Decoration day was observed by our Chapter June 3, in memory of President Davis's birthday. A large and appreciative audience assembled at beautiful Mount Mora, where thirty-five Confederate soldiers sleep, and listened attentively to the singing and address by Mr. Samuel I. Motter. The services were beautiful, sad, and impressive.

"In presenting Crosses of Honor to eleven veterans Rev. M. P. Hunt, pastor of the Baptist Church, made it an occasion that will forever linger in the memory of those who received them.

"At the close of the exercises the Daughters, assisted by the veterans, placed a bunch of creamy cape jasmine, the flower of the Confederacy, with a basket of our own home grown flowers, on the grave of each soldier who rests in Mount Mora.

"March 24 we held a book reception in memory of Mrs. M. A. E. McClure. Mrs. McClure was the first President of the first Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and again the first President of the first Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri. As the result of this reception eighty-seven books were sent to the Confederate home at Higginsville, Mo.

"Owing to the sickness and death of Colonel Doniphan, our beloved President's husband, we have not accomplished as much in a financial way as heretofore, but this has not deterred us from giving something to every appeal that has been made to us.

"During the year just closed our Chapter has gained in members, the accessions outnumbering the withdrawals by a good majority. We feel hopeful that the coming year will see a greater and better work done."

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY EDMONDA AUGUSTA NICKERSON, WARRENSBURG, MO.

[The following was delivered at the St. Joseph (Mo.) State reunion of Confederate veterans, September 9, and its delivery created enthusiastic praise by the multitude. It is here given without the change of a word in the manuscript, kindly furnished by Miss Nickerson.—Ed.]

Soldiers of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen: The domestic isolation of women has deterred them as a sex from taking an active part in the affairs of the world; indeed, their home surroundings and their own inclinations are in harmony with this condition of their lives; yet, notwithstanding this social custom that has set a limit to their sphere of life, the history of the world shows that, in time of danger and trouble and distress, they have always risen to the highest ideal of courage and devotion, and have performed their part on all the great occasions that have agitated and convulsed the nations of the world. In all the ages, both the highborn and the lowly have been the objects of intolerant persecution, the same as the men; and when their lives have been cast in times of revolutionary convulsions their sex has given them no exemption from the toils, the disappointments, and the perils of political life; but they have always suffered their share in the prison, on the scaffold, and at the stake, and have met their fate with all the courage of the Christian martyrs in the Roman age.

In the time of war and governmental commotion they have met the duties of patriotism and performed their part in all its emergencies. Their great love of country, their terror of military invasion, their hatred of wrong and oppression, have ever made them the equals of men, so far as their strength would go, in the defense of their homes and in the desperate resistance to the advance of an invading host.

The women of Judea bore their part in defending the city of Jerusalem from the Roman armies under Titus. So great was their courage and so desperate their resistance in the midst of peril, pestilence, and famine that it was not until the Holy City, its temples, its towers, and its monuments were laid in shapeless ruins, the very site itself destroyed, and the whole Jewish race reduced to servitude, did they submit to the all-conquering legions of Rome.

When the Duke of Alva, on his mission to destroy the civil and religious liberties of the Netherlands, laid siege to the city of Haarlem, hundreds of both noble and untitled women enrolled themselves in the army of their country and stood side by side with the men and endured with unfailing courage all the hardships and dangers of a long, bloody, and disastrous siege, and never laid down their arms until their homes were in ruins and they themselves surrounded and taken captives by an overwhelming foe.

When the French army encompassed the doomed city of Saragossa and razed the walls of the city to the ground and carried it by storm, they found the bodies of forty thousand dead Spaniards in the midst of the ruins, a great portion of whom were women—women, noble, self-sacrificing women of all ranks of life, who had guarded the ramparts of their city as long as there was one stone left upon another, and had fought by the side of their fathers, their husbands, and their brothers, from house to house and from street to street, disputing every step, refusing to surrender, and at last giving up their lives rather than live under the domination of a hated alien race.

In all ages and in all climes women have done the best they could to preserve the integrity of their country and maintain its freedom and independence.

This fierce spirit of resistance to oppression comes to the Anglo-Saxons from their ancestors, who ever maintained it in the German forests against the all-conquering legions of the Roman Empire, and they have preserved it with varying fortunes under the reigns of the most autocratic of the English kings. This love of liberty comes by inheritance to the women as well as to the men, and although it is masked by attributes of an effeminate nature, it has ever been developed in times of extreme danger and peril. It has been the guiding star of their descendants, who have preserved it in all the emergencies of their social and political life, and transplanted it in the wilds of America to grow stronger and stronger in the new world under the impulsive energy of a branch of the same race. And at a later day, when the chartered rights of Massachusetts were assailed, her people made subject to the exactions of the British king, and the port of Boston was closed, the same spirit of liberty was manifested throughout the whole land, from Salem to Savannah; and although the Southern colonies had no grievances of their own, still the unselfish cry went up from all their people that "the cause of Massachusetts is the cause of us all." From North Carolina the demand for independence went over the land, and the Mecklenburg Resolutions were the first declaration that annulled the authority of the English crown. And thus was sounded from the South the first open declaration of colonial independence, that eventually bound all of the colonies together in a common cause and inaugurated that bond of fraternal union that was destined to drive from this continent the reign of tyrant kings and establish forever the rule of the people.

Under the Articles of Confederation made necessary for the common defense against the exactions of King George the Third, a Union was formed that combined the political cooperation and the military strength of all the colonies, and after a long and bloody struggle against the greatest earthly power then in existence, freedom and independence were won and peace came to cheer and gladden and bless the land.

Afterwards the independence of the several States was acknowledged by the British crown, and a more perfect union was established under the Constitution of 1787, the foundation of which was laid upon those great principles of civil and religious freedom set forth in the Declaration of American Independence, "That governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and when the form of government becomes destructive to those ends it is the right of the people to abolish it and institute a new government that shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." This immortal declaration was saved and sanctified to the world by the blood that was shed during the American Revolution, and was made the corner stone upon which the Union of the States was erected, and under the wise provisions of which the country extended its boundaries, the people increased in numbers, grew greatly in wealth, and prospered as no people on earth ever prospered before.

The members of the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, who framed the Constitution, and those statesmen who advocated its adoption declared by their speeches and writings that it was founded upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence of 1776, otherwise it would never have been adopted by the Convention or ratified by the sovereign States that created the American Union. And because the spirit of this provision was not set forth and expressly stated in words in the body of the instrument itself, Sam Adams, of Massachusetts, Patrick Henry, of Virginia, and hundreds of patriots and statesmen of the North and South as members of the ratifying conventions of the States, denounced its centralizing tendency, and opposed its ratification, until assurances were given that the com-

pact should be so amended as to secure to the people a Bill of Rights, and reserve by an express provision the sovereignty, freedom, and independence of the States, and it was by reason of these patriotic objections that the Bill of Rights was afterwards adopted and made a part of the instrument, together with the Tenth Amendment, that provides that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The provisions of this amendment were written in plain and simple words, and seemed too plain to be construed away by the recusants of a later generation. They were recognized by all the States and the people as being the palladium of the reserved rights of the States, and especially did the North, by the writings of her statesmen, the acts of State legislatures, and the declarations of her press, clergy, platforms, and people, from the foundation of the government, avow and advocate those principles, and continued to do so up to the fateful year of 1861, when, under the delusive shibboleth of "Save the Union," and the passionate outcry for war, invasion, and bloodshed, the opinions of sixty years were reversed, and by the lawless exercise of an absolutism—an unconstitutional "war power"—the Southern States were invaded by a hostile military force and "thus the flames of a civil war, the grandest, saddest, and bloodiest in history, lighted up the whole heavens," and carried dismay and sorrow and death into a million American homes.

The truth is that in this experimental amalgamation of two kindred but distinct casts of people, that seemed so happy and presaged such a great and glorious political future, two incompatible civilizations had been constitutionally yoked together—the Cavaliers of the South and the Puritans of the North, the one the descendant of the men who followed Prince Rupert when he saved the day for King Charles the Second on the bloody field of Edge Hill, and the other came from the religious zealots who rode in the ranks of the Ironsides and charged with Cromwell on the fateful fields of Marston Moor and Naseby; and it was not long after this unnatural alliance was consummated before the fell spirit of sectional jealousy and hate, kept in abeyance by the memory of a common revolutionary contest, arose between the discordant civilizations and a struggle against each other for sectional supremacy began.

EDMONDA AUGUSTA NICKERSON, WARRENSBURG, MO.

The dreaded specter that was foretold by the prophetic warnings of Patrick Henry appeared at last, as if he had looked through the ages and caught a glimpse of the fearful invasion that was to drench the soil of Virginia with blood. It was the "fire bell at night" whose angry peal fell upon the ear of Thomas Jefferson and awakened him and filled him with terror, as if it sounded the knell of the Union.

A moral and political issue was raised that divided the country by a geographical line, and under the pretext that African slavery was an unpardonable sin, and that the Union could not endure half slave and half free, the sectional leaders of the North commenced those unlawful aggressions against the constitutional rights of the South that destroyed all social and religious intercourse, marred their political welfare, dissolved the fraternal union, and at last deluged the whole land in blood. They conspired to do this, and did do it, in order to extend their political power and establish a sectional empire that would be dominated for all time to come by a majority of the States and the people of the North. They organized a mighty military and naval force, and sent it to invade the Southern States by sea and land, to inaugurate against them a ruthless and bloody war, to destroy their sovereignty and subjugate their people to the domination of an unconstitutional power.

The people of the South—men, women, and children—arose *en masse* to resist the invasion; and for four long, bloody, and desolating years they defended their homes with an intrepidity, courage, and fortitude unparalleled in all the annals of unhallowed war. The high-spirited youth of the entire South enrolled themselves in the ranks of the army with the greatest enthusiasm. The most of them were highly educated and many were the heirs of great wealth and high social standing. Their boyhood had been passed upon the farm, and they grew to manhood hardy, self-reliant, skilled in the use of firearms, and proficient in all those manly sports that had been followed by many preceding generations of their race.

From the day of the battle of Bull Run to the end of a long and bloody war the destiny of the mass of the Southern youth was changed. They were to leave the avocations of civil life, their educational prospects, and the comforts of home, to bear the exposure, the hardships, and the dangers of military life; and, above all, by their devotion to duty, their submission to military discipline, their courage on the field of battle, their kindness and mercy to the fallen, they were to weave around the name of the Confederate soldier a halo of glory, a deathless renown that will survive all the monuments raised by the hand of man, and go sounding down through all the ages.

The moral influences of their homes were in keeping with the beneficent training of their boyhood; "family prayers, open recognition of an overruling Providence, habitual and reverent instruction in religious truths made them sincere believers in the great truths of Christianity," and which throughout all

the hardships and dangers of their military lives they never forgot. And when they left their homes to do battle in the defense of their country, they took with the parting blessing of their mother the little Bible with her last admonition written on its fly leaf; and in all their wanderings during the war, in trial, in suffering, and in peril, they turned to its pages for consolation and thought of her and all their loved ones at the far-off home. It was this love of the home and the remembrance of its Christian teachings, this early belief in the providing goodness of God, that afterwards developed in the Southern armies, as the war progressed, those marvelous religious gatherings, held by night and by day, before and after battle, sometimes in the midst of shot and shell, that made their encampments echo and reëcho with songs and thanksgiving to the great God that decides the destinies of nations. The highest in military station as well as the rank and file were there, and as they stood uncovered in Christian devotion around the altar erected in God's holy temple—an altar that leveled all ranks and laid the officer's sword beside the soldier's musket—inspired by the same lofty sentiment, cheered by the same hope, in the midst of a common danger, and while devoting their lives to the same cause, officers and soldiers alike prayed to the great God of battles that their arms might be crowned with success, that the ruthless invader might be driven from their land, and that the people of their country might again be free.

The women of Judea or Haarlem or of Saragossa did not suffer or sacrifice more in the defense of their homes than the women of the Southern States for the land they loved so well. Amid the wildest blasts of the storms of war they stood undismayed, and hoped and prayed for a brighter future to come; with loving confidence they encouraged all around them, and made their sorrow-stricken homes brighter by their cheerful presence. The Southern home, that model of quietude and domestic happiness, gave up its all; the women, as usual, made the greatest sacrifices. The mother gave up her son, the wife her husband, the sister her brother, the engaged girl gave up her betrothed, and with a blessing and a tear they bade them good-by and sent them forth to do battle for their country.

> "The wife whose babe first smiled that day,
> The fair, fond bride of yester eve,
> And aged sire and matron gray,
> Saw the loved warrior haste away,
> And deemed it sin to grieve"

The women of the South gave all they had to their country. They saw their fathers, husbands, and brothers depart to the field of battle, and they saw them no more forever. They put away their imported and store-bought garments and dressed in clothes that were woven and made by their own hands. They tore the carpets from the floors of the mansion and cottage and sent them to the camps to be used as blankets by the soldiers. Hands that never knew the task of an hour's labor were willingly turned to daily and nightly toil. They wove blankets, knit socks, made over and patched old garments, and sent them to clothe a half-naked army. They took charge of the hospitals and nursed the sick and wounded back to life and health, or with gentle and loving hands they dressed the dead and laid them away in their last resting place. They followed the army on the field of battle and hung like ministering angels at the side of the wounded and dying. They bound up the wounds of friend and foe alike, and cheered them with words of sympathy and kindness. They heard the last wish of the dying boy, and sent it with a lock of hair and his words of undying love to the mother at the far-off home.

When the Southern army gave way before the overwhelming hosts that surrounded it, the women of the South bore the great disaster and met their fate with as much courage as the men; and when the governments of the Southern States were overthrown by military violence, their territory held under martial law and reduced to the condition of conquered provinces, they passed through the dark days of the desolating reconstruction, and met with resolute fortitude the triumphant presence of the foe that had invaded their lands, destroyed their institutions, usurped their governments, bonded their property, and held them beneath their slaves in social and political bondage. And when at last this military thraldom ended and local self-government was once more recognized in the land, they made haste to care for the maimed and needy heroes who had fought in their defense and to preserve the memory of the dead who had died for them on the field of battle. They organized associations that extended over every Southern State and had members in every Southern home, and under the name of the "Daughters of the Confederacy" they went forth on their mission of mercy and love. By lectures, festivals, and entertainments they enlisted the patronage of the people and collected large sums of money and expended them in building retreats where the decrepit soldiers could find the care and comforts of a home. They gathered together the scattered remains of their dead heroes and gave them burial in places beautified by their own hands and made attractive by magnificent and costly monuments that will mark their last resting place and perpetuate their glorious fame.

All hail to the Daughters of the Confederacy! May the great God of Mercy bless them! They have builded well and wisely and better than they knew; they have laid the foundation of a work of gratitude, a labor of love, that will be continued by their children and their children's children until a monumental memorial shall crown every battlefield and every cemetery where their martial heroes lie and their glorious work and self-sacrificing labors will be linked with the deathless fame of their fallen heroes and be made to live forever.

The annals of the human race will show that our sex have ever been true and loyal to those who in the time of trouble and peril and war have stood high in the councils of the nation and have sacrificed much for its welfare and defense.

Jefferson Davis, as the chosen leader of the Southern Confederacy, had their full confidence; and as time wore on and his great ability, patriotism, and courage were developed by the progress of the war, they learned to honor, admire, and love him; and when his armies were overwhelmed and, to symbolize the bondage of his people whom he had served so faithfully and so well, he was made a chained captive in the casemated cell of Fortress Monroe, then from that moment he became the object of their tenderest affection, and will for all time to come hold the first place in their memory as the be-

SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR AT ST. JOSEPH REUNION.
(Snap shot by Judge R. B. Houghton, of St. Louis.)

loved chief of their wrecked and ruined cause. And this kindly sympathy, this love, this admiration followed him through all the days of his illustrious and honored life; and when he died, high above the general sorrow of the people of the South could be heard the unfeigned grief of its women, as if the dark shadow of death had been cast athwart their own households.

After his death, Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, became doubly endeared to the people of the Southern States, and when she appeared at the annual reunions her advent was hailed by all the women of the South as the coming of their queen. The most honored ladies of the land gathered to bid her welcome among a people who honored and loved her illustrious father so much, and lavished upon her their fondest and most loving attention. The officers and soldiers, the remnant of his ragged and invincible armies, gathered in knightly array around their enthroned idol and attested by the wildest acclaim that the love they bore the father had descended in full measure to his child. And when death came and took her from them, the people of the whole South—men, women, and children alike—stood uncovered around her grave and, in sincere and silent grief, shed tears of bitter sorrow. Her last remains are laid away in the beautiful cemetery of Hollywood, in the city of Richmond. Over her grave stands a marble mausoleum erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in loving remembrance of the father and a pledge of the tenderest affection for his child—a memorial so beautiful in its conception, so exquisite in its design, and so perfect in its proportions that it has attracted the admiration of all beholders and is made by its massive strength to endure for many ages to come. An angelic figure surmounts the classic pedestal and portrays the beauty of her spotless life and her virgin hope for a glorious immortality. And thus was laid away the first and only adopted Daughter of the Confederacy. As fate ordained that there should be no succession to the high office her father had held, so it was fitting that no other should succeed the daughter to the throne where the love of the Southern people had placed her.

The present generation, in taking steps to raise a monument to commemorate the services of the women of the Confederacy, seem to have forgotten that our beloved President in his lifetime erected a memorial to their memory more enduring than tablets of marble or brass. In ever-loving remembrance he has consecrated to their unselfish devotion his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," in which, as with the hand of a master, he has traced the constitutional history of this country, gathered together and systematized its scattered fragments, analyzed its principles, and by an argument that has never been answered demonstrated to the world that the Revised Constitution of 1787 saved to the States and the people thereof the same rights they had reserved in the Articles of Confederation of 1777. That our fathers framed a Constitutional Compact which, by its terms, did not create a national consolidated government that derived its powers from the people of the United States in the aggregate, but a Confederated republic composed of several sovereign, free, and independent States, which reserved to the people every power, jurisdiction, and right that were not expressly delegated to the general government which they established. That under its provisions the States in severalty reserved the right to withdraw from a Union into which they had entered as sovereign communities, whenever it proved destructive to the ends for which it was created and endangered their safety and happiness.

That the paramount authority resided with the people of the several sovereign States, and that their allegiance was first due to the States of which they were citizens, and not to the Federal Government, which was a mere agent or trustee of their creation.

That the great fundamental safeguards thus ingrafted upon the written Constitution of this country, and without which the Union of these States could never have been formed, came down from their forefathers as the inalienable rights of the people of the South established the righteousness of the cause for which the Confederate soldiers fought, and justified them in resisting the advance of the Federal armies and in defending their homes from invasion.

It appeals to history, to time for the vindication of the Confederate soldiers; and like a flambeau in the night, held high aloft, a torch of liberty, it goes down to posterity to enlighten and instruct the world. All over the pages of this immortal book, and in its dedication, "To the women of the Confederacy," he has described their burning patriotism, their unfailing devotion and patient suffering in such glowing eloquence of words that their fame is coupled with his own illustrious name, and will live and endure forever.

Glorious dedication! whose imperishable lines are inscribed:

To
THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY,
WHOSE PIOUS MINISTRATIONS TO OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS
SOOTHED THE LAST HOURS OF THOSE
WHO DIED FAR FROM THE OBJECTS OF THEIR TENDEREST LOVE;
WHOSE DOMESTIC LABORS
CONTRIBUTED MUCH TO SUPPLY THE WANTS OF OUR DEFENDERS IN
THE FIELD; WHOSE ZEALOUS FAITH IN OUR CAUSE
SHONE A GUIDING STAR UNDIMMED BY THE DARKEST CLOUDS OF
WAR; WHOSE FORTITUDE
SUSTAINED THEM UNDER ALL THE PRIVATIONS TO WHICH THEY
WERE SUBJECTED; WHOSE FLORAL TRIBUTE
ANNUALLY EXPRESSES THEIR ENDURING LOVE AND REVERENCE
FOR OUR SACRED DEAD;
AND
WHOSE PATRIOTISM
WILL TEACH THEIR CHILDREN
TO EMULATE THE DEEDS OF OUR REVOLUTIONARY SIRES.

The story of Marathon and Salamis has outlived the Republics of Greece. The warlike exploits of Alexander's army have survived the empire that he erected. The Roman Republic has disappeared from the map of the world, but the imperishable record of her imperial legions still endures to interest and instruct mankind. And as those great historical achievements have outlived the mighty governments that directed them, so will the story of the heroism, devotion, and patriotism of the women of the Confederacy, as pictured in words of golden fire on the pages of that immortal work of Jefferson Davis, be read and known of all men long after this newborn American empire, that has risen from the ruins of a fraternal union of sovereign, coequal, and independent States, shall have declined and fallen and passed away.

CLUB HOUSE AT LAKE CONTRARY, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FUTURE FOR THE VETERAN.

Proposition Suggested for Its Perpetuity.

The tenth year of the Veteran is nearly completed. Its growth has been remarkably successful. From the average circulation for the first year (1893) of 7,683, it has grown steadily until it has been beyond the twenty thousand mark for over four years, although it is estimated that half of those who have enjoyed it have already answered to the roll call "up yonder." More than nineteen hundred thousand have been issued.

The founder and owner during the last three years has been tried as by fire—passing through an ordeal worse than the war—yet he is blessed with health and the coöperation of such a multitude as no man can number, so that the Veteran has been a credit to the Confederate element the world over. Indeed it is so well established now that to make plans for its perpetuity is as incumbent a duty as ever appeared to the writer. Such action must emanate from its owner, and he has meditated upon it seriously for a long while. The perils in which he has been involved have prevented such action for two or three years, but now that the light comes out again, as in early dawn, he trusts that a good providence may sustain him for additional years of service. He is constantly impressed, however, with the command to be READY for whatever the Giver of Life may demand. This editorial is to request meditation and suggestions from the people concerned for themselves and posterity with a view to having the Veteran an institution of all the people and that it may be maintained beyond the period of any individual existence. The circulation of the Veteran should be increased fivefold, and it could be easily within a year, and that fact induces a proposition somewhat at variance from what would otherwise be named.

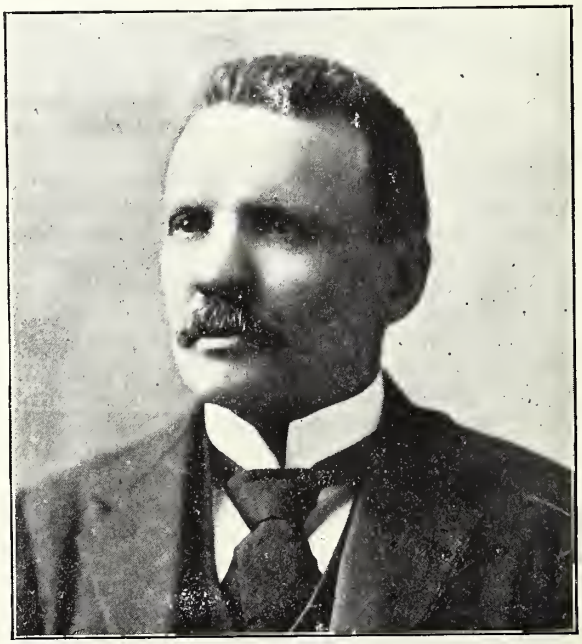
Every Camp of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and every Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy should be pecuniarily interested. The plan therefore is considered to propose a disposal of a half interest in it by selling 1,000 shares at $10 each for said interest. While the present owner proposes such sale, making a corporation, he would expect to abide the action of a majority of owners of the sold shares, and would always give a page for an expression of minority interests. He would restrict the original sale to not more than ten shares to one Camp, Chapter, or person, and would stipulate in the event of his death that the other shareholders dispose of his interest for his estate. Ten dollars par value would be received for a share; or, a share would be *given* for $20 and twenty yearly new subscriptions.

If this plan should be received with such lack of favor that organizations or individuals did not subscribe for as much as 500 shares and the project should not go through, then subscriptions would be filled for all such amounts at half price. That is if a Camp, Chapter, or individual sent twenty new subscribers with $20, or remitted $10, and the corporation be not formed, then forty yearly subscriptions (20 additional) would be given for the $20, or twenty yearly for the $10.

It is clearly manifest that some action for the perpetuity of the Veteran should be taken promptly. It is more valuable to our cause than all the books that have been written and all the monuments that have been erected. It ought to be made much larger and better than it is. Years of labor and anxiety have been given to its highly creditable establishment, and the work is so congenial that nothing else is contemplated by the owner. He would not exchange positions with the President of our strong nation. In every instance, through the decade now closing, he has done his duty conscientiously, and he believes that in our final Great Reunion he will be greeted by comrades "gone before" in a way that will compensate even for the anguish and humiliation to which he has been subjected in court prosecutions while faithfully performing his duty in the fear of God.

Every person who appreciates the Veteran for what it has done and what it is doing is requested to consider the foregoing and write his views about it. In the Judgment Day it will not appear—for the first ten years at least, and may the record be sustained! that the management of the Confederate Veteran was actuated by no other than the highest and purest motives for the greatest people in the world.

Now, Comrade, Daughter, friend, will YOU commend this matter and write YOUR views? Many of you have never written a line to the office—you who remit through some agent year after year—won't you begin to take a more active interest? Give your views freely, as suggestions would be appreciated. (In this connection and to this class why



wait for some agent to hunt you up? This custom by you and others costs the Veteran thousands annually. Any subscriber may deduct the cost of money order.) The Veteran ought to be actively considered in every Confederate Assembly and the dates of all State conventions at least should be published in it.

The foregoing suggestions and plea are considered practical. Immediate attention is urged, so that by the new year—its eleventh—this general coöperation and interest may be inaugurated. If a different proposition should be considered better for the cause, it would be made.

EARLY DAYS OF WAR IN THE WEST.

BY HENRY G. BUNN.
Colonel of the Fourth Arkansas Infantry C. S. A., and now the Chief Justice of Arkansas.

After the battle of Oak Hills, or Wilson's Creek, on August 10, 1861, the Confederate forces, under Brig. Gen. Ben McCulloch, commanding the Confederate district of South west Missouri, Northwest Arkansas, and the Indian Territory, and Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, commanding the Missouri State Guard, pursued the defeated Federals to Springfield, ten miles north of the battlefield, where Gen. Price established his headquarters, and remained some time. Gen. McCulloch remained only a few days, thence moved to Mt. Vernon, a small village seventeen or eighteen miles to the southwest, where he camped some days awaiting reënforcements coming up from the South.

From this point McCulloch retired to a point in the extreme northwest corner of Arkansas, establishing his camp for drilling and organization on the eastern edge of Cowskin Prairie, about three miles east of Maysville, in the Cherokee Nation, a few miles south of the Missouri line, and just north of where the thriving city of Siloam Springs is now situated. This camp was named "Camp Walker," and here the infantry and artillery of the division remained a month or six weeks—until the middle or last of September, 1861. It was here that the troops were first stricken with that terrible scourge of new soldiers, the measles. Several died, and many others were so weakened and debilitated that the effects remained, in one form and another, for months, and in some instances for years afterwards.

One day, however, the news came that the Federals were advancing from the Missouri River upon Carthage, in the southwestern part of the State of Missouri; and then the able-bodied and convalescent alike were put in order of march to meet this new army and thus protect Gen. Price, who was still about Springfield and Neosho transferring his troops to the Confederacy and guarding the Missouri Legislature, which was in session at the latter place, he having in the meantime made a foray to the district of the Missouri River.

When we arrived at Carthage, and were encamped there for the night, the report came that Major General Fremont, with the best-equipped Federal army of that day, variously estimated at 20,000 to 30,000 men, was rapidly advancing upon the place. Every old soldier can readily appreciate the trepidation, anxiety, and suspense which prevailed in the camps of these untried volunteers on the reception of this startling piece of news. The writer was then a stripling and third lieutenant of Company A, Fourth Arkansas Infantry, Col. E. McNair, and happened to be the "officer of the day" while encamped at Carthage. In the "wee sma' hours" of that night he received the messenger bearing the news from the front; and while he didn't know as much about soldiering as he afterwards learned in the progress of the great war, yet he succeeded in promptly communicating the news to the commanding general and in keeping his guard well in hand for whatever might be demanded of it the following day, notwithstanding the fact that the messenger was not gifted with the soldierly virtue of reticence, and all consequently knew in a little while what "was up."

It is impossible to recall just what force McCulloch had with him at this time, nor have I been able to ascertain the same from any writing that has been preserved. On November 21, just afterwards, we have a succinct and detailed report of the troops under his command made by his then adjutant general, afterwards Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, renowned in after times as a gallant cavalryman in command of a brigade at different times under Gens. Joe Wheeler and Bedford Forrest. But several of the commands in that report had probably not arrived soon enough to be with the army at Carthage.

The news received during the night from the front was of sufficient moment to determine McCulloch upon beating a hurried retreat early the following morning to the hill country in the northern and northeastern part of Benton County, Ark., and he was not a man to stand on the order of his going when once he concluded that "to go" was best for him and his. So, early the next morning we set out for Pineville, on the Arkansas and Missouri line, just a little to the east and south of us, where we arrived at nightfall, a day or two after we left Carthage, in a very uncomfortable rain.

CHIEF JUSTICE H. G. BUNN.

It was here that we were supplied with a supper of excellent fresh pork, furnished, it was said at the time, from the fattening pens of a thrifty farmer in the vicinity by the excellent good taste and energy of that most gallant regiment the Third Louisiana. There was never a more chivalrous body of gentlemen than they in peace or war. Thence on the morrow we pushed on to a point just a few hundred yards south of what every citizen knows as the "twelve-cornered church," on the northwest border of the subsequent battlefield of Elk Horn Tavern, or Pea Ridge, and we named the place "Camp McCulloch," and remained there three or four weeks. While here a delegation from the fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the boys in Company A, of the Fourth Arkansas, paid us a visit, bringing with them many heavy boxes of most excellent winter clothing for the company. That timely help was the occasion of the first and last visit from a delegation of the "old folks at home." We saw no more of home nor of home friends, except in the person of a few recruits in the spring of 1863, during the long period of the war; and out of one hundred and four men who had, in June, 1861, marched away from the little country town down on the beautiful Ouachita, less than half a dozen recrossed the Mississippi

River in June, 1865, with the writer on his return home after the surrender of his command with Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina. The others had died, been killed, disabled from wounds, or captured in Hood's disastrous campaign in the winter of 1864-65. There were, of course, in so long a service the usual number of absentees without leave; but only a few years after the war, in casting up accounts, a remnant of these then old soldiers found that there were twenty of the original company then living, many of them with one arm or leg or otherwise crippled and maimed. This is recounted as a mere sample of most of the companies of the early volunteers who had crossed the Mississippi after the close of the Elk Horn campaign and shared the fortunes of the Army of Tennessee until the end.

Our visitors were of course royally entertained and feasted during their two or three days' stay. I would not tell if I could, nor moralize upon, the manner in which, or means by which, our camp tables were provided for this loving feast. Our gallant captain, Joseph B. McCulloch, who had served his time with the rangers in Southern California, after the Mexican war, with and under his cousin the lamented Ben McCulloch, used to say that the "Dixie Mess" of his company, which were the principal caterers on this occasion, were the worst ladrones he had ever met in camp. But the brave, jolly, fat old captain loved the "Dixie Mess" for all that, and they knew it, and many a time did they placate him and stay his righteous wrath over little innocent breaches of discipline in ways that were then shady, although the good old man really thought no evil. Peace to the ashes of the old hero, who bore on his body honorable battle scars, including the frightful relic of an Indian arrow.

From Camp McCulloch in a little while we moved southward to a place known as "Cross Hollows," about twenty miles north of Fayetteville and a little to the east of a point between the present thriving towns of Rogers and Springdale. Here we built nice frame houses, with brick chimneys and glass windows, and established our winter quarters in them, and had what the soldiers regarded as a good time. While here, and before Christmas, snow fell to the depth of fifteen inches. The Louisiana boys, who had never seen much snow, just simply enjoyed it, and the other regiments heartily joined in the sport that grew out of it.

Going back to Carthage: For some reason, to the outside world never made known, Gen. Fremont seems to have gotten the same notion in his head that actuated Gen. McCulloch, and, after approaching within a few miles with his finely appointed army, suddenly turned his back upon us, or the place where we had so recently been, and beat a retreat to the more peaceful precincts of Central Missouri, where in a few days he was relieved of his command and transferred to the Valley of Virginia, where in an evil hour, with a force superior in numbers, however, he fell afoul of Stonewall Jackson. That was the end of Gen. Fremont's military career. With an adventurous spirit, considerable mental strength, and a good supply of personal ambition as a soldier, he was much of a show and pretense, for he really knew little of soldiering in the larger sense. He was relieved of the command of the District of Missouri, it is said, because, in his ungovernable desire to exploit himself as an abolitionist of the extreme sort, he had issued a proclamation, after he has assumed command of the district, setting all the negroes therein free. This was considered bad politics at the time, bad politics merely because it was premature and out of time. Mr. Lincoln had in a modified—to be followed afterwards in the absolute—form done the same thing for the whole country occupied by the Federal armies. Poor Fremont, however, was regarded as having stole the political thunder of his superior, and thus his head went off so far as the Missouri District was concerned. Such was the beginning of the end with a man whose father was a French refugee and whose mother was Annie Beverly Whiting, a daughter of old Virginia, who was born, however, in Savannah, Ga., January 21, 1813, while his parents were on a temporary visit to that city, and until his manhood lived and was educated in the city of Charleston, S. C. His after career was in many respects an honorable one. Having married the daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, he was greatly assisted in his restless career by that able and influential man. He turned against the land of his birth on the slavery question, and, like most apostates, he could not resist the temptation of "out-Heroding Herod," and he fell by the ungrateful hands of his new-made associates and friends. He was a gallant if not a great soldier, and the warm-hearted Southerner would shed a tear over his grave, notwithstanding all that, but for the fact that he had chosen to add a bitter and lasting hatred toward the land of his birth and education, to his estrangement from its people.

McCulloch had established his headquarters at Fort Smith, and sometime afterwards had gone on leave of absence to Richmond to make report of the condition of things in his district. Col. Louis Herbert, of the Third Louisiana Infantry, the next in rank, had assumed command and established his headquarters at Fayetteville; while Col. McIntosh, of the Second Arkansas Mounted Rifles, in command of the cavalry brigade, had encamped his command among the productive cornfields along the north side of the Arkansas River, below Van Buren. During the winter the Federal Indians began to organize in the Territory; and at once Col. McIntosh, with most of his command, proceeded to that country and prompt-

MISS LOUISE HARRISON,
Granddaughter of the late Col. J. H. Anderson.

ly put an end to this trouble, and returned to his camps on the Arkansas River.

On January 10, 1862, Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn, then in the command of Gen. Beauregard, in the Western District of Tennessee, was assigned by that officer to the command of the Trans-Mississippi District, under instructions from the Confederate War Department. He repaired to his new field, and on January 29, 1862, from Little Rock, issued his order assuming command of the district. It must be remembered that this district, as well as that of Gen. Beauregard, was within the command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, then commanding in the field, with headquarters at Bowling Green, Ky.

Gen. Van Dorn established his headquarters at Jacksonport, at the confluence of the White and Black Rivers, two fine streams navigable for steamboats above that point to the northwest and to the north, and the former intersecting the Arkansas River near its mouth, with a number of navigable tributaries between Jacksonport and the Mississippi. But, temporarily, he issued his orders from Pocahontas, on Black River, on the front line of his operations.

Remembering that there were at the time no railroads west of the Mississippi River and south of the Missouri River, except one leading from St. Louis to Jefferson City, and thence toward Kansas City, Mo., another one hundred and ten miles in length leading from St. Louis to Rolla, in a southwest direction, and still another and shorter line leading south from St. Louis to Iron Mountain, it will be readily seen, with but the most general knowledge of the navigable water courses in Northern Arkansas, that this selection of the General for the center of his operations exhibited the wisdom of a military man in every particular.

Having already formed his plans, he at once set about their prompt execution. He estimated his available force as follows: Pike had in his mixed command of whites and Indians, or would have soon, about seven thousand men. These were to be stationed about Mt. Vernon, in Lawrence County, in Southwest Missouri, where they could be placed in a better condition of training, discipline, and organization, and at the same time prevent the easy passage between the headquarters of the Federals in St. Louis and their recruiting ground in Kansas. The infantry of McCulloch's Division was to be placed under the immediate command of Gen. McIntosh and added to Gen. Price's movable army, then stationed at Springfield, Mo., and this force would number fifteen thousand men of all arms. McCulloch was to be assigned to the command of his cavalry, which now amounted to a large body of the very finest material in that arm of the service, numbering seven thousand or eight thousand all told. This division was to be transferred to the headquarters at Jacksonport, where there were already three or four thousand troops in sight. Several fine new regiments of infantry were being organized in the southern part of the State and soon to arrive, and it was estimated that very soon there would be eighteen thousand men of all arms at this point. The plan of Gen. Van Dorn was to set out as soon as practicable with the division under his immediate command in the direction of St. Louis, with the object of ultimately taking that city, which up to that time was capable of but indifferent defense from the attack of anything like a respectable force from without. At the same time, Gen. Price was to be on the march to coöperate with the general in chief. It was not anticipated that there would be any material interference or interruption in the execution of this march to St. Louis, except for the purpose of clearing the country between the line of march and the Mississippi River of the small bodies of the enemy usually to be found there, and peradventure some delay in reducing the town of Rolla, and securing the large amount of war material and supplies usually kept there by the Federals. It was evident that the capture of St. Louis, and even an investment of the city in force, would tend to draw largely from the Federal army and resources then concentrating about Cairo, and thus directly to delay the threatened advance of the Federals up the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. And if this delay could be of sufficient duration to witness the fall in those rivers, the whole scheme of water and land inavsion of Gen. Halleck, in command of the Federal forces, would more than likely be abandoned, or at least confined to the Mississippi River. Gen. Van Dorn thought, and correctly so, that the success of his enterprise, even in a more moderate degree than he fondly hoped, would be of far greater advantage to Gens. Johnston and Beauregard, in their future efforts to defend Tennessee, than the mere reënforcement of troops which he would be able to bring to their united armies at Corinth or elsewhere. Really Gen. Beauregard, who, all accounts go to show, was the prime mover in the concentration of his and Johnston's armies, and the reënforcement of the same from the neighboring States, was understood to be in full accord with Gen. Van Dorn's plan as far as he could be, and yet keep up the scheme of concentration around Corinth and the bringing of all available forces to that point. The anxiously-looked-for order from Gen. Beauregard was delayed by events which I shall chronicle farther on, and delayed so long that, before Van Dorn could reach Corinth with his corps of twenty thousand men, or any portion thereof, after receiving it, the battle of Shiloh had been fought, with no material advantage to either party, except that to the Confederates it was a military inspiration that never deserted them, and that to the Federals it showed that, with almost unlimited physical force and resources, it was easy to gain ground on the party not so blessed, and to permanently hold it. But the battle of Shiloh was not lost to the Confederates—if lost it was—by the nonarrival of the Trans-Mississippi troops, but by one of those miserable delays in setting out from the base, and in the conduct of the advance to the battle ground, which has so frequently interfered in the movement of armies, and for which there seems to be no remedy, since otherwise the very best of officers and most courageous of men have exhibited so often this species of incapacity to command and move large bodies of men. The Confederates should have and could have attacked the Federal army at Shiloh Church on the morning of the 5th instead of the 6th of April, and thus had two days instead of one to defeat and virtually disorganize Grant's army present, for Buell could not have arrived, and did not arrive, until near the going down of the sun on the 6th; and Grant, with his army worn out and defeated, except Lew Wallace's division of five or eight thousand men, would have presented a poor front to the Confederates on the morning of the 7th had Buell still been on his march a day's absence, for Buell had twenty-five or thirty thousand fresh men, and, withal, the best-drilled army in the Federal service, and it was he that mainly forced the Confederates from the battlefield on that day. This is said without intending or desiring to engage in the controversy which has been kept up for forty years between the friends and admirers of Gen. Johnston and of Gen. Beauregard, respectively, as to the details of the conduct of the actual battle.

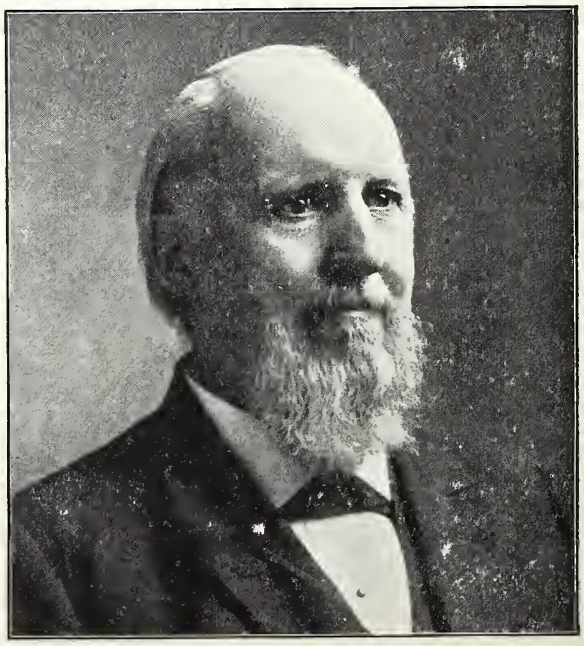
But, however the result of this enterprise might have been, the rapidly changing scenes at the time rendered it impossible for Gen. Van Dorn to have concentrated his forces

in the neighborhood of Rolla, for at this juncture a fine Federal army under Maj. Gen. S. R. Curtis moved on Gen. Price at Springfield and drove him into the Boston Mountains, north of Van Buren, Ark., the infantry of McCulloch from their winter quarters at Cross Hollow along with him. This was an unexpected movement, of course, to Gen. Van Dorn, who, however, immediately hurried from his headquarters at Jacksonport to the encampment of Price and McCulloch on the summit of Boston Mountain, twenty-five miles south of Fayetteville. The Federal army under Curtis was always put down by its officers at a little over ten thousand men, but it is strange that twelve brigades at that early day in the war should amount to only ten thousand men, or less than one thousand to the brigade.

Assuming personal command on March 2, 1862, on the summit of Boston Mountain, spending one day only for preparation and issuing the necessary orders, Van Dorn broke camp on the morning of the 3d, and set out on his march with his whole force to attack Curtis, sixty or seventy miles away. Nothing could exceed the celerity with which he accomplished this movement. At or before noon of the 6th his advance drove Gen. Siegel with his division out of Bentonville, seven miles to the west of the battle ground, and his army encamped that night on Little Sugar Creek, three miles west of the fortified camp of Gen. Curtis, which was on the high hills to the north of that stream, fronting south, overlooking its valley, from which direction and on the Fayetteville road we were expected to approach, if at all. The roads were miserable, and of course these troops were little accustomed to making orderly marches. Not a day for preparation, but the order was to advance, the objective point in a general way all knew. It is easy to imagine the condition of the commissary and quartermaster departments. But the ordnance department was most poorly supplied, almost to ridiculousness. Half the troops were armed with hunting rifles and shotguns, for which they made cartridges with their own hands, if indeed they had any at all. How the meager supply lasted for parts of two days occupied in the battle is something no one has ever tried to explain. It was a drawn fight, with little apparent advantage on either side, until it began to be known that the Confederate army was to be withdrawn. That order, of course, was the result of the utter exhaustion of ammunition, and the danger of attempting to bring up the wagon train, which contained all the food supplies on hand and which was in more easy reach of the Federals than of the Confederates, having been left under guard on Sugar Creek, about two and a half miles west of the Federal encampment, while the Confederate army was now all to the north of it, with mountains intervening between it and its supplies, and the Federal cavalry was free to operate in the locality between the Confederate army, as it was on the second day of the battle, and its commissary train. In the meantime the Federals were also without rations and almost without ammunition; for, strange to say, their wagon train by which their supplies were expected had been halted on the road from Springfield, about the Missouri and Arkansas line, some eight or ten miles north of the battlefield. So it was that each army had cut off the other from its supply train. It was a most ludicrous military situation; but, as neither army knew the exact situation and condition of the other, the propriety of the one who could most easily and without danger get away fell upon the Confederates. The other could not go, and neither could fight much longer. The Confederates could at least retreat; the Federals could not do even that much. Gen. Van Dorn, in this situation, conscious however only of his own inability to continue the combat, simply retired, going around to the east of the Federal army instead of the west, whither he had approached the Federals, thus leaving his supply train under its guard to make its way to the Boston Mountains as best it could or to the point where the army should again come into the road, below Fayetteville, leading to Van Buren. Fortunately, the Federals had been rendered helpless and too weak to pursue with any vigor. They followed the army not so much as a mile, as stated by the Confederate officer in command of the rear guard; and their pursuit of the wagon train was no farther than Bentonville, about four miles from its starting point, when they were driven off by the troops guarding the train.

The army reached Van Buren without interference of any kind on the part of the enemy, and in a few days left for Jacksonport, from which point Gen. Van Dorn was intent on carrying out his original project; for Curtis had been so crippled that he had to make his way back in the direction of St. Louis, and the coast was otherwise clear. But, alas! Van Dorn was operating with a bridle about his head and the bit in his mouth, and on his way to his chosen headquarters he received the long-expected order to hasten to the aid of Johnston at Corinth, which he promptly obeyed, under so many difficulties and in the face of so many obstacles, however, that he did not reach that point until the battle of Shiloh had been fought. Somehow the active participant in these operations, seeing how almost useless was our arrival at Corinth at the particular time, has always had a dream, which might not have been all a dream, that, had we but been retained in the Trans-Mississippi just for a little while at least, a most wonderful change might have been made on the face of things from what was the actual case ever afterwards. But one of the wise sayings of an old Confederate acquaintance after the great war was: "The hind sights are better than the fore sights."

The battle of Elk Horn was lost to us mainly because of the death of McCulloch and immediately thereafter the death of McIntosh, thus leaving the division without a commander and every subordinate officer in it utterly ignorant of the designs or plans of the commanding general, and



UNITED STATES SENATOR COCKRELL, OF MISSOURI.

separated from him by a space of three miles. A smart pressure by this division upon the Federal left as their army then stood, faced about, and kept up till the end, instead of abandoning that part of the field to unite with Price's division three miles to the east, and confronting the Federal main body, would have without doubt forced a surrender of Curtis's army, for, succeed as he might, he could not have forced Price back without at the same time making the weight of McCulloch's division felt the more; for any forward movement on his part would have more and more arranged McCulloch's division on his flank; and the Confederate supply train would have always been in reach and McCulloch's spare cavalry would have destroyed all hopes of getting supplies to the Federals. There was not the least evidence of demoralization among the Confederates, and I am equally sure that the Federals were as free from demoralization as an army could be in a doubtful contest, surrounded as it was and the exhaustion of supplies known and felt to be rapidly approaching.

DOORSTEP REMINISCENCES.

Gray brigades of misty shadows come trooping round the door,
And as they spread their tents about, the old lines march once more.

The corncob pipes are off the rack, and it's just the hour when a fellow gets to thinking about things that are covered over in the shadowy bygone. It is going to be war tonight, for it is the first time the quartet have met since back in the seventies. The member of the "Tinth" has finished his first pipe, and now listen:

"Say, Cap., do you remember Sullivan?" questions one of Battle's boys, as he leans over to strike a match.

"Sullivan? Which Sullivan? There was a Sullivan—John Sullivan—Sullivan First, Sullivan Second, and Sullivan Third."

"O the fellow the 'muskeeties' got after at Fort Donelson."

An audible smile stretched around the group.

The man from Alabama assumed a coaxing tone and said: "Go on and tell about the 'Minies,' Cap.; I haven't heard it for a long, long time."

The cushions were drawn closer together and the "old boys" were transported back to the breastworks at Fort Donelson. One of them said: "It was a chilly day with a brisk wind coming up from the river. The Yanks were in the woods in front of us, and the Minie balls were making the air resonant with a 'ziz-zee,' 'ziz-zee!' A particularly sharp note attracted the attention of big John Sullivan, whose knowledge of war and its implements was very limited. All at once he threw up his hand as if he were feeling for raindrops. Sullivan First questioned, 'Phwat are yez doin', John?' and John replied, 'I niver felt so many 'miskeeties' in me loife.' Whereupon Sullivan Second assured the —— fool that 'thim things were bullets.' John jerked his hand down, saying as he did so: 'Lord, save us; we'll all be kilt!' Sullivan on the left ventured the information, 'Sure God is good;' and Sullivan on the right, who was a diplomat in his way, reëchoed, 'An' the divil ain't bad, eyther.' The West Tennesseean and Bill Matthews were out scouting, and reported that the Yanks were camped just two miles away. We all remember that an open log fire inside the humblest cabin was like a bit of heaven in those days. Well, some of our own people might have been better to us than they were, and the occupants of that cabin were not exceptions. However, the hearth was Bill's shadow in a weary land, and they only asked to bunk on the floor near the fire. Bill was to keep watch for a while, and later Pat was to take his turn. Well, it is hard to keep awake at such times, and Bill soon left the storm world to go journeying with the Sandman, and his partner was getting under the shadow of the poppy wreath, when he heard a rustling sound, and, turning over, he found that his unwilling host had reached the door on his way to the Yankee camp. See that old horse pistol hanging in there in the hall? He just leveled that at the old man and ordered him to bed. Quiet reigned for about half an hour, and then there was a movement over in the corner, and the old woman's voice broke the stillness: 'Mistah, the Yankees is comin'.' Pat got up and took a look around. He was an innocent at first, but when she tried it on him a second time the old pistol came out again, and that old lady was snoring to beat Frank McConnell in less than two minutes."

"Well, there is an instance I have never seen mentioned in history," the Alabamian chimed in, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "and that is about the way a certain fellow used to call to us at Camp Douglas. I wake up sometimes in the night even now, and think I can hear him saying: 'Yallar Hammers! Yallar Hammers! Here's your horse feed; come on with your gun wadding!' The Irish were not over fond of corn bread, and that was the command to swap our baker's bread for corn meal. Well, comrades, I didn't know what dyspepsia was in those days, and could eat most anything in sight."

The fat man on the other end of the steps chuckled softly as he put his pipe back in place. "O, we know it," he commented, and turning to his neighbor, he asked: "Pat, do you mind how you used to let us tear up the kitchen floor in the barracks and catch the big gray rats? We skinned them and made squirrel pies out of them for the 'Yaller Hammers.' Ugh! I tasted a hot rat pie once. It was awful, gentlemen."

A shudder went around the group, and just then a soft voice called to them "Gentlemen, there are four frosted mint julips in the dining room to take away that rodent flavor." A few minutes later a moonflower opened out in all its white purity and glanced down in surprise at the vacant cushions and the cob pipes lying on the end of the steps. From somewhere in the distance a fiddle was playing.

FELIX GRUNDY,

Who was an eminent Kentucky-Tennesseean, and father of Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, deceased, a zealous Confederate.

SOME STATISTICS OF THE WAR.

Gen. Samuel G. French, in his reminiscences called "Two Wars," gives some statistics relating to the Confederate war which are exceedingly valuable and interesting. Gen. French was graduated from the United States Military Academy in the famous class of 1843. He served as an officer of the armies of the United States, participating with great gallantry in the war with Mexico, and he rendered distinguished service to the Confederacy in the war between the States.

From the following figures it appears that the total enlistment in the United States army was 2,788,304, while the total enlistment in the Confederate States army was a mere 600,000. There were 494,900 foreigners in the United States army—Germans, 176,800; Irish, 144,200; British Americans, 53,500; English, 45,500; other foreigners, 74,900. Add to these the 276,439 whites from the South, and the 178,975 negroes from the South, and there is a grand total of 950,314 men, a force 350,314 stronger than the whole Confederate army, without enlisting a native-born citizen of the North. This shows, too, that the South furnished the North 455,414.

New York enlisted 448,850 men, and Pennsylvania 337,936, a total of 786,786, or an army larger than the Confederate States army. Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana furnished 168,608 more men th n were in the Confederate army.

THE SOUTHERN BANNER.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I stood where a river runs down to the sea,
In the shade of the towering pines,
Where floated in battle the banners of Lee
Over the gray-coated lines.
Though in the dim vistas those banners are furled
By river, on mountain, and plain;
The story they tell to a listening world
Is echoed and echoed again.

They fell 'neath their banners, the heroes in gray,
In the roar and the flash of the guns,
And flowers are blooming in beauty to-day
Where, singing, the fair river runs;
They battled where Jackson his brave legions led;
They followed the banner of Hill;
And the river flows past the great camp of the dead,
Unguarded and holy and still.

No bugle I heard where the youth of the South
Went down for the cause they adored,
And hushed was the growl in the cannon's grim mouth,
And sheathed was the paladin's sword;
I listened again for the shouts of the brave
Who fell 'neath the battle-struck pines;
But the wind sweetly sang in the grass by each grave,
And Honor stood guard at the lines.

I thought of the mothers who listen to-day
For the tread of the bravest and best,
For the boys who went forth in their garments of gray
To sleep 'neath the oriole's nest;
The guerdon of fame that they won in the fight
Is crowned by the years that have fled,
And the land that they loved when their spirits were light
Still worships her dutiful dead.

So under the pines to the far-away sea
The river in majesty flows,
And those who once followed the banner of Lee
As comrades still sweetly repose;
They live in the hearts of the Southland to-day,
Who never came back from the war—
The boys who went down in their uniforms gray
In the flash of the Southern Star.

Casstown, Ohio.

THE LAST WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Brilliant, complete, but O how brief
Were the chivalrous deeds of the world's great chief!
But crowded within that little span
Were records of glory scarce known to man.

Two continents watched with wonder and awe
As he sprang, full-armed, from the god of war—
That quiet professor, unknown to the world,
This offspring of thunder was suddenly hurled

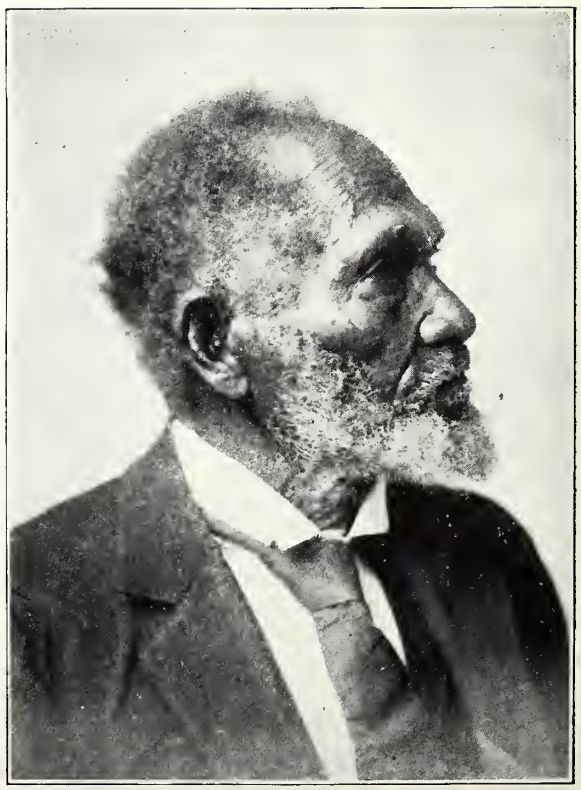
Into the arena. With God as his guide,
He fearlessly charged the great odds he defied,
And victory followed that old coat of gray
Till furloughed by bullets that ill-fated day.

On Sunday he heard that the end was near,
When calmly he said, without tremor or fear:
"I have always wanted to die on this day."
So the way of his Father was Stonewall's way.

With feverish brain he's a soldier still—
Crisp orders he sends to A. P. Hill.
The fire of battle burns in his eyes—
A warrior grand, though he lowly lies.

The soldier grows weary, the camp is in sight,
His countenance beams with celestial light;
"Let us cross over"—into heaven he sees—
"The river, and rest 'neath the shade of the trees."

Richmond, Va.



OLD UNCLE ALFRED JACKSON.
Family servant of "Old Hickory," who died recently.

VAN DORN AT HOLLY SPRINGS.

S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex., writes of him:

In the fall or early winter of 1862 Gen. U. S. Grant organized an army of 75,000 men, including infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and moved slowly down the Mississippi Central railroad, his objective point being Vicksburg, his intention evidently being to coöperate with the river forces in taking that Confederate stronghold. General Pemberton's small army fell back gradually before him. General Grant's front had reached as far south as Coffeeville, while his depot of supplies was Holly Springs.

General Van Dorn, after the battle of Corinth in October, had been superseded in command by Gen. J. C. Pemberton, and was just then without a command. General Whitfield's Brigade of Texas Cavalry, composed of the Third, Sixth, Ninth Texas, and Twenty-Seventh or "Whitfield's Legion," was commanded at that time by Lieut. Col. John S. Griffith, of the Sixth Texas. Lieutenant Colonel Griffith, joined by a number of other cavalry commanders in that vicinity, early in December, sent up a petition to General Pemberton, asking him to organize a cavalry raid for the purpose of operating in General Grant's rear, and to place General Van Dorn in command of it.

In due time the raid was organized, composed of the Texas Brigade already mentioned, Gen. W. H. Jackson's and McCulloch's brigades, aggregating about 3,500 men, with Gen. Earl Van Dorn in command. With this force in light marching order, without artillery, we left the vicinity of Grenada soon after dark on the night of December 18, and, moving rapidly all night, we passed through Pontotoc next day, when the good ladies stood on the streets with dishes, baskets, and waiters filled with all manner of good things to eat, which we seized in our hands as we passed rapidly through the town without halting.

After passing Pontotoc, a small detachment of Federal cavalry dropped in on our rear, fired a few shots, and captured some of our men who had fallen behind the command. When the rear was fired upon the colonel commanding the rear regiment sent a courier forward to notify General Van Dorn. The courier came up the column in a sweeping gallop. To pass from the rear to the front of a column of 3,500 cavalry when moving rapidly by twos along a country road is quite a feat, but he finally reached the General. With a military salute he said: "General, Colonel —— sent me up to inform you that the Yankees have fired on his rear!" "Are they in the rear?" inquired the General. "Yes, sir," answered the courier. "Well, you go back," said the General, "and tell Colonel —— that that is just where I want them." And it was interesting to note how adroitly he managed, on this entire expedition, to keep in our rear all the enemy's forces that attempted in any way to interfere with our movements. Their scouts were watching our movements, to ascertain, if possible, our intended destination.

In going north from Pontotoc, General Van Dorn, instead of taking the Holly Springs road, passed all Holly Springs roads, going east of that place. He headed the column toward Bolivar, Tenn., so the Federals concluded that we were aiming to attack Bolivar.

Stopping long enough to feed at night, we remounted our horses, and by a quiet movement and countermarching during the night were placed on roads leading to Holly Springs. He divided the command into two columns, so as to strike the town by two roads. We moved slowly and very quietly, standing to horse a good portion of the night, and while we were moving directly on toward the town, guards were placed at the houses we passed, lest some citizen might be treacherous enough to inform the enemy of our movements. Our column was on a rough road, unworked and but little used. At day dawn, being perhaps three miles from town, we struck a gallop, which was soon increased to full speed, and, meeting no opposition, we were soon pouring into the infantry camps near the railway depot, situated in the eastern suburbs. The infantry soon came running out of their tents in their night clothes, held up their hands, and surrendered without firing a gun. Colonel Pinson's Regiment, First Mississippi Cavalry, dashed through to the fair grounds, where they encountered the enemy's mounted pickets, Second Illinois Cavalry, but after a brief fight the gallant Mississippians drove them out of town. There were but few casualties.

And so on this bright frosty morning, December 20, 1862, the town, with its immense stores of army supplies, was ours. Standing on the track near the depot was a long train of box cars loaded with rations and clothing for the army at the front, only waiting to get up steam enough to pull out. This was burned as it stood and the engine crippled. Leaving the "Legion" to guard the prisoners until they could be paroled, the Third Texas galloped on up town.

The people, as soon as it was known that we were Confederates, were wild with joy. Ladies in their night robes came running out of their houses to their front gates as we passed, their long hair streaming out behind and fluttering in the frosty morning air, shouting and clapping their hands, forgetting everything except the fact that the Confederates were in Holly Springs. On every hand could be heard shouts: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" "Hurrah for Van Dorn!" "Hurrah for the Confederacy!" In a house-to-house search for hidden officers, Mrs. Grant was found, evidently not in the amiable humor of the ladies above described.

A mere glance at the stores—heaps upon heaps of clothing, blankets, provisions, arms, ammunition, medicine, and hospital supplies for the winter, for the use and comfort of a vast army—was overwhelming to us; we had never seen anything like it before. The depot buildings, the machine shops, the roundhouse, and every available space that could be used, was packed full to overflowing, and scores of houses up town were in use for the same purpose, while a great many bales of cotton were piled up around the courthouse yard. One large brick livery stable on the public square was packed full, as high as they could be stacked, with new unopened cases of carbines and Colt's army six-shooters, and a large two-story brick house near by was packed full of artillery ammunition. For about ten hours—say, from 6 A.M. to 4 P.M.—we labored with all expedition, destroying, burning this property, and in order to do this effectually we had to burn a good many houses. A great number of wagons and ambulances

were cut down and burned, and scores of big fat horses were carried off by our men, numbers of which were literally rode to death a day or two later while we were making a several hours' gallop in Tennessee. About 4 P.M., having finished our day's work, we moved out in a northeasterly direction. Looking back, we could see the Federal cavalry coming in from the southwest.

We captured and paroled about 1,500 men, so said General Van Dorn and so said General Grant. They were commanded by Col. R. C. Murphy, of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry. Poor Murphy was peremptorily dismissed from the service.

General Van Dorn estimated the value of the property destroyed at $1,500,000, while General Grant modestly estimated the value at $400,000. Doubtless one was too high and the other too low. We moved out a few miles and camped for the night. All the evening we could hear the artillery cartridges exploding in a burning building.

Moving north next day, we fought at Davis's Mill, and the next morning tore up the Memphis and Charleston railroad track, cut the telegraph wires, and took our long gallop into Somerville, Tenn., and beyond. But as Mr. Kipling would say, "This is another story."

From the beginning of this raid we were with General Van Dorn until his untimely death, at Spring Hill, Tenn. In his memory, and speaking from the experience and observation of four years' service under various commanders, I will say that a more gallant soldier than Earl Van Dorn was never found in any army; and as a cavalry commander, I do not believe he had a superior. Those who watched General Van Dorn's maneuvers closely, studied his stratagems, and noted the complete success attending all his movements must admit that he was a master of the art of war in the cavalry arm of the service.

I. Roseneau, Athens, Ala., writes:

In the June VETERAN, page 264, Mr. E. D. Anderson, of Adamstown, Md., states that he was in the Chancellorsville fight when General Jackson was shot, and says "it was a beautiful moonlight night." This statement is incorrect.

I was in line of battle on the extreme right close to the plank road in the Fourth Georgia Infantry. General Jackson was shot to my left, and I remember distinctly that "it was the darkest night I ever saw." None of his comrades could see him. Had it been a beautiful moonlight night, his comrades who shot him would have recognized General Jackson and avoided the terrible catastrophe. I know my Georgia comrades will agree with me.

WHY COLONEL KNAUSS WEARS A ROSE.

"You ask me why I wear a flower in my buttonhole?" said Col. W. H. Knauss to a Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch* reporter "A flower saved my life. You've heard of men saved by pocketbooks and watches and portraits, which prevented the otherwise fatal bullet from penetrating to a mortal spot. Well, this is different. I was saved by a flower as surely as the reprieve saves the condemned murderer from the gallows. After Fredericksburg, I was in bad shape. I had a bullet in my jaw and cut on my leg. There was little attention paid to me, for other men, in whose recovery there was hope, demanded care.

"Lying in the hospital at Chester, I was called the 'dead man.' I had not recovered consciousness after being carried from the battlefield, and the gaping wound in my throat gave little promise of my ever seeing daylight again. In fact, my grave was dug. The matron of the hospital had examined me, and it was she who applied the title of 'dead man' to me. She was in the habit of distributing each morning to the invalids oranges and apples, delicacies which were heartily appreciated by those receiving them. When she approached my cot, she did not think it possible that I could relish the fruit, and so passed me by. The nurse, noticing this, plucked a small bunch of flowers and placed them beside me, so that if I regained consciousness and opened my eyes they might cheer me.

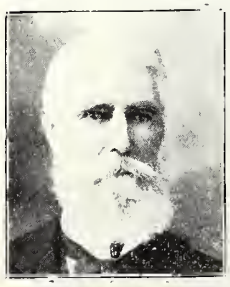
"Some hours afterwards I saw the flowers, emblem of God's love for man. I was suffering terribly, but put out my hand, and the nurse instantly came to me. I was unable to articulate, but wrote on a slate, 'Where am I?' the last memory I had being of the moment when the rifle ball plowed through my face. She replied: 'You are with friends.' I knew this.

"If ever there came straight from heaven to earth a message of peace and hope, it was in that bouquet of flowers. It brought pictures of home and love which turned back the icy tide of death in my veins and sent the life blood coursing warmly through them.

"The nurse ran and called the matron to come look at the 'dead man,' and the surprise was general. All through that day and the next, when fever rioted through me and my brain seemed on fire with the terrible throbbing of my wounds, those tokens of sunshine and sweet remembrance were ties binding me to life. The doctor told the nurse that the flowers had saved me; that if at the critical moment something had not helped on nature in the process of recovery, I had filled the grave which was then waiting for me. I recovered, and when I was mustered out, after two years and ten months' service, I had learned to think of flowers as the sailor lost on a trackless sea might think of the north star whose gleaming had shown the course to port and safety."

CAPT. THOMAS W. SPINDLE.

Capt. Thomas W. Spindle, ex-Commander of William Watts Camp, No. 205, U. C. V., is a native of Spottsylvania County, Va. He moved to Montgomery County in 1858 and enlisted as a Confederate soldier at Christiansburg on April 17, 1861. It was the day that Virginia seceded from the Union. He served in Company G, Fourth Virginia Infantry, through Jackson's Valley campaign until late in March, 1862. In the bloody battle of Kernstown he was shot down while carrying the flag of his regiment. He was captured at Winchester on May 25, 1862, when Jackson drove Banks out of the Valley of Virginia. Then he set to work at once with the lamented Capt. G. C. Junkin, of Christiansburg, to organize Company E, Twenty-Fifth Virginia Cavalry. He then served as lieutenant in that command till September 19, 1864. He bore a conspicuous part in the battle of Winchester, Va., in Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's brigade, having a horse shot from under him; and for gallantry on the field he was recommended for promotion. After that he served as adjutant of the Twenty-Fifth Virginia Regi-



T. W. SPINDLE, ROANOKE, VA.

ment with the gallant Col. Warren Hopkins, of Abingdon, Va., until Lee's surrender.

After the war was over he located in Christiansburg, where he conducted a successful mercantile business until 1890, when he removed to Roanoke City and engaged in real estate. For a long time he has been President of the Roanoke Real Estate Exchange, and, though now sixty-seven years of age, he is as straight as an arrow, six feet two inches tall, and one of the most active business men in the city. A friend says of him: "No truer Southern man or more gallant Confederate soldier followed the fortunes of Stonewall Jackson than Capt. T. W. Spindle, of Roanoke."

HEROISM AT FRANKLIN.

TRIBUTES TO GEN. ADAMS, COLS. FARRELL AND RORER.

Some personal letters in the possession of Capt. Thomas Gibson, of Nashville, who was a first cousin to Gen. John Adams, a member of his staff, and with him in the battle of Franklin, contain such tributes to him and some of his subordinate officers that they deserve record herein. The VETERAN is indebted to Capt. Gibson for the excellent likeness, and he would have secured photographs of the other hero-martyrs mentioned if possible. They were his personal friends, and he knew their worth. Col. James R. Binford, Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, wrote Capt. Gibson in January last, thanking him for his contribution to a monument to the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment and a tribute to that command, and added: "I have ever felt proud of the fact that I was a member of the glorious old Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, whose record of 863 lost on battlefields tells how nobly it did its duty. Having enlisted as a private, it was a great compliment to me to be by those old heroes promoted from time to time until I became its commander; and to-day the love between us is as David and Jonathan.

"As to our lamented and brave Mike Farrell, too much cannot be said in his praise. As an officer you know his record, and as a true Southern patriot he fought and died for principle. He did not have a relative in the South, neither did he own one dollar's worth of property. He was a very poor man working at his trade —a brick-mason—when the war began, and even the horse he rode and loved so dearly (Old Bullet) was a present to him from his command. Permit me to mention a rather strange coincidence in connection with his death. It was recently related to me by my wife's brother, Lieut. Charles H. Campbell, of Company E, Fifteenth Mississippi. Just before forming our line of battle at Franklin one of the company, who had relatives near Franklin and who had been given a permit to visit them, returned and brought in some rations. Capt. J. T. Smith, of Company E (Col. Farrell's old company), and his lieutenants, T. H. Allen and C. H. Campbell, invited Col. Farrell and Lieut. Col. W. A. Rorer, of the Twentieth Mississippi, and Maj. Crumpton, of the Fourteenth Mississippi, to eat with them. While eating they began to discuss the battle soon to be fought, and Lieut. Campbell says for the first time in his life he noticed Capt. Smith looking sad. He said: 'Well, we are going to have a hard fight, and it will be my last. I think I will be killed.' Lieut. Allen remarked: 'I am ready to go. If my country requires my life, I am willing to yield it.' Lieut. Col. Rorer said: 'If things continue as they now are, it will only be a question of time when every true Confederate who stands at his post must be killed, as we have no place to get recruits and are fighting ten to one at present. It is a mere question of time when we must all go, and I came out for that purpose.' Crumpton agreed with him. Col. Farrell replied: 'O, well, boys, that is a soldier's fate. Let us not complain or shrink from it.' Now the strange part is this. In one hour from that time every one of that party was killed except Campbell, who had a leg broken and lay on his back at Mrs. Morton's, in Franklin, for eight months. Col. Farrell lost a leg, and died at Col. John McGavock's a few weeks afterwards.

"Col. Rorer was lieutenant colonel of the Twentieth Mississippi. He was from the eastern part of Mississippi, and I know but little of his history prior to the war; but he was one of the most daring men I ever knew, and, in fact, he always impressed me as being absolutely destitute of fear. I was told that when we crossed the Tennessee River he remarked that he was going into Tennessee a lieutenant colonel, but was coming out either a brigadier general or a corpse.

"You ask about the prize drill. It was between the Seventh Kentucky (Col. Thompson) and the Fifteenth Mississippi. I think the challenge came from Col. Thompson, and Col. Farrell accepted it, and agreed that Thompson might pick his men from Buford's entire brigade, and he pledged himself not to have a man that did not belong to his regiment. Each was to carry three hundred men on the field. The result you remember—the Fifteenth Mississippi won.

"You inquired about the town in Georgia we captured. It was Ackworth. We secured 236 prisoners. I remember the number so well because Gen. Adams put his brigade in line and then told me to put the Fifteenth Mississippi one hundred paces in front, and said: 'I have sent one of my staff (Maj. Pat Henry, Inspector General) to demand surrender and if they refuse, I want you to charge and take that brick house they occupy.' It was a two-story brick, with an open field in front and a ditch about eight feet wide and six feet deep about thirty feet from the house. I thought (in my wicked heart) it was h—, but told Gen. Adams I would do it. As I reviewed the situation I thought probably I had told him a lie, and almost prayed for the scamps to surrender; and when it was announced that they had done so, I felt relieved and as if my life were saved by their surrender. Gen. Adams then remarked to me that as I was selected to make the charge he thought it right for my regiment to march up and receive the prisoners. We pulled 236 out of that building, and besides captured some horses, stores, and rations. After lying in the rain all the night before, and making this capture without firing a gun, my men felt so good that they concluded to celebrate. We were hungry and wet, and enjoyed the sutler's supplies greatly, which included substantial refreshments.

"I have intended for a long time to write my recollections of the battle of Franklin for publication for the sole purpose of doing justice to Gen. Adams and trying to stir up Tennesseeans to have a monument erected to his memory. No doubt it would be generously responded to.

"I was grieved to read of the death of Maj. Tom Adams. Am glad, however, that he left his family in good condition.

"I don't know when we will unveil the Fifteenth monument, but I want you to try to arrange to be with us. It would give the old Fifteenth veterans very great pleasure to once more grasp your hand."

Col. James R. Binford, in a letter to Thomas D. Eldridge, of Memphis, and his "Queen," a sister of Gen. Adams, stated:

"Gen. John Adams was a kingly man without the royalty usually attached to that class. He was a true type of the American, or rather Southern, soldier—ever modest, conservative, brave, and patriotic. He seemed not to know fear. To do his duty at all times and under all circumstances was ever his desire. No truer or braver officer ever gave his life in defense of his beloved Southland. The last words I heard of his saying was in that terrible and ever-memorable charge

on the Federal works at Franklin. Riding in front of his brigade, he turned his face to his men and said in a cool, calm, deliberate tone: 'Follow me, my men!' In almost less time than it takes me to write, his horse sank down with his front feet resting on the enemy's breastworks, and he was pierced with seven bullets. I have seen it stated, as coming from a Federal officer who was in command on that portion of the line, that they could have captured Gen. Adams, but had to kill him to check his brigade, or else his men would have captured the works. He said he was the bravest man he ever saw. His troops were always willing to follow him, having implicit confidence in his skill and generalship. History has never done him justice, and I hope Tennesseeans will see to it that the page that records his deeds is one of the brightest that adorns Southern history, for she never gave the South a truer, better, or braver officer. I hope to meet the surviving members of his staff at Memphis. It is indeed a very great pleasure to meet loved comrades now after the lapse of nearly forty years and to talk over those days of hardship and sacrifices, not unmingled with much pleasure."

John L. Collins writes from Coffeeville, Miss., May 20, 1900, to Capt. Gibson:

"I never think of you that I am not reminded of that dismal night after the fatal battle of Franklin. When we attempted to rescue the body of our lamented general, you remember we met near the railroad cut Thomas Bradley, member of Company F, Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, who had attempted to rescue some friend, but found it so hazardous he concluded not to venture farther, and tried to dissuade us from an attempt fraught with so much danger; but, seeing our determination not to heed his advice, he, like the brave boy he was, said: "Well, I will go back with you." Always since I have chided myself for being so persistent in pressing forward. You remember that when we got among the dead and wounded piled upon each other I planned as to how we should proceed separately and cautiously, and whichever one should find the body should give a shrill whistle, and the others would go to the call. A few minutes thereafter I came across a poor wounded fellow, who told me to bend down. He informed me that I was in great danger, that the 'Feds' had just passed over him in force, and I could then hear them, after listening carefully; they could not have been over fifteen steps away. I moped about cautiously for a few minutes, looking over the bodies of this one and that one in the hope of finding the body of Gen. Adams. All at once they fired a continuous volley, and in retiring I came across you, wounded, and Bradley also. You remember when we had gotten across the railroad how lustily he called for Collins. It was then I realized the danger, and felt that I was the cause of his getting wounded. I have felt glad, however, a thousand times that you both recovered from your wounds. Bradley died a few years back. He married and reared a nice family. A son of his is a prominent young lawyer in Water Valley. He and I often talked about you, and of the effort we made that night to rescue our dead heroes. As a man, Gen. Adams was greatly above the ordinary in every sense, and a true friend of mine to the last. I am sure Col. Doss deserves such a tribute as you mention. He was plain, unassuming, and a brave soldier.

BRIGADE GENERAL, ARMY OF TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

"Col. Rorer, of the Twentieth Mississippi, was one of the bravest of the brave on that sad afternoon. A grand and noble character, modest, unassuming, but as brave and determined as a lion. I well remember the esteem and confidence Gen. Adams had in him as an officer and soldier. On the skirmish and picket line service Col. Rorer was frequently detailed, and in our year of Georgia campaign, from Dalton to Atlanta, he lost one or two fingers from a minie ball. He wrapped his hand up as best he could, and never retired from the field until relieved by another detail. Special mention in history should be accorded such a faithful and brave soldier as Col. Rorer.

"No battle in the history of the world was so fatal as that of Franklin. Gen. Lowry I saw only a few days ago, called on him in Jackson, and while in his office went over some of our war reminiscences, and he spoke very feelingly of Gen. Adams. He seemed to know the General perhaps as well as any officer in the brigade. In fact, Gen. Lowry was intellectually a very superior man and officer.

"I hope to live to see some day the monument you speak of at Franklin. I would like to meet Mrs. Gen. Adams."

Brig. Gen. John Adams's brigade was composed of the following Mississippi regiments in the battle of Franklin: Sixth, Col. Robert Lowry; Fourteenth, W. L. Doss; Fifteenth, Michael Farrell; Twentieth, William N. Brown; Twenty-Third, Joseph M. Wells; Forty-Third, Richard Harrison; and Barry's (Lookout) Tennessee Battery, four guns. Col. Farrell was killed at Franklin; Lieut. Col. W. A. Rorer, Twentieth Mississippi, was killed at Franklin; Col. W. N. Brown was wounded there, and many other officers whose names should be given, cannot now be recalled. Ten officers were killed and thirty-nine wounded of this brigade alone, and over four hundred privates were killed and wounded. After the battle Col. Robert Lowry was made brigadier general and commander. Lieut. Col. James R. Binford succeeded to colonel of the Fifteenth Mississippi.

SOME NOBLE ALABAMA WOMEN.

BY MRS. SUE PIERCE FINLEY, MONTGOMERY.

There never lived a more patriotic, devoted, and loyal people to the cause of the South in her desperate struggle for independence than those people who then resided at and near Collerine, Lowndes County, Ala. No more beautiful spot could have been selected by a people for residences than this little hamlet, with its grand oaks, its trailing vines, and its bubbling springs.

Collerine Hill rises up almost perpendicularly from the surrounding country to a height of forty or fifty feet—sandy and level on the top of the hill, embracing an area of a hundred or so acres—it seemed, as if devised by nature for the homes of those wealthy planters who owned the rich prairie plantations stretching out below in the distance as far as the eye can reach.

Here resided in 1860-65 such families as the Dunklins, Pierces, Rives, Caffeys, and many others—a refined, cultured, religious, and wealthy people. All the men and boys were in the Confederate army, only the women and children at home. Already their energies had been taxed in the arduous duties of farm life and in weaving cloth, knitting socks, and making clothes for the soldiers at the front.

MRS. JOHN MAY PIERCE.

During the summer of 1864 the hospital authorities of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala., appealed to the people to help care for the sick and wounded soldiers, who were overcrowding the hospitals at Montgomery.

Mrs. John May Pierce, of Collerine, Ala., immediately tendered her handsome, furnished home of ten rooms for the use of the hospital authorities. In a few days notice came to her that forty soldiers would reach Benton by boat on their way to Collerine. Vehicles of all kinds were dispatched to Benton to convey them to Collerine, which was ten miles distant. The good, patriotic people of Collerine and surrounding country contributed of their substance to feed and to provide for these helpless wearers of the gray until they were ready to return to their commands or to their homes; and, marvelous to relate, only one of the forty soldiers died.

The young matron of the hospital was the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Pierce, the wife of her oldest son, Dr. Dunklin Pierce, who was in the army. She was a lovely young woman, and remained with the soldiers day and night in the hospital, caring for them and dressing their wounds while the elder Mrs. Pierce was looking after her plantations and raising corn for the armies of the Confederacy. The Dunklin and Caffey girls assisted Mrs. Dr. Pierce in attending to the soldiers. Think of these tenderly reared girls waiting on those wounded and sick soldiers, and dressing the most offensive wounds with their own hands! The writer was a child visiting her uncle at that time, and esteemed it a great privilege to hold the basin of water while the ladies bathed the wounds of the soldiers. She knit a pair of socks for a young Texan to carry home, who thought it a wonderful thing for a young girl like her to do.

Mrs. John May Pierce was a noble-hearted woman, one who did all she could for her country. She gave her three sons, freely of her means, and the work of her hands.

Her youngest son, John May Pierce, was killed at the battle of the Wilderness. His remains were brought home after the war by Capt. Neil Robinson, of Lowndesboro, Ala., and interred in the family yard at Collerine. Mrs. John May Pierce and her son, Dr. William Pierce, died some years ago, and are interred at Birmingham, Ala. Dr. Dunklin Pierce is buried at Montgomery, Ala.

Three grandchildren survive her—Mrs. Will Abernathy, of Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. C. L. Chilton, of Greensboro, Ala.; and John May Pierce, Esq., of New York City. The young bride of the sixties, Mrs. Mildred W. Pierce, the lovely matron of the hospital at Collerine, is the mother of Mrs. C. L. Chilton, and lives with her at Greensboro, Ala.

MRS. M. W. PIERCE.

The memories of these dear women will live in the hearts of those forty soldiers until their eyes shall close in that slumber that knows no awakening.

Their names should be added to that long list of unselfish and patriotic women who deserve well of their country, and whose deeds should live in the annals of the Confederacy.

FATE OF LEE'S WRITTEN ORDERS.

Capt. F. S. Harris, of Tennessee, who served in the Virginia army, talks of the fate of Gen. R. E. Lee's orders on several occasions, and the advantage secured in their capture by the enemy. He says: "General Lee had implicit confidence in his officers and men and a disposition to put on paper his plans of campaign. Nothing was ever betrayed from his headquarters, and he could see no reason it should be through his able lieutenants. Gen. D. H. Hill's loss of an order—which fell into McClellan's hands—brought about an uncertain and indecisive battle (Sharpsburg) well known to history. The enemy captured a courier from Mr. Davis to General Lee, when *en route* to Pennsylvania, and caused Meade to direct his army toward Gettysburg. It is stated that Hooker was skeptical as to its authenticity and refused to regard it, hence his head dropped into the basket, and Meade was placed in command. An important incident, given me while in the neighborhood of Valley Mountain, is worthy of record: Col. John A. Washington, of Lee's staff, was killed by a scouting party just as General Lee was to move against Reynolds at Couches, with the main army on Cheat Mountain, and his body was left in possession of the enemy. The body was sent to General Lee the next day, under a flag of truce, but every paper he had was gone, although his watch and other valuables were delivered. Colonel Washington had in his pocket at that time, to deliver to the commanding officer at Couches and Cheat Mountain, full instructions, and the enemy became possessed of this valuable information in time to frustrate Gen. Lee's plans of battle.

An article on this subject, well sustained by facts and subsequent history, appears in the June, 1897, VETERAN, prepared by Col. Garnett Andrews, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Colonel Andrews was at that time a staff officer of Gen. Henry R. Jackson, and in position to know perhaps more than any man now living. If Col. Andrews's version is correct (and any one who knows him will not doubt it), General Lee is relieved of the charge of overconfidence in permitting his papers 'scattered round.'"

TEXT OF SUIT AGAINST TRUSTEES C. M. A.

The VETERAN for August contains notice of suit by John C. Underwood against the Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association. Since that time a copy of the proceedings has been furnished and is given herein, that the exact status of the suit may be the better understood by the Southern people. However, it is not perfectly clear. It is understood that of the Marcus Daly subscription of $20,000 (after the $1,250 commission from the $5,000, due at once) he charged $10,000 commission and attorney fees for compromising the case, and he still holds the $10,000 balance; so while Mr. Daly and his estate have paid $25,000 to this cause, $3,750 only has been realized so far by the Trustees. The $348.66 charged for money "expended in connection with the portrait of Gen. R. E. Lee" is in no sense purchase money, as Prof. Andrews donated the portrait. This charge is evidently for exhibiting it at Charleston and Louisville. Prof. Andrews, the artist, has never had due credit for his donation of this portrait.

The signature of W. D. Chipley, President Confederate Memorial Association, as the only one to the contract, may be an important feature in the action of the court. The construction "for party of the first part" may be intricate, as it has been decided that a signature of the President involves the individual; whereas the signature of the corporation by the President involves it and not him. It is singular that these suits are brought "by virtue of the contract with the Executive Committee" when no member of that committee signed it. It is not generally known that there was a spirited controversy between President Chipley and Chairman Jackson, of the Executive Committee, upon questions of their respective authority when the latter resigned his chairmanship and membership also of the Board, and went to Europe.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT, KINGS COUNTY.

JOHN N. SHAUGHNESSY, PLAINTIFF,

AGAINST

THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, DEFENDANT.

Plaintiff by Lindsay, Kremer, Kalish & Palmer, his attorneys, complaining of the above-named defendant, alleges:

I. Upon information and belief that the defendant is a foreign corporation, duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Mississippi.

That plaintiff is a resident of the County of Kings and State of New York.

II. On information and belief that on or about the 12th day of November, 1896, the defendant, the Confederate Memorial Association, duly made, constituted, and appointed one John C. Underwood its Superintendent and Secretary, and entered into a written contract and agreement with him in the following words:

"Contract and agreement between the Confederate Memorial Association (chartered under the laws of the State of Mississippi), through its Executive Committee, party of the first part, and John Cox Underwood, party of the second part, witnesseth:

"That, whereas the said John Cox Underwood, party of the second part, was on the 10th day of October, 1896, unanimously elected and chosen Superintendent and Secretary of the Confederate Memorial Association by its Executive Committee, in session assembled at the city of Nashville, Tenn., for the period from that date to the time of holding the annual meeting of the United Confederate Veterans Association in the year 1899, he, the said Underwood, party aforesaid, hereby accepts the position thereby conferred; and does agree to perform the duties of Superintendent and Secretary as expressed in the by-laws of the said Association, to keep a true and accurate account of all subscriptions to the memorial fund that may be obtained and moneys shall be paid thereon for final report, and discharge all other proper duties pertinent to such office—all under the controlling conditions of this contract.

"That as compensation for his services hereafter to be rendered the said Confederate Memorial Association, through its Executive Committee, party of the first part, does hereby agree and contract to pay to the said John Cox Underwood, party of the second part, the several amounts of money variously conditioned as follows—to wit:

"An unconditional salary from and after November 1, 1896, of four thousand dollars ($4,000) per annum, payable monthly; five hundred dollars per annum additional for his personal expenses, payable as an advance credit to be drawn against from time to time throughout each year of his tenure of office; a commission of twenty-five (25) per cent of the first two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000) he raises and twenty (20) per cent of all other amounts raised over and above the said first two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000) without limit whatsoever, the said commissions to be due and payable when moneys are collected, and shall be reserved out of each particular donation; and the remainders only as net subscriptions to the memorial fund shall be turned over to the Treasurer of the said Association as prescribed by law.

"That there shall be furnished the said Superintendent and Secretary a suitable office within which to conduct the affairs of the Association, the services of a stenographer when necessary, all requisite stationery, postage, etc., and transportation when traveling on the business of the Association, on rendition of itemized bills thereof, which shall, before payment, be approved by the said President and Chairman of the Executive Committee; conditioned further:

"That such free transportation as may be used by the said Superintendent and Secretary when traveling on business of the Association, which shall have been obtained by virtue of his official position or through the instrumentality of members of the Executive Committee, shall be accredited *complimentary* and be free of charge in rendering expense accounts.

"That since the said John Cox Underwood, party of the second part, has in process of construction a business edition of his souvenir publication, 'The Confederate Dead at Chicago,' it is expressly agreed and understood by the party of the first part that he (the said Underwood) shall have the privilege of completing such work, and may place therein without charge a notice of the Confederate Memorial Association, which shall be approved and sanctioned by the President thereof and Chairman of its Executive Committee.

"That this contract is fully understood and accepted by the contracting parties, its financial terms and conditions being in lieu of those expressed in the last clause or sentence of Section 3, Article 5, of the by-laws of the said Association.

"In testimony whereof witness the hands and names of the President of the Association, the Chairman of its Executive Committee, and John Cox Underwood, representing and being the parties to this contract. This —— day of ——, 1896.

W. D. CHIPLEY,
President C. M. A.
——— ———
Chmn. Ex. Com. C. M. A.
} For party of the first part.

JOHN C. UNDERWOOD,
Party of second part."

That the said contract was duly executed and delivered by the parties thereto on or about the 12th day of November, 1896.

That the said John C. Underwood thereupon entered upon the performance of said contract and duly performed his part thereof.

That thereafter, in the month of May, 1899, the said contract between the defendant and the said John C. Underwood was duly renewed by the parties thereto for the further period of two years, with the following modification—to wit: (The following being a true extract from the minutes of the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the defendant, held at Washington, D. C., January 17, 1901, at page 107.)

"It was agreed between this Executive Committee (of the defendant) and John C. Underwood, Superintendent and Secretary, at the meeting of the Board of Trustees (of the defendant) at Charleston in May, 1899, at which time said John C. Underwood was reëlected to his present position, that his compensation shall continue the same as provided for in the contract in writing heretofore made, except that the payment of his salary of four thousand dollars ($4,000) per annum shall be deferred until he shall have raised the sum of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000), including that already raised by him and paid over, less his commissions, to the Association or its proper officer; provided that the contribution of C. B. Rouss shall not be estimated therein; and it was further agreed that such salary, commencing on the first day of June, 1899, shall be paid out of the cash subscriptions raised by him over and above said sum of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000)."

That the said original contract and modification thereof were thereupon, on May 27, 1901, duly renewed and extended by the parties thereto for a further period of three years, and that said John C. Underwood has duly performed his part of said contracts during all of said periods to date.

III. On information and belief that in pursuance and performance of the foregoing contract and agreement and the renewals and extensions thereof, the said John C. Underwood procured and collected subscriptions, as therein provided, for the said defendant amounting in the aggregate to eighty-six thousand and seventy-six and ninety-six one-hundredth dollars ($86,076.96).

That in addition to said collections the said John C. Underwood, on or about the 12th day of January, 1898, obtained a subscription agreement in writing from the said Charles B. Rouss, based upon a valid consideration, to pay the sum of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000) to the defendant corporation in certain installments therein specified.

That thereafter and in pursuance of said agreement the defendant, through the said John C. Underwood, on or about May 3, 1899, secured and collected from the said Charles B. Rouss in cash the sum of twenty thousand dollars ($20,000) on account of the said subscription agreement of the said Charles B. Rouss, and secured and obtained from the said Charles B. Rouss a further written agreement on his part, upon a good and valid consideration, to pay to the defendant the balance of his promised subscription in accordance with the terms therein specified.

That thereafter, on March 20, 1900, the defendant, through the said John C. Underwood, obtained a further written agreement from the said Charles B. Rouss to pay two further installments of twenty thousand dollars ($20,000) each as called for by defendant.

That the defendant accordingly did call for and receive, before the commencement of this action, the additional sum of forty thousand dollars ($40,000), making in all sixty thousand dollars ($60,000) from the said Charles B. Rouss on account of his said one hundred thousand dollar ($100,000) agreement.

That on May 9, 1900, the said John C. Underwood obtained for the defendant from the said Charles B. Rouss an acknowledgment and agreement in writing which was accepted by defendant that the entire balance of his said aggregate subscription of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000) was due and payable, placed to defendant's credit and subject to its draft. That copy of said writing is hereto annexed, marked "Exhibit B."

4. Upon information and belief that the said John C. Underwood duly earned the salary stipulated in said agreements with defendant for a period of nineteen (19) months, and duly expended the moneys hereinafter specified with defendant's consent and approval, and by reason of the premises was, immediately prior to the commencement of this action, entitled to a commission of twenty-five (25) per cent upon the subscriptions secured by him and collected as aforesaid—*i. e.*, twenty-five (25) per cent of one hundred and eighty-six thousand and seventy-six and ninety-six one-hundredths dollars to wit, forty-six thousand, five hundred and nineteen and twenty-four one-hundredths dollars ($46,519.24); and in addition thereto was entitled to receive from the defendant for nineteen (19) months' salary agreed upon as aforesaid from November 1, 1897, to June 1, 1899, the sum of six thousand three hundred and thirty-three and thirty-three one-hundredths dollars ($6,333.33), and on account of his personal expenses from November 1, 1897, to July 1, 1902, as per said contract, the sum of two thousand, three hundred and thirty-three and thirty-three one-hundredth dollars ($2,333.33), and on account of his expenses for the maintenance of an office and the services of a stenographer, and for stationery, postage, etc., from December 1, 1897, to July 1, 1902, at the rate of fifty dollars per month, agreed to by the defendant, the sum of two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars ($2,750), and for special sundries passed upon and allowed by the defendant the sum of seven hundred and twenty-one and seventy-eight one-hundredths dollars ($721.78), and for special office sundries and various transportation and Pullman service, as per bill redered to the defendant, the sum of five hundred and eighteen and forty-one one-hundredths dollars ($518.41), and for so much of the interest on said unpaid warrants as the said John C. Underwood was obliged to pay as per Exhibit A, hereto annexed, the sum of two thousand and sixty-five and seventeen one-hundredths dollars ($2,065.17), and for attorneys' fees the sum of two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven dollars and thirty-eight cents ($2,957.38), and for extra expense in effecting a compromise of the defendant's against the estate of Marcus Daly, deceased, the sum of five hundred dollars ($500), and for money expended by said Underwood in connection with the portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee for the benefit of the defendant, the sum of three hundred and forty-eight and sixty-six one-hundredths dollars ($348.66)—making in all the sum of $65,047.30.

That all of the aforesaid expenditures were actually made by said Underwood, and defendant promised and agreed to pay him said sums aforesaid.

That no part thereof has been paid except as follows:

June 14, 1900.	To cash refunding fee paid J. A. Pitts	$ 350 00
Jan. 17, 1901.	To cash, account commissions, salary, expenses, and sundries.....	25,023 87
18, 1901, to March 31, 1902.	To cash, variously collected and appropriated by authority.....	1,750 00
April 14, 1902.	To cash, 25 per cent commission on compromise remainder of contract of Marcus Daly.....	5,000 00

	To cash, account draft-order on treasurer paid from Daly compromise money	$ 2,000 00
	To cash, applied to expenses incurred	500 00
April 15, 1902.	To cash, collected of J. G. Carlisle.	100 00
	Paid attorney's fees, account Daly compromise	2,500 00
	To cash reserved out of Daly collection	10,000 00
	To cash balance of old account and refunded by G. A. L.	44 24
	Making in all the sum of	$47,268 11
	Balance due	$17,779 19

That by reason of the premises the amount justly due and owing to the said John C. Underwood by the defendant immediately before the commencement of this action was seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine and nineteen one-hundredths dollars ($17,779.19), and the sum was duly demanded, but no part thereof has been paid.

V. That prior to the commencement of this action and on or about the 13th day of August, 1902, the said claim, demand, and cause of action of said John C. Underwood against the defendant was duly assigned to the plaintiff herein, who is now the lawful owner and holder thereof.

Wherefore plaintiff demands judgment against the defendant for the sum of seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine and nineteen one-hundredths dollars ($17,779.19), with interest and the costs of this action.

Lindsay, Kremer, Kalish & Palmer, Attorneys for plaintiff, 27 William Street, New York City.

Exhibit A.—Interest on unpaid warrants.

In explanation of this item it is to be stated that the interest here claimed is not the whole amount of interest due upon the warrants issued by the defendant to said John C. Underwood, but it is the amount of interest which the said John C. Underwood was obliged himself to pay to the banks which loaned him money on said warrants of the defendant as collateral, with interest.

The defendant not having sufficient funds to pay said Underwood moneys due him for expenses disbursed by him on its behalf and salary, etc., due to him from defendant, issued warrants to him accompanied by drafts on its treasurer for portions of the amounts so due him; and, by arrangement with and for the accommodation of the defendant, said warrants were hypothecated by said Underwood at banks on his own personal notes, and he was obliged to pay the banks interest thereon. It is interest to this amount only which is now claimed in said amount of $2,065.17.

Exhibit B.—Statement of C. B. Rouss to the Confederate Memorial Association.

General John C. Underwood, Superintendent and Secretary of the Association, having exhibited to me evidence in the form of subscriptions to the Confederate Memorial Association aggregating over $123,000; and having produced certificates of deposits in banks and with corporations and displayed exchange otherwise held by him for deposit, embracing funds collected from such sources together with a cash guarantee on account of unpaid subscriptions, all amounting to ninety-nine thousand five hundred and eighty-seven dollars and sixteen cents ($99,587.16), without including various small collections deposited locally of nearly $5,000 or even depending upon the large residue of uncollected subscriptions not guaranteed; and desiring from me a statement agreeing to pay forty thousand dollars ($40,000) in two equal installments, in addition to the $20,000 for which authority was given to make sight draft on May 3, 1899, and the $40,000 for which authority was given to make two sight drafts of $20,000 each on March 20, 1900, all in compliance with my promised contribution of one hundred thousand dollars to the said Confederate Memorial Association, as my duplicate of the money now in hand and secured.

Therefore, relying on the strict impartiality and business methods of the Secretary and reposing entire confidence in the said Association, I do hereby authorize the Confederate Memorial Association, through its authorized representative or representatives, to draw two additional drafts on me at sight for twenty thousand ($20,000) dollars each, thereby making the full $100,000 authorized to be drawn for at intervals, whenever the said Association shall think proper to do so; and it may even divide the money specified for drafts, and draw them in ten thousand dollar amounts, if the Association should so prefer—always making the aggregate, $100,000, by summation of all drafts to be drawn.

And I further wish the greatest success to the Memorial undertaking in hand.

Affidavit of John N. Shaughnessy.

John N. Shaughnessy, being duly sworn, says: "I am the plaintiff in the above entitled action. I am informed by one John C. Underwood, whose affidavit is hereto annexed, and I believe that I have a good cause of action against the defendant above named to recover of it the sum of seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine and nineteen one-hundredths dollars as damages for breach of an express contract, other than a contract to marry, the facts and particulars of which cause of action are fully set forth in the verified complaint herein, and the affidavit of said John C. Underwood, which are hereto annexed and made a part of this affidavit. Said sum of seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine and nineteen one-hundredths dollars ($17,779.19) is now due with interest to me on said cause of action by virtue of the assignment of the claim of one John C. Underwood against the defendant aforesaid, and I am entitled to recover of the defendant the aforementioned sum over and above all counter claims known to me.

"That the defendant is a foreign corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Mississippi.

"The warrant of attachment hereby applied for is to accompany the summons herewith issued in this action."

John C. Underwood, being duly sworn, says: "I am the John C. Underwood mentioned and referred to in the annexed complaint herein and in the annexed affidavit of John N. Shaughnessy. I have read the said complaint and affidavit and know the contents thereof and the statements and allegations therein contained referring to the claim, demand, and cause of action which existed in my favor against the defendant herein, and which I duly assigned to the plaintiff herein on August 13, 1902, are true of my own knowledge.

"The claim so assigned by me to the plaintiff amounts to seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine and nineteen one-hundredths dollars, and said sum was, at the time of said assignment, actually due and owing to me by the defendant over and above all counter claims known to me, and the same is true as of the present time.

"During the time mentioned in the said complaint and affidavit I was, and still am, Secretary of the defendant cor-

poration, and I know of my own knowledge that it is a foreign corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Mississippi.

"I have fully informed the plaintiff in this action of the nature of the claim against the defendant, and exhibited to him the books, records, and other papers mentioned in his verification of the complaint, and the cause of action set forth in said complaint and sworn to by the plaintiff herein upon his information and belief is true to my own knowledge."

THE C. B. ROUSS ESTATE SUED ALSO.

In addition to the foregoing, the said John C. Underwood, through the same assignee, brought suit against the estate of the late Charles B. Rouss for the forty thousand dollars still unpaid as if all the conditions had been met. Article No. 5 is in the following language:

"That by reason of the levy and service aforesaid, the said plaintiff William J. O'Brien, as sheriff of the County of New York, became entitled to receive from the defendant and the said defendant became answerable to said sheriff for said forty thousand dollars ($40,000) or so much thereof as might be sufficient to satisfy the said claim of the plaintiff John N. Shaughnessy, together with interest, costs, disbursements, sheriff's fees, and expenses, and the same has been duly demanded of the defendant, but the defendant refuses to pay the same or any part thereof to said sheriff or to account to him thereof.

"Wherefore, plaintiffs demand judgment against the defendant for the sum of forty thousand dollars ($40,000) or so much thereof as by this court shall be adjudged to be sufficient to satisfy the claim of said plaintiff John N. Shaughnessy, together with interest, costs, disbursements, sheriff's fees, and expenses, besides the cost of this action."

BROTHER FOUGHT AGAINST BROTHER.

C. A. Powell writes from Bigbee, Miss: "I wish to inquire after two soldiers from Missouri. One belonged to the Sixth Regiment, Federal, and the other to the Sixth on the Confederate side. During the siege of Vicksburg, May 28, 29, there was a truce for burying the dead, and I was on picket line when a youth of some sixteen or seventeen years came to me and asked of the Sixth Missouri. I told him where it was. He said he wished to learn of a soldier by the name of Harris, belonging to Company C. I called a corporal, who took my place, and I went for Harris and told him a Yankee wanted to see him, and when within ten or fifteen paces of him he did not "pass the time of day," but asked: 'John, have you heard from mother and sister lately?' The Federal replied: 'Yes, I got a letter yesterday.' 'Will you let me see it?' 'Yes; but it is in my knapsack. I will go and get it.' When he returned with the letter the corporal told him he could not come inside of lines to talk with his brother. But the brother said: 'John, I will not talk to you unless you promise not to say anything about the war.' So they seated themselves close together and had quite a talk. When the flag of truce was within four minutes of being ended, both got up, turned their backs to each other, and never said good-by. When we surrendered, I saw them meet again."

HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENTS.

"North Carolina Regimental History" gives a complete account of the North Carolina troops in the great war of the sixties. It comprises five large octavo volumes of over 800 pages each, a total of 4,100 pages.

The history was written and the work edited entirely by participants in the war, without charge for their services; and the engravings were furnished by friends. The State furnished paper, printing, and binding, and owns the work, which it is selling at cost. For the above reasons the book is being sold at the marvelously low figure of $1 per volume.

There are over 1,000 fine engravings of officers and private soldiers, including all of the thirty-five generals from North Carolina; also thirteen full-page engravings of battles, and thirty-two maps. The indexes are complete, and embrace over 17,000 names. It is a magnificent work, telling the story of the finest soldiery the world has seen.

The edition is limited, and when exhausted the set will doubtless sell readily at a very high price. Express within the State on single volume, 25 cents; postage on each volume any where in the United States, 34 cents. Address M. O. Sherrill, State Librarian, Raleigh, N. C.

THE GEN. FRENCH HISTORY.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Nashville, Tenn., comments:

"The History of Two Wars" is a book which contains the diary kept by Gen. S. G. French from before the Mexican War until after Reconstruction Days in the South. It also contains a history of these two wars in so far as General French was a spectator or participator in the same. His account of the battle of Allatoona is one of the best, if not the best, that has ever been written concerning said battle. The book is written in such a plain, forcible style that any one can thoroughly understand it, and at the same time it is as interesting as a novel. General French is a man of great ability, both as a soldier and a citizen; and his opinions, as given in said book, are well worth the careful consideration of all patriotic men. He is generally very lenient and kind in his criticism of others; but occasionally he describes in the strongest possible manner the errors of others, both in action and in their statements of history. When reading his account of reconstruction in Mississippi, one who has passed through said period can truthfully say that General French has impartially stated facts which actually occurred and which should be known to all. The whole book is well written, and no one who reads it carefully will fail to say that he has been amply repaid for the cost of the book and the time taken in reading the same."

A NEW STORY OF THE WAR.

Mrs. V. Y. McCanne, of Moberly, Mo., has made of her book a pleasant memorial to the grizzled veterans who were boys in the sixties. This book, "The Macgregors," is a strong story of the war in the West, showing the course of the war in Missouri and some of its causes. It is a tribute to the Confederate soldier—to the privates who suffered while they fought in the terrible battles with Price and Shelby.

A charming love story is interwoven with the stirring time in the picturesque family of a Missouri pioneer whose ancestors brought the name of MacGregor from Scotland.

It is spirited and well-written, with flashes of quaint humor, and yet full of the pathos of the time. The home life in the country, told in pure English, suggests the old-fashioned story which we used to call literature, while the characters stand out from the tragic background with the force of real people.

"The MacGregors" is a character study of the time; Mrs. Terner would make her fortune on the stage; Monk is a new phase of an order past and gone; while all have the simple charm of something different in fiction. The book is published by the Scroll Co., Chicago, Ill.

GEN. TYREE H. BELL.

Gen. George Moorman sent out from New Orleans, August 30, 1902, official orders as follows:

"It is with deep sorrow the General commanding announces to the United Confederate Veterans the death of Maj. Gen. Tyree H. Bell, ex-colonel of the Twelfth Tennessee Infantry, and brigadier general in Forrest's Cavalry Corps of the Confederate Army, and late major general commanding the Pacific Division, U. C. V.'s, which sad event occurred in this city at 10:40 o'clock P.M. this day at the sanitarium, to which place he was carried from the cars, where he was stricken down while *en route* from his old home in Tennessee to his later home in Fresno, Cal. Overpowered with heat, and on account of old age, the old hero (having passed the patriarchal age of three score and ten) failed to rally from the severe attack, and crossed over to join Forrest, Chalmers, Buford, Isham, Harrison, Mabry, Ross, Trezevant, Montgomery, Little, and all the rest of the rank and file of Forrest's historic command, of which he was one of the most conspicuous and gallant members.

GEN. TYREE H. BELL.

"Enlisting in the Confederate army, he was made captain in the Twelfth Tennessee Regiment on June 4, 1861; and participated in the batles of Belmont, Shiloh, Fort Pillow, Richmond, Ky., and all the Kentucky campaigns, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Tishomingo Creek, the destruction of the gunboats on the Tennessee River, Harrisburg, and in nearly all of Forrest's splendid campaigns and battles, and during which service the great cavalry chieftain time and again complimented him for gallant, efficient, and meritorious service.

"A famous general in the Confederate army and one of Tennessee's most distinguished sons, his name will always be linked with the history of each as one of 'Forrest's men,' and his fame will go sounding down the ages entwined with laurels won by his dauntless courage and bright deeds."

WILLIAM T. RIDLEY.

T. J. Caruthers and John M. Miller, Franklin, Tenn.:

"William T. Ridley was buried at the McGavock Cemetery by comrades of McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, of which he was a member. He was also a member of J. W. Starnes Camp, No. 134. Comrade Ridley was a native of Williamson County, Tenn., and was twice elected Trustee of the county. He enlisted in the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., in May, 1861, as a private. At the reorganization in 1862 he was elected captain of the company, and served until the end of the war, 1865. His death brings sadness to the hearts of his old comrades and friends. In the regiment to which he belonged he bore a splendid reputation for all the good qualities that go to make up the character of good soldiers. Captain Ridley was among the bravest on the battlefield, even bold to rashness, but he never lost his composure. The men who served under him idolized him for his kindness to and care for them and his gallant leadership in the severest of battles. His blood crimsoned several battlefields. To his children he has left the great heritage of a good name, a true and gallant soldier, in the days that were, to protect and maintain the most brilliant and magnificent civilization the world has ever known—that of our beloved Southland."

The Pelham Camp, U. C. V., Bowie, Tex., through a committee of three, T. A. Sayre, T. W. Gardner, and G. W. Herald, made a report upon the death of three comrades in which appears the following items: "We extend our sympathy to the families of those whom our comrades have left behind. Farewell, comrades; a sad and last farewell, until we meet where fifes and drums are never heard and cannons never roar:

Where bliss is known without alloy,
And beauty blooms without decay;
Where clouds of grief in cloudless joy
Shall melt like morning mist away.

JUDGE RUGELEY.

Judge R. D. Rugeley served in Company E, Fifteenth Confederate Cavalry. He was born in Montgomery, Ala., March 7, 1841. He was a lawyer, well qualified for his vocation. He delighted in literature and was a good writer.

R. D. RUGELEY.

He looked upon the sunny side of life, and induced others to do the same, which was a source of happiness to himself and his associates. He was highly respected by all who knew him.

DOCTOR MITCHELL.

Dr. B. C. Mitchell was surgeon of the Fifty-Fifth Georgia Infantry. His was a heart of purity, it harbored no

guile, it was true to every principle that ennobles humanity. Suffering humanity never called on him in vain, and, willingly, he was always ready to administer an anodyne to mental and physical suffering. The vacancy left by his demise will be hard to fill.

T. J. Robbins.

T. J. Robbins, of Company C, Tenth Arkansas, after long suffering, in answer to his Master's call, joined his comrades on the other shore. He was an honest and upright man, and was a member of the Baptist Church and of the Masonic order.

Dr. H. M. Welch.

On August 9, 1902, Harrison M. Welch departed this life at Cane Hill, Ark., and his spirit passed over the river into eternal rest. He had nearly accomplished his four score years of life. During the Confederate war he was surgeon of the Fifth Alabama Cavalry, commanded by Col. Josiah Patterson. He was an ordained minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and after the war he abandoned his practice of medicine and devoted the remainder of his life to preaching and teaching, and under the presidency of Gen. D. H. Hill was for a time a member of the faculty of the Arkansas State University. He was a member of Prairie Grove Camp, No. 384, U. C. V., and was always deeply interested in the work of the organization and in everything that affected the welfare of the old Confederate soldiers.

He was also a member of Cane Hill Lodge, No. 57, F. and A. M., and his burial service was conducted by the two fraternities. At a regular meeting of the Camp a resolution was adopted requesting the Confederate Veteran to publish the foregoing notice in memory of Comrade Welch

W. C. Braly, Clem McColloch, W. S. Moore, Committee.

E. R. Miller.

The committee appointed by the Camp at Riddleton, Tenn., reports:

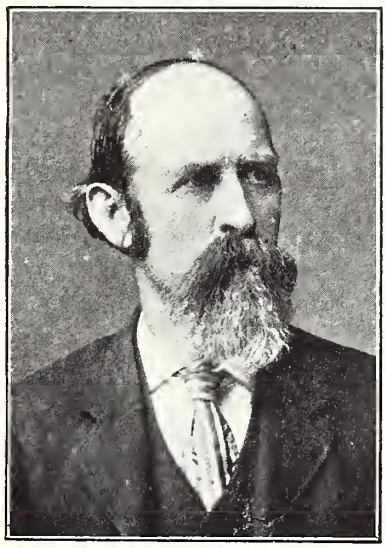
"Our beloved Comrade E. R. Miller was born in Smith County, Tenn., in 1830, and died at his home near Riddleton on August 31, 1902. He enlisted in 1861, in the Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, and served in that regiment until he was captured in front of Petersburg, Va., on June 17, 1864, while resisting the famous charge of General Hancock. He remained in prison until near the close of the war. After being paroled he was sent from City Point around by New Orleans to Paducah, Ky., and walked home from that point. He was in all the principal battles of his command, but was never wounded. After the war, this gallant soldier became a noble citizen, a model husband, a devoted father, and, above all, he bore on high the crown of Christ —lived and died the new Christian soldier."

T. W. Cosby.

Comrade T. W. Cosby, also of Camp Riddleton, died August 22, 1902. He was born in October, 1845, in Smith County, Tenn., and at the beginning of the war joined Capt. H. B. Haynie's Company of the Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, at the age of seventeen years, and served in that regiment until its reorganization, in 1862. He then came home and joined the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, commanded by Col. W. W. Ward, of Carthage, and served with it until the close of the war. He was with General Morgan on his celebrated raid in Ohio, and was one of the more fortunate, making his way back to the Confederate lines without being captured. He was twice wounded, and was buried with one of the bullets in his body No member of our Bivouac or this community will be missed more than this beloved comrade.

Col. John H. Anderson.

Col. John H. Anderson was a native of Williamson County, Tenn., and left an orphan at seven years. He was reared by his uncle, Church Anderson, with whom he engaged in the grocery business upon his moving to Nashville, in 1854. At the breaking out of the war he joined the Tenth Tennessee Infantry and was made Captain of Company C. His command built Fort Henry. At the fall of Fort Henry they fell back to Fort Donelson, and, on the surrender there, he made his escape by boldly walking out of the lines. The manner of his escape illustrated his nerve and patriotism. Upon investigating the surroundings, he became convinced that it was practicable to do so, and he told Gen. Bushrod Johnson of his intentions, when the General questioned the right to do so. It resulted, however, in both walking away unmolested. They came on foot the greater part of the way to Nashville, and were soon in active service. This statement is as remembered by the editor in a conversation with Col. Anderson.



At the reorganization of the army he was made lieutenant colonel of the Eighth Tennessee Infantry, and went through the battle of Perryville, afterwards Stone's River, then Chickamauga, Dalton, and the Atlanta campaign, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy. He was in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. He received a bayonet wound while standing on the breastworks at Franklin. He surrendered with Joseph E. Johnston's army at Charlotte, N. C., after the battle of Bentonville, and returned to Nashville, where he engaged in merchandising until the end came. Colonel Anderson is survived by two younger brothers.

Col. John H. Broocks.

Judge S. B. Barron writes from Rusk, Tex.:

"Lieut. Col. John H. Broocks died at his home in San Augustine, Tex., April 16, 1901. He was a son of Gen. Travis G. Broocks; was born in Jackson, Tenn., October 12, 1827. The family moved to San Augustine County, Tex., in 1837. When not in school he clerked in his father's store, in San Augustine, until the breaking out of the Mexican War, when he volunteered in Capt. O. M. Wheeler's Company, Col. Woods's regiment of cavalry. At the close of the war he returned to San Augustine and engaged in a successful mercantile business until 1851, when he went to California, in company with Capt. A. T. Edwards and his brother, James A. Broocks, who was killed in the battle of

Thompson's Station, Tenn., in March, 1863; but they returned to Texas in 1854.

"In July of that year he was married to Miss Elizabeth Jerome Polk, and settled on a farm near San Augustine, where they began life with a handsome property, consisting of land and slaves; and here they lived happily together until the beginning of the War between the States. A volunteer company was raised in San Augustine and adjoining counties in the summer of 1861, of which he was elected captain. Captain Broocks, at the head of his company, immediately set out to join the army of Gen. Ben McCulloch, then in Missouri. Soon after reaching the army a battalion was formed of four detached companies: Those of Captains Broocks, J. W. Whitfield, of Lavacca County, Captains Murphy and Broocks, of Arkansas, J. W. Whitfield being elected major. In the spring of 1862 eight more Texas companies were added, and the Twenty-Seventh Texas Cavalry, or Whitfield's Legion, was formed, with J. W. Whitfield colonel, E. R. Hawkins lieutenant colonel, and Cyrus

COL. JOHN H. BROOCKS.

K. Holman major. Major Holman resigned soon after his election, when Capt. John H. Broocks was promoted to major, Colonel Whitfield being made a brigadier general. Lieut. Col. E. R. Hawkins was promoted to colonel, and Maj. John H. Broocks lieutenant colonel, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. Owing to Colonel Hawkins's poor health, the command of the regiment devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Broocks much of the time.

"Colonel Broocks's regiment was one of the four Texas regiments composing Ross's Brigade, and participated in all the numerous battles and skirmishes in which that brigade was engaged, beginning with the Indian battle at Chustenahlah in December, 1861, Elkhorn Tavern in March, 1862, at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862, Iuka and Corinth in the autumn of 1862, in the celebrated raid of General Van Dorn on Holly Springs in December, 1862, at Thompson's Station, Tenn., in March, 1863, at Yazoo City and numerous engagements in other portions of Mississippi.

"In the Atlanta campaign of 1864, when the command was under fire for one hundred days in succession, with General Hood in his Nashville campaign, his regiment composed a part of the advance guard in the forward movement, and was part of the rear guard on the retreat. The Confederacy bore upon its rosters 'the name of no braver or truer man to its cause than that of Col. John H. Broocks.'

"At the close of the war Colonel Broocks returned to his farm in San Augustine County, Tex., where he led the quiet life of a most exemplary citizen, loved and honored by all who knew him. He spent the last four years of his life in the town of San Augustine. He lost his faithful, loving wife September 2, 1900. He leaves three children, two sons and a daughter. The sons, John H. and M. L. Broocks, are lawyers in Beaumont, Tex."

Miss Blanche Lewis.

Miss Blanche Louise Lewis, sister of Maj. E. C. and John S. Lewis, of Nashville, died September 13, 1902, at her elegant home in McMinnville, Tenn., after a lingering illness. For several months she had been in ill health, and for a few weeks previous her loved ones saw the end slowly approach.

Miss Lewis was the eldest daughter of the late George T. and Margretta Lewis, and was born at Cumberland Iron Works, in Stewart County. Most of her early youth was passed in Clarksville, and she was educated at Norristown, Pa. In 1872 her family moved to McMinnville, where she afterwards lived.

During the great war of the sixties the sick and wounded from Fort Donelson were taken to Clarksville in great numbers, and the Female Academy, the College, and every suitable building in the town were turned into hospitals. In these Miss Lewis was a constant attendant upon the wounded and dying for many months, and moved to her father's residence some of the more serious cases, that they might have more constant attention. She made friends among the soldiers, lasting their lives through, and numbers who outlive her will bless her memory for the immortal deeds of kindness she wrought for them when they were sick, wounded, and helpless. She was a ministering angel to them, and kept up her work of faithful ministration during her entire life. Perhaps no other woman in the South deserves more gratitude than Miss Lewis for her constant zeal and sacrifice of personal comfort to serve disabled Confederate soldiers. She not only ministered to them, but penned dying messages to loved ones, and she was faithful in those sacred memories to the end of her life. She had the zealous coöperation and encouragement of her mother in this sacred work, of whom record is made in the July Veteran, 1900.

She was a devout and helpful member of the Presbyterian Church for more than forty years. Her devotion to her mother, who died in 1900 at the ripe age of thirty-eight, was her crowning glory. No service of child to parent was ever more constant or more self-sacrificing, yet withal full of enjoyment in the performance. The life of the mother ended, Miss Lewis seemed to feel that her occupation had, indeed, gone, and now, after a little while, she has joined the loved ones gone before.

There was a most interesting and romantic though sad episode in her young life. When scarcely twenty years of age her engagement was announced to Edwin Augustus Tarwater, who, having served the whole of the war, immediately after its close went into the mercantile business in Louisville, Ky. The marriage was set for Christmas day, 1868. Mr. Tarwater had been imprisoned at Fort Delaware, and while there unconsciously contracted disease. Traveling in

the South on business he caught cold, and came to Clarksville to rest and prepare for the wedding. Rapidly he became worse, though, and died on the wedding day. He is

MISS BLANCHE LEWIS.

buried in the Lewis family square in Greenwood Cemetery, at Clarksville, and now, after thirty-four years of quiet devotion to the memory of the love of her youth, Miss Lewis is to be buried by her sweetheart's side.

Hers was indeed a character to emulate. No Spartan ever showed more truth of character and no martyr ever died more faithful to principle and to God.

Will Allen Dromgoole, a well-known authoress, writes:

Beautiful Blanche Lewis! I remember her as passing once upon the canvas of my own life, and the picture lives in my heart, a sad and tender vision that can never fade. Her name has been to me for many years a charm, a something tenderly beautiful upon the lip. And her life, so sadly beautiful that I have never been able to think of her without tears; not since I saw her first so many years ago. To-day I read the little story of her death, and something like a thrill of gladness stirred my heart for her.

Years ago, a schoolgirl in Clarksville, I used to see her ride by the academy on a beautiful black horse, the slight figure clad in a habit of deepest black. I remember yet how the sunlight used to seem to center its best beams upon her hair, knitted upon her neck. Such a face—such a sweet, sad girlish face! It hurt me then, and the memory of it has hurt me all the long years since. I used to sit among the roots of a great oak in the yard and watch for her to come out of the house across the street and mount the horse, as she used to do pleasant evenings. I remember she often rode alone—her black habit, held lightly with one hand, trailed the walk, catching a scarlet leaf here and there as she walked down to the gate. The ride began slowly, and I used to fancy, or try to, what her thoughts were, as she stroked the black horse's mane, or rested her hand lightly upon the trim, arched neck.

Every fiber of my soul responded to her sorrow, for it had been told in whispers among us how her lover had died upon their wedding day, and how the wedding cards had borne the black-bordered funeral notice on the other side. I think to her, and her dear romance, I owe the first suggestion in my soul toward literature. Among my papers filed away for some day's overhauling is the first, crude effort I ever made at story-writing—it is done in measure, and it is her story. It always hurt me! Once I went to McMinnville, and out by the river, in sight of her home, I used to stand below the bluff and watch with interest that was almost awe the roof that sheltered her. The river gurgled by, and at night the stars shone; and I used to love to fancy that upon the heights her soul was waiting for the soul of him who would some quiet night, when silence burdened Ben Lomond, come down to meet her on the mountain. And at last I am sure it is true.

Her story always hurt me—until to-day. When I read the gentle ending of her faithful, gentle life, my eyes were full of tears, but my heart was glad.

It is easier to mourn a dead love than a living—easier to lay one away to quiet slumber forever than to pass upon the common ways of life, in silence quite as lasting, one who has been dear. Yet, whether one mourn a dead love, or fight to forget a false, the lesson is the same. We dream our dreams, we build our castles, airy, fairy things that flit before our enraptured vision as pictures of silver swing by unseen seraphims. Beautiful pictures! Beautiful pictures! We reach one arm to grasp the thing our fancy painted, and lo! there reaches out a hand behind our lives and sweeps our plans away. What then? What refuge for a woman? Silence—only silence, and the long, dead anguish of living. How few have the courage, or, shall I say it? the truth, to meet it as this woman; this brave, faithful one who passed from girl to woman, from life to death, and I am sure from death to paradise, true to the memory of her love. Beautiful Blanche Lewis! beautiful in love, in loveliness, and in death! Her story is a tribute to womanhood everywhere—a charm, and an inspiration. I bring this wreath to lay upon her tomb, but in my heart her name warms like a benediction.

Major J. Dean.

Rev. E. C. Rice writes from Tyler, Tex.:

"You never had a truer friend than an old soldier who has fought his last battle, came off more than conqueror through his Saviour, and is now at rest. No truer Southerner ever fought for the loved Southern Confederacy, nor one more devoted to her interests. Maj. J. Dean was born March 20, 1831, in Anderson District, S. C., of Revolutionary stock on both sides—English, Irish, and Welsh ancestry. He moved to Dallas, Tex., in the fall of 1853; the next year, to Smith County, Tex.

"In September, 1861, he was made lieutenant of Company F (Capt. William Smith), Seventh Texas Infantry, and was captured at Fort Donelson. Lieutenant Dean, being absent with a detail, escaped capture, and soon reported to General Beauregard for duty. He afterwards resigned, returned to Texas, and became a member of Company F (Capt. Jonathan Lewter), Fifteenth Texas Infantry, serving until the close of the war, as faithful and true as ever served in the ranks. Efforts to recount the experiences of this noble man are vain. He was an earnest Christian, a faithful follower of his Great Captain. His comrades all testify to his consistency as a soldier of the Cross. Soldiers in the Civil War know how much this means. [Of Company F, Seventh Texas Infantry, six survive. The list has been pub-

lished in the VETERAN.] He was senior deacon in the Dean Baptist Church, Tyler, Smith County, Tex., gave the land and built the house—hence the name. He has three sons, preachers of the gospel. Major Dean had an autograph letter from President Jefferson Davis assuring him of his sympathy, love, and fraternal devotion to the last, framed together with his furloughs, discharge, and other relics of his soldier life. He attended reunions, giving of time, money, and himself to all Confederate interests, and especially to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is filed for several years and subscription paid to May, 1903. Continue sending it. His children and grandchildren will read and ever prize it. He owned a fine farm and lovely home by the Cotton Belt railroad, and he supplied a water tank. September 12, 1902, the boiler exploded, discharging a cloud of steam, smoke and fire. Major Dean, a little grandson, and I were a few feet away. He was hurled to the earth and fatally scalded from head to feet. The little boy was not so seriously burned. I was present to attend our monthly meetings at Dean Church, some four hundred yards away. I am his nephew, and was a boy soldier two years, Company K, Thirty-Fifth Volunteer Cavalry. As soon as possible I got my uncle to the house. Medical assistance and all that mortals could do were of no avail. He suffered agony, but was unconscious much of the time for twenty-seven hours, when he peacefully passed into rest. During this time he repeated Psalms, and from chapters of God's Word, and sang:

MAJOR J. DEAN.

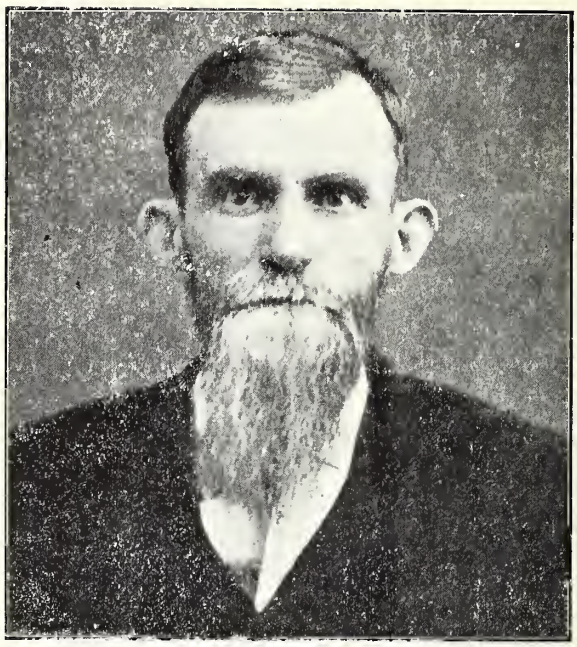
"When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies." He gave directions about his property and his loved ones; also as to his burial in the Dean churchyard.

"Sunday at 3:30 P.M., September 14, 1902, his body was carried to the church. Six Confederate veterans, with other assistants, acted as pallbearers. A multitude of friends and neighbors were present—more than filling the church. Services were conducted near the grave by the pastors of Dean, First Tyler, and Overton Baptist Churches, with several ministers present."

THOMAS J. MARBERRY.

W. P. Allbritten writes from New Concord, Ky.:

"Comrade Thomas J. Marberry was a member of H. B. Lyon Camp, No. 1259, C. V. He was born in Paris, Tenn., May 11, 1836; died February 4, 1900. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company E, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, and served in Virginia during the war, his regiment serving in Archer's brigade under 'Stonewall.' He surrendered at Appomattox. He was a true soldier, never shirking any duty.



T. J. MARBERRY.

No braver arm in battle heat
For freedom dealt its blow.

"At the close of the war he engaged in the mercantile business at New Concord, Ky., where he made many warm friends and acquired a competency. On February 4, 1900, he fought his last great fight, and conquered the last foe, for he was also a faithful soldier of the cross. He left a family of wife and interesting sons and daughters."

J. F. WALTON.

J. Frank Walton, of Edgefield County, S. C., passed away on the 15th of September, 1902, in his sixty-seventh year. In the Confederate war he served as a private in Capt. Brooks's company (H), Seventh South Carolina Battalion, Hagood's Brigade. The writer of this notice (his old captain) gladly testifies to his faithful discharge of duty as a soldier and to his pure and useful life as a citizen. Old comrade, may your sleep be peaceful!

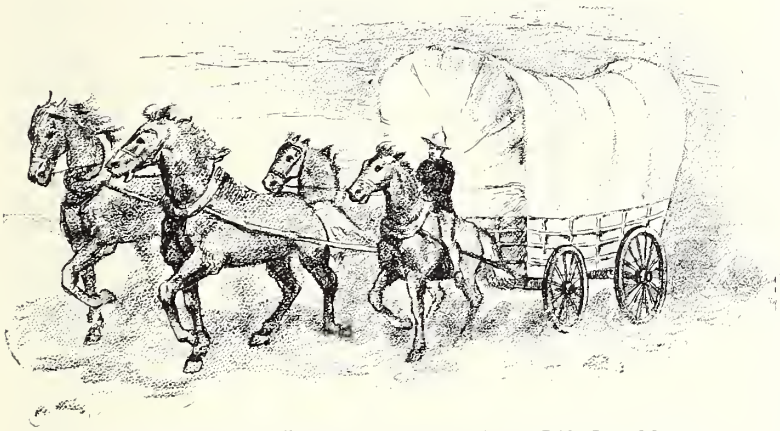
R. L. Suggs, adjutant, Gatesville, Tex., reports the death of D. H. Smith, at his home in Turnersville, on September 14. He served in Company I, Seventeenth Georgia Infantry, and was a member of Coryell County Camp, No. 135.

S. L. Freeman Camp, of Tracy City, Tenn., records the death of T. C. Abernathy, on the 30th of July, 1902, after a short illness. He had been totally blind for about six years. Comrade Abernathy served in the First Tennessee Infantry, A. N. V.

The death of Thomas Grimes, of Shady Grove, Tenn., is reported. He was in his sixty-sixth year. He was a member of the Eleventh Tennessee, serving till the close of the war.

ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

Progress is being made speedily upon the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1904. Recently the sites were awarded the different States. Maj. E. C. Lewis, of Nashville, who was Director General of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition—the memory of which is almost universally recalled with delight—was appointed by Governor McMillin, of Tennessee, to consider and accept the location of the building for the Volunteer State. Major Lewis was present for that purpose on October 2, and reports a most satisfactory result. Large delegations from various States were present, but Major Lewis was the sole representative for Tennessee. In the formal acceptance of the site awarded his State, Major Lewis said:

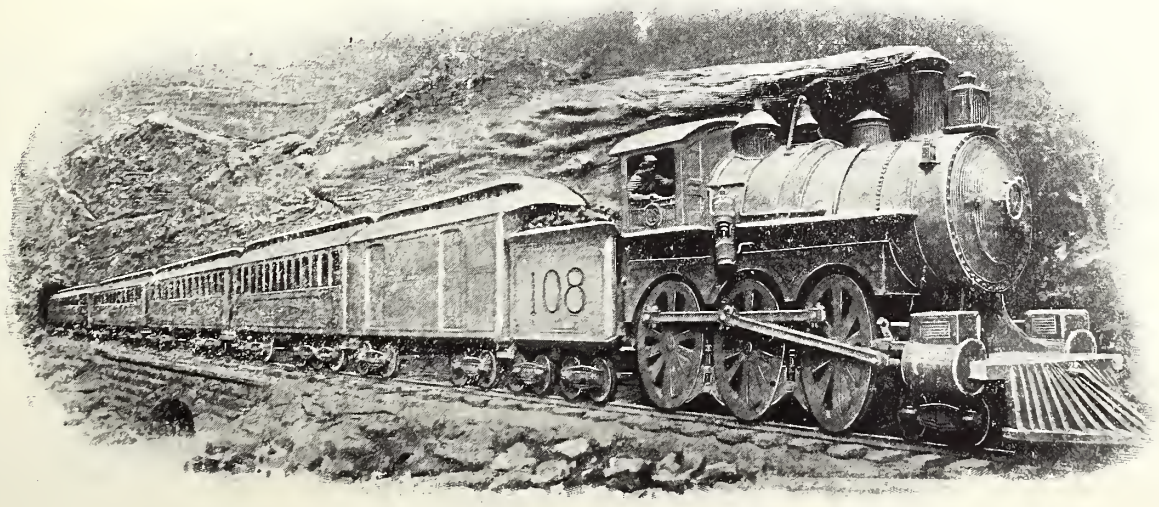


"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" IN OLD TIMES. (Ætna Life Ins. Monthly.)

"I accept your gracious presentation in the same spirit of gratitude that the site for the Tennessee building is made.

"Mr. President, as I followed the ceremonies yesterday and so far to-day, and heard speech after speech from the several commissioners, each claiming that their respective States furnished much of the population of Missouri, I have hesitated to claim any of you as from Tennessee, though I know you have in St. Louis a society of Tennesseeans and that all over Missouri there are settlers from Tennessee. The silver-tongued Breckinridge yesterday made the statement that Kentucky was "the mother of Missouri." This morning the orator from New York said that many of the citizens of Missouri came from that State, and only a little while ago the gifted son of Illinois asserted that that State had sent to Missouri many of her best citizens. So I began to figure that if two-thirds of Missouri came from Kentucky and one-half from Illinois and the balance from New York there were not any to come from Tennessee. Mr. President, Tennessee is closely connected with the Louisiana Purchase. The body of Meriwether Lewis, who one hundred years ago trod this very soil, is buried in the very center of Tennessee, in a county named in his honor, and over his bones the State has erected a monument in honor of his deeds, explorations, and discoveries. He it was who, with his companion Clark, taught President Jefferson the possibilities of this vast territory, and instructed him to such an extent as to end in negotiations with the great Napoleon for its purchase. And there lies buried at the Hermitage the body of that greater man whose deeds of valor on many a field, from the Creek wars to New Orleans, made it possible for the State of Missouri to have been carved from that great territory embraced in the Louisiana Purchase. The blood of Jackson and his Tennessee followers cemented the purchase, so that after one hundred years St. Louis is able to celebrate the great event. Many of the delegations, Mr. President, from the several States have been quite large. 'Tis a source of regret that I stand here alone, the only representative of Tennessee. I am sure, sir, that you do not desire my delegation to stop their better work to attend these ceremonies. The sound of those hammers that ring so clear over there are those of Dunnavant, of Tennessee, who is building your Textile building, one of the largest on the grounds. The whiz of the saw is the music made by Moore, also of Tennessee, who is making the mill work, sash, doors, and flooring of your biggest buildings. Alexander, of Tennessee, is molding the statuary and putting on the capitals and staff of those great structures.

"In behalf of the Governor of Tennessee," continued Major Lewis, "and the people of Tennessee, I accept the site allotted, and express the hope that Tennessee will erect a model of her own incomparable capitol, and thank you for your consideration and courtesies."



MODERN TRANSPORTATION. (FROM PANEL CAST OF BAS-RELIEF IN UNION PASSENGER STATION, NASHVILLE.)

"DEFEATED VALOR," BY HENRY TIMROD.

Attention has been called to an error in the article about Col. William Hawkins by which he was credited with authorship of the beautiful little poem entitled "Defeated Valor." It is regretted that the error was not caught before publication, but since it was not, correction is made as promptly as possible, and the poem is reproduced herewith. It was written by Henry Timrod, the gifted South Carolina poet, as an ode to be sung on the occasion of decorating graves of the Confederate dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
  Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
  The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
  The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
  And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-molded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned.

The Tupelo *Industrial Review* reports a reunion at Big Lake, near Tupelo, of the First Battalion of Mississippi Confederate Veterans, in which the leading feature was addresses by Sponsors Miss Kate Keyes for the battalion and Miss Stella Harkreader for Camp J. W. Simonton. Both addresses are strong and should have wide circulation.

GRAND CAÑON MINING AND DREDGING CO.

PROPERTY IN NEVADA AND ARIZONA.

Friends often inquire of this office about investments, and, while anxious to serve them, advice is rarely given.

Just as this issue goes to press, however, communication is received from Mr. W. R. Davis, 442 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal., urging attention to very fascinating offers in stock of the above-named company. The VETERAN, having known Mr. Davis intimately for many years, and feeling under lasting obligations, most cordially commends him to any who may be inclined to invest. Mr. Davis is enthusiastic over the prospect of great returns, and will send data to any who may write him on the subject. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

VALUABLE BOOKS AT BARGAINS.

OFFERED WITH THE VETERAN, MAKING IT ALMOST FREE.

LIFE OF FORREST. By Dr. John A. Wyeth. The most interesting book that has ever been written about this great cavalry leader. His career has no parallel in the history of war, and this story of his life, taken from the recollections of those who served under him, cannot fail to hold the interest. The book is handsomely illustrated with portraits of members of Forrest's command. Price, $4; with the VETERAN one year, $4.

TWO WARS. This autobiography of Gen. S. G. French gives a graphic and faithful story of the Mexican and Civil Wars, and is a powerful vindication of the South by one who was born and reared at the North. The work has received high praise from many distinguished men. Handsomely bound and illustrated. Price, $2; with the VETERAN, $2.50.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. Under this title, Lieut. Arthur Sinclair gives his recollections of service on the Alabama with Admiral Semmes, and the romantic career of the Confederate cruiser, which for so long held victorious sway on the sea, is told in a most graceful and interesting way. The handsome illustrations add much to the value and beauty of the volume. Original price, $3; with the VETERAN, $2.50.

OTHER BOOKS. Many other good works can be secured through the VETERAN, and among them will be mentioned the following:

"Bright Skies." By Dr. D. D. Field. Price, $1.50; with the VETERAN, $1.50.

"Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis." By Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General United Confederate Veterans. Price, $1; with the VETERAN, $1.25.

The Confederate Handbook will be furnished with the VETERAN at $1.10; the Confederate Almanac at $1.05; Rand, McNally's Pocket Atlas at $1.05. This is simply to pay postage.

Don't fail to include the Game of Heroes in your order for holiday presents. Fifty cents; with the VETERAN one year, $1.25.

THE QUEEN AND CRESCENT ROUTE TO NEW ORLEANS.

The Queen and Crescent route will be a favorite one taken by the Daughters of the Confederacy to the general convention at New Orleans, not only on account of superb accommodations, but because it offers a convenient route to delegates coming from the Central and Middle States. The quickest time, most reasonable rates, and safest roadbed are among its attractions, while chief among the reasons for its popularity may be mentioned the picturesque, historical, and entertaining scenery through which it passes. Chattanooga, Vicksburg, and other battlefields fraught with thrilling war memories can be viewed from the car windows. Past grand scenes of tropical Southern beauty where dogwood and cypress and gray-draped live oaks form an enchanted forest into which the trains plunge through cities of the greatest importance, and along water courses of exceeding loveliness the line runs.

An official circular gives special rates to the U. D. C.

POST CHECK BILLS.

PLAN FOR TRANSMISSION OF CURRENCY.

C. W. Post makes a statement:

A number of years ago, while executive of a manufacturing enterprise, my attention was directed to the loss of business caused by the difficulty customers experienced in sending small sums of money to us. Our manufactured articles were sold by merchants throughout the country, and in our advertisement the public was invited to purchase of merchants, or, if not thus obtainable, to order directly of the factory. In many thousand cases the intending purchaser found the merchant with his supply of the article exhausted, or, if the purchaser lived in the suburbs of a city, or in the country, or at an army post or any similar place remote from stores, he could not readily purchase, and therefore sought to secure the goods by mail. Our mail contained quantities of postage stamps, frequently mutilated or stuck to the letters, loose silver, paper money, and small checks. It was a serious matter to turn the great quantities of postage stamps into money. To get rid of them, we were accustomed to inclose ten dollars or twenty dollars in stamps (all we thought the payee would stand) when making remittance to pay our own bills; but the bulk of these stamps was sold to brokers or merchants at a discount of from three to six per cent. In many cases soaking was required to free the stamps from the letter paper. Then followed regumming.

This experience of one firm is multiplied by thousands. The loss on stamps, the loss of money in the mail, and the heavy discount on small checks do not constitute the chief objections to the present conditions.

The extraordinary barrier to the transaction of business is the first consideration. Of letters that contain small remittances, about nineteen out of twenty contain stamps, silver, loose money, or small checks, and the twentieth contains a money order. We are, therefore, compelled to realize that something forces the public to adopt these unsafe and unsatisfactory forms of remittance, and that only the very persistent ones remit at all. The great majority of people who might do business if remittances could be made easily, prefer to go without rather than subject themselves to the trouble and loss of time incident to securing a money order. Newspaper and book publishers particularly feel this hardship on business. Their letters are filled with stamps and loose money.

When a farmer or farmer's wife desires some small article from the store or to subscribe for the local paper or to transact any item of business requiring the expenditure of a small sum of money, he or she is estopped until such time as a journey can be made either to personally perform the duty or to secure a money order to safely convey the money. . . . The perfection of the general service rendered by the Post Office Department is a matter of national pride. There are, however, two features of the postal service that never have been entirely satisfactory to the officials nor to the people, and which can never be made satisfactory until the assistance of the United States Treasury Department is invoked.

No form of money order that requires a journey or an effort to obtain will ever meet the demand of the people. They ask the Treasury Department to so print the small bills (such as are in daily use) that they can instantly be safely sent when the need arises. This act by the Treasury Department will perfect the service of the Post Office Department, and rid it of the two unsatisfactory and imperfect features. It will be easily understood that when it is known that no loose money or stamps go through the mails the incentive for robbery will cease.

Important changes like the one suggested demand time, conference, and careful consideration. The Postal Currency system has been under consideration for four or five years by publishers and a variety of business interests, and many conferences with government officials have been held with the object of devising and perfecting a system that will supply the requirements of the people and not interfere with the satisfactory working of the departmental machinery. The assistance rendered by the prominent officials of the government and their evident desire to work out a solution of the problem has been a source of satisfaction to the people, and tends to refute the charge sometimes made that any needed reform would fail of adoption if it necessitated any change in the existing order of things. . . .

The last report of the First Assistant Postmaster-General shows that a total of 296,559 letters containing loose money, drafts, stamps, and money orders were handled in the Dead Letter Office during the last fiscal year, the division being as follows: containing money, 56,542; containing drafts and money orders, 42,976; containing stamps, 197,041. . . .

These statistics are the most accurate obtainable, and while the percentage of money orders is an estimate based upon the experience of the business office, sufficient information can be drawn to make clear the fact that the government receives a fee upon but a small percentage of the remittances that daily pass through the mails, and it also gives evidence of the risky, inconvenient, and unnatural methods of remitting to which the public is subjected.

Only 350 out of 1,000 money orders are for five dollars or less. This is but little more than one-third, and clearly indicates that the people do not patronize the money order service when making small remittances, but prefer to avoid the trouble and expense of procuring a money order and rather assume the risk of sending currency and stamps.

Out of 76,945 post offices in the country, but 30,529 are money order offices, leaving 46,416 offices without money order facilities. This is considerable more than half, and the result is that many thousands of our people are unable to procure even a money order.

The demand for postal currency is universal among all classes of business interests, farmers, and the general public, and the administration that will solve the problem and supply this convenience to the people will earn and receive their gratitude.

The bill provides for printing one, two, and five-dollar notes, and suitable denominations of fractional currency, with blank spaces in order that the holder may at once turn his money into a check or money order by writing a payee's name and address in the blank spaces. A fee is paid to the government by affixing and cancelling a two-cent stamp on the large bills and a one-cent stamp on the fractional pieces. These fees will pay for reprinting the bills, and yield the government a larger aggregate income than the present money order system, it is estimated, and the continual fresh issue to replace the canceled bills will insure the long-desired clean currency.

So far as possible, the suggestion of the government officials have been incorporated in the system. The friends of the measure hope to secure from the experienced and honored officials composing this committee such criticism and advice as may further perfect this proposed postal currency. We have no personal interests to further, and expect no private gain of any sort. The patents have been duly assigned to the government without charge.

The VETERAN bespeaks not only the accord of its patrons, but would appreciate letters from them to Senators and members of Congress in behalf of the movement.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

J. S. Guy, of Lowryville, S. C., wants to learn something about Jim Allen, who was a member of the First Texas Regiment, Hood's Division. He was last seen at Appomattox C. H.

Shopping either in person or by mail is successfully done at the Manix store. Write them for samples and prices. They make no display to deceive, and every announcement is regarded as an agreement.

THE WOOING OF JUDITH. By Sarah Beaumont Kennedy.

In this charming story of love and adventure Mrs. Kennedy well sustains her reputation as a writer, which had been demonstrated to the many readers of "Joscelyn Cheshire," her first novel. The historical setting of the story but enhances the interest which is felt in pretty Judith Carey, the heroine, who comes to Virginia with her father to escape the wrath of Cromwell against the Royalists, but the tender passion plays the most important part and human emotions are brought strongly into play. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

AGAIN OFFERED TO VETERAN READERS.

The Theo Noel Company makes an offer to send a package of the Vitæ-Ore on trial to every reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN or friends recommended by readers, and every person needing medical treatment should accept the same. This medicine was discovered many years ago by Theo Noel, President of the company, and it has been instrumental in curing thousands of ailing people. The medicine is not offered for cash, but each person tests it before paying. That the company is regarded as reliable is well known to the reading public. A number of our readers have accepted this offer and testify concerning its merits. Those who have not should give Vitæ-Ore a trial.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Agents wanted for Dr. White's Electric Comb, the greatest discovery of modern times. Cures all scalp diseases. Sold under a guarantee. The best seller out. Everybody buys it. Mrs. Ora C. Hart, General Agent, Richmond, Ky.

Charles A. Sheldon, Waycross, Ga., desires to hear from some old comrade of the Eighth Alabama Regiment, Armistead's Brigade.

Can any reader tell us where to procure the book entitled, "Was Jefferson Davis a Traitor?" We have had some inquiries for it.

Mrs. Kizzie Yates Barnes, of Sherwood, Tenn., is anxious to learn the fate of her father, Jim Yates, who was in the Confederate army and was never heard from after 1864. It may be that some comrade will remember him.

Charles L. Doughtry, Bowling Green, Ky., would be glad to hear from any of the following comrades who were with him at Camp Chase, Ohio, during the year 1864: Mr. Robinson, of Griffin, Ga.; Mr. Leaureari, of New Orleans, who was prescription clerk at the prison hospital; Bud Baker, from Alabama, nurse in hospital; Mr. Kinkead, of West Virginia, also a nurse.

Miss Sue M. Monroe, of Wellington, Va., wants to get a copy of a poem founded on the legend that one of Braddock's men killed a comrade and robbed him. For this he was shot and his spirit doomed to stand guard for one hundred years, or until another army should camp on the same ground and a soldier commit the same crime, when he would be relieved. The night of July 20—battle of Manassas—was the night.

CONFEDERATE MONEY WANTED.

J. E. Taulman, Hubbard City, Tex., wants to buy Confederate money or exchange useful articles for same.

AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING NEW ORLEANS, NOVEMBER 11-13.

ANNUAL MEETING, DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, NEW ORLEANS, NOVEMBER 11-15.

For these occasions the Mobile & Ohio Railroad will make rate of One Fare for the round trip from all points, selling tickets November 8, 9, and 10, limited for return ten days. Apply to your home agent for particulars, or write John M. Beall, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

RAILROAD COMPANY

have placed on sale, beginning May 1, 1902, Interchangeable Mileage Ticket, Form 1,

1,000 Miles, Price $25,

GOOD OVER THE FOLLOWING LINES:

Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern Railway; Atlanta & West Point Railroad; Atlantic Coast Line Railroad; Chesapeake Steamship Co. (Between Baltimore and Norfolk); Charleston & Western Carolina Railway; Columbia, Newbury & Laurens Railroad; Georgia Railroad; Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway; Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway; Northwestern Railroad of South Carolina; Plant System; Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad; Seaboard Air Line Railway; Washington Southern Railway; Western Railway of Alabama; Western & Atlantic Railroad; Louisville & Nashville Railroad (except the following Branches: L., H. C. & W. Railroad, Glasgow R. R., Elkton & Guthrie Railroad, and Pontchartrain Railroad).

This ticket will be on sale at all Coupon Stations Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co.; Northwestern Railroad of South Carolina; Columbia, Newbury & Laurens Railroad; and Eastern Offices Atlantic Coast Line, at

BOSTON—300 Washington Street.
NEW YORK—1161 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA—31 South Third Street.
BALTIMORE—107 East German Street.
WASHINGTON—601 Pennsylvania Avenue.

TRAVEL VIA BRISTOL AND THE

Norfolk & Western Railway

The Short and Quick Route to All Points East. Solid Vestibule Train between

MEMPHIS, CHATTANOOGA, AND WASHINGTON, D. C.

PULLMAN'S FINEST SLEEPERS

NEW ORLEANS

via Meridian, Tuscaloosa, Birmingham, and Attalla TO NEW YORK—

MEMPHIS

via Grand Junction, Corinth, Tuscumbia, Decatur, and Huntsville TO NEW YORK.

THE BEST ROUTE TO ALL

VIRGINIA POINTS,

Roanoke, Lynchburg, Petersburg, Richmond, Norfolk, Old Point.

All information cheerfully furnished.

D. C. BOYKIN,
Passenger Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.;
WARREN L. ROHR,
Western Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.;
W. B. BEVILL,
General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

A Thing Worth Knowing.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer and Tumors cures more cases than all other agencies combined. It has the indorsement of Doctors, Lawyers, and Ministers who have been cured, as well as hundreds outside the professions. It is soothing and balmy, safe and sure, and the only successful remedy known to Medical Science. Originated and perfected after 30 years of patient, scientific study. Those afflicted, or who have friends afflicted, should write at once for free books giving particulars and indisputable evidence. Address Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Lock Box 462, Dallas, Tex.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS.
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND.
Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

Special One-Way
SETTLERS' RATES
To
CALIFORNIA
and the
NORTHWEST
via the
Missouri Pacific Railway
and
Iron Mountain Route
From St. Louis or Memphis.

Tickets on sale daily during the months of September and October from St. Louis and Memphis to principal points in California,
$30.
From St. Louis to principal points in the Northwest,
$26, 27.50, $30,
According to location.

Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars operated via the Missouri Pacific System, the best way to reach the Western States.

Home-Seeker Excursions.
Liberal limits and stop-over privileges. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month to certain points in the West and Southwest.

For full information, map folders, descriptive literature, etc., consult nearest Ticket Agent, or address

H. C. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.;
R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

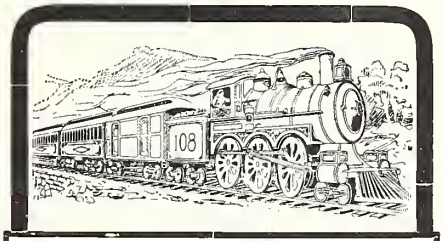
Bear in mind that almost any book or other premium ever offered by the VETERAN can still be had.

The Maxwell

Old Soldiers
When You are in Nashville

Make this store your headquarters. We have a pleasant Rest Room; will be glad for you to utilize it

The Heroes of our Country are always welcome here

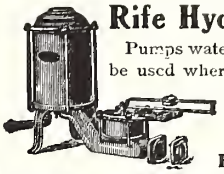


Dixie Flyer

Over the
N. C. & ST. L. RY

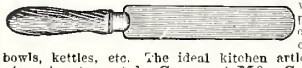
TO... and Connections
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO
Leaves Nashville
Every Evening
THROUGH SLEEPING CARS
City Ticket Office, Maxwell House
TELEPHONE 151
H. F. SMITH, TRAFFIC MANAGER, W. L. DANLEY, GEN. PASS. AGT.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send for catalog. Agents wanted. COULTER OPTICAL CO. Chicago, Ill.



Rife Hydraulic Engine.
Pumps water by water power. Can be used where rains fail. Absolute air-feed. Will pump 30 feet high for each foot of fall.
Every One Guaranteed.
Chauncey C. Foster, Special Agent,
329 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

NO HUMBUG
3 Perfect Tools in One.
Humane Swine V Stock Marker and Calf Dehorner. Stops swine of all ages from rooting. Makes 48 different ear marks, large or small. No change of blade. Extracts horns. Testimonials free. Price $1.50, or send $1, get it on trial. If it suits, send balance.
Farmer Brighton, Fairfield, Iowa.

Bixler's New Kitchen Spatula.

Nickel-plated blade 8 in. long, satin wood handle. Indispensable for lifting cakes and pies, icing cakes, scraping bowls, kettles, etc. The ideal kitchen article. By mail, 25 cts. Agents wanted. Crescent Mfg. Co., Fremont, O.

"Gold in a Nut Shell."
A New Book, all about Nuts and Nut Trees.
Price, 10 Cents.
The American Plant and Seed Co.,
Station B., Nashville, Tenn.

ATLANTA and NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE.
Atlanta & West Point
Railroad Company
AND
The Western Railway of Alabama,
THE SHORT LINE BETWEEN ATLANTA and NEW ORLEANS,
Operate Magnificent Vestibuled Trains between Atlanta and Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans, at which latter point Close and Direct Connections are made for
All Texas, Mexico, and California Points.
In addition to this excellent through train and car service, these railroads offer most favorable accommodations and inducements to their patrons and residents along their line. Any one contemplating a change of home can find no location more attractive nor more conducive to prosperity than is to be found on the line of these roads.
"THE HEART OF THE SOUTH,"
a beautifully illustrated book giving detailed information as to the industries and attractions along these lines, can be had upon application to the undersigned, who will take pleasure in giving all desired information.
B. F. WYLY, Jr., Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., ATLANTA, GA.
R. E. LUTZ, Traffic Mgr., MONTGOMERY, ALA.
CHARLES A. WICKERSHAM, President and General Manager, ATLANTA, GA.

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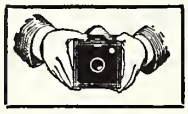

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For Machine Shops, Printing Offices, Farm Work, Pumping Water, etc., etc. Send for Circulars.

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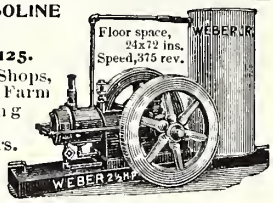

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THE GREAT CALIFORNIA REMEDY, CURES RHEUMATISM. Send stamp for book of particulars. Uricsol Chemical Co., Los Angeles, Cal., or the Lamar & Rankin Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga., Distributing Agents. $1 per bottle. For sale by druggists.

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A NEW FAST TRAIN

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and

OKLAHOMA CITY, WICHITA, DENISON, SHERMAN, DALLAS, FORT WORTH

And principal points in Texas and the Southwest. This train is new throughout and is made up of the finest equipment, provided with electric lights and all other modern traveling conveniences. It runs via our now completed

Red River Division.

Every appliance known to modern car building and railroading has been employed in the make-up of this service, including

Café Observation Cars,

under the management of Fred. Harvey. Full information as to rates and all details of a trip via this new route will be cheerfully furnished, upon application, by any representative of the

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JACKSONVILLE

via Valdosta Route, from Valdosta via Georgia Southern and Florida Ry., from Macon via Central of Georgia Ry., from

ATLANTA

via Western and Atlantic R. R., from

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NASHVILLE

via the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Ry., arriving at

ST. LOUIS

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over the Illinois Central R. R. from Martin, Tenn.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE AND THROUGH SLEEPING CARS

MAINTAINED OVER THIS

SCENIC LINE.

Ticket agents of the Jacksonville-St. Louis and Chicago line, and agents of connecting lines in Florida and the Southeast, will give you full information as to schedules of this double daily service to St. Louis, Chicago, and the Northwest, and of train time of lines connecting. They will also sell you tickets and advise you as to rates.

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WM. SMITH, JR., . . . NASHVILLE, TENN., Commercial Agent.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

INTERCHANGEABLE

1,000-MILE TICKETS

SOLD BY THE

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY

are good over Railway and Steamer lines in the Southeast comprising more than

13,000 MILES

Rate $25.00. Limit one year. On sale at principal ticket offices.

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GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Ten Thousand Agents Wanted.

Old Confederate Veterans, disabled from any cause but able to ride in a buggy and traverse a township or county, can make good wages at an honorable business.

An article that gives universal satisfaction. Demand increases as sales are made. Becomes as much in demand as bread, when known. Costs you only one cent—a postal card—to learn all about it, and costs you nothing to test it. 100 to 150 per cent profit to the dealer. Address

REV. C. H. GREGORY, Conway, Ark.

Give name of Post-office, County, and State. Will assign special territory if desired. Write to-day. One of the old boys.

This is to certify that we have been acquainted with C. H. Gregory for several years, and we have ever found him reliable, and of ublemished character.

T. J. BULLION, County Clerk;
J. H. HARTJE, Deputy Clerk;
J. M. C. VAUGHTER, Circuit Clerk.
Conway, Faulkner County, Ark.

Any letter addressed to us, inclosing stamp, will be promptly answered.

OLD SOUTHERN FAVORITE,

VALENTINO'S SWEET GUM,

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C. BREYER,
Barber Shop, Russian and Turkish Bath Rooms.
315 and 317 CHURCH STREET.
Also Barber Shop at 325 Church Street.

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7,269 Miles. One Management.

Penetrating Ten Southern States. Reaching Principal Cities of the South with Its Own Lines.

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Unexcelled Equipment.
Fast Schedules.

DINING CARS are operated on Southern Railway trains.

OBSERVATION CARS on Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, and Washington and Chattanooga Limited via Lynchburg.

ELEGANT PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS of the latest pattern on all through trains.

S. H. HARDWICK,
General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.;
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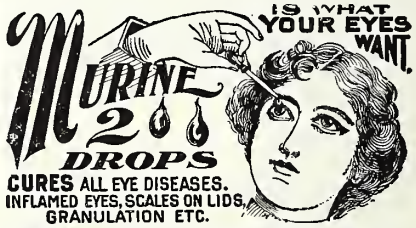

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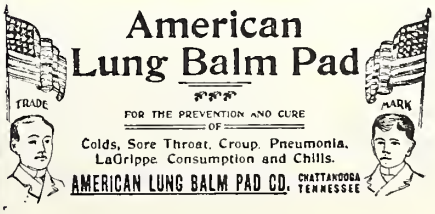

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Please show your VETERAN to a neighbor. Send names for Sample Copies.

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1902 No. 11

Confederate Veteran

GEORGIA CONVENTION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, AT LAGRANGE.
(From Photos by J. L. Schaub.)

This issue of the VETERAN will be a surprise. The advance in publication date is a worthy stride toward what it should be, but as a consequence much that was expected to appear in the November issue is deferred until next month. A number of contributors who promised reports of conventions and reunions have been tardy. They should now hasten.

A most interesting account of the Kentucky reunion and the Confederate Home will appear next month. Many friends will be pleased to learn that Col. Bennett H. Young was elected Major General of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V.

Proceedings of the Georgia Division U. D. C. convention contain very interesting matter. As appears on this title-page, a small picture of the Winnie Davis Memorial indicates a subject of great interest to the Georgia Daughters, and they have a Herculean task in its completion. Friends outside of Georgia who desire to do so may remit to Miss Mildred Rutherford, President, Athens, Ga., any sum, however small, they may feel inclined to contribute. This suggestion comes not from Georgia Daughters, but from the VETERAN, knowing their needs and their ardent wish to build it speedily.

The Confederate Mining Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF ARIZONA

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000 — PAR VALUE, $10 PER SHARE

THE Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis Reunion, June, 1901, by the Confederate soldiers, who alone will own and control its properties. The officers were selected from among the old soldiers who are capable, honest, and experienced business men. They are men who took some "life risks" in the war and who are not afraid to take some money risks in the Confederate Mining Company. The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you are left out.

The directors are prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of money in the treasury. No debts, liens, or incumbrances will be placed on the property. The stock is fully paid and nonassessable.

The board of directors have set aside 50,000 shares of the capital stock as treasury stock.

Property Owned by the Company

The Confederate Mining Company owns six valuable mineral claims and has two claims adjoining that are bonded to the company until developed. The property is located in the famous Reno Gulch, in the Reno Mountains, Gila County, Ariz. A miner's claim is twenty acres, and each claim must be named and known by that name, hence the Confederate Mining Company's claims are known as follows: "Reno Pass No. 1," "Reno Pass No. 2," "Sulphide," "Alabama," "Mill Site," "Sheep's Tail;" the two bonded are known as "Sunny Side" and "Canyon Springs." This group of claims lies just above old Fort Reno, where the Indians whipped the United States troops and burned the fort in 1869. These claims are said by mining experts to be the richest in mineral value of any in this famous mineral belt.

Our manager, Mr. Theodore Crandall is now driving a tunnel under the mountain. He selected the "Sunny Side" claim to found the mine upon, it being in the middle of this group. This property is situated fifty-five miles northeast of Globe, Ariz., and seventy-five miles east of Phœnix, Ariz. The new Gila Valley Railroad, from Flagstaff to Globe, will pass within two miles of the Confederate Mining Company's property. This road will be completed in 1903. There is plenty of wood and water within easy reach of this property. These are the things so necessary in mining. A large flow of splendid water was struck back in the company's mines, and it comes rushing out through pipes to a large reservoir in front, and then over the mountain side down to the gulch below. This stream of water is very valuable, as it can be harnessed up and sold to the placer miners along its route down the mountain's side.

The company's property is situated in the same mountain range and same mineral belt as that of Senator Clark's mines, which are just sixty miles above at Jerome. Senator Clark has been offered one hundred million dollars for his mines, and he said "No." The output of copper from his mines has paid him one-half of that amount in two years.

Why should not the Confederate Mining Company succeed? We have the property bearing the copper. We have the capital to develop this property. We have the manager who has experience in this work, and his success so far is just as favorable as was the Clark mines at their beginning.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their treasury stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of any one. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and businesslike.

The fourteen-inch gold streak recently discovered in the Confederate mines will pay $5 to $6 per ton, and will almost pay the running expenses of the copper output. This is considered by expert miners to be a valuable find, and it justifies the idea that the Directors will advance the price of the stock at their fall meeting in November.

Stock will continue to be sold at $1 per share until the meeting of the Directors.

THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

COL. LEE CRANDELL, President, Globe, Ariz.
MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Sec. and Treas., Uniontown, Ky.
THEODORE CRANDALL, Manager, Globe, Ariz.
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A Few Advantages

$5 to $6 per ton, gold streak, just discovered.

Property paid for in full.

Title absolutely genuine and perfect.

No debts or incumbrances of any kind.

$50,000 set aside as treasury stock.

Stock fully paid and nonassessable.

Plenty of wood and water, so necessary in mining.

New railroad coming within two miles of our door.

Not long to wait for dividends.

Copper enough in sight now to pension every old soldier member of the company.

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. X. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1902. No. 11. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Entertainment Committee of the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., comprises the following: Chairman, Mrs. F. A. Monroe; Mesdames F. G. Freret, William Dickson, A. L. Hall, W. W. Carre, George Denegre, J. L. Bradford, H. C. Mackie, J. Y. Gilmore, George Tichenor, George Williams, Alden McLellan, W. J. Behan, Edgar Farrar, Hickey Friedrichs, Sumter Turner, Blackman Turner, Gus Leefe, J. B. Richardson, A. Boisblanc, S. C. Cook, J. R. Davis, L. L. Davis, J. G. Everett, C. J. Fayssoux, William Harper, Hall Israel, T. B. Lind, C. Nobles, J. Sherrouse, W. G. Shipwith, Joseph D. Taylor, Charles Zapata, St. Clair Adams, O. H. Bartlett, Ella Dicks, Lydia White, Fred Ogden, Marie Reynes, J. L. Percy, C. M. Dargle, Lewis Graham, C. M. Cockle, Robert Spearing. Emily Wood, A. T. Gashel, J. N. Gifney, J. G. Oehmichen, W. N. Mangun, Frank Richardson. Misses Rose Lobrana, Angela Lobrano, Marie Points, Retta Lyons, Kate Eastman, Mary Maybin, Carrie Moore, Olive Freret.

The following young ladies have been selected as ushers and pages of the convention, under the direction of Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Chairman: Misses Nina Harper, Edith Palirey, Anna Clark, Ethel Seevall, Judith Phelan, Leila Estopinal. Blanch Weil, Katie Flanagan, Mary Conway, Mary L. Guion, Alice Decker, C. Daigle, Mary Mangrum, Marie Brickell, Josephine Roberts, J. E. Duncan, Nora Flanagan, Anna Walsh, Anita Aufdemorte, Anna Dirker, Kate Eastman, Alice Daigle, Irene Delery, Caroline Leigh Guion, Inez Pitard, Katherine Coyle, Victory Dick, Alice Phelan, Katherine Behan, and Rena Duncan.

MRS. HALLIE ALEXANDER ROUNSAVILLE,
President United Daughters of the Confederacy.

While it is most fortunate that other large bodies assemble in New Orleans at the time of this convention, and have monopolized the largest hotels, the zeal and loyalty of New Orleans women and the magnimity of its city give assurance that every Daughter attending will find comfortable quarters and be well entertained.

New Orleans is becoming established as a convention city. The great auditorium (which is soon to be built) will add largely to its advantages in this respect.

In this issue appear the pictures of quite a number of officers and workers of the Louisiana Daughters for this convention. New Orleans is a model city for Confederate monuments. Doubtless no other city in the United States, its population considered, has done as much as this "Crescent City" of its own resources to perpetuate the heroic valor of its soldiers.

OFFICERS, GENERAL, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

MRS. M. R. M. ROSENBERG, 1st Vice Pres

MRS. T. J. LATHAM, 2d Vice Pres.

MRS. JNO. P. HICKMAN, Rec. Sec.

MRS. JAMES Y. LEIGH, Treas.

MRS. V. F. MCSHERRY, Cor. Sec.

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON, Hon. Pres.

MRS. T. B. PUGH, Pres. La. Division.

MRS. F. G. FRERET, Pres. New Orleans Chapter.

STATE OFFICERS LOUISIANA DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Miss M. B. McGrath, 2d Vice Pres.

Mrs. C. H. Tebault, 3d Vice Pres.

Mrs. S. G. M. Bannerman, 4th Vice Pres

Mrs. Lucile LeBlanc, Rec. Cor.

Mrs. Numa Thibaut, Cor. Sec.

Miss Mamie Walsh, Treas.

Mrs. J. V. St. Martin, Historian.

Mrs. W. H. Scanland, Registrar.

Mrs. Alden McLellan, Ex-Pres.

At the annual meeting of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, held on October 27, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year: Commander, Edward Owen (this is his fifth consecutive term); Lieutenant Commander, Samuel B. Paul; Adjutant, Thomas L. Moore; Paymaster, Stephen W. Jones; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dow; Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker. Executive Committee: William Lindsay, Theodore C. Caskin, Edwin Selvage, William Haas, and G. E. Thorburn.

The record of this Camp is a credit to all Confederates.

NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER, AND OTHER COMVENTION OFFICIALS.

MRS. J. B. RICHARDSON, 1st Vice Pres.

MRS. J. J. PROWELL, 2d Vice Pres.

MISS CORA RICHARDSON, Bureau of Inf.

MRS. W. H. DICKSON, Ex Pres.

MISS SALLIE OWEN, Cor. Sec.

MRS. J. R. DICKS, Treas.

MRS. F. A. MONROE, Ch. Com. on Rules.

MISS NORA FLANNIGAN, Rec. Sec.

MRS. JNO. F. SPEARING, Fin. Sec.

THE CONFEDERATE HANDBOOK.

The Confederate Handbook is a compilation of important events and other interesting matter relating to the great civil war. It is indorsed and recommended by Gens. Gordon, S. D. Lee, Cabell, Evans, Moorman, and many other distinguished Confederates. It is an invaluable aid and reference in the study of Confederate history, and should have a place in every library. The price of the book is twenty-five cents, supplied by the VETERAN. Free for renewal and one new subscriber. It is the work of Col. R. C. Wood, deceased.

THE GRAND DIVISION OF VIRGINIA, U. D. C.

In the historic town of Lexington, Va., the Grand Division of Virginia, U. D. C., held its eighth annual session in Lee Memorial Chapel, the guests of Mary Custis Lee Chapter, October 8-11. The offiers of the Division are: Honorary President, Mrs. James M. Garnett; President, Mrs. R. T. Meade; First Vice President, Miss Nannie Wiseman; Second Vice President, Mrs. George W. Nelms; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Nelson Pendleton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Timberlake; Treasurer, Miss C. Irby Bolling; Historian, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, who furnished the following:

After the convention had been called to order by the President, Rev. R. J. McBryde, Chaplain of Lee-Jackson Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Lexington, opened the exercises with a fervent prayer. The visitors were welcomed in behalf of the home Chapter by its President, Mrs. A. D. Estill, in a graceful address, "to this town, rich in historical associations and institutions of learning, but richer far in the men who have lived and labored here and made glorious the annals of our country, our immortal Lee and Jackson." She spoke of "the graves of the dear boys from the military institute, who were part of that little company of rosy-cheeked boys who, led by the gallant soldier now commanding their successors, saved the day at New Market and made for themselves a fame that will be told in song and story as long as lofty courage, devotion to duty, and noble achievement stir the human heart."

Mrs. Meade, in behalf of the Grand Division of Virginia, responded with much eloquence. She spoke of the peculiarly sacred associations of Lexington, "where rests the precious dust of the noble, dauntless Jackson and the grand, peerless Lee," and how inspiring it always is "to stand before the memorials which a loving people erect to commemorate the deeds of brave and great men."

"European travelers never fail to visit the Lion of Lucerne, carved in living rock by the master hand of Thorwaldsen, which perpetuates the valor of the noble Swiss who formed a guard of honor to the kings of France. After a heroic struggle, the two battalions were completely overpowered, and all fell in the discharge of their duty. The exact spot in Brussels where the patriot nobles Counts Egmont and Horn were executed by the cruel Duke of Alva is always viewed with reverence by the patriotic Belgians; and the English stand with pride and devotion in the crypt of old St. Paul's before the tombs of Nelson and Wellington. Then should not a flood of patriotism fill our hearts when we approach the tombs of our incomparable Lee and Jackson, for no greater warriors and no purer men have ever led a country's cause? And should we not realize that no cause is really lost which has left to its people such a precious legacy of heroes? Should we not teach the children in every school throughout our land of the knightly deeds and spotless lives of these grand men? It is true that our Confederacy was short-lived among the nations of the earth, but our soldiers taught the world that even life itself is nothing worth compared to principle and priceless honor."

The Chapter reports were interesting and showed increase in enthusiasm and work done during the past year and new Chapters in process of formation. The Historian's report gave an account of the early organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia, in May, 1894, and of the fifty Chapters formed from the initial one—Albemarle, No. 1—now named in honor of Gen. Richard B. Garnett. It told of the cause of two Divisions in the State, a mistake at headquarters in Nashville in issuing two charters to organize in one State, and of the attempts since made to unite these two Divisions, which had always been one in heart and work. It spoke of the need of proper histories being used in our schools, and of the importance of the South's writing its own histories, showing the purity of our cause. That "in all the histories written by Northern men, the South is put wholly in the wrong, and no child could read these histories with inferring that the Confederate leaders and soldiers were traitors of the deepest dye." That we owed the truth to the living and the dead, and the truth was all we asked.

A subject of deep and general interest to Virginians was brought to the attention of the convention in a paper by the chairman of the committee on "the union of the two Divisions of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia." It stated that the Grand Division of Virginia, U. D. C., had acceded to a request from the Virginia Division to appoint a committee to meet one from the Virginia Division to arrange a plan for union of the two bodies, subject to the vote of the Chapters of

MRS. M. B. PILCHER, NASHVILLE,
Who so well conducted Daughters of the Confederacy Day at Monteagle Assembly, and who was Chairman of an Entertainment Committee that raised over $1,100 in Nashville for the Jefferson Davis monument.

COLLEGE HOME, LAGRANGE, GA.,
Where the Georgia Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held, and whose President, Rev. G. A. Nunnally, donates six free scholarships to Georgia Daughters.

the two Divisions at their October conventions. The Grand Division of Virginia practically conceded everything suggested by the Virginia Division committee at their joint committee meeting in Richmond on June 6, in order to effect union, and the majority of its Chapters voted "for union and the new name United Virginia Division" (suggested by Mrs. James Y. Leigh, of the Virginia Division Committee), "with adoption of new constitution," also proposed mainly by the Virginia Division committee. This included the retention of the Grand Division badge "as the official one in the State" (the Virginia Division having no badge, and many of its members already using the above badge, it having been offered originally to all "Virginia Daughters").

The Virginia Division, in session at Norfolk at the same time, declined to accept the word "united," preferring to keep their own name, Virginia Division; rejected the Grand Division badge "as the official one in the State," and so amended the new constitution that its committee had suggested as to make union impossible. Thus the chances of amicably effecting this union were thrown away by the action of the Virginia Division, four out of five of its committee, as stated by the press, having changed their minds on the subject. The Grand Division of Virginia, having magnanimously conceded everything, was forced to close the matter. To give up its history and identity, as well as its honored name taken in compliment to the Grand Camp of Virginia, C. V., and its official badge, could not be expected of it. We trust the question, "Why are there two Divisions of Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia?" has been answered. Before the convention adjourned a resolution was adopted to appeal to the United Daughters of the Confederacy to purchase Stonewall Jackson's old home in Lexington, and convert it into the Jackson Memorial Hospital. This is the only home ever owned by General Jackson, and it still belongs to his widow.

A beautiful reception was given the visiting Daughters by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, of Lexington, at the home of Mrs. Humphreys, which was profusely decorated with Confederate flags and lovely flowers. A handsome collation was served, and the reception was largely attended by Confederate veterans and residents of Lexington.

The convention accepted an invitation from Col. Scott Shipp to visit the Military Institute, inspect the buildings, and witness a drill given in honor of the ladies. While there they decorated with flowers the graves of the young cadets who fell at the battle of New Market. They also visited the cemetery where Geenral Jackson's monument is erected, and his burial lot where he "rests under the shade of the trees." General Lee's office, where every article is kept exactly as he left it thirty-two years ago, is also a sacred spot, and the mausoleum in Lee Memorial Chapel, where rests Valentine's beautiful recumbent figure of General Lee over his sacred dust.

"Unfurl the flag, the sword unsheath—
To deck him and salute!
Ah, splendid mid the splendid dead!
Ah, lips with dust so mute!
Where stalk the shapes of strength and might,
In death's great company
Of noblest dead, who nobly lived,
It moves—the shade of Lee."

The convention accepted the twice-repeated invitation from Manassas to meet next at that historic place on the second Wednesday in October, 1903, and adjourned with hearty thanks for the delightful hospitality of Lexington and pleasant memories of its people.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT HARRODSBURG.

Alabama: A. Dewberry, 33d; Captain Price; A. T. Ard, 33d.

Arkansas: A. M. Kirk, F. China, 5th.

Florida: T. B. Boone, 6th; Joseph Lord, 3d; John Bender, 1st; J. J. Hubbard, 3d.

Georgia: M. B. Andrews, 56th; W. G. Oglesby, 34th; J. A. Cook, 40th; W. H. Cannon, —— Burksdale, 41st; D. W. Bennett, 43d; R. C. Cellison, 34th; T. W. Wharton, W. M. Burk, 49th; A. Meeks, 41st; C. Wilson, 41st; W. C. Truman, 41st; L. C. Tart, 10th; Colonel McDowell; Dr. Right.

Kentucky: J. C. Allen, 2d; John Singleton, 6th.

Louisiana: John Cauley, Captain Scott.

Mississippi: Capt. William Irvin, 32d; A. J. Rich, 27th; J. Young, 33d; W. T. Walker, J. H. White, 37th; D. C. McGuinnis, 24th; C. Linard, 1st; J. F. Nevil, 30th; G. Simpson, 37th; A. B. C. Stevenson, 33d; G. W. Andrews, 1st; B. F. Roberts, 27th; C. Hays, 27th; J. Elliot, 23d; J. L. Strong, 27th; J. F. Nalston, 32d; G. T. Martin, 37th.

North Carolina: J. M. Peak, 37th.

Tennessee: J. B. Vance, 16th; W. B. Vance, 2d; E. W. Johnston, 1st; Capt. C. H. Busler, 1st; John Wesley, 2d; H. H. Cardon, 27th; W. C. Moore, 16th; W. J. Edmons, 23d; J. D. Harris, 44th; W. H. Wortin, 16th; M. Curtis, W. F. Roberts, 16th; S. G. Allison, 33d; J. B. Marsby, 33d; B. H. Smith, 5th; William Robley, 51st; C. Raggett, 10th; M. C. Wetherly, 6th; G. Hammer, 24th; G. Driver, 1st; A. Self, 5th; J. T. Mills, 25th; A. A. Channell, 38th; J.

Cotton, J. Safley, 16th; J. W. Powers, 1st; A. J. Mason, 16th; J. L. Davis, 16th; J. M. Smith, 9th; Robert Park, 33d; Thomas Willis, 33d; J. F. Bringham, 2d; J. R. Tooms, 33d; W. F. Grimsly, 16th; Elijah Davis, 3d; W. C. Blackwell, 37th.

Miscellaneous: W. L. Dorherty, 5th Confederate; C. Urdemans; Captain Cordia; —— McClung; Mr. Holms; R.

Smirlk; Lieut. T. York; John Michison; J. L. Kars; Mr. Miller; Col. B. Ford; M. Mitchell; William White; Colonel Evans.

This list was collected at great pains by a Southern woman immediately after the war, and by her preserved. It is now published for the first time.

CAPT. E. W. LYEN,
Who took an active part in the monument movement.

The VETERAN for October contains the following account:

This Harrodsburg Kentucky Monument, built of granite in splendid proportions, the statue being eight feet high, is of great credit to the people of Mercer County. The formal ceremony was attended by a large number of people. Addresses were delivered by Col. Bennett H. Young and Judge Robert J. Breckinridge. The monument was unveiled by Miss Gussie Robards, whose father, George Robards, fought for the Confederacy under Gen. John H. Morgan.

THE DOLES-COOK BRIGADE.

The Survivors' Association of the above has the following officers: Commander, W. B. Haygood, Jr.; Adjutant, Charles T. Furlow, Atlanta; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry W. Thomas, Atlanta; Surgeon, W. H. Philpot, Talbotton; Chaplain, Rev. A. M. Marshall, Eatonton. Vice Commanders: W. S. Evans, Fourth Georgia, LaGrange; Capt. A. S. Reid, Twelfth Georgia, Eatonton; Capt. K. S. Foster, Twenty-First Georgia, Milledgeville; Capt. J. B. Reese, Forty-Fourth Georgia, Eatonton.

In a circular letter from Farmington, Ga., October 1, 1902, Commander Haygood states: "Our fifth annual reunion will be held in Columbus, Ga., in the afternoon of the first day (October 28) during the reunion of the State Veterans. Every member of the brigade is urged to be present.

Each year our numbers are rapidly growing smaller, and each member should feel it his duty to attend these annual meetings and revive pleasant memories of a glorious and brilliant past. Such meetings cement us together and brighten our declining years. The railroads will furnish round-trip tickets at one cent per mile from all points in Georgia, and the hotels and boarding houses have agreed to furnish board and lodging at from one to two and a half dollars per day. All who so desire will be furnished meals free of cost by the city of Columbus, and they will be prepared to lodge a number of Veterans free of cost. It is requested that all who can will remain in Columbus during the two days' session of the State Veterans.

WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS AT THE CAPITOL.

STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The first meeting after adjournment for the summer was held this week at the home of the President, Mrs. E. W. Ayres, whose partial convalescence from a long and distressing illness was a cause of sincere congratulation among the members of the Chapter, from the deliberations of which she has been sadly missed. Though suffering bodily illness, and in the meantime in deep personal bereavement, she has continued to keep well in touch with and to manifest in every way possible the same interest in and devotion for the Chapter and its cause. The attendance at this first fall meeting was very full, and a number of membership applications were presented for the Credential Committee.

Acting on the precedent of a Chapter in Kentucky, Mrs. Admiral Dewey was elected an honorary member of the Stonewall Jackson, her eligibility being constituted in the "sympathy and aid extended by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Washington McLean, to the Southern Confederacy during the war."

It was announced that on the 19th of January, next, Crosses of Honor would be conferred on other veterans of the Washington Camp, and that Mrs. Stonewall Jackson would be invited to officiate at the ceremony so fittingly and so feelingly performed by Miss Mary Custis Lee in June last, when all veterans of Camp No. 171 who had duly qualified were decorated with the sacred badges secured through the efforts of Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson, the wife of a distinguished and much-beloved member of this Camp.

Mrs. Ayres, because of ill health, declining the Presidency further, Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson was chosen to succeed her. Her election, by unanimous vote, was most gratifying and fitting. She is well known in connection with the Southern Relief Society of Washington, of which she has been a faithful corner stone. A beautiful Christian character, a gentleness of spirit, and modesty of manner, together with her clear intelligence, executive ability, to speak not of the crowning sentiment of her nature, her devotion to the South and the South's soldiers, dead or living, render her qualifications paramount, and the Chapter bids fair for a happy year.

The election resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson; Honorary Presidents, Mrs. J. J. Bullock, Mrs. E. W. Ayres; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Albert Akers, Mrs. Greenwood Stanley; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. C. Wilkins; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William Page Cowper; Treasurer, Mrs. S. Sprigg Belt; Parliamentarian, Mrs. C. B. Howry; Custodian, Mrs. C. D. Merwin; Historian, Mrs. Frederick Fairfax.

It was voted at this meeting that the Chapter be represented at the New Orleans convention in November through Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, or her proxy.

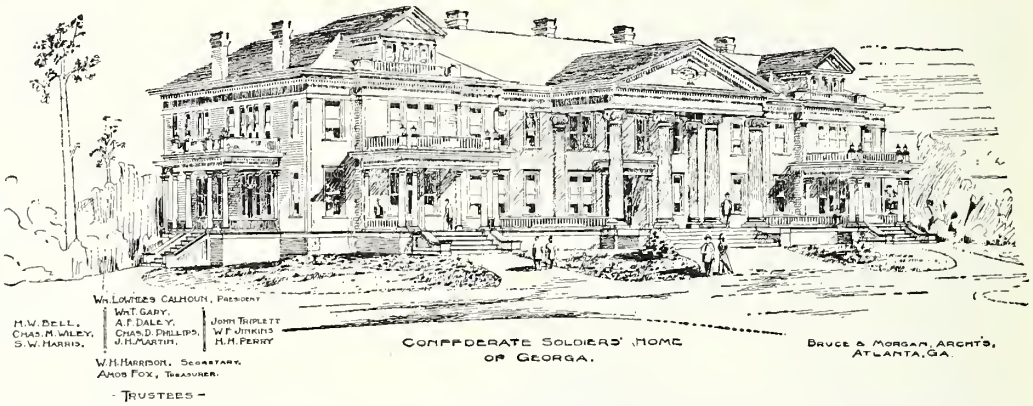
It is my pleasure as well as honor and privilege to send to the veteran of veterans, in the name of Stonewall Daughters of the Confederacy, sympathetic greeting and to extend the cordial right hand of everlasting fellowship.

Washington, D. C. ALICE PICKETT AKERS.

GEORGIA'S NEW CONFEDERATE HOME.

Many sensations have occurred in connection with the Confederate Soldiers' Home for Georgia. First, when Henry Grady began the movement with his matchless pen, magnetic forces were operated so that the work progressed splendidly, and the magnificent structure was soon erected which was illustrated in the VETERAN for April, 1898.

At the recent dedication of the new Home, Judge W. L. Calhoun gave an instructive account of it. His speech deals with the history of the old Home and that of the new, making a valuable document, which will be read with interest by all who are concerned in the Home.



Colonel Calhoun, upon opening the Home, said:

"In every land and in all ages, from the beginning of the world to the present time, and by every people, patriotism, bravery, heroic conduct, and self-sacrifice, in defense of home and country, have been recognized, and the names and deeds of the actors, in the great struggles of the past, conspicuously appear on the pages of history, and will go down the years with unfading honor and glory. In our own Southland, though its brave defenders were overwhelmed by numbers in their mighty struggle in its defense, this custom of the ages has not been forgotten or neglected, but has ever been perpetuated with a fidelity which has never been surpassed.

"Splendid monuments have been erected to commemorate the deeds of our great leaders, Robert Edward Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, A. P. Hill, N. B. Forrest, and others. The private soldiers who bore the heat and burden of the day have not been forgotten, but the memory of their devotion and their sufferings perpetuated in enduring marble. At no distant day the people of the South will crown it all by the completion in Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, of a grand and lasting memorial of the noblest son of the South, who occupied the most responsible and difficult position ever held by man, with unequaled ability and fidelity, and who was the vicarious sufferer for the whole people of the South—Jefferson Davis.

"And now this splendid sentiment of the ages has become broader, and perhaps more practical, and reaches out to our living defenders, and especially embracing that class of them among us who, once strong and brave, are now, from age, infirmity, and poverty, helpless and dependent. Do they not appeal more strongly to our hearts than even the sacred duty of honoring our dead heroes? Nearly all the Southern States have made provision for this class, and Georgia—God bless her!—has gathered the most feeble and helpless in a home, where they can spend their declining years in peace and comfort. God bless the people of Georgia, who have twice so generously responded to the calls made in behalf of our soldiers! God bless the noble women of Georgia, and of the South, who, from the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter until the stars and bars fell in defeat, but not in disgrace, and from the close of the mighty conflict until the present day, whether in the duty of supplying articles of need and comfort to our soldiers in the field, ministering to our sick, wounded, and dying, when far away from the loved ones at home, or providing for those who have survived and need their tender care and sympathy, have manifested a fidelity, devotion, and self-sacrifice which the world has not seen before!

"The history of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Georgia has been so frequently published in the newspapers of our State that I deem it unnecessary to do more now than to give a brief synopsis. Allow me to say that without the aid of the press of Georgia, which has been untiring in its advocacy, I do not believe the Home would have been established, and for the Board of Trustees I now express our acknowledgment of its splendid and patriotic service, and also its thanks to the Governor, the General Assembly, and the people of Georgia for their support given the institution, without which it would have had no existence.

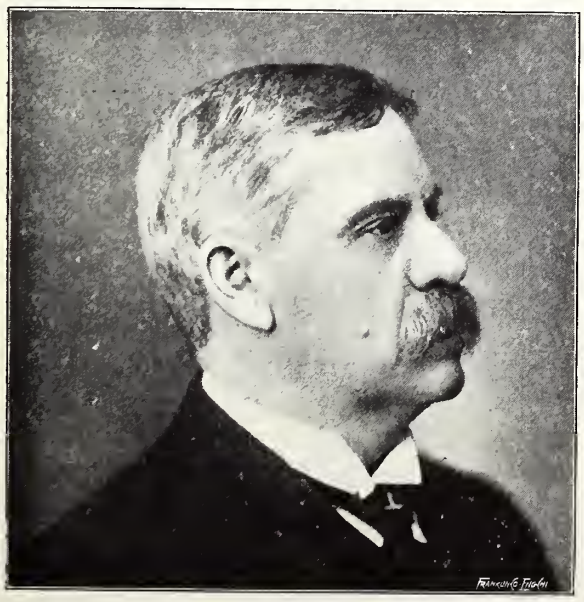
"In 1888 a pressing necessity existing for the protection and care of a class of our old soldiers who were not sufficiently provided for by the State, the same had claimed the attention of the Confederate organizations, notably of the old Fulton County Confederate Veterans' Association; but no definite action had been taken. Henry W. Grady, whose memory will ever be fresh and green in the minds and hearts of the people of Georgia, espoused their cause, and, through the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*, inspired the people of the State, by his matchless editorials, to contribute a fund for the establishment of a Soldiers' Home. Something over $38,000 was promptly subscribed, a meeting of the subscribers was held, committees appointed, and on the 31st day of May, 1889, this tract of land, containing 119¼ acres, was purchased at a cost of $9,540. Subsequently, the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Georgia was incorporated, a Board of Trustees named, of which Mr. Grady was elected President, this site was selected, plans and contracts made for the building, when, unfortunately for the Home, in December, 1889, Mr. Grady died. I was elected his successor as President of the Board, and during the year 1890 the work went forward, and a handsome and commodious structure, planned by Messrs. Bruce & Morgan, architects, of the Gothic style of architecture, was erected, which consumed the balance of the fund on hand.

"You are doubtless familiar with the history of the Home for the subsequent ten years: that it was three different times tendered to the State as a gift, the heated discussions in the General Assembly, and its rejection each time; that it stood all these years unoccupied, guarded and protected by a single old Confederate soldier; that, there being no funds for the purpose, the Atlanta National Bank, through Mr. Paul Romare, the then Treasurer of the Home, advanced the necessary amount to pay the guard and insurance, without interest; and that, at last, after these long years of labor and hope and disappointment experienced by the old Board of Trustees and the people, on the 19th day of December, 1900, the Legislature of Georgia accepted the property, made provision for the ap-

pointment of a new Board of Trustees, and its maintenance as a home for the aged, infirm, and poor Confederate veterans residing in this State. The fidelity, patience, and unceasing work of the first Board of Trustees, composed, as it was, of a large number of prominent citizens of Georgia, has not been surpassed in any undertaking.

"The action of the Legislature was promptly approved by Governor Candler, the present Board of Trustees appointed, the old building, which had become much damaged by want of occupancy and exposure, was placed in repair, and on the 3d of June, 1901, was, with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a large concourse of our citizens, opened as a Soldiers' Home. Eighty-three old soldiers entered the Home, and the same was being satisfactorily conducted, when on the 30th day of September, 1901, just three months and twenty-seven days after its opening, the building, with its entire contents, was destroyed by fire. This was a sad day for those who had worked so long and contributed so much to establish the Home, and it seemed that the fates were against it, and its future dark and uncertain. The inmates escaped uninjured and were, through the kindness and liberality of the *Atlanta Journal,* quartered for one month in the Thompson Hotel, on Marietta Street, which place was afterwards leased by the Trustees as a temporary Home.

"A sentiment for the rebuilding of the Home soon manifested itself throughout the State, and the Trustees met and resolved to proceed at once with the work. Messrs. Bruce & Morgan again prepared the plans for a structure to be of brick veneer walls instead of wood, modeled after the old Southern colonial style, the contract for its erection was closed, the work went on, and to-day, within twelve months after the destruction of the old, the new building stands before you completed and furnished. It contains sixty-eight rooms, large and small, and, including gas, waterworks, steam heating, etc., cost the sum of about $30,000, and the furniture therein about $4,000. The fund for this work came from the insurance, $21,300; balance of cash on hand from last year's appropriations, about $2,600; donations by the citizens of Georgia and others, about $6,500; and the balance from the appropriation of this year. On the 17th inst., the old soldiers occupied their new home, and, I think, with much joy. At present there are sixty inmates and a number on leaves of absence, granted mainly because of the crowded condition at the temporary quarters. These will now return, and as there are a number of applications, it is anticipated that many more will soon come. Since the opening, twenty-three have died and are in their eternal home. Whether this building, with its appointments, meets your approval, you are to determine.



JUDGE W. L. CALHOUN.

"My old comrades, I desire, in conclusion, to speak a few words to you. The State and the people of Georgia have been very kind and generous in providing this comfortable Home in which to spend your declining years. They have recognized that in the great contest for Southern right and honor you did your duty and upheld our cause with a devotion, self-sacrifice, and bravery which has no parallel. That for this you now and will ever feel the deepest gratitude in your hearts, and that you will so conduct yourselves as never to bring reproach or leave a stain on the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Georgia, I cannot doubt. The old and the present Board of Trustees have worked for you without pecuniary compensation, inspired alone by duty and to render your closing lives pleasant and happy. For myself, permit me to say that my connection officially with the Home will soon terminate. For nearly fourteen years I have served as Chairman of the Building Committee and President of the Board of Trustees. If what I have done has contributed to put bread in the mouths, given strength to the bodies, make brighter the spirits, happier the heart, and dried up the tears caused by the poverty, suffering, and sorrow of my old comrades in arms, I have received my reward and am satisfied."

PETITION FOR LEGISLATION IN GEORGIA.

A bill is to be presented to the Georgia Legislature to provide that in the appointment or employment of persons for positions or service in any public department, or public works, of that State, or of any county or municipal corporation thereof, preference shall be given by the officials, or persons authorized to appoint or employ, to honorably discharged or paroled soldiers or sailors of the Confederate States army or navy. It is guarded with proper restrictions.

Section two of the bill states that any violation of the provisions of this act shall be deemed a misdemeanor, and upon conviction in any court of competent jurisdiction, the offender shall be punished by a fine of not less than fifty dollars, and not more than one hundred dollars.

A committee from the Atlanta Camp composed of Harry Krouse, W. L. Calhoun, and R. L. Rodgers is actively engaged in procuring hearty participation in this movement of all the Camps and the Daughters of the Confederacy that the bill be made a law.

COMMENT ON "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Even writers of the North are taking up the discussion regarding "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and giving the Southern women credit for their fearless stand. James M. Rogers, writing in the *Era Magazine,* pleads for fair judgment:

"And now I must ask the reader to hark back to the book a moment and see how much he can remember about it. I believe the rising generation still reads the book to some extent, but there are few persons forty years old who have not done so, and I venture to say that few have read it since their youth, and that fewer still can give a very adequate account of what it contains. They remember Uncle Tom's brutal murder, the death of Eva, the pranks of Topsy and the flight of Eliza, but I hazard little in saying that most of them remember these things rather from seeing the play than from any memory of the book."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

It is expected that many friends will carefully consider the editorial in the October VETERAN. The writer is comforted in feeling that he has properly outlined the course to pursue, and it should have the attention of every comrade and friend who will perpetuate the "story of the glory" of our cause.

Responses that have come so far in regard to taking stock are most gratifying. Some express desire to purchase more than the limit of ten shares—the proviso being that not over ten shares should be sold to one person.

The importance of the Southern people standing loyally and unitedly is too evident for argument. The VETERAN has long been accepted as the most important publication of its kind that has existed, and it ought to be perpetuated as long as there is interest in the memory of the people whose sacrifices for their principles have never been excelled. Its success has been maintained by united action of all the people.

The splendid responses to an appeal from subscribers recently is most gratifying. Do the conditions not appeal to *you?* Will you not now make it *your* patriotic contribution to these principles by sending to the VETERAN the names of some persons who are not subscribers, that sample copies may be sent them? This request is extremely modest, and it is hard to conceive the great good in the aggregate that may be accomplished with *your* compliance. There seems to have been renewed interest by our women in a determination to get rid of books in the South that do not justly represent us. A startling revelation of facts will be given by a Daughter of the Confederacy in the next VETERAN.

In this issue will be found a number of fine engravings, all of which should be credited to the splendid annual report of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at their last convention in Dallas. After this issue it is sincerely desired to give more attention to the department of Sons than has ever been done. There is a growing tendency on the part of these noble men to supply the places of their fathers, and in establishing the correct record of this country's history—so far as the Confederate cause is a part. In this connection we are constrained to pay tribute to the worthy actions of Judge R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, whose zeal for the cause has rather strengthened than abated since he retired from the highest position in the organization. Of this subject more will be stated hereafter. The younger men of the South, whose fathers have honored America by their Confederate record, will not let business or social interests deprive them much longer from assuming the responsibilities they inherit.

A highly appreciated letter is herewith given. Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards, postmaster at Macon, Ga., an author of distinction, having received as one testimonial ten thousand dollars for a prize story, in proposing a contribution for the VETERAN, adds: "I have been for years a subscriber to the VETERAN, and it is a source of keen regret to me that I have not preserved its issues. Generally they have gone to Confederates around me who are not subscribers. Of late a negro, Jerry May, who went through the war with the Baldwin Blues, of Milledgeville, has been getting them, and I may assure you that he is the most faithful of all your readers. Jerry informs me that when he finishes the copies he sends them to a Confederate widow who was kind to him a long time ago."

While in South Carolina the editor of the VETERAN heard from high authority the following statement, which he has never seen in print. President Davis was in the habit of having his cabinet to dine with him once a week. On such an occasion, in 1864, a guest, Sidney Lee, a brother of General Lee, indulged in some serious animadversions of Gen. J. E. Johnston. A card was brought to the President, who announced that General Lee had ridden up from the Petersburg lines to confer with him, and General Lee was invited to join the party. While taking a glass of wine the guest continued his strictures on General Johnston. General Lee excused himself in order to have an interview with the President, but before leaving the room said in a most impressive manner: "Gentlemen, if Joseph E. Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none!" The late Hon. George A. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury, was present and heard General Lee's remark. He repeated it, after the war, to Gen. Elison Capers (now Bishop of South Carolina), hence the unquestioned source of the statement.

The "Last Roll" is omitted from this number of the VETERAN, but that should not indicate a dimininution in the death rate. Reference is made herein to the recent death of Mrs. Sarah Moorman, of Owensboro, Ky., whose husband and sons (one of whom is Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General, U. C. V.), served in the war. The editor recalls no greater honor than having been the special escort of this venerable woman to dinner at the recent reunion in Owensboro. Although four score and four, she seemed to possess the faculties of a girl of twenty; graceful, gentle, appreciative, and beautiful, her presence was a blessing to any circle. Many others are to be reported soon.

MISS EDNA C. HOWS.

Soon after the VETERAN was started, Comrade Hows became a subscriber, and told his little daughter, now a young lady, that he put upon her the care of the papers, and as a result they are proud in the possession of every copy issued.

All honor to those who take such interest in this important work. Ten years of constancy in the careful preservation of any periodical is unusual. In many instances old numbers have served important purposes. Speculators have procured back numbers and sold them at one dollar each.

MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH.

The above illustrates Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith at her home in New Orleans. Mrs. Smith is a native of Memphis, Tenn., the daughter of Miles Owen. Her mother was Martha Foster, of Mississippi. Previous to her marriage she resided in Memphis. Her father, though too old for field service, was active in aiding the Confederate cause with his influence and his wealth. Her brothers were distinguished for their hero-

ism and faithfulness. Her husband, J. Pinckney Smith, was an ardent Confederate from first to last.

Mrs. Smith was active in organizing the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, then in organizing other Chapters in her State, and became the first President of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C. Her invitation, delivered at Wilmington, engraved on copper, together with her magnificent address in presenting it, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was will long be remembered. Mrs. Smith has been a most efficient worker in important committees in the General Convention of Treasurer of the New Orleans "Battle Abbey Association," and largely by her zeal $3,000 was raised for the fund; and when the people of Louisiana decided to withdraw from the Confederate Memorial Association that fund was wisely appropriated for founding scholarships in New Orleans institutions of learning.

REUNION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The most pleasureable event in the history of Rowan County's Confederate soldiers was the reunion held September 25, and the most pleasant incident of the reunion was the presentation of Crosses of Honor by the Daughters of the Confederacy. In a graceful and eloquent address, Miss Francis C. Tiernan made the presentation, in which she said:

"You are to wear them as a proof that your record as soldiers was stainless, and that you bore yourselves bravely and well in any or all of the battles fought by the armies of the South against such tremendous odds, from Manassas to Appomattox. And you are to wear them to remind you always that the cause for which you fought was a just cause. For none more just has men ever given their lives. Those who deny this are either profoundly ignorant of the truth, as it stands written in history, or are craven-hearted apologists of usurpation and wrong. Slowly, reluctantly, with infinite pain, as foreseeing what was to come, but filled with a high-hearted patriotism for which we may look in vain in these degenerate days, the men who were your leaders recognized that the unprovoked aggressions of long years had reached at last the unbearable point that the much enduring patience of the South had been tried too far, and that nothing remained but to assert the rights so carefully reserved and safeguarded by the States when entering into the original compact of government, and to go forth from those with whom fellowship had become impossible. Calmly and sternly they went—men such as the world is not likely to behold soon again! How they fought when the coercion, the possibility of which was denied to the last, was attempted, you know. You were there. You made the long marches, you slept in the old trenches, you saw your brothers fall beside you on the battlefields of those four years of terrible war. And when prostrate, bleeding at every pore, the South sank at last, not conquered but exhausted, you returned to face the hard problems of existence in a war-wasted land under every difficulty and indignity which the malice of our enemies could heap upon us.

"Soldiers of the Confederacy, surely to you, above all men now living, are Crosses of Honor due!"

ZEBULON B. VANCE'S TRIBUTE TO HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,
  Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
  Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home—go watch the faithful dove,
  In her eager flight above us;
Home is where there's one to love,
  Home is where there's one to love us.

What is home with none to meet,
  None to love, none to greet us;
Home is sweet, ah! truly sweet,
  Where there's one who loves to meet us.

Comrade George G. Bryson recited the foregoing from memory after many years, and when the VETERAN caught it he said:

WISE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE VETERANS.

Gen. C. I. Walker, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, Department U. C. V., writes from Greenville, S. C.:

"At the reunions of the United Confederate Veterans I have found it practically impossible to have business attended to intelligently. Many matters come up which do not have the consideration which we should give them. I met General Gordon recently, and in our conversation he deplored this necessary condition—necessary from our present organization. I told him of a plan I had in mind, which is fully set forth in the inclosed resolutions, and he approved it very heartily, and requested me to bring it up at the New Orleans reunion. As it involves a very material change in our methods of business, I want to get it right and to meet all views before presenting. I therefore ask that you will publish the resolutions, stating what I say in this letter, and asking any comrade who sees any defects in the plan to advise me, either personally at Greenville, S. C., or through your columns.

"The plan I propose is practically an enlargement of the Committee on Resolutions, but giving them the power to fix such business matters without—pardon me—the farce we usually go through, of submitting them to a body composed as largely of visitors as veterans (as are most of our business meetings), and being by such a body passed upon without discussion or if with any debate one which few can hear or understand. Giving the general convention the right—or rather, it reserving the right—to revise the action of the Executive Council secures the general convention absolute control over said Council.

"I think the plan suggested will better our business methods, and it will be submitted only because of the general dissatisfaction I have heard so often expressed as to our past methods of procedure."

Outline of Plan Suggested by General Walker.

Whereas the unparalleled and unexpected growth of our Association has made the meetings of our reunions so large that few comrades can, in speaking, be heard throughout the vast assemblage of comrades who gather to do honor to our hallowed Association, and it is essential for an intelligent discharge of the duties connected with our sacred purposes that due consideration should be given to every subject brought before us, and an interchange of opinion thereon secured, which is practically impossible with our present organization; and whereas this can best be accomplished by a smaller but thoroughly representative body of our Association; therefore be it

Resolved, That to Article II. of our By-laws a new section (10) be added, as follows:

(A) That there shall be constituted an Executive Council composed as hereinafter provided, whose duty shall be at all reunions to attend to all business of the Association, except the election of officers thereof, and selection of places of meeting, and such other matters as may be of a purely patriotic or sentimental character.

(B) It shall consider all resolutions and other business referred to it by the general conventions and initiate any such for the good of the Association.

All reports of standing or other committees and of all officers of the Association shall be made to the Executive Council and acted on by it.

(C) All matters decided on by the Executive Council shall have the same force and effect as if transacted by the general convention. But the general convention, if so decided by a majority vote, shall consider, revise, or annul any action of the Executive Council.

(D) A representation from each Division of one comrade for every ten Camps or fraction thereof, formed in each Division, and one delegate for each Camp not in an organized Division, together with the General Commanding, and all Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders, and their Adjutant Generals, shall constitute the Executive Council.

(E) Division Commanders and Commanders of independent Camps, at least one month before each reunion, except for this reunion, shall notify the Adjutant General of the members selected from their Divisions or Camps as members of the Executive Council.

The roll of membership of said Council shall be made up therefrom by the Adjutant General.

Each Division Commander will provide the representatives of his Division with such credentials as will secure to them seats in the meetings of the Executive Council, and no one will be admitted to such meetings without such credentials.

(F) To secure this Council for the present reunion, immediately after the adjournment of this reunion, the various Divisions and independent Camps shall assemble in the various places appointed for seating the Divisions in this auditorium, and select their delegates.

Their Commanders will report the names of those so selected to the Adjutant General before leaving this auditorium.

(G) That the sessions of the Executive Council shall not be held at such hours as to conflict with the meetings of the general convention.

SOME OF MORGAN'S MEN CAPTURED IN OHIO.

1. J. W. Friddle, Louisville, Ky.
2. S. G. Adams, Bardstown, Ky.
3. O. B. Norvell, Lynchburg, Va.
4. I. F. Davis, Bowling Green, Ky.
5. Thos. W. Bibb, Cave City, Ky.
6. R. R. Simmons, Bardstown, Ky.
7. H. H. Barlow, Cave City, Ky.
8. Charles Haddox, Keysburg, Ky.
9. Woodford Longmore, Covington, Ky.
10. William Lewis, Warren Co., Ky.

Mrs. L. R. H. Swain, of New Orleans, writes of it:

"I inclose a photograph taken at Camp Douglas, Ill., during the imprisonment of Gen. John Morgan's command, after that memorable march of twenty-seven days and nights into Ohio, when the soldiers slept in the saddle and their weary steeds ate as they marched, from little racks hung to their heads. Number four on the back of the card was Lieut. Isham Fielding Davis, of Bowling Green, Ky. I was Lavinia R. Hill, of Nashville, Tenn., and married Mr. Davis May 19, 1868. I was his happy wife for nearly twenty-five years, and was his widow for eight years. The photograph engraved may recall to memory the sad experience of the cold Northern prison, which will inspire some survivor to write his reminiscence. If delayed, it will soon be too late. I know some has been written, but the half has not been told. Each sad experience makes its own impression, and many historical facts can yet be recorded by the exchange of prison memories."

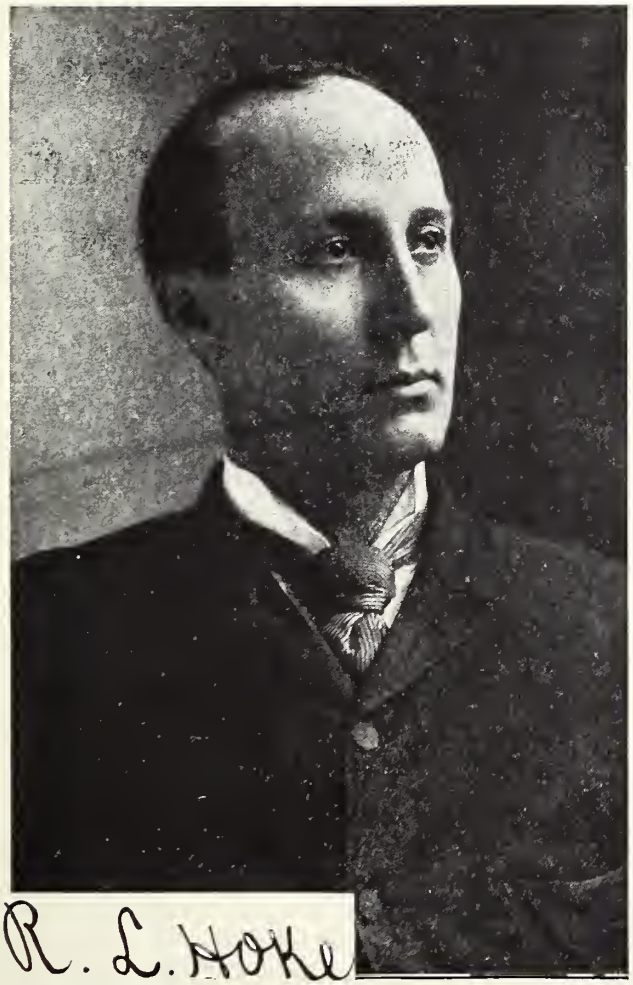
Mrs. Swain's pertinent suggestions should be heeded.

"THOUGHTS," BY BRUTUS.

A new and very rare book has just appeared from a Nashville press under the above caption. "Brutus" was Robert L. Hoke, a Tennesseean, who wrote for the daily papers, and since his death—which occurred recently—his sister, Mrs. Lillian Randolph Hoke, with characteristic woman's energy and devotion, has compiled more than a hundred of his articles in a neat volume of over 300 pages. She primarily desires to secure a wider range of readers, preserve in an enduring form his great, beautiful, and tender thoughts, and then, with the proceeds of the book, to erect a monument to his memory.

Never did the VETERAN give notice of a book with more sincere pleasure, for the work of its editor possessed the constant and ardent sympathy of Brutus, who treasured the record made as loyally as did comrades, all of whom were several years his senior.

Mr. Hoke was a quiet and very modest man. He was afflicted much of his life. An empty sleeve created sympathy with those who saw him. He was so gentle of manner that all who knew him loved him; yet when any great issue was in the public mind, a certain column of the press was watched to see what Brutus had to say. His writings were on so broad a plane and so encompassed the range of human interest that they are



now as interesting as when written, and appropriate in any locality where human instincts move men and women.

In writing of Ingersoll's virtues, this was his conclusion: "He believed in the brotherhood of man, in honesty of thought, in fearlessness of expression, and uncompromising hatred of a lie. . . . At last Mr. Ingersoll has pointed the term of human strife, and I, for one, hope that on the low dark verge of life he met the sunlight of eternal day."

The last chapter is on "October days," in which he states: "Man is a creature of pain and labor, of hopes and disappointments, of love and sorrow. Nothing for which he strives has enduring fruition, and, for the most part, fruition never comes. . . . He is hardly prepared to live before he must put it all by. . . . What is to become of his character, his affections, and his hopes? . . . Surely the great Source that conceived beauty and majesty and love was free of evil! Go to the woods and streams and fields. They have no audible answers to these questions, but it is good to muse and draw near that vast presence which holds the whole of life in its embrace."

The price of the book is $1.25. Our readers who wish it in renewing subscriptions can procure it for $1.16.

CONCERNING "TWO WARS," BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

The vivid pictures of life in the army and at home before the civil war show most plainly the high moral and mental conditions to which the men and women of the old South had risen, and is a delightful résume of that period.

It is replete with the personal experiences of the writer which reads like a romance, and it takes one back to the happy, halcyon days when personal honor and their pledged word was the law that governed men and women of the South. The historical value of the work is very great, and every son and daughter of the Confederacy can read it with profit and pleasure. The life of the brave old soldier who penned the work has been one of chivalrous and glorious effort and he leaves to posterity a work that will ever live in the hearts of his people. It is interesting especially as to facts and figures given of the results of the war showing the great disparity of numbers and resources and the number of foreigners the South had to fight.

B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO.

The page advertisement from the Stief Jewelry Co., Nashville, shows the appreciation of this splendid house for the efficiency of the VETERAN as an advertising agency, and refers with pride to the magnitude and richness of its store and to the efficiency of its management. It never appears but that any proposition made in the advertisement will be strictly complied with. Patrons of this house through the VETERAN are not confined locally—for they have done quite an extensive business in California solely through its advertising. Their mail orders ever have prompt attention with the same conscientious care as if the purchaser were present.

SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

Attention is called with pride to the page advertisement of the Southern Express Company. General readers of magazines and newspapers will know that this old and strong corporation rarely ever advertises its business. This is fitting, however, for the VETERAN completely covers its territory and we bespeak reciprocal kindness from our patrons, especially in the purchase of money orders. With the mail that brought General Manager Loop's letter there were thirty post office orders, so if Uncle Sam should divide the business with the old Southern Express Company, the patronage of this office even would aggregate a large sum.

In this connection reference is made to the extensive railroad advertising in the VETERAN. It is manifestly larger than can be found in any other periodical aside of strictly railroad journals. It seeks to render faithful service.

AFLOAT—AFIELD—AFLOAT.

Notable Events of the Civil War.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

To the east of Fort Morgan I see the wreck of the blockade runner Ivanhoe. An expanse of heaving, blue-gray sea, a stretch of white sand with a fringe of palms behind it, a misty range of timbered sand hills in the distance, their higher summits cloud-capped and frowning, the sun shining over all, and not a breath of air stirring on sea or land. This was the scene—as wild and solitary a picture as ever man looked upon.

A few yards from the beach was a half-submerged vessel, and that vessel has its history. The "ribs" and other bones were fragments of the wreck of the blockade runner Ivanhoe. Stanch as the vessel had been, she could not long withstand the waves charging continually in battle array, and she began to break up. The sea played with her as a cat plays with her prey. "The ship that runs the hazards of the shoals gets wrecked at last," says one of Cooper's most popular seafaring heroes, and this was a suitable epitaph for the Ivanhoe.

On the night of June 30, 1864 (11 o'clock), she attempted to run into Mobile Bay through the Swash Channel, but was discovered. As soon as the easternmost boat made the signal to the fleet, "Vessel running in!" the Federal light-draft dispatch boat Glasgow, lying near the Swash, ran for the beach and soon discovered her and fired five shots. Thereupon the fort opened fire on this vessel, bringing her to; but the mischief was already done, the Ivanhoe being by this time so rapidly intercepted at right angles by the Federal dispatch boat that she had to be run ashore between the fort and the new redoubt (2,700 yards from the fort) known as Battery Bragg. The Gaines's howitzer launch, twelve-oared, commanded by Lieut. John A. Payne, and first cutter, ten-oared, under Midshipman Waterman, were immediately lowered, ready for the fray and bent on the rescue of the endangered vessel. The launch and cutter were manned by thirty-one sailors with muskets, revolvers, hand grenades, and cutlasses. We learned on boarding that her captain commanded twenty-eight officers and crew, mostly Englishmen. We transferred from the beach to the vessel a company of sharpshooters, under Captains Johnston and Fisher, First Tennessee Regiment, sent from the fort for her protection against boarding parties. The launch's and first cutter's crews took their station at the boat's falls. Every boat was lifted from its cradle, swung out on the davits, and lowered to the water's edge. We got two kedge anchors out, each with a long scope of cable, in order to get her off the beach; but all our efforts at the windlass, with the steamer "backing" with all her might, were unavailing, as the tide had turned ebb, and she was going at least fourteen knots per hour when she went ashore. Lieutenant Payne now advised that her almost priceless cargo of blankets, shoes, medicines, drugs, and provisions be lightered ashore in her small boats. Before daylight several gunboats drew nigh and shelled her, which forced many of the sailors and soldiers to crowd the small boats to their full carrying capacity, while those who found no room in the boats had to leap overboard and wade ashore, the water fortunately reaching only to their shoulders. But they returned when the gunboats withdrew.

Solid shot was tearing great holes through the upper works, and shells were bursting every minute above and around the ill-fated vessel. Now began the real excitement—nothing I have ever experienced can compare with it. Hunting, yacht-racing, ball game, steeplechasing, big game shooting—I've done a little of each, and each has its thrilling moments, but none can approach "running the Civil War blockade." I feel that my readers may well share my enthusiasm for "old-time things and battles long ago," although this generation has, on the other hand, vivid portrayals in plenty of the dangers and hours of constant anxiety and little sleep, as the "runner" threads her way through the range of the blockading squadron's batteries. Closer examination showed that one shot struck the Ivanhoe's foremast, another exploded in her wardroom, a third passing through forward, killing one of the seamen of the launch outright and badly wounding one by splinters, and a fourth striking under her guard near the water line, knocking in an iron plate and causing her to take water fast. Our launch, under Lieutenant Payne, and first cutter, under Midshipman Waterman—and alternately under Lieut. Edgar L. Lambert and Midshipman Phillips respectively—was kept on duty night and day for the protection of the Ivanhoe's unloaders. Nearly three-quarters of her cargo, valued at eighty thousand dollars so nobly fought for, was saved.

On the night of July 5 Payne and Waterman were out on duty again. On this occasion an expedition of four boats from the fleet appeared on the scene, commanded (as was subsequently ascertained) by the flag lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson. In charge of the boats under Watson were Lieut. H. B. Tyson, Ensigns W. S. Dana, W. H. Whiting, and G. D. B. Glidden, and Master's Mate R. P. Herrick from the Hartford. There was also one boat from the Brooklyn, in charge of Ensign C. H. Pendleton. Assistant Surgeon William Commons, of the Hartford, accompanied the expedition as medical officer. Two gunboats (Metacomet, Lieut. J. E. Jouett, and Kennebec, Lieut. W. P. McCann) towed this party of boats into position after dark. Finding himself outnumbered, Lieutenant Payne fell back as this little flotilla advanced under the fire of their gunboats. The Ivanhoe was boarded and set on fire in two places, after which the boarders returned to their cover and were towed off to the Federal fleet. We followed the enemy some distance and fired upon him continuously. It was 12:40 when we discovered the flames, which lasted till 3 A.M. Quick as thought the Lieutenant said: "Change the boat drill to the fire drill, and let the soldiers ashore know of the change in the programme." Then we returned to the Ivanhoe and for two hours manned the pumps, leading in hose and fighting the flames with axes and fire buckets.

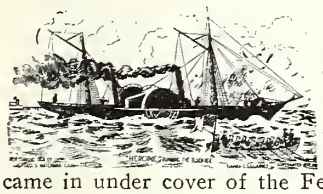
Once started, the fire seemed possessed of a demonlike energy and fierceness. It leaped from amidships to stern with inconceivable rapidity. In less than ten minutes after we boarded her the fire swept over all this space with such awful swiftness that there was hardly time for a word of warning to any one. Even those in the riggings and the sharpshooters upon the wheelhouses were so suddenly cut off from the forward deck and the shore by the surging flames that they were compelled to leap into the water and struggle for their lives. Many of these were rescued by the launch and first cutter, but many also had to swim ashore before helping hands could reach them. In this manner one of the Ivanhoe's crew sank for the last time in a brave but futile struggle with the elements.

It is impossible to depict in words the wildness and terror of the scene when the fire was at its height, or the equally striking scenes of ruin which came after. The most thrilling sight of all, perhaps, was that witnessed when the five firemen and coal heavers, nearly naked and scorched, blistered, and blackened with heat, crept out through an open coal chute to the deck. Finding themselves surrounded by the enemy and no way of escape left them, they lived for nearly one hour in

an empty coal bunker down in the very bowels of the ship, the fire raging around them on all sides, until their prison house became a veritable oven. To save themselves from suffocation by the penetrating fumes and smoke, the men tore off their clothing and stuffed it into the crevices. How they managed to exist in that fearful place for so many minutes is a mystery. It was truly a marvel of human endurance. The metal sides of their prison pen grew so hot that they could not touch them. When they were finally taken off, a more pitiable-looking body of men it would be hard to find. Nearly all of them threw themselves at once on the gratings of the launch and took in great draughts of the cool, fresh air, and from all came the cry, "Water! water! for God's sake, water!"

But, after being clothed and refreshed, only one of the men who had gone through this awful ordeal was found to be much the worse for the experience. This was an old man whose eyesight was nearly destroyed by the heat. We then returned to the Gaines after landing the rescued men near the fort, in care of Col. Andrew Jackson, commanding the First Tennessee Regiment.

Lieutenant Payne, who directed his men in their fight with the flames, was overcome three times by the fumes of gas and narrowly escaped death. On one occasion, when he was carried to the deck unconscious, it was feared he was beyond help. Artificial respiration saved him. Lieutenant Payne cared as little for danger as any prudent man ever did. The story of what he dared and did makes pleasant reading in these sordid commercial days, and reminds one of that beautiful phrase, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Payne was so strongly possessed of the sense of duty that he, as an officer of the navy, must try to save the others, that he risked his life again and again to accomplish this. He was saved, as he should have been. The world is not so rich in heroes that it can afford to lose such men as Payne.



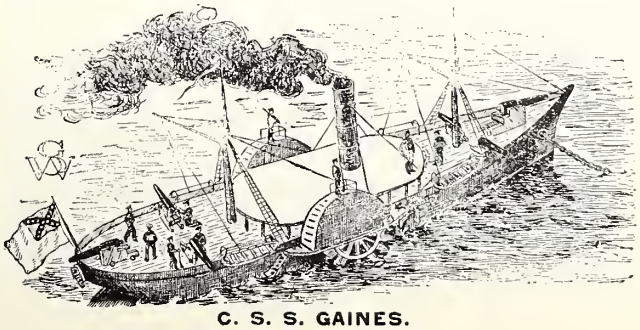
The following night (July 6) two armed boats, in command of Lieutenant Watson, accompanied by Lieutenants Tyson, Adams, and Jones, and Acting Master's Mate Hawthorne, came in under cover of the Federal gunboat Pinola, Lieutenant Stanton commanding. They were under orders to investigate the condition of the blockade runner Ivanhoe, and, if found impracticable to capture her, to blow her up. While looking for the Ivanhoe in the darkness, they were discovered and fired upon by our pickets, thus giving us warning of their presence, and our soldiers gave them several volleys of musketry, while some grape was sent after them from the Gaines's launch. They were protected, however, by the darkness, so that we could not see what damage they sustained, and they returned to their gunboat.

The weather now took on a threatening aspect. The wind was blowing fresh out of the south-southeast, bringing up a heavy southerly sea. The Ivanhoe rose and fell as the waves struck under her counter, and the continued thumping of the vessel in the quicksand caused a bank to form around her, on which our launch and first cutter struck while riding the heavy surf. The breakers, with an unbroken wall of foam, entirely hid the shore from our view. We would listen to their ominous roar, as the Ivanhoe strained and labored amid the foaming surges that swept by her, while we anxiously watched the drift lead to see whether her kedge anchors held, and calculated how much more force she could resist before she would begin to drag farther ashore and go to pieces. Once we shipped a sea that swept our decks and stove the bulwarks, but we sustained no other damage.

At daylight the weather grew worse, and the green seas with their white caps were soon pouring over the stern and down the brass-bound companion and hatchways, forcing us to cut away the bulkheads between decks, so that the water could reach the pumps, while on deck it went rushing forward as far as the wheelhouse. The Ivanhoe shipped some big waves, one of them climbing as far as the forward hatch and deluging the men on watch on the flying bridge, twenty feet above the water line, and fifty feet or more from the stern. Then, flying higher, it leaped over the forward funnel, leaving the deck awash.

On deck, muffled in his sou'wester, the captain stood, with his eyes fixed on the horizon, out of which clouds, ragged and gusty-looking, were spouting as from a great furnace. As they raced, the wind became a gale. The carved figure of the Knight of Ivanhoe, which clutched the bowsprit, was buried in ridges of foam, and the spars and shrouds shivered and strained and snapped in the fierce rushing wind. As the Ivanhoe pulled herself together and swayed and plunged amid the surf, the captain muttered to himself, indicating that his heroic spirit was aroused for battle. The wind demon was abroad and had awakened in him the spirit of the waters. The gale seemed to slacken for a few moments, and the sun shone out through a rift in the banks of vapor. Then it disappeared, the waters darkened again, and there broke upon our ears the roar of a heavy squall tearing through the upper rigging; and, with the first blast of the returning gale, I felt the heavy ship roll over on her side, while her smokestacks came near going overboard. All the smokestack guys had parted, but we soon rigged preventer guys, which held them in place.

"My God! we can't carry yards, with sails sheeted home, in a gale like this," I heard the captain say to the first mate. Louder and louder came the cry, "Down with the yards!" rising almost to a shriek. Then followed a loud thunder clap. With the wind whistling through her rigging and the lightning playing all about her, the ship seemed to be charging a battery of artillery, when, with an unexpectedness equal to the breaking of the gale, the great foretopmast buckled, swayed, bent, and then fell to leeward with a thunderous sound, bringing with it the heavy yards with their burden of living men. We stood transfixed. One glance at the swirling waves revealed the men clinging to the wreck. They shouted to us, but we could not hear them for the roar of the storm; so there was no answer save the echo of their own voices, which the sea hurled back at them. A descent into either the launch or first cutter at such a moment could only have resulted in its destruction, and possibly entailed the sacrifice of the lives of some of its crew. On our deck were the Gaines's crew, nerved and fortified by American discipline. In spite of the wild confusion and tangle, two of the Gaines's men were upon the wreck in an instant, with ropes fastened about them, and they made every effort to reach the Ivanhoe's sailors; but the waves were so high as to render their efforts of no avail, and they gave the signal by jerks of the rope to be hauled aboard. Life preservers were then thrown to the castaways, and they were washed ashore in safety.



C. S. S. GAINES.

The true sailor will soon make himself efficient on board any ship, so far as the handling of the vessel is concerned; but in times like this, only the trained man-of-war's man can be safely relied upon. There are many minor matters in connection with the service, such as the division of duties, the exercise at quarters and in boats, constituting essential features of the system on board a man-of-war, that are unknown outside the naval service. Our duty was to save the vessel and, with knives and axes, we cut and tore at the tangle of cordage, bending on ropes here and cutting there, as the case required, getting relieving tackle on our weakened masts, and altogether working like men in despair, but with a clear and definite purpose in view.

Overhead roared the gale; the fore and mizzenmast booming away as the wind rushed through the torn rigging, while to leeward seethed the white foam as the waves forced their way through the wreckage. Then the squall abated, and we cut clear the last rope to the wreck. Our next duty was to save the soldiers and the Ivanhoe's crew. The beach where they were landed, between the redoubt known as Battery Bragg and the fort, was very rough, with the sea running high and breaking with terrific force. It was only by the hand of Providence that every man escaped. Returning to the wrecked Ivanhoe, we found there was over four feet of water in the hold, coming up to the tops of the ash pans in the fire room. When the possibility of saving the vessel no longer existed, even in the minds of the most hopeful, orders were given to the engineers to turn the sea cocks and disable the bilge pumps, and the Ivanhoe was abandoned to her fate,

> "While the hungry sea was roaring
> And the breakers talked with death."

On the night of the 7th another "runner," fifty-two hours from Nassau, ran ashore very close under Fort Morgan, so that the enemy found it rather difficult to destroy her without the same risk of getting on shore and within reach of the heavy guns of the fort. At the time the bar was a sheet of foam, the surf breaking heavily clear across the channel. She was in danger of foundering if she entered it; but the alternative was destruction by the enemy; so she kept right on, ran through successfully, and in a few moments was safe inside under the guns of Fort Morgan. She was a new vessel, and had her portion of the shell game several times during the four succeeding days.

This last night (July 11) we had no annoyance from the enemy. We stopped at the fort and took on Capt. J. V. Gallimard, engineer in charge, and R. T. Thom, assistant inspector-general. A gentle breeze came from the northward and the sea was as smooth as a mill pond. All the holes made by the enemy's shot and shell were plugged up, and she was nearly freed from water at 8 o'clock, and we waited for the fourth high tide, when we could make another effort to send her on her way to Mobile. Her crew were heartily aided by the men of the Gaines, and a detachment of soldiers from the fort under Captains William B. Hughes and Cochran. All hands assisted the steam power by heaving in on the anchors laid out seaward, and snatches of song went along, songs of the wave and "bounding billows," sung as only hearty seamen can sing them when they circle around the capstan, and the head of the vessel swings into the stream for a voyage.

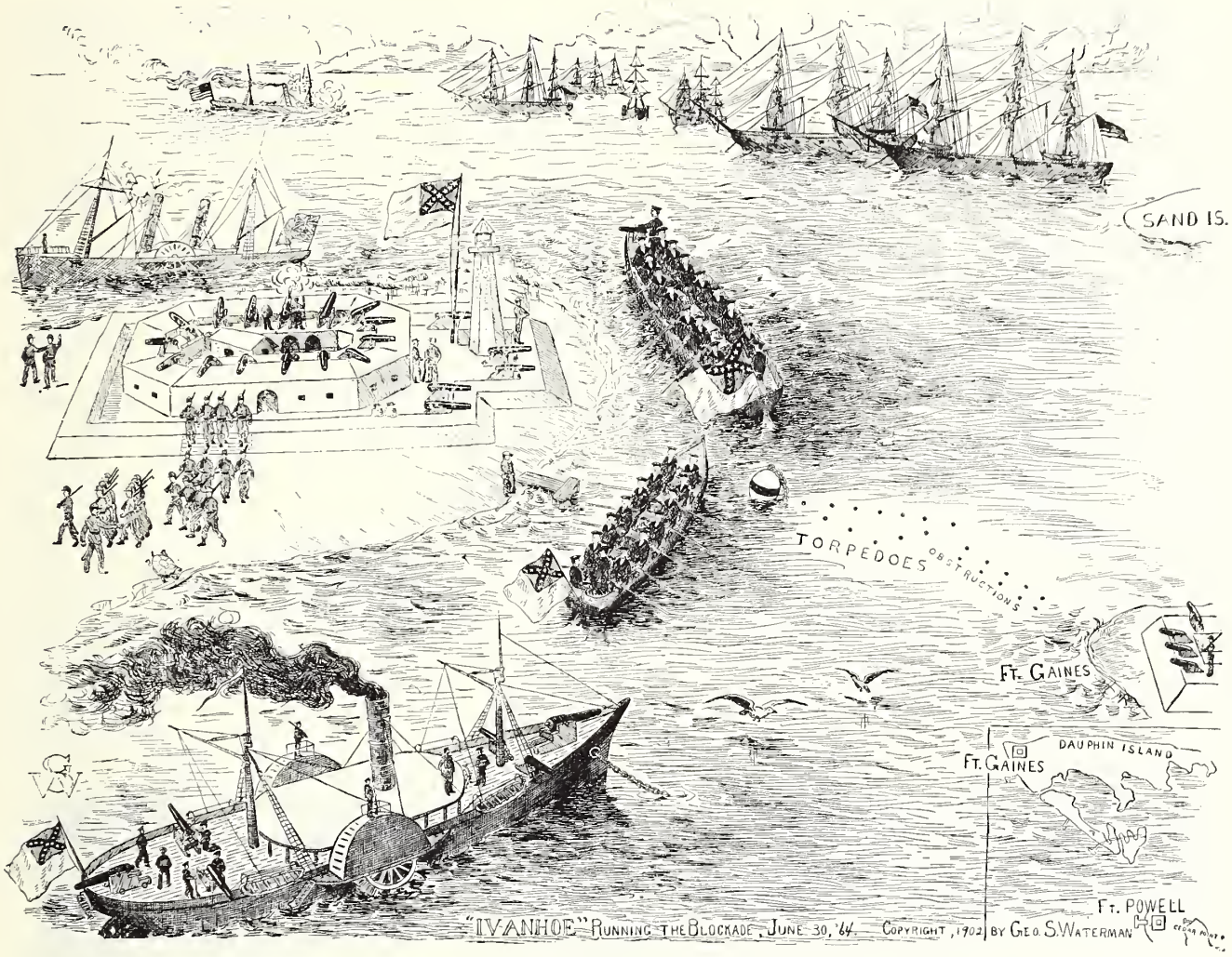
In the ruby light of a match that hovers for a moment over the bowl of a pipe appear the shaggy eyebrows and the disheveled hair of a sailor, throwing into relief, that lasts for an instant only, a face that has weathered many gales and tossed over the angry waters from the crosstrees of the mast, slipping from bent to bent by the aid of a rope, where no landsman would dare to go. Yet he smokes his pipe, sings his songs, and cracks his jokes, and cares naught for the waves or the water. Outside of a little circle of friends and admirers, perhaps, his deeds of bravery are unknown.

At midnight we had the pleasure of seeing our labors rewarded with success and of knowing how gladly she would be welcomed in Mobile with her cargo of quinine, drugs, wines, bacon, coffee, and dry goods. Our toil had been inspired by a feeling of humanity. We knew too well how sadly the Confederacy stood in need of the priceless freight which this vessel contained in her mixed cargo—medicines and appliances of surgery for the sick and wounded and wines for the feeble. In fact, there were many lives actually hanging on the event of our success in pulling off the ship laden with these supplies. The world has never realized how stringently the blockade bore upon these goods, so precious both in the field and in households and hospitals.

The story of the "fish" torpedo boat which destroyed the Federal ship-of-war Housatonic, of nine guns, off Battery Marshall in Charleston Harbor, is one of the most tragic chapters of the Civil War, and nothing more strikingly illustrates the spirit of the genuine sailor, and the risks to which he voluntarily exposes himself, than the experience in connection therewith of Lieut. John A. Payne, of the Confederate Navy. The boat was built in 1863 at Mobile, being constructed of boiler iron and arranged with a pair of lateral fins by which it could be submerged or brought to the surface at pleasure. The motive power was a hand propeller operated by eight men. The boat was provided with tanks which could be filled with water and emptied, to increase or decrease the displacement, but there was no provision for the storage of air. Consequently it could not long remain under water without the air with which it went down becoming foul and unbreathable; and if, by accident or design, the submersion was protracted too long, certain asphyxiation of the crew was the result. During an experiment at Mobile the vessel sunk, and before she could be raised the entire crew perished.

In February, 1864, General Beauregard accepted this craft for use in Charleston harbor, and Lieutenant Payne, having been placed in charge with a crew of eight picked men, was preparing to take her out for action one night, when she was swamped by the wash of a passing steamer, and all on board, except Payne, were drowned. Having been raised and refitted, she was again sunk, this time at Fort Sumter wharf, when six men were drowned, only Payne and two others escaping. Brought to the surface for the third time, another crew was placed on board under Hundley, one of her builders, who took her into Stono River, where, after several successful dives, she stuck her nose in the mud and all on board were lost. Again the ill-fated little craft was raised and a series of experiments were undertaken with her in the harbor. She worked beautifully until the attempt was made to dive under the receiving ship Indian Chief, when she fouled a cable and proved a coffin for every man on board.

Divers brought her up a week later, and Lieut. George E. Dixon, of Company E, Twenty-First Alabama Infantry, asked permission to try her against the Federal war ship Housatonic. General Beauregard consented, but only on condition that she should not be used as a submarine machine, but operated solely upon the surface and with a spar torpedo. Dixon had no difficulty in securing another volunteer crew ready to run the same risks as their unfortunate predecessors. In addition to Dixon, they consisted of Lieut. J. F. Carlson, of Capt. Wagener's (South Carolina) Light Artillery, and five sailors from the navy, belonging to Flag Officer J. R. Tucker's fleet. It



was about 8:45 on the evening of February 17 when the little craft struck the Federal vessel on the starboard side just forward of the mizzenmast, and Dixon fired his torpedo. A hole was torn in the side of the big vessel, extending below the water line, and she went down in four minutes, stern first, in twenty-eight feet of water.

This, however, was the last achievement of the "fish" and as fatal to herself and her crew as it was to the enemy. Whether she was swamped by the column of water thrown up by the explosion, or carried down by the suction caused by the sinking of the Housatonic, will never be known; but she went under the waves, never to rise again, and all on board, this time, were sacrificed. After the war, when the wrecks off Charleston were removed, the little submarine craft was found lying on the bottom, at a distance of many yards from the Housatonic, with her bow pointing in the direction of the latter.

According to the statement of prisoners, from the time the torpedo boat was sighted on board the Housatonic until it was alongside was about two minutes. In that time the chain of the big vessel was slipped, the engine backed, and all hands called to quarters. The after pivot gun on board the Housatonic having been pivoted to port, her gunners were unable to bring it to bear upon her destroyer. About one minute after the latter was close alongside, the explosion took place, the ship sinking stern first and heeling to port as she went down. Five of the Housatonic's people (one officer and four seamen) were killed by the shock or drowned. The remaining twenty-one officers and one hundred and twenty-nine men, having taken refuge in the rigging, were rescued by the crew of the Federal sloop Canandaigua. At the time this incident occurred the flagship New Ironsides, four monitors, four tugs, and fifteen sailing vessels were inside the bar, the Wabash and four other blockaders outside, and three steamers and seven schooners in Lighthouse Inlet—all under command of Commodore S. C. Rowan, commanding off Charleston.

Thus ended the eventful career of the little submarine destroyer, after a series of disasters as remarkable as any in the history of the Civil War, costing the lives of nearly fifty men in half a dozen experiments, in addition to the loss inflicted upon the enemy. The dramatic experience of Lieutenant Payne with the little craft ended in the spring of 1864, when he was transferred to the Confederate gunboat Gaines, becoming her executive officer.

We were kept in continual vigilance by the agents' dispatches, which named over fifty steamers running the blockade between Nassau and Bermuda to the Atlantic and Gulf ports. These agents were zealous in espousing the Southern cause, and the Charleston, Wilmington, and Mobile papers published glowing accounts of the blockade runners' skill and daring. The type of these vessels was a production of our Civil War, and as long as war is still in vogue may come again into like service.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN REMEMBRANCES.

George W. Leavell, of Oxford, Miss., who was a private in Company B, Forty-First Mississippi Regiment, writes of it:

"After an interval of thirty-eight years since the turbulent days of the sixties, I have been much interested in revisiting the battlefields of Nashville, Franklin, and Chickamauga. I wondered before coming upon those scenes if anything there would appear to me now as I remembered it when I left it beclouded with the smoke of battle so long ago. I cannot adequately express the sensation produced when I came upon the plains and stood in the midst of the hills, every rise and fall of the land true to memory. In reverie I was the youthful Confederate soldier again moving with swaying columns of men, realizing again that indescribable thrill and inspiration of battle which cannot be known except by experience. As all these memories came crowding upon me with such freshness, to realize the flight of the years agone, I must be reminded of my gray beard and that I am now the head of a family of nine sons, half of whom have already attained a stature greater than my own; and that the youthful Confederate soldier is only a memory of the past.

"Arriving at Franklin, I presented letters of introduction, and am much indebted to Dr. Hanner and Mr. McCann for their courteous interest and painstaking in accompanying me over the battlefields. Driving out in the midst of the undulating fields, stretching out between the low ridge around the town and the low range of mountains a mile to the south, the entire field could be scanned at a single glance. The whole ground is familiar.

"It is not my purpose to give a general description of the battle, which has so often been portrayed by abler pens, but only to write my own experience and that of the immediate command to which I belonged. I was a member of the Forty-First Mississippi Regiment, Sharp's Brigade, Lee's Corps. As shown in the history of the battle, this division of the Southern army was held in reserve and not brought into the engagement until late. During the early hours of the battle we had been filing along the summit and on the sides of the low mountains in the background, our position all the while shifting farther to the left and gradually closing in nearer the conflict. From the hills on which we stood overlooking the bare plains, we had an unobstructed view of the battle. The rising ground circling around the little town, crowned with the enemy's earthworks and bristling with their artillery, was belching flash and flame of lurid fire, and smoking like the crater of a volcano and the unintermitting roar was like one vast explosion. The sun was sinking low into a crimsoned sunset, as if miraged by the flow of human blood from the battlefield. From our elevation we had seen our brave men in solid lines march into the dismal scene and seem to disappear as though they had gone down into the crater, and still the shot and shell from the enemy's unsilenced batteries came whizzing and screaming across the plains. Now it came our time to advance. Our final approach was almost from the westward. The shadows of coming night had settled heavily around us just as we came in range of their rifles and nerved ourselves for the charge. We were ordered to omit the usual 'yell,' conceal our approach under cover of the darkness, and make a spirited dash for the works. My own path lay through the north edge of the famed 'locust grove.' Our progress was retarded by the brush which had been cut down. We clambered

GEORGE W. LEAVELL AND FAMILY, CONSISTING OF WIFE AND NINE SONS. THEY LOST ONE SON.

over, pulled through, or crawled under on hands and knees as best we could. We reached the works just a little to the left of the Carter brick dwelling. An impression had obtained that there were some Southern troops in front of us, but when we came to the works we found the enemy there ready to greet us. At once there was a fierce struggle across the embankment as to which should hold the ground. Our approach under cover of the darkness had somewhat favored us. Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, commanding the brigade, says in a recent letter: 'We were perhaps within thirty paces of the enemy's works when the darkness was lighted up as if by electric display. Then our brave men gave the yell and dashed into the works and stayed there until the enemy left.'

"As stated, our first clash was a fierce struggle across the works, at the very muzzle of our guns, as to which should hold the ground, and for a time (it appeared a long time) our fate seemed to tremble in the balance. At length the enemy in our immediate front were forced back, and the flag of the Forty-First Mississippi Regiment was borne across the works to the pursuit some distance to the front, a squad of us aligning ourselves with our colors. Our color bearer was E. L. Russell, then a youth of seventeen, sprightly, strong, and courageous, now Col. E. L. Russell, of Mobile, general counsel for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. He writes me in a recent letter: 'Well do I remember what might be termed the lurid night in the locust thicket in front of Franklin. You are correct in your recollection: I carried the colors that evening and that night and went over the breastworks with four or five of the regiment at two different times.'

"The rally for an advance was not general, and we returned under cover of the embankment. The enemy again returned to contest for the works, and this time we were there ready to greet them. There was a brief but fierce clash again, and another shout for an advance. Captain Spooner, of the Forty-First, mounted the works and walked to and fro, waving his sword and encouraging his men. His symmetric form could be seen through the darkness by the light from the perpetual flash of the guns. This was the second time our colors went over, as alluded to by Col. Russell. This time some one (I think it was Ensign Russell) assisted me to bring a cartouch of ammunition, left by the enemy, across to our side. This gave us an abundant supply of ammunition, and we settled down to a steady fusillade to our front and left. While this fusillade seemed to hold the enemy at bay in our front, it brought us trouble from the left. We were on the extreme left. We were at a point where the works made a slight deflection to the northward, forming an obtuse angle. None of our men held the ground to our left beyond the point of this angle, while on the other side the ditch was filled with bluecoats just a few rods from us. Being on the outside of the angle gave us the advantage, as we could shelter under the works and pour an enfilade fire down their line. This was too much for them, and one desperate effort after another was made by them to force their way up the ditch to our immediate front. As we poured our deadly fire down their line, we could distinctly hear the death groan and agonizing cries of the wounded above the din of battle. The contest was thus continued for hours (it seemed an age), and we began to feel ourselves in great straits. We had been long without orders, not the voice of a commanding officer could be heard. We were hard pressed; what should we do? At this time, in an interval between the onslaughts, Capt. John Reed, commanding Company B, called a few heads close together to decide whether we should hold out, retreat, or surrender. The decision was to fight to the bitter end.

"General Sharp had been wounded; Colonel Simms and Colonel Smith had also been wounded; and Colonel Bishop was killed at the works, and the 'High-Pressure Brigade' was without a commanding officer, and from that on, writes General Sharp, 'it was managed by the company officers and the heroic men that were spared.'

"Late along toward midnight, as the firing began to slacken, and we 'bitterly thought of the morrow,' a bright flame broke out down in the town. We supposed they were evacuating, and burning what they could not carry away. We used this light to good advantage while it lasted. Every object was brought distinctly to view between us and this light. Their position was behind an inferior second line of works a few rods in front of us. I saw a fellow pushing down a cartridge, saw the ramrod. I leveled my rifle till the outline darkened the sight and fired. I feel sure the ball he pushed never whistled by a Rebel's ear to make him dodge. After this it became apparent that the enemy were not so aggressive. The firing slackened. There were intervals of dead silence to be broken again by the crack of the rifles. We placed certain of our men to keep watch over the works while the balance rested under cover, ready to spring to the defense at instant call. I remember the dramatic incident that drew our last shots. A death-like silence was pervading the hush of night, like the awe-inspiring calm after a terrible storm, when a clear voice from one of our watchmen rang out: 'Look at that Yankee right there!' Pop! pop! pop! rang out a number of rifles. With the stealth of an Indian he had designed to creep upon us and give us a farewell shot, and was discovered within a few yards of our line. His life paid the forfeit of his folly. During all these long and dreadful hours, covered in the darkness of night, it was impossible for us to know what was going on any distance from us, or even to know the execution we were doing.

"The coming of daylight revealed a gruesome sight. Our men who have bravely sacrificed their lives lay thick about the works and entangled in the locust brush. On the enemy's side to our left, where they had encountered our enfilade fire, their dead lay in a heap. There was a hunting for missing comrades. There was effort to reassemble shattered commands. Inquiry was made for commanding officers. All was found so depleted that it made the heart sink.

"If it was a compliment to the Southern troops who fought at this point, that they held their ground by pouring a persistent deadly fire into the face of the enemy, it was an equal compliment to the brave Union men who disputed them to the last and received their fire.

"Perhaps there was no part of the Confederate army that might not claim some special distinction. It was the distinction of the Forty-First Mississippi Regiment that, in all its long list of battles fought, it was never led to the charge without moving the enemy. In one instance alone, at the battle of Murfreesboro, a part of this regiment was repulsed, and, when ordered to retreat, retired under fire. I happened to be with that part, and it would be hard to express that experience. This regiment was organized and disciplined into the service by Col. W. F. Tucker. No man of truer heart or braver spirit ever drew sword in battle.

"The brigade, by its intrepid dash under the leadership of Gen. J. H. Sharp, had won the sobriquet of the 'High-Pressure Brigade.' Gen. S. D. Lee, the corps commander, in a speech before the Mississippi Legislature, alluded to General Sharp at Franklin in the following language: 'He led his command through the famous locust thicket, that ordinarily a dog could not have gotten through; he led them to the breastworks of the enemy and engaged in a death struggle over them,

the troops on each side bayoneting each other. He captured three stands of colors, the only Confederate trophies taken on the ensanguined field. He was equally gallant on other fields; but if there was none other but Franklin, his name should go down immortal in history as a hero who led a band of Mississippians, all of whom were heroes.'

"To a visitor the field of Franklin is so marked in feature that it is recognized at every point; but many things on the scene to-day are in marked contrast with the day when 'red battle stamped its foot' and the mountains trembled under thunders of war.

"On an eminence to the south of the contested battle line, overlooking the entire field, there is now being erected a handsome, substantial school building to be known as Battlefield Academy. This school was formerly located at the site of the Carter ginhouse, a point behind the line of works held by the Union troops. It was consumed by fire, and is now being rebuilt on ground over which Confederates charged, as if ominous fate had augured that the youth of the South should be educated on soil baptized alone with the blood of the Southern. Smiling cottages dot the plain, bespeaking the abode of happy families. The genial sun warms the tranquil plain. 'The warrior has turned his sword into pruning hooks.' 'The farmer drives his team afield.' 'And every sound of life is full of glee, from the merry mocking bird's song to hum of bee.'

"My apology to my comrades for having attempted to write this, my remembrances of Franklin, is I am impressed that whatever of the true story of the South has not been told must be told by the few that remain of the rank and file before they depart, and truly the evening shadows are growing long, and it is time to make the record."

Letter from the Ensign of the Regiment.

Col. E. L. Russell, the flag bearer mentioned by Comrade Leavell, wrote to him in reply to a letter on this subject:

"Well do I remember what might be termed the lurid night in the locust thicket in front of Franklin. You are correct in your recollections. I carried the colors that evening and that night and went over the breastworks with four or five of the regiment, I think, at two different times. You will remember after going over the first time we had a hard time of it to keep our men from shooting us as we crossed the breastworks. Later in the night we went over the second time. I recollect about bringing the box of ammunition across the breastworks, and believe that I had some part in it, but I carried the flag over and brought it back and it may be that I rendered slight assistance in transferring the box of ammunition.

COL. E. L. RUSSELL.

"The officer to whom you refer, who walked up and down on top of the breastworks, was Capt. Spooner, from Macon, Miss. He was captain of Moore's old company. A more gallant officer did not draw a sword and fight in defense of the cause of the Confederacy. I believe he was the most fearless and at the same time the coolest man I saw during the war. He lived through the war, and I kept up with him for a while after the war, but he has now disappeared.

"I know you enjoyed the trip. If I could get on the ground, I believe I could work up my imagination until I realized what took place in the wild forests of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge at Franklin and Nashville.

"Gen. Jake Sharp still lives. He was one of the most gallant souls that wore a Confederate officer's uniform. In my imagination I often see him on his little cream-colored pony at the head of the brigade in battle. He was an inspiration of himself to the entire brigade."

Gen. George H. Sharp writes from Penn, Lowndes County, Miss., September 27, 1902, to Comrade Leavell:

"Your entire brigade took and held the works at Franklin. Colonel Bishop, commanding the Seventh, was killed at the works. Colonel Simms, commanding the Forty-Fourth, lost a leg. Findley, of the Tenth, dressed himself in the coat of a Federal officer who was killed. After dark it was reported to Gen. Ed Johnston, commanding our division, that Cheatham had been repulsed, and ordering him with his division to take the works. As we moved forward I discovered that my right was covered by Deas's Brigade. To uncover, I gave directions to oblique to the left, and rode along the line to see that it was done. Presently I was met by a person on horseback inquiring for General Sharp. I made myself known, when he said: 'General Bates's compliments to General Sharp, and requests him to order his men in the works. General Bates further says that if you will let your left rest on the brick house and swing around as you move forward, you will take the enemy's works.' I sent my different staff officers, except my aid, Captain Harris, to caution the men not to fire. As soon as I had uncovered my right, I commanded to swing around as I moved forward. I suppose we were within thirty paces of the enemy's works when the darkness was lighted up as if by an electric display. As you say, the enemy was 'there ready to greet us.' I suppose General Bate had mistaken the enemy's skirmish line for his line of battle. Our brave men gave a yell, scrambled through the locust grove, and went into the works and stayed there until the enemy left. I was shot just below the knee, and it seemed as if my leg was shivered into splinters.

"I directed Captain Harris to report to Colonel Bishop that I was wounded, and direct him to assume command of the brigade. As I have stated, Colonel Bishop was killed, and Colonel Simms's leg was broken; Colonel Calhoun, now Judge Calhoun, was absent (wounded); and from that on it seems to have been managed by the company officers and the heroic men that were spared.

"At the battles of Nashville I was on crutches, and on the second day's stampede I had to be helped on my horse. I delayed my official report, and after Nashville I entirely neglected it. Maj. Simon Myers, assistant adjutant general of the brigade of Natchez, can give you interesting reminiscences.

He rode his horse through the locust grove up to the works, got down and hitched him, and there he stood all night untouched.

"Last month I attended a reunion at Tupelo. I met comrades I had not seen since we parted in North Carolina. Many had something to recall. One said: 'General, I was one to help you on your horse at Nashville.' Another said: 'I went to you when you were hit by a piece of shell at Nashville.' There were a great many of the Forty-First present. I laughed at them, and told them I began to think I had not done my duty by them during the war. I did not have enough of them shot."

An exchange clipping at hand states of General Sharp:

"Hon. Jacob Hunter Sharp, who in the Civil War rose from captain of the Tombigbee Rangers, one of the first military companies raised in Lowndes County rose to the rank of brigadier general. He was as brave and dashing an officer as ever flashed a sword on either side in that memorable struggle, and Sharp and his famous 'High-Pressure Brigade' won distinction on many a hotly contested field.

"Throughout the Army of Tennessee their names were synonymous for soldierly courage and patriotic performances of duty. For several terms since the war General Sharp represented Lowndes County in the Mississippi House of Representatives, and was its speaker for two terms.

"He is a member of the present Legislature of Mississippi, and yet resides in Lowndes County, greatly honored and most beloved by those who know him best.

"He resides upon his farm near Crawford, and is peacefully passing his declining years at his home, which bears the significant name, 'Rebel's Retreat.' As a writer of pithy, sententious, superb English, and as a conversationalist and public speaker who chooses his words to express his own thoughts without reference to the fancy of others, he is always unique and at times incomparably charming."

ORIGIN OF CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

E. Holmes Boyd, Winchester, Va., writes under date of September 16, 1902:

"Several places have claimed the honor of inaugurating 'Confederate Memorial Day,' and while I do not propose to enter into this controversy, I will narrate an incident that occurred in my presence and which shows that Winchester, Va., was certainly among the first places in which the movement was made to observe such a day.

"The Rev. Dr. Boyd, of Winchester, was arrested by order of Sheridan in the winter of 1864-65, and confined with many other civil prisoners in Fort McHenry, and there contracted a disease which caused his death.

"A few weeks after the surrender at Appomattox I was sitting in Dr. Boyd's sick room. His wife was also there. It was not later than the month of May, 1865, for farmers were plowing their land for corn, and it may have been in April. Mrs. Philip Williams, of Winchester, a lady of great energy and executive ability, who had for four years devoted her life to the care of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, entered the room. She was a sister-in-law of Mrs. Boyd, and both were very active in hospital work during the war and in nursing the sick and wounded in their own homes. Mrs. Williams remarked that a farmer had been at her house and told her that he had a day or two before plowed up the remains of two Confederate soldiers, who had doubtless been killed in one of the many skirmishes in that vicinity, and that a neighbor had had a similar experience. She further said she had been kept awake all the night before trying to devise some plan by which the desecration of the graves could be prevented, and had come to talk the matter over with her sister and confer about the plans she had to suggest. They discussed the subject for some time, and finally concluded to try to get the ladies of Winchester, who had been their active coworkers in the hospital, to organize a 'Memorial Association,' the object of which should be to collect the remains of all Confederate soldiers within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles in one cemetery in Winchester, and then get the people to assemble once a year and place flowers and evergreens upon the graves.

"Dr. Boyd was in his sick bed, listening intently to what these ladies said, and occasionally he made suggestions. When Mrs. Williams started to leave the room, he asked to be propped up in his bed, and said: "Let us ask God for his blessing upon your work." And these two ladies knelt at the bedside of the minister, who prayed that means might be provided to make the undertaking a success, and that God would put it into the hearts of the people to continue to honor the memory of the heroic dead, and to come together every year and place flowers and evergreens upon their graves.

"That prayer has been answered. The Ladies' Memorial Association was formed, and within eighteen months after the surrender the land had been purchased and paid for, the remains of nearly three thousand Confederate soldiers were reinterred, and 'Stonewall Cemetery' was formally dedicated; and, beginning with the year 1866, Confederate Memorial Day has been observed in Winchester on the 6th of every June, the anniversary of Gen. Turner Ashby's death, and people come by thousands from this and other counties in Virginia and West Virginia, and from other States, and from year to

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT KANSAS CITY, MO.

year there seems to be no diminution in the size of the crowd. Children and grandchildren of those who came in 1866 were here in June, 1902, and placed flowers and evergreens on the same graves on which their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers placed them thirty-six years before.

"Stonewall is one of the most beautiful Confederate cemeteries in the South. It is well located on elevated ground, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. It has a number of handsome monuments, and there is a headstone of marble or granite at every grave, except in the Alabama lot and a portion of the Arkansas. In the center there is a mound in which the 'unknown and unrecorded dead' are buried, and on that mound a splendid monument was erected in 1878, with the inscription:

'Who they were none know,
What they were all know.'

"The beauty of the cemetery is marred only by the condition of the Alabama and Arkansas lots. The wooden headboards, painted white, and placed at each grave in 1866, are rapidly decaying, and it will not be long before they will all disappear. It is hoped that the people of these two States will do, as all the other States have done, put up suitable headstones, and, as most of them have done, erect a monument or a shaft.

THAT PERILOUS RIDE AT CHICKASAW BAYOU.

Rev. James A. Moore, Clarksville, Tex., writes:

"In the VETERAN for September, page 408, Mr. R. L. Bachman, of Knoxville, Tenn., replies to the inquiry made in the June number by H. H. Hockersmith, of South Union, Ky. The statement of Mr. Bachman in no way tallies with the statement of Mr. Hockersmith.

"Mr. Bachman's command came in on the extreme left, and never did reach the extreme right. Adjutant Newman made a dash of half a mile, dismounted, and lay down in a wagon rut. In order to reach the extreme right, he must go a mile and a half farther, which he did not do. If he had gone to the extreme right, the entire army, then in line of battle, would have seen him going and returning, especially when he dismounted and lay down in the wagon rut. He remounted, pulled his cap over his face, lying almost flat on his horse, and returned in safety to his regiment. He was sent the second time to find General Maury, and was commanded to pass up the first ravine in search of him, which he did, and was successful in finding the general.

"Now let us hear the statement of Mr. Hockersmith and compare it with Mr. Bachman's, and the reader will readily see that the two statements do not tally:

" 'The soldier that he saw went from the extreme right two miles to the left. The troops in battle saw him and cheered him. He sat erect and was not lying flat on his horse. He had his hat in his teeth, and not a cap over his face. He did not dismount and lie down in a wagon rut for protection, but went straight on. He did not turn into a ravine or stop with any command on the field.'

"The truth is that Mr. Hockersmith was correct in regard to the statement he made. The soldier described by him went from the extreme right down that line in from two miles until he reached the road coming over and down the bluff obliquely at a point where it intersected the main road, and then turned right about up the bluff road and over the bluff and on until he reached the ordnance department and delivered the dispatch to Lieutenant Barnes, in charge. The enemy fired at that fellow as long as he was in range of their small arms, and as he was climbing the bluff in full view they turned loose their artillery on him until he passed over the bluff and out of sight.

"That ride was not made with the spirit of a 'dare-devil,' but in honor of his country and in obedience to orders. He held his hat in his teeth because he did not want to lose it. 'Hats were hats in those days.' His heart was in its proper place, and its true devotion for the cause prompted him to make that ride. With no desire to rob any one of a single laurel or distinction won upon that occasion, I herein announce that the name of the soldier who made the perilous ride on that occasion, as seen by Mr. Hockersmith and others and so recorded in the VETERAN for August, page 354, by my brother, Dr. W. T. Moore, is that of myself. Many, many thanks to Mr. Hockersmith for that kind and generous notice."

CALAMITOUS LOSS TO A COMRADE.

Report comes from Hillsboro, Tex., that Commander O. T. Stevens, of that city, sustained the misfortune last year of being robbed of $2,600, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Attorney-General, T. S. Smith. This sum represented the proceeds of the sale of his home, and its loss rendered him and his aged wife penniless, and they are now in destitute circumstances. In an appeal by B. Y. Cummings Commander of John P. Cox Camp, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, which is approved by the Division Commander, John M. Adams, of Texas, and the Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Thomas B. Stone, of Fort Worth.

B. Stone, of Fort Worth, the following statements are made:

"He is an honored ex-Confederate soldier, and served gallantly throughout the war. Since the war he has been an industrious and valued citizen of Mississippi and Texas, and in war and since that time his deportment has been such as to merit the esteem and appeal to the generosity of all those who appreciate the privations endured by the Southern soldiers. I therefore through the proper channel desire to appeal to the Sons of Confederate Veterans for such aid for him as they may feel constrained to contribute, at the same time stating that he is in every way a worthy subject for their generosity.

"I trust that there may be a hearty response to this, to the end that the declining days of this old soldier and his good wife may be brightened, and that he may be made to feel that the United Sons of Confederate Veterans is an organization composed of men worthy of their illustrious sires. Contributions should be sent to J. Will Gilliam, Hillsboro, Tex.

In further proof of merit in this appeal thirty-four persons of Durant, Miss., including the Mayor, L. A. West, and the editor of the *News*, W. T. Johnson, give Comrade Stevens a most excellent reputation as a citizen and patriot. He organized a company of "Red Shirts" for protection against the carpet bag element, in 1875-76.

DICK DOWLING MONUMENT.

The Dick Dowling Monument committee has decided to erect the handsome tribute to the hero of Sabine Pass at the intersection of Main Street and McKinney Avenue, Houston, Tex. It is a desirable spot, in proximity to the beautiful First Presbyterian Church and the Carnegie Library. The sum of $250 was easily raised through efforts of Col. Philip H. Fall, and the small additional sum needed will be collected in a few days. The monument, which was designed by Sculptor Frank Teiche, of San Antonio, will be an imposing work of art. The unveiling will take place on Jefferson Davis's next birthday, June 2, 1903.

THE CONFEDERACY.

This poem, written by Mrs. Augusta Houghton Antony, was read by Miss Kate Patterson before the assembled guests at a reception given by the Daughters of the Confederacy at the residence of Dr. J. H. Ferriss, Henrietta, Tex., to Miss Kate L. Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., on the occasion of her visit to Henrietta, February 18, 1902, when a chapter of the Daughters was organized:

Arouse! Ye loyal Sons and Daughters
  Of a regal, dauntless line!
Gird on patriotic vestment;
  What a heritage is thine!
List! From cotton field and canebrake
  Steals the old, familiar sound,
Among the pines and tall palmettos,
  Where the eglantine is wound,

Where majestic morn in beauty
  Burst upon as fair a scene
As Cashmere's Vale; as sweetly peaceful
  As Arcadia's golden mean.
All along the old plantation
  Swelled the note of sweet content,
Bursting in triumphant measures,
  Till the Temple's veil was rent.

For lo! Within the gates of Rhama,
  E'er the gleaming sun went down,
Came her children's cry of anguish
  Out from city, hamlet, town.
When war's slogan from the Northland
  Rang the knell on Southern shore,
Imperial still, the thrall of malice
  Like a queen she proudly bore.

Now gazing down the long, dark vista
  Of the sleeping, silent years,
We devoutly watch and listen,
  Eyes bedimmed with unshed tears;
And we see a mighty host advancing—
  Specters from the hallowed past.
Hearken! Rolls the muffled drum beat
  And the bugle's chilling blast!

Hear restive charger's hoofbeats, eager
  For the solemn march again,
Leading into smoke and carnage,
  As our gallant men were slain!
Hear the cannon's rumbling thunder,
  Crashing through the everglades,
Reach to heaven's kissing hilltops,
  With their hanging mist and shade!

One by one they stand before us,
  That unforgotten, honored band,
Who fought to rend the slavish shackles
  Forging round the Southern land,
For their lares and penates
  And fair Vesta's sacred shrine,
Mothers, sweethearts, wives, and children,
  Their principles and rights divine.

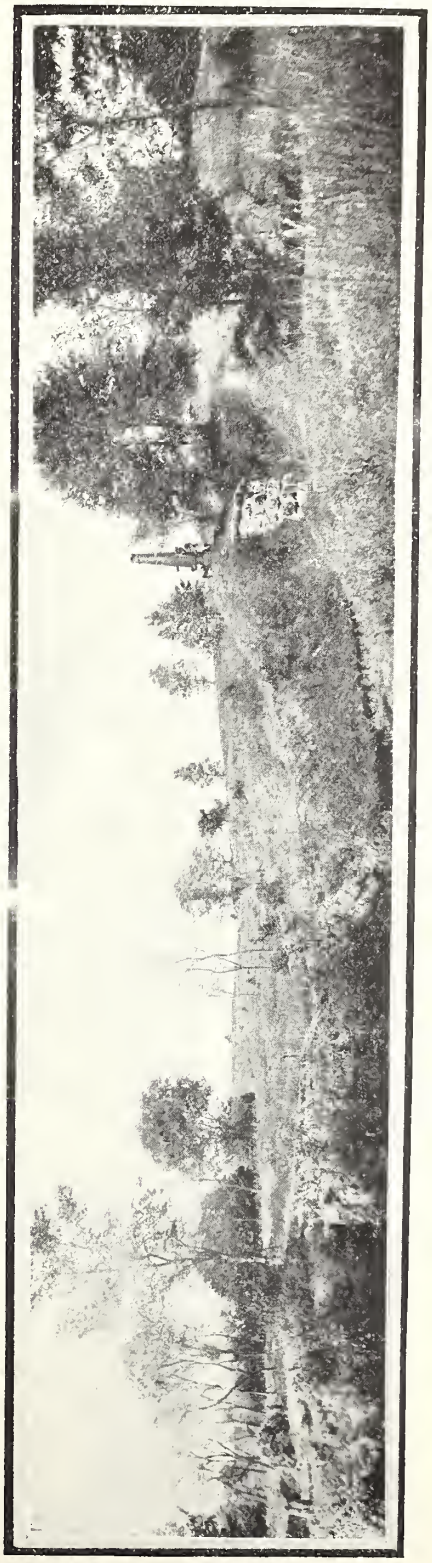
Sore, a-foot, in tattered garments,
  Reeking with life's crimson gore,
What a carnage with which to purchase
  Peace upon our Southern shore!
Such butchery of noble manhood—
  Best and bravest God e'er gave—
As our consecrated tears of memory
  Water flowers on their graves!

We need no obelisk or archives,
  Recounting bravest deeds e'er done,
For green within our hearts forever
  Lives the name of each brave son.
As on the shoulder falls the mantle—
  Insignia now almost divine—
A coronal of those immortals
  Passed beyond earth's countersign.

E'en now, when peals the martial music,
  Patriotic to the core,
Their children feel life's current pulsing
  As those wardens did of yore—
Not only those in rank, who proudly
  Stripes and buttons won and wore,
Would we alone pay loving tribute,
  But those in file, who bore
Nobly on the field that banner
  Of their country; they were true;
And in the roster, called up yonder,
  God will give our men their due!

HALL WILLIAMSON, DALLAS, TEX.,
Who gave recital to Veterans at reunion.

Time has dipped her healing pinions
  In the rainbow's luscious crest,
Caught the gorgeous tints that quiver
  In the Southland's radiant breast,
Woven nimbi from the snowdrift
  Of the Northland's icy peaks;
Clasped are hands across the chasm,
  Yet "Blue" and "Gray" their memories keep!



SURRENDER MONUMENT AT VICKSBURG AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

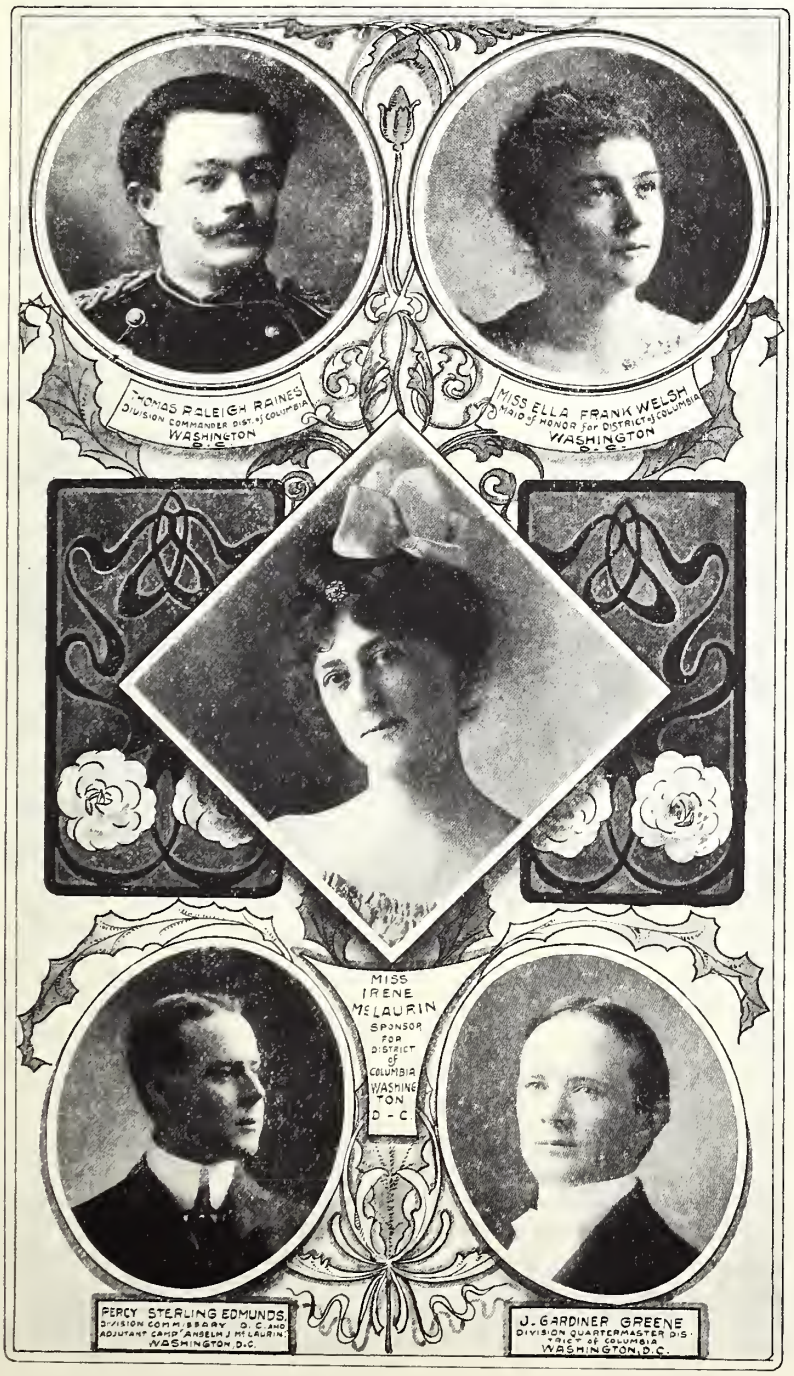
THE BATTLE OF ST. PAUL'S.

(Fought in New Orleans October 12, 1863.)

BY A LOUISIANA SOLDIER.

Come boys and listen while I sing
  The greatest fight yet fought—
That time the hated Yankee
  A real Tartar caught.
'Twas not the first Manassas,
  Won by our Beauregard;
Nor Perryville nor Belmont,
  Though Polk then hit him hard;
Nor was it famous Shiloh
  Where Sidney Johnston fell;
No, these were mighty battles,
  But a greater I will tell.
'Twas fought on Sunday morning,
  Within the church's walls,
And shall be known in history
  As the battle of St. Paul's.
The Yankee "Strong" commanded
  For Butler the abhorred,
And the Reverend Mr. Goodrich
  Bore the banner of the Lord.
The bell had ceased its tolling,
  The service nearly done,
The psalms and lessons over,
  The Lord's Prayer just begun,
When as the priest and people
  Said, "Hallowed be Thy name,"
A voice in tones of thunder
  His order did procliam:
"As this house has been devoted
  To great Jehovah's praise,
And no prayer for Abra'm Lincoln
  Within its walls you raise;
Therefore of rank secession
  It is an impious nest;
And I stop all further service,
  And the clergyman arrest;
And in the name of General Butler,
  I order, furthermore,
That this assembly scatter,
  And the sexton close the door."
Up rose the congregation—
  We men were all away,
And our wives and little children
  Alone remained to pray.
But when has Southern woman
  Before a Yankee quailed?
And these with tongues undaunted
  The Lincolnite assailed.
In vain he called his soldiers—
  Their darts around him flew,
And the "Strong" man then discovered
  What a woman's tongue can do.
Some cried, "We knew that Butler
  On babes and women warred,
But we did not think to find him
  In the temple of the Lord."
Some pressed around their pastor,
  Some on the villain gazed,
Who against the Lord's anointed
  His dastard arm had raised;
Some said: "E'en to a Yankee
  We would not do such wrong
As to mistake another
  For the gallant Major Strong;
So we'll look upon the hero
  Till his face we cannot doubt."
When a stout old lady shouted:
  "Do some one kick him out."
"Don't touch him," cried another,
  "He is worthy of his ruler,
For he fights with women braver
  Than he fought at Ponchatoula."
But when the storm raged fiercest,
  And hearts were all aflame,
Like oil on troubled waters
  The voice of blessing came—
For though with angry gestures
  The Yankee bid him cease,
The priest, with hands uplifted,
  Bid his people go in peace;
And called down heavenly blessings
  Upon that tossing crowd,
While the men their teeth were clinching,
  And the women sobbing loud.
And then with mien undaunted
  He passed along the aisle,
The gallant Yankee hero
  Behind him all the while.
"You better bring a gunboat,
  For that's your winning card,"
Said a haughty little beauty,
  As the "Strong" man called a guard.
"'Tis only 'neath their shelter
  You Yankees ever fight,"
Cried another spunky woman
  Who stood upon his right.

But the major thought a cannon,
  If his men could not succeed
In clearing off the sidewalk,
  Would be all that he should need.
And I guess his light artill'ry
  'Gainst Christ Church he will range
When his "base of operations"
  Next Sunday he shall "change."
'Twas thus the tyrant Butler,
  'Mid women's sobs and tears,
Seized a priest before the altar
  He had served for twenty years.
We know in darkest ages
  A church was holy ground,
Where from the hand of tyrants
  A refuge might be found;
And from the meanest soldier
  To the highest in the land,
None dared to touch the fugitive
  Who should within it stand.
'Twas left the beastly Butler
  To violate its walls,
And to be known in future
  As the victor of St. Paul's.
He called our wives "she adders,"
  And he shall feel their sting,
For the voice of outraged woman
  Through every land shall ring.
He shall stand with Austrian Haynan
  Upon the rolls of fame,
And bear to latest ages
  A base, dishonored name.



EMPLOYMENT FOR CONFEDERATES.

The Confederate Veteran Employment Bureau can recommend thoroughly reliable and competent veterans, able to give good service for moderate pay, as watchmen (day or night), timekeepers, or other light work. And sons and daughters of veterans as stenographers, typewriters, clerks, bookkeepers, etc. Friendly persons willing to give such opportunities will please address the Confederate Veteran Employment Bureau, care Capt. P. D. Webre, Secretary, Memorial Hall, Camp Street, New Orleans, La.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER.

All of our readers who are sick or in poor health will be interested in the announcement in this issue from the Theo. Noel Company, headed "Personal to Subscribers." This company is the proprietor of Vitæ-Ore, a remarkable mineral remedy, which they offer to send out on thirty days' trial to every reader of the VETERAN. Many of our subscribers have used this medicine and are familiar with its merits, but those who have not may well enough avail themselves of this most liberal offer. The company is reliable, have what they claim, and will do as they agree.

CALIFORNIA ATTRACTIONS.

The great State of California offers more delightful attractions for the average winter tourist than any other section of the United States. At a time when the North and East is garbed in its usual winter mantle, Southern California is clothed in sunshine, fruit, and flowers. The new coast line of the Southern Pacific-Sunset Route, extending from Los Angeles to San Francisco, offers one of the most alluring opportunities for a journey possible, even in Golden California. Los Angeles and vicinity contain many of the most attractive features of California, which, with a superb climate, to be appreciated must be experienced. Surf bathing in the Pacific Ocean, golfing at Monterey, deep sea fishing at Catalina, and a score of other attractions provide a most pleasant method of enjoyment, making the winter months a dream of comfort and delight. The Southern Pacific-Sunset Route out of New Orleans operates daily vestibule service to Pacific coast points. The celebrated Sunset Limited service operates out of New Orleans each Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, the finest train of the year, carrying composite, compartment, combination, and regular sleeping cars, with a la carte diner. For literature and information adress J. H. Lathrop, G. A., St. Louis, Mo.

SAM DAVIS.*

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Full many a lay from lyres strung
  By poets heaven-inspired
Has sung the deeds of mighty ones
  By noblest valor fired;

But 'tis no war-tried veteran crowned
  By war's high destiny
That here we sing in tender tones;
  'Tis a boy of Tennessee.
'Tis but a boy, but cast in mold
  That heroes, martyrs, share;
A boy who braved and met a fate
  That only heroes dare.

Within the distant Federal lines
  Lay duty—who should go,
A secret quest, to face alone
  A strong and watchful foe?
A fateful mission, who should take
  The trust and hazard all
A man can hazard in response
  To duty's highest call?

A boy gave answer quick and clear.
  Beneath his jacket gray
There throbbed a heart that knew no fear
  That bright September day;
And from the camp, with dauntless mien,
  He dashed through forest's gloom,
Through mountain pass and shining fields,
  To meet his waiting doom.

The quest was ended; in his keep
  The knowledge which was fraught
With fearful issues, for, alas!
  With his young life 'twas bought.
Secreted was the parchment fold;
  The precious trophy soon
Would be within his chieftain's hand,
  To him a priceless boon.

How proud his heart as down the road
  He dashed that autumn day!
What was it gleamed in sudden flash
  Across his homeward way?
What was it sprang from out the gloom
  Of covert as he passed?
The enemy! a dozen men!
  One holds his bridle fast.

Quick work they made, quick trial gave;
  Then sentence on him lay.
"I am no spy," he proudly said;
  "You took me in the gray.
I am no spy! This uniform
  Should surely prove for me
Commission in the loyal ranks,
  The ranks of Tennessee!

A soldier's fate is all I ask,
  A soldier's death to die;
But on the gallows as a thief!
  O God! such infamy!"
And then they offered freedom, life,
  If he would but disclose
The traitor in their camp who gave
  Such secrets to their foes.

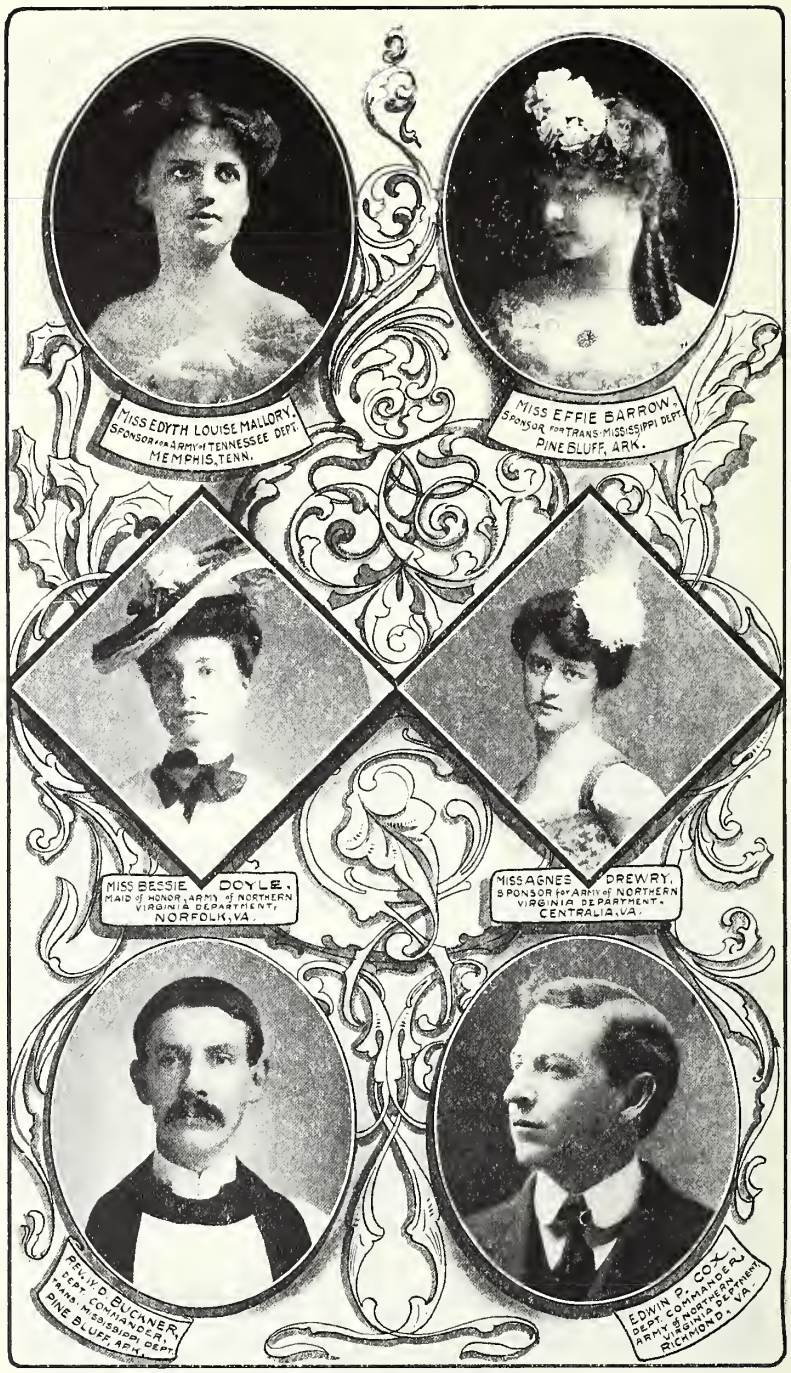
"Reveal to you!" he hotly cried,
  "The friend who trusted me?
Betray my friend? You do not know
  The sons of Tennessee.
Death rather than disloyalty!
  E'en ignominious death,
And here, to guard a sacred trust,
  I'll yield my latest breath!

"My mother!"—as he breathed the words
  Strong men bowed low in tears—
"My mother, at her knee I learned
  To scorn ignoble fears,
And fear but wrong—O say to her
  I saw e'en at the last
Her dear, dear face, and felt her kiss
  When life was ebbing fast."

He turned him calmly to the spot
  Where, in November sun,
A gibbet stood, as eager for
  The latest victim won.
"They'll fight the other battles now
  Without me," slow he said;
Then, smiling, saw the coffin placed
  In waiting for the dead.

But at the moment on the ear
  A cry rang loud and clear:

* Written for the Tennessee Centennial Congress, and read there by the author. An autograph copy was then framed and hung with the Sam Davis relics in Confederate Hall.



OFFICERS, SPONSORS, AND MAIDS OF HONOR, U. S. C. V.

SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR OF UNITED SONS CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

"Forbear!" A courier quickly dashed
  Around the hillside near.
"Once more make offer! freedom, life,
  For just one word; I came
To tender life and swift release
  For but the traitor's name!"

The youth stood still, the message heard;
  Then with supreme disdain
Refused to sell his fealty,
  Though life should be the gain.
"'Tis yours to kill; but I alone
  Upon my father's name
Can cast dishonor or disgrace;
  I'll tarnish not its fame!"

He turned for one last tender look
  To where the arching blue
Bent o'er the simple cottage home
  Where loved ones watched, he knew.
"O comfort them!" he sighed, and then
  'Twas as a martyr's grace
Made aureole about his brow
  And glorified his face.

He'd waged alone a bitter strife,
  He'd fought alone that day;
But never fell a grander soul
  Inwrapped in Southern gray.
A martyr? Aye, to duty's call
  A hero tried was he,
A soldier, friend, and tender son—
  This boy of Tennessee.

O Tennessee, fair Tennessee,
  Bend low thy listening ear,
And catch the tender, loving strain
  Thy mother's heart should hear.
O Tennessee, fair Tennessee,
  Bewail thy heroes dead,
But glory that a thousand sons
  Will follow where they led.

CONFEDERATE SONGS.

BY TOM HALL, LOUISVILLE.

The following was a "State song," but it bears such a marked Southern twang that it certainly deserves a place in the list. VETERAN readers must not expect of the writer absolute accuracy in attempts to refresh memory, but the reproductions are near enough accurate to fill the desired want.

KANSAS WAR SONG.

I come, I come from the great Missouri
  River,
And I have a Kansas song I'd like much
  to deliver.
I suppose you have heard of the war
  down at Lawrence,
Where Southern soldiers fought an'
  bled, an' de blood run down in torrents; etc.

The shame, the shame that the North
  should feel
To face Southern boys on the battlefield.

BRAVE BOYS.

Heavily falls the rain,
  Wild are the breezes to-night;
But 'neath the roof, the hours as they fly
  Are happy and calm and bright.
Gathering round the fireside,
  Though it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
  Forgetting the midnight chime!

CHORUS.

Brave boys are they,
  Gone at their country's call;
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
  That many brave boys must fall!

Under the homestead roof,
  Nestled so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep with little or naught
  To shelter them from the storm;
Resting on grassy couches,
  Pillowed on hillocks so damp!
Of martial fare how little we know
  Till brothers are in the camp.

Thinking no less of them,
  Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for our flag
  Till it waves from shore to shore.
Though the great teardrops started,
  This was our parting trust:

"God bless you, boys! We'll welcome you back
When our foemen are laid in the dust!"

May the wings of love
Guard them wherever they roam!
For brothers must fight their country to save,
While sisters must pray at home.
O, the great fields of battle,
Soon to be strewn with graves!
If brothers fall, we'll bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.

THE TWO VOLUNTEERS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

(On one of the battlefields in the Shenandoah Valley are two soldiers' graves. On the headboard of one is inscribed "A Georgia Soldier;" on that of the other, "A Maine Volunteer.")

I found them there together,
With roses sweet between;
Near by a murmuring river,
Above them heaven's sheen;
I heard the winds of summer
Sing low a sweet refrain
Above the youth from Georgia,
Above the lad from Maine.

One left his snowy mountains,
The other left his pines,
To stand with gallant thousands
Amid the battle lines;
But now in peace they slumber,
In sunshine and in rain;
One northward came from Georgia,
One southward marched from Maine.

No more the battle bugles
Will tell them they are foes,
No more the thunderous cannon
Will break their deep repose;
Perhaps for them in sorrow,
Beyond the sunny plain,
A mother waits in Georgia,
A sister weeps in Maine.

Perhaps two old-time sweethearts
Still listen for the tread
Of those remembered gallants
Who sleep among the dead;
I've not the heart to tell them
Where camp in sun and rain
The boy who came from Georgia,
The boy who marched from Maine.

I heard the murmuring river,
I saw its silvered waves,
I blessed the rich red clover
That grew upon their graves;
And then I asked the angels
Who watch on heaven's plain
To guard the boy from Georgia,
To guard the boy from Maine.

OFFICERS UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

No longer are they foemen,
No more they hear the pines
Their song at midnight singing
Between the battle lines;
The drums that stirred the thousands
Will never beat again
To thrill the sons of Georgia,
To rouse the sons of Maine.

I left them to their slumbers,
The bluecoat and the gray.
Beside the singing river
They wait the judgment day.
Thank God! the starry banner,
Beloved on hill and plain,
Waves o'er the boy from Georgia,
And o'er the boy from Maine.

Casstown, Ohio.

DE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.

Way down in Louisiana,
Not many years ago,
Dar lived a country gentleman—
His name was Pompey Snow.
He played upon the banjo,
And on the tambourine,
And for de rattling ob de bones
He was de greatest eber seen.

N. B. FORREST SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR, U. S. C. V.

CHORUS.

In the Louisiana lowlands, lowlands, low,
In the Louisiana lowlands, low.

One night ole Pompey started off
To play for Cæsar Clum;
But before he went he fortified
With a good stout glass of rum.
When on the road he thought he saw
A darky tall and grim,
So Pompey laid his banjo down
To break the darky's shin.

Says he, "Ole chap, jus' move along,
Or else I'll spoil your face;"
But dis darky didn't seem to move
From out his hiding place.
So, drawing back, he crooked his head,
And down at him he chunk;
But Pompey made a sad mistake,
For 'twas nothing but a stump.

The stump it proved a little hard—
Too hard for Pompey's wool,
For when he struck, the hick'ry knot
Went through the darky's skull.
They found his banjo by his side,
And Pompey lying dead.

(Read: And, ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time upon record that it was ever known of a darky's coming to his end)
By the breaking of his head.

CHORUS.

And dey buried him in de lowlands, etc.

THE LAST WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Brilliant, complete, but O how brief
Were the chivalrous deeds of the world's great chief;
But crowded within that little span
Were records of glory scarce known to man.

Two continents watched with wonder and awe
As he sprang, full-armed, from the god of war—
That quiet professor, unknown to the world,
This offspring of thunder was suddenly hurled.

Into the arena, with God as his guide,
He fearlessly charged the great odds he defied,
And victory followed that old coat of gray,
Till furloughed by bullets that ill-fated day.

On Sunday he heard that the end was near,
When calmly he said, without tremor or fear:
"I have always wanted to die on this day."
So the way of his Father was Stonewall's way.

With feverish brain he's a soldier still—
Crisp orders he sends to A. P. Hill.
The fire of battle burns in his eyes—
A warrior grand, though he lowly lies.

The soldier grows weary, the camp is in sight,
His countenance beams with celestial light;
"Let us cross over"—into heaven he sees—
"The river, and rest 'neath the shade of the trees."

Richmond, Va.

The Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, by Dr. J. A. Wyeth, is one of the most popular books ever offered by the VETERAN. Send $4 for the book and a year's subscription.

REUNION SONG—TUNE "MY MARYLAND."

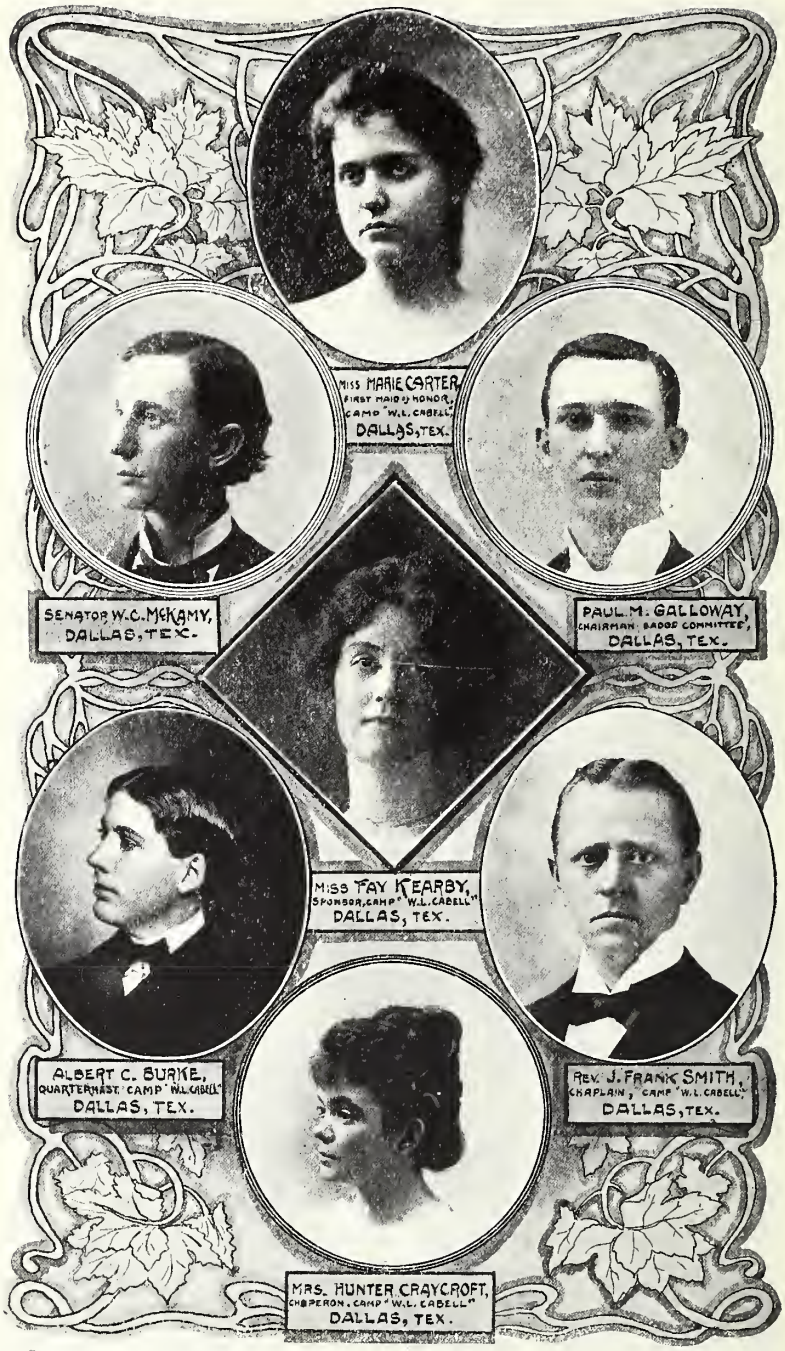
THE Yankee's tread is on our street,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
I hear the tramp of the vandal's feet,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
Hark! I hear a rooster squall;
The vandal takes them, hen and all,
And makes the boys and women bawl,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

There's nothing that escapes their eyes,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
They all are death on cakes and pies,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
Hush! I see a lighted sky,
Our people's houses burning high,
John Morgan's coming by and by,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

Hark! Morgan's boys are on a raid,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
To tackle the foe they're not afraid,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And when bluecoats see them come,
They stop and fire and break and run,
And then begins John Morgan's fun,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

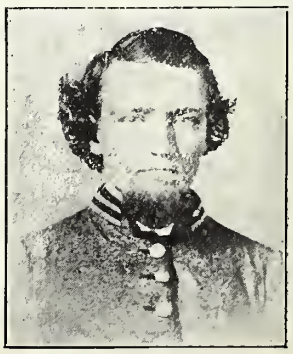
And Pemberton is in the West,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
To hold Vicksburg he'll do his best,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And when old Grant strikes in his flank,
Our faithful Joe will try a prank
To gobble up that devilish Yank,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

MASTER DON COOPER ATCHISON.
His grandfathers, Joseph H. Atchison, of Tennessee, and Maj. William B. Cooper, of Illinois, served in the Confederate and Union armies.



Then Stonewall Jackson's in the field,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And his are the boys that never yield,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And when you hear the old man pray,
You may be sure that on next day
The very devil will be to pay,
  Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

The Murine Eye Remedy Company, of Chicago, will mail a trial size bottle of Murine Eye Remedy to any war veteran whose eyes need care. Give full name, address, regiment nd company in which you served, and you will receive this eye remedy free. The offer is good up to and including Thanksgiving day.



LIEUT. W. B. M'BETH,
Who fell at Shiloh while gallantly leading his company, Capt Fowler being wounded early in the day.

A UNIQUE BOOK.

THE LAST WORD. By Alice MacGowan, Chattanooga, Tenn. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Cloth. Illustrated. 12mo. $1.50.

Another success is scored for the South by a new novelist. Alice MacGowan, daughter of Col. J. E. MacGowan, editor of the *Chattanooga Times,* has for some time had a growing reputation as a writer of Texas stories. In "The Last Word"—which indicates the sex of the author—she has embodied her own experiences, going as a young journalist from the plains of Texas to the office of a New York syndicate, in a strong, breezy love story. It is published in excellent style by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. One of the marked features of the book is its abounding humor. It contains some of the funniest things imaginable. It is a strong love story, full of sentiment, and yet it is a book for the home, one which any young girl may be given to read, and which she is certain to prize.

As the name indicates, this is a very modern book. It gives the "last word" on many ethical questions, and particularly upon the position of the modern woman and her position in the domestic and economic world. This is done in so beautiful and so womanly a spirit that no man can read it and disagree with the author's conclusions, though they may be something new to him.

The description of the home life in Virginia where the Randolph family originated, the brilliant account of the state dinner at the home of Judge Randolph in Washington City, are passages which old-time Southern people will find particularly pleasing and familiar.

Carrington West, the heroine, is a new type of woman. She is the modern girl, the girl of the hour; but she is a Southern version of this type, and she feels utter dismay at the value set upon aggregate femininity in Boston, just as the most old-time of her sisters might have done. Altogether this is a most winning, fascinating book; a story of the heart, made to appeal to the heart and delightful entertainment of every reader; a bright, pure, uplifting book with much sound philosophy of life in it, and more good, honest fun than most novels contain.

The author has not only wit and wisdom, but she has a tact for expressing them in such a way that they cling to the mind. Here are some

GEMS FROM "THE LAST WORD."

"All running away is futile; life's problems follow life like its shadow."

"Sometimes the things which are thought and not done are the hardest to pardon."

"How little the human animal, when hungry, differs from the (supposedly) more greedy and violent of his four-footed brothers."

"Wherever the heart has felt, the mind learned, wherever they have awakened to more knowledge of themselves and their capacities, there they find that which makes home to them, there they must leave somewhat of themselves, and thence must carry backward-glancing remembrance."

"Love—love. What all the world's a seeking—what it's starving and freezing for—the foundation of all practical life—the bottom plank of all human building—the only key to unlock the only door which gives access to all other good, comfort, advancement, all permanent welfare, happiness, progress. I would marry for love, with love; only with and for and because of love."

"This coherent dust which now is me may be afterwards blown and shifted about by joyous airs or bleak and unkind winds, or it may lie dank and hidden from the sun's eye. It may redden in some wayside blossom, or swell in the throat of some singing bird. But, ah! wherever it go, whatever it be in the Plan, the coal that burned it, the sting that pierced, the poison that maddened—this striving, quivering, shrinking sentience—shall have been quenched and soothed and healed by cycles and seas of cool oblivion."

"When my young man turns out perfidious (as he frequently does) and fears my heart into little agonized tatters, would I foolishly seek to win him back, or unenterprisingly strive to escape the cruel anguish—merely because it is anguish?

"No, and three hundred thousand times no! I am a woman, and I must needs feel it as a woman; but I am a writing woman, and I cannot blink its magnificently commercial possibilities. Do I moan, 'Come back?' No; I cry, 'O wow, Alphonso, cruel one, you have broken my heart! But just go on; there's a good fellow, wring it some more; don't mind my tears; for I tell you this is the real thing I am feeling now. I'll make copy as is copy out of this!'"

INNISFALLEN—NEWRY, S. C.

In the extreme northwest corner of South Carolina, on the crest of a hill from which a panoramic view of the Blue Ridge mountains in North Carolina and Georgia and a wide stretch of diversified country is obtained, stands Innisfallen, with its emerald lawn, beautiful trees, as attractive as the fair isle among the lakes of Killarney in Ireland, for which it has been

It is a spacious mansion, with a broad hall through its center. Rooms on either hand; a drawing-room, with four generations of family portraits, rare porcelains, and many articles of virtu, large enough for twenty or more couples in the German; a large dining room, substantially furnished in mahogany and the walls covered with many of Andubon's original wild bird pictures, now out of print and rare, the corner cupboards displaying beautiful china, a rich dinner set, and facsimiles of the "Martha Washington China;" a library full of books—and such books!—a most inviting room. Here are seen many rare volumes of privately illustrated books—that is, books that have been enlarged from the original form and inlaid with autograph lettres. Rare engravings and documents—for instance, a pamphlet of 150 pages of "Proceedings of the Centennial of Cowpens, 1881," has been enlarged to two grand folio volumes of nearly five hundred pages, with a wealth of autograph letters, illustrations, and official documents, coming into Capt. Courtenay's hands as Chairman of the Cowpens Centennial Committee, and so permanently preserved to posterity. There are three privately prepared volumes worthy of mention.

1. "The Sword of Beauregard." Captain Courtenay was chairman of the committee sent by the City Council of Charleston to New Orleans to receive the sword, left by the General's will to that city. The pamphlet of proceedings has been inlaid and enlarged into a folio volume of fine size and elaborately illustrated with portraits, battle pictures, Confederate flags, etc. It is the only volume of the kind in existence.

2. "General Joseph E. Johnston." Upon the occasion of his lamented death his numerous friends in Charleston, acting through Camp Sumter, U. C. V., arranged for a public memorial service; and the late Rev. A. T. Porter, D.D., a near friend of the General, and who was near him on the last days in North Carolina, was selected to deliver his eulogy. The pamphlet proceedings have been inlaid in gray paper, folio size, and illustrated with portraits, autograph letters, pictures, etc., and the volume is bound in red morocco with gray sides in very handsome style. An autograph copy of General Johnston's farewell order to his army at the surrender in North Carolina is preserved in this elegant volume. Captain Courtenay was an admirer of the General, and after the war solicited, as a special favor, that the General would write for him an autograph copy of his last order, which he cheerfully complied with. And so here in a private library is this prized and valued relic of a "sacred and stainless past."

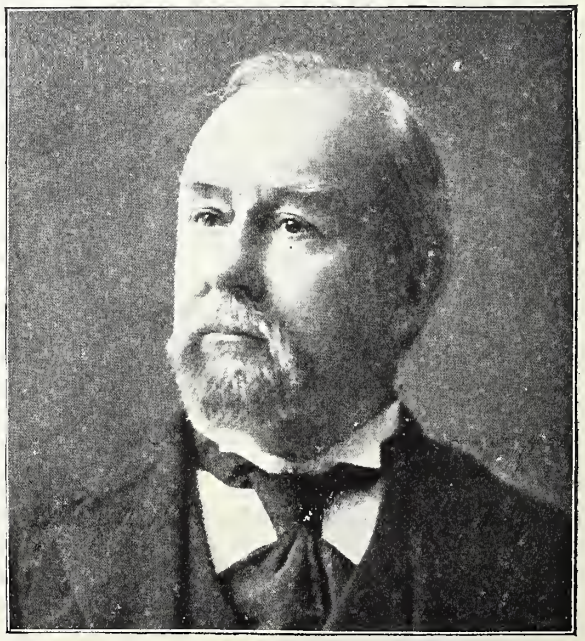
3. The day that the battle of Franklin was fought, November 30, 1864, there was a desperate fight on the coast of South Carolina at a place called "Honey Hill." The United States forces numbered over five thousand men, with artillery; the Confederates had sixteen hundred men and five guns, and won a most decisive victory. Much concerning this battle has been published in the Charleston and Savannah papers. Captain Courtenay has procured all those newspaper accounts, including narratives from the Federal side, has mounted all these clippings in a very neat manner on gray paper, then bound them in red and gray, and so in a substantial quarto volume there is preserved everything that has been in print about this wonderful fight.

A visit of only a few hours was permitted at Innisfallen, just enough to create eagerness for another visit to it. Meantime it is fitting that we quote from Tom Moore's beautiful poem in memory of the isle in Ireland:

> Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well!
> May calm and sunshine long be thine!
> How fair thou art let others tell;
> To feel how fair, shall long be mine.

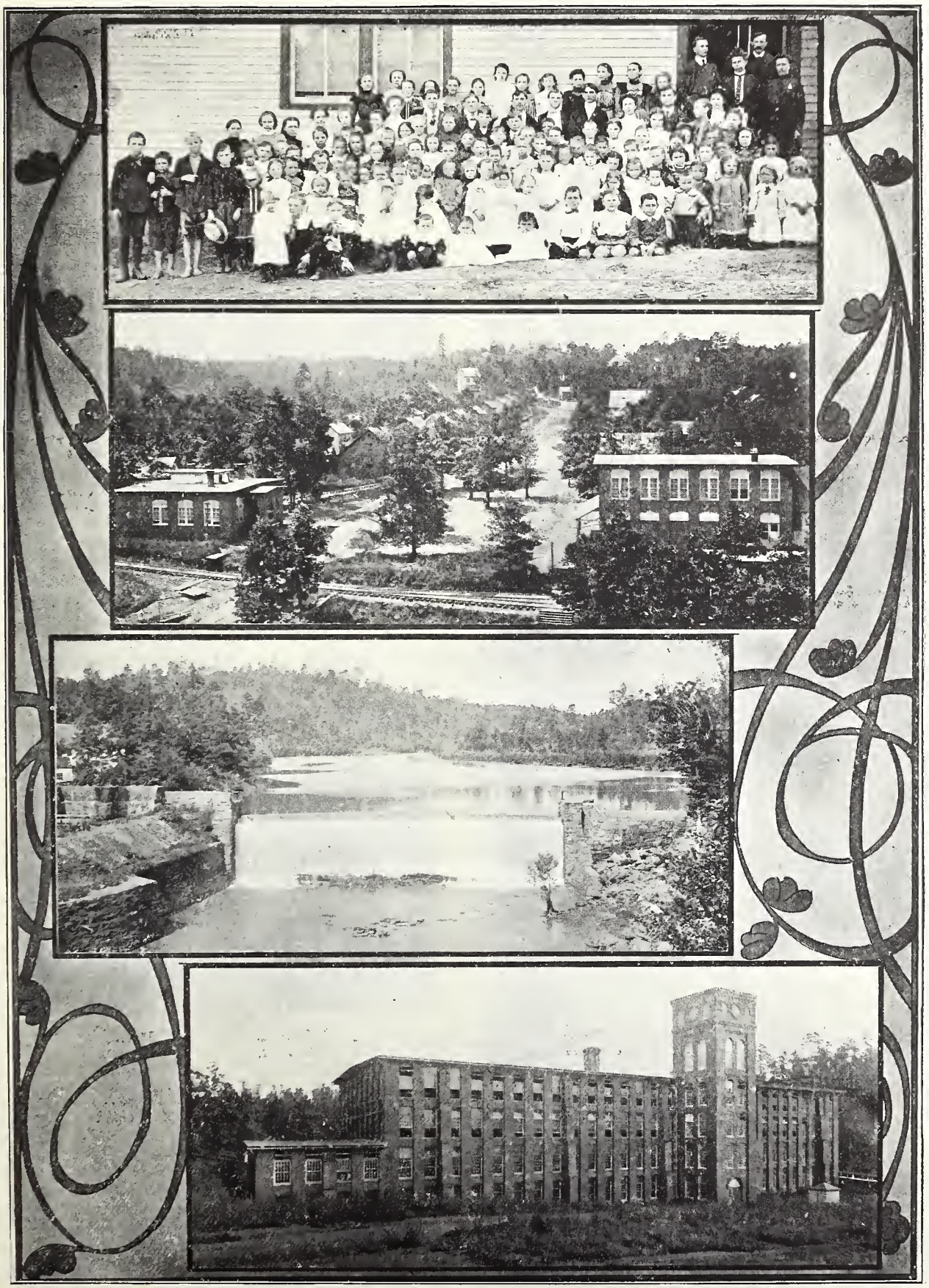
A Southern Mill Village.

A brief visit to Newry, S. C., revealed a phase of cotton mill life unique in every way. A modern mill plant, an elaborate development of the water power, in solid stone masonry on the river; a village of attractive cottages, lathed, plastered, painted inside and out, and kept so; a reservoir on a hilltop with 150,000 gallons of water, affording complete fire protection to mill, village, warehouses; a complete sewerage system in successful operation and highly valued by the 1,100 people who reside there; a clean, well-kept village; a quiet, religious community; a salubrious climate; an interesting village school with two excellent teachers! That the youth of Newry should have good exemplars of character and conduct before them, a large panel in the schoolhouse displays fine likenesses of Washington in the center, Lee on the right, and Hampton on the left. A commodious store, a market with cold storage, barber shop, etc., leave nothing wanting. Farm wagons with vegetables, eggs, poultry, and other supplies, have free access to every home in Newry. Think of this advanced modern life, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge isolated and all by itself, a creation not yet ten years old. It demonstrates that in truth "the South is rising up! aye, forth from dust and ashes, from humiliation and defeat, she is rising up! The cotton blossoms are again resplendent in our fields; they are the robes of our ascension! The waters of our rivers are being taught to turn the wheel, and we hear them chant as they murmur on to the ocean: 'We are rising up! we are rising up!'"

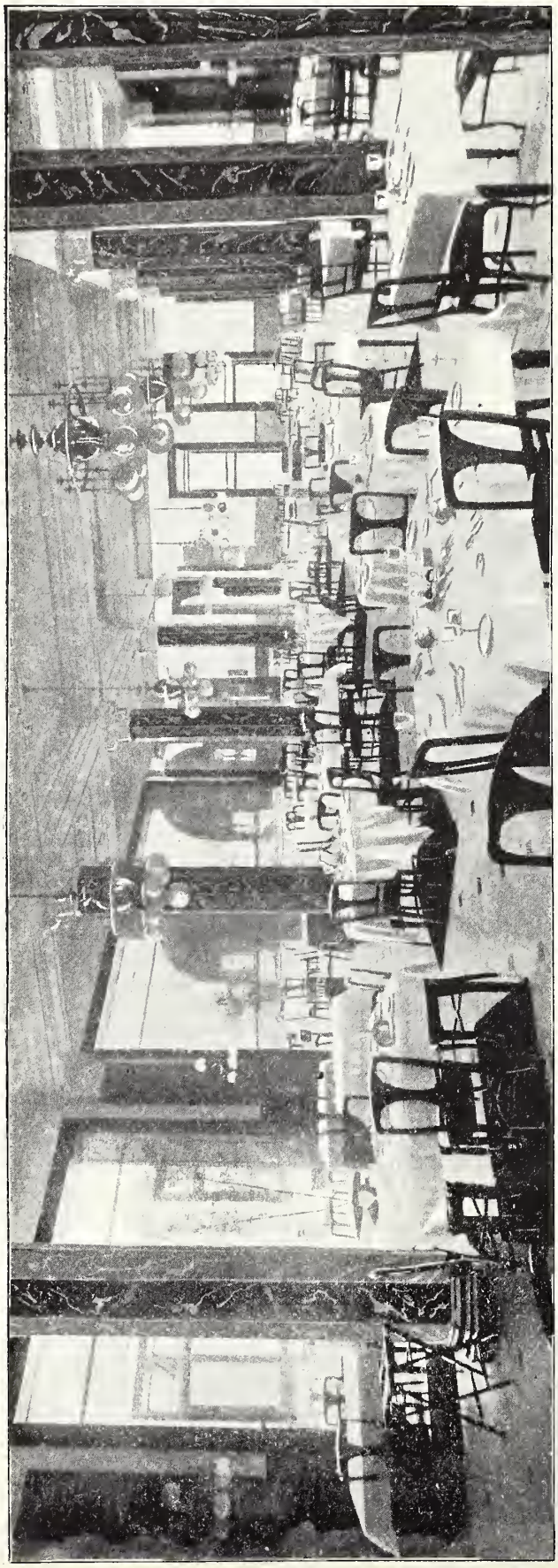


CAPT. W. A. COURTENAY.

It is a model community for all the responsibilities of life. The venerable parents were spending their autumn days away from the whirl and worry of the city, their sons, active business men in charge of the large enterprises, and the married daughters come for prolonged visits.



GLIMPSES OF INNESFALLEN AND NEWRY: THE SCHOOL, THE MAIN STREET, THE WATERFALL, AND THE MILL.

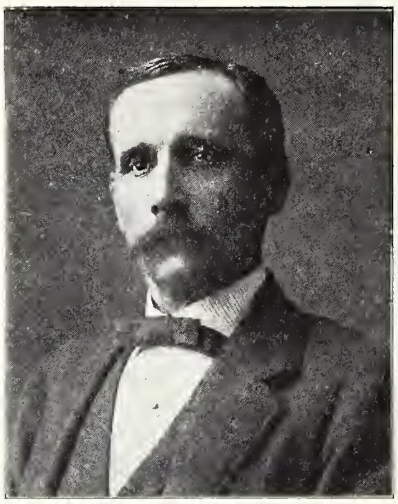


WHAT AN ACTIVE CONFEDERATE IS DOING.

The above heading was used in paying tribute due Comrade A. R. Blakely, senior member of the St. Charles Hotel firm, New Orleans. His constant zeal for the cause that he fought when a boy endears him to all Confederate is secondarily to

No veteran in New Orleans can regret more than Mr. Blakely that he could not give the U. D. C. possession of the St. Charles for the convention. He sought diligently to have the dates of the convention changed, so that he might be most practically helpful to the success of the entertainments dur-

Comrade Blakely is a member of the Trustees of the Soldiers' Home for Louisiana, and his loyalty to that trust is illustrated in the fact that he subordinates all other business and pleasure to attend the meetings, and a friend of his says "he is as prompt as he was in the old days to attend roll call." Confederates who know best are proud of Comrade Blakely as a business man.



ALBERT R. BLAKELY.

He is ever diligent for the public good, and while the St. Charles, under his management, must be satisfactory to the most wealthy who travel in the great cities of the world, he is ever ready to aid in every practical way enterprises for the

The St. Charles is kept on both the American and European

This superb hotel has added much to the prosperity of New Orleans and to its attractions as a winter resort. As the natural stepping stone to the great South American continent New Orleans is destined to become one of the greatest of American cities. Comrade Blakely is a firm believer in New Orleans, and in addition to his hotel duties is actively connected with the strong organizations working for the city's growth and prosperity. He organized and is ex-President of the New Orleans Progressive Union; is ex-President of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States and Canada; is a member of the Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, and Citizens Protective Association. He was one of the Vice Presidents from Louisiana to the Pan-American Exposition. He is on the staff of Gen. J. B. Gordon.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A. P. Sparkman, Magnolia, Miss., would like to learn something of the family of Dr. Brody, who lived on Cherry Street, Nashville, Tenn., previous to the war, and also inquires of Miss Annice Turner, of the same city.

Mrs. S. A. Hunley, Baltimore, Md., 403 North Gilmor Street, writes of a widow in that city who has a Confederate navy button given to her years ago by Commodore Tucker. She wishes to dispose of it. Inquiries can be addressed to Mrs. Hunley.

The U. S. C. V. have organized a Camp at Forest Home, Ala., with about sixteen members. It is No. 372 and is named for Hon. T. H. Watts. This Camp has been very progressive from the beginning and is anxious to extend a helping hand to others in the cause.

J. J. Callan writes of revival of the Camp at Menardville, Tex., and says:

"The former Commander and Adjutant both left this place years ago, and the few boys left let the camp fires burn out. For at least six years there has been no organization. Several unsuccessful efforts were made to rally the remnant, but there was no response till this last August, when as many as twenty assembled and resolved on reorganization. The following officers were elected: Commander, W. J. Wilkerson; Adjutant, J. J. Callan; Quartermaster, J. O. Russell; Commissary, W. J. Tipton; Color Bearer, Frank Petmecky.

It is announced that the Alabama Great Southern Railway will extend its Birmingham-Akron service to Meridian, Miss., upon the establishment of fast mail service by the Southern Railway between Washington and Atlanta and night train, Atlanta to Birmingham, November 2. This will place mail into Meridian earlier than ever before, and enables connection at Meridian with Alabama and Vicksburg Railway train leaving Meridian at 11.05 A.M., thereby placing mail in Jackson, Vicksburg, Shreveport, and, in fact, all points west of Meridian, twelve or fifteen hours earlier than at present. This is another case wherein the Southern Railway gives increased service and better facilities to the people in this section of the country; for by extending this service they not only expedite the mails, but enable travelers to reach commercial centers much quicker than formerly.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Thomas S. Gibson, Sr., Gibson Station, Va., writes:

"Answering the inquiry of E. S. Anderson, of Adamstown, Md., for any survivors of the old company, I will say that I was Captain of Company E, Thirty-Seventh Virginia Regiment, and know but four others of the company now living: John R. Gibson, J. W. Orr, both of Jonesville, Va.; Samuel Sumate, of Middlesboro, Ky.; and E. S. Bishop, of White Shoals, Va. I am now seventy-four years old."

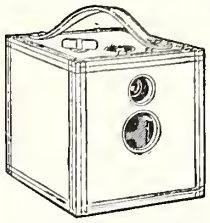
Mr. W. J. McKiernan, Room 35, 120 Market Street, Newark, N. J., writes of a silver enameled badge, having thirteen stars around the rim and a medallion of General Lee, recently come into his possession, and he wishes to restore it to the owner. On the reverse side of the badge is the following: "L. H. Blanton, C. S. A., Confederate Association of Kentucky." The owner can secure it at any time by writing for it.

The election of officers for Omer R. Weaver Camp, Little Rock, Ark., for the coming year is as follows: Commander, A. J. Snodgrass; Lieutenant Commanders, W. M. Williams and M. Pollock; Adjutant, W. F. Wright; Assistant Adjutant, C. P. Collins; Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Lenew.

CONFEDERATE MONEY WANTED.

J. E. Taulman, Hubbard City, Tex., wants to buy Confederate money or exchange useful articles for same.

Agents wanted for Dr. White's Electric Comb, the greatest discovery of modern times. Cures all scalp diseases. Sold under a guarantee. The best seller out. Everybody buys it. Mrs. Ora C. Hart, General Agent, Richmond, Ky.



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For 20 Cents.

Makes picture 3½x3½ inches square. Loads in daylight. Inclose 2-cent stamp for full particulars.

Nashville Kodak Agency,
206 Union St.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

WOULD YOU CARE

to be cured of stomach trouble, constipation, torpid or congested liver? Would you like to be sure your kidneys are always in perfect condition? Would you wish to be free from backache, rheumatism, and catarrh? The Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., will send you free and prepaid a trial bottle of their Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine, which makes all of the above troubles impossible. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and cures perfectly, to stay cured. There is no trouble, and but a trifle of expense to cure the most stubborn case.

Every reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN who needs it may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion, constipation of bowels, and congestion and sluggish condition of liver and kidneys. For inflammation of bladder and prostate gland it is a wonder worker.

Cancer Cured by Anointing with Oil.

The Dr. D. M. Bye Co. have perfected a Combination of Oils which act specifically on malignant growths. All forms of Cancers and Tumors (internal and external), also Piles, Fistula, Skin Diseases, etc., successfully treated. Don't trifle with life; write at once for free books giving particulars and indisputable evidence. Address Lock Box 505, Dallas, Tex.

BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND TEXAS AND MEXICO. THE I.&G.N. BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM, MERIDIAN AND TEXAS VIA SHREVEPORT.

The International and Great Northern Railroad Company

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS. I want you to try 6 months' constitutional treatment of Hunt's Digestive Tablets. Makes no difference what the trouble is, they get at the cause of all irregularities, sickness, and bad health. One tablet per day one-half hour before breakfast. Send 50c. now, use one month; if they are good, send me 50c. more and continue treatment. If not the very best constitutional treatment, return them. Druggists sell 1 month's, 3 months', and 6 months' treatment. T. J. HUNT, CONFEDERATE VETERAN DEPARTMENT, MEROM, IND.

A HEATER
FOR SOFT COAL

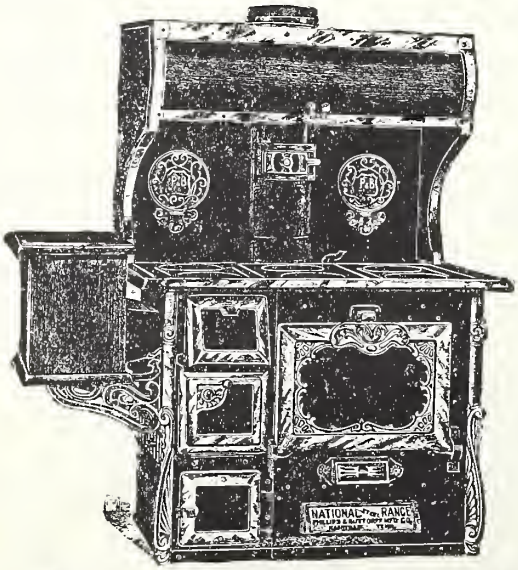
This stove would be an ornament for the abode of royalty.

The heating stove is the most prominent piece of SITTING ROOM FURNITURE all winter, and you want one that will prove a source of pride.

The CENTENNIAL

IS built on the principle of a coke oven. It has an air-tight ash pit, with an easily operated bottom-draft opening which, when closed, is firmly locked, stopping combustion of fuel and enabling you to keep the fire, if necessary, overnight. Fresh air is fed down upon the fire from a hole in the front door and from a tube projecting downward from the top The stream of air from the hole in the front door meeting the stream from the down-pointing tube spreads it into a fan shape, and distributes the oxygen equally through all parts of the fire, preventing congestion of heat; also beating back the soot and gases, turning the coal into coke.

IT HAS RAISED SWING TOP, NICKELED, AND NICKELED RAILS AND BRACKETS



National Steel Range

A VOLUNTARY LETTER

SPRINGFIELD, TENN.

PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF MFG. CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

GENTLEMEN: I can justly claim to have had more experience in selling, putting up, and operating steel ranges and cook stoves than any other man in Robertson County, having been born into the trade in '66, began work at the tinner's bench in my father's store in '76, and assumed active management of that business in '87.

In all my experience I have never found a range as attractive in appearance, as easy to sell for a reasonable profit, as unvaryingly successful in operation, as easy to repair, and as durable, as the National Steel Range, of which, as you know, I have handled many a one.

Yours truly, A. D. HOOPER.

(Mr, Hooper kindly consents to answer any letter written him as to the authenticity of this communication.)

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUES AND PRICES

PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF MFG. CO.

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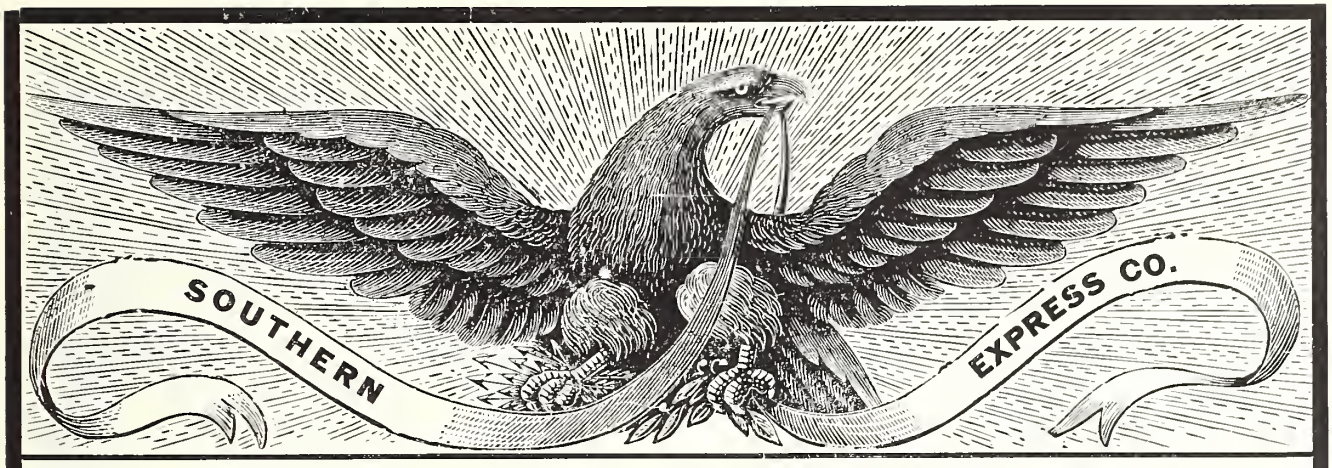

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Not over	30 00	12 cents	Not over 130 00	42 cents
Not over	40 00	15 cents	Not over 140 00	45 cents
Not over	50 00	18 cents	Not over 150 00	48 cents
Not over	60 00	20 cents	Not over 160 00	50 cents
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R·I·P·A·N·S

My skin was sallow, I had a bad taste in my mouth in the morning, and my breath was offensive at times, and occasionally I had a bad headache. By the use of Ripans Tabules I am now in a condition to attend to my daily duties, my appetite is excellent, and my digestion much improved.

AT DRUGGISTS.

The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, sixty cents, contains a supply for a year.

PRESS AND PUBLIC PRONOUNCE PERFECT.

WILL CURE any case of bad health, blood, taste, breath, stomach, bowels, complexion, liver, catarrh, beadache, nervousness, irregular health of any kind; removes the cause of it. Try it. The very best constitutional treatment is *HUNT'S DIGEST IVE TABLETS*, 1 per day 1-2 hour before breakfast.

7 days' treatment by mail,	$0.10	(sample only direct).
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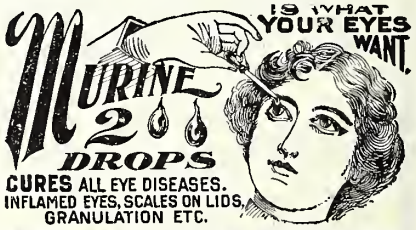
T. J. HUNT, Drawer O. O. MEROM, IND.



CURES ALL EYE DISEASES.
INFLAMED EYES, SCALES ON LIDS, GRANULATION ETC.

MURINE CURES PINK EYE

STRENGTHENS WEAK EYES.

Cures red eyelids.
Cures red eyes.
Cures blurring eyes.
Cures inflamed eyes.
Cures Cyclist's eyes.
Relieves eye pain.
Cures granulation.
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Read What a Prominent Clergyman Says of Murine:

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GENTLEMEN: After suffering for many months from distressingly weakened eyes and intolerably blurred vision, which made my work in the study extremely difficult and painful, and after diligently applying the prescriptions of a noted specialist in vain, I purchased a bottle of your MURINE in Chicago, and, to my very great but agreeable surprise, the evil entirely disappeared within six weeks after I began to apply it. Very respectfully,

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Afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

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RAILROAD COMPANY

have placed on sale, beginning May 1, 1902, Interchangeable Mileage Ticket, Form 1,

1,000 Miles, Price $25,

GOOD OVER THE FOLLOWING LINES:

Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern Railway; Atlanta & West Point Railroad; Atlantic Coast Line Railroad; Chesapeake Steamship Co. (Between Baltimore and Norfolk); Charleston & Western Carolina Railway; Columbia, Newbury & Laurens Railroad; Georgia Railroad; Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway; Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway; Northwestern Railroad of South Carolina; Plant System; Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad; Seaboard Air Line Railway; Washington Southern Railway; Western Railway of Alabama; Western & Atlantic Railroad; Louisville & Nashville Railroad (except the following P[illegible]s: L., H. C. & W. Railroad, Glasgow R. R., Elkton & Guthrie Railroad, and Pontchartrain Railroad).

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via Meridian, Tuscaloosa, Birmingham, and Attalla TO NEW YORK—

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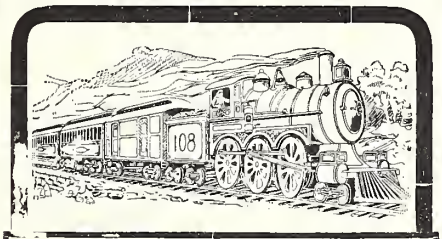
Old Soldiers

When You are in Nashville

Make this store your headquarters. We have a pleasant Rest Room; will be glad for you to utilize it

The Heroes of our Country are always welcome here



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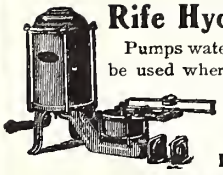
SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send for catalog. Agents wanted. COULTER OPTICAL CO. Chicago, Ill.



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Pumps water by water power. Can be used where rains fail. Absolute air-feed. Will pump 30 feet high for each foot of fall.

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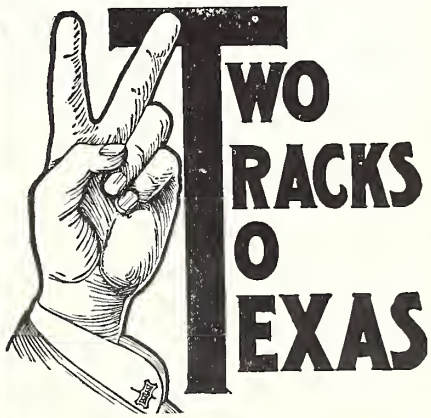
Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.



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And principal points in Texas and the Southwest. This train is new throughout and is made up of the finest equipment, provided with electric lights and all other modern traveling conveniences. It runs via our now completed

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Head-Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Partial Deafness, Sore Throat, HEADACHE, La Grippe, and all Diseases of the air passages by inhalation. The most perfect appliance ever offered.

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Barber Shop, Russian and Turkish Bath Rooms.
315 and 317 CHURCH STREET.
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OLD ROOFS MADE GOOD AS NEW.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little, goes far, and lasts long. **Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.** Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted. *Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co., 413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

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($25 PER 1,000 MILES)

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CURES RHEUMATISM. Send stamp for book of particulars. Uricsol Chemical Co., Los Angeles, Cal., or the Lamar & Rankin Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga., Distributing Agents. $1 per bottle. For by druggists.

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Half the One-Way Rate, plus $2.00;

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The Cotton Belt runs solid through trains to Texas, equipped with the most modern and comfortable cars. These trains make quick time and direct connections for all parts of the Great Southwest.

If you are seeking a better place to locate, write for a free copy of our handsome illustrated booklets, Homes in the Southwest and Through Texas With a Camera.

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Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I will mail, **free of charge** this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female trouble. You can **cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about **twelve cents a week.** It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **I have nothing to sell.** Tell other sufferers of it —that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods. Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION.

Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures *Leucorrhea, Green Sickness* and *Painful* or *Irregular Menstruation* in young ladies. It will *save you anxiety* and *expense* and *save your daughter the humiliation* of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who **know and will gladly tell** any sufferer that this Home Treatment **really cures all diseased conditions** of our delicate female organism, thoroughly **strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments** which cause displacement, and **makes women well.** Write to-day, as this offer will not be made again.

Address MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

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Humane Swine V Stock Marker and Calf Dehorner. Stops swine of all ages from rooting. Makes 48 different ear marks, large or small. No change of blade. Extracts horns. Testimonials free. Price $1.50, or send $1, get it on trial. If it suits, send balance.

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WRIGHT'S
RHEUMATIC
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LAME BACK.

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Let us hear from you sure.

The Wright Medicine Co.,
Peru, Ind.

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

Is the name sometimes given to what is generally known as the BAD DISEASE. It is not confined to dens of vice or the lower classes. The purest and best people are sometimes infected with this awful malady through handling the clothing, drinking from the same vessel, using the same toilet articles, or otherwise coming in contact with persons who have contracted it.

It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out and, as the blood becomes more contaminated, copper colored splotches and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

Our MAGIC CURE is a Specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in the worst forms. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will ruin you, and bring disgrace and disease upon your children for it can be transmitted from parent to child.

Write for our free home treatment book and learn all about contagious blood poison. If you want medical advice give us a history of your case, and our physicians will furnish all the information you wish without any charge whatever.

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We have a NEW SECRET REMEDY absolutely unknown to the profession. Permanent cures in 15 to 35 days. We refund money if we do not cure. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guaranty. With those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or pay expense of coming, railroad and hotel bills, and make no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, mucous patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper-colored spots, ulcers on any parts of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this secondary blood poison we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our MAGIC CURE, and we have $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty.

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Size 19½x35½ inches, is being distributed by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

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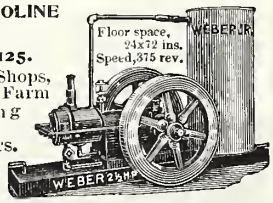

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We fully warrant our goods. Send the amount you wish to pay, and we will make a good selection for you. The difference in price is regulated by the weight and quality of the diamond.

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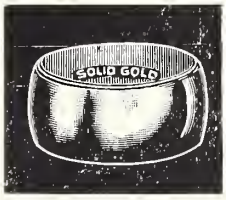

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All Watches described on this page are stem wind and stem set. Fully warranted.

Gold Filled Ladies' Watches,
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Will wear 10 to 15 years, $8.00 to $12.50

All orders intrusted to us will have the most prompt and careful attention.
Remember, we return your money if you want it.

14-K Solid Gold, $30.00

It is impossible to adequately describe our magnificent stock of watches, therefore we mention only a few prices.

Solid 14-K Gold Ladies' Watches,
.....$20.00 to $50.00

Solid 18-K Gold Ladies' Watches,
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Solid 18-K Gold Gents' Watches,
.....$75.00 to $150.00

The great success of our four page advertisement in the November Veteran encourages us to again ask for a share of your patronage.

The New St. Charles Hotel,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Through several generations the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, has been the leading one in the South's most noted city. In the olden times it was a resort for wealthy planters and others who spent money not only lavishly, but recklessly. In more modern times it has been the winter abode of wealthy Northerners, as well as the general rendezvous of representative Southerners in visiting the Crescent City.

After the fire that consumed the building which had served its time, a new St. Charles was erected upon its site and adjacent property until the structure illustrated above appears to be, what is claimed of it, "absolutely fireproof."

The proprietors are Andrew R. Blakely & Co., and they teach a lesson to all who imagine that it takes Northern men necessarily to run a fine hotel. There is no better managed great hotel in this country.

In an exquisitely printed circular the proprietors give many good reasons

"WHY YOU SHOULD STOP AT THE NEW ST. CHARLES:"

BECAUSE it is new and one of the latest, largest, and best Hotels in the country, accommodating seven hundred guests, with one hundred and fifty private bath rooms, four hundred and fifty parlors and bedrooms, alcoved, single and *en suite.*

BECAUSE it is steam-heated and lighted throughout with electricity, insuring warmth and comfort at all times.

BECAUSE the drinking water is filtered, distilled, and aërated, and the ice made from it on the premises, both absolutely pure, and while possessing no medicinal quality is as healthful as any imported or native water in the country.

BECAUSE the Colonnade and Roof Garden on parlor floor afford a delightful open air promenade in sunshine or shade, among tropical plants and shrubbery.

BECAUSE the Turkish and Russian baths are among the finest in the country, built of marble and luxuriously fitted up, with experienced Massage Operators, Chiropodist, and Manicure in attendance.

BECAUSE the Hotel is kept on both the American and European plans, with first-class Dining Room and Restaurant service and cuisine. You can take your choice.

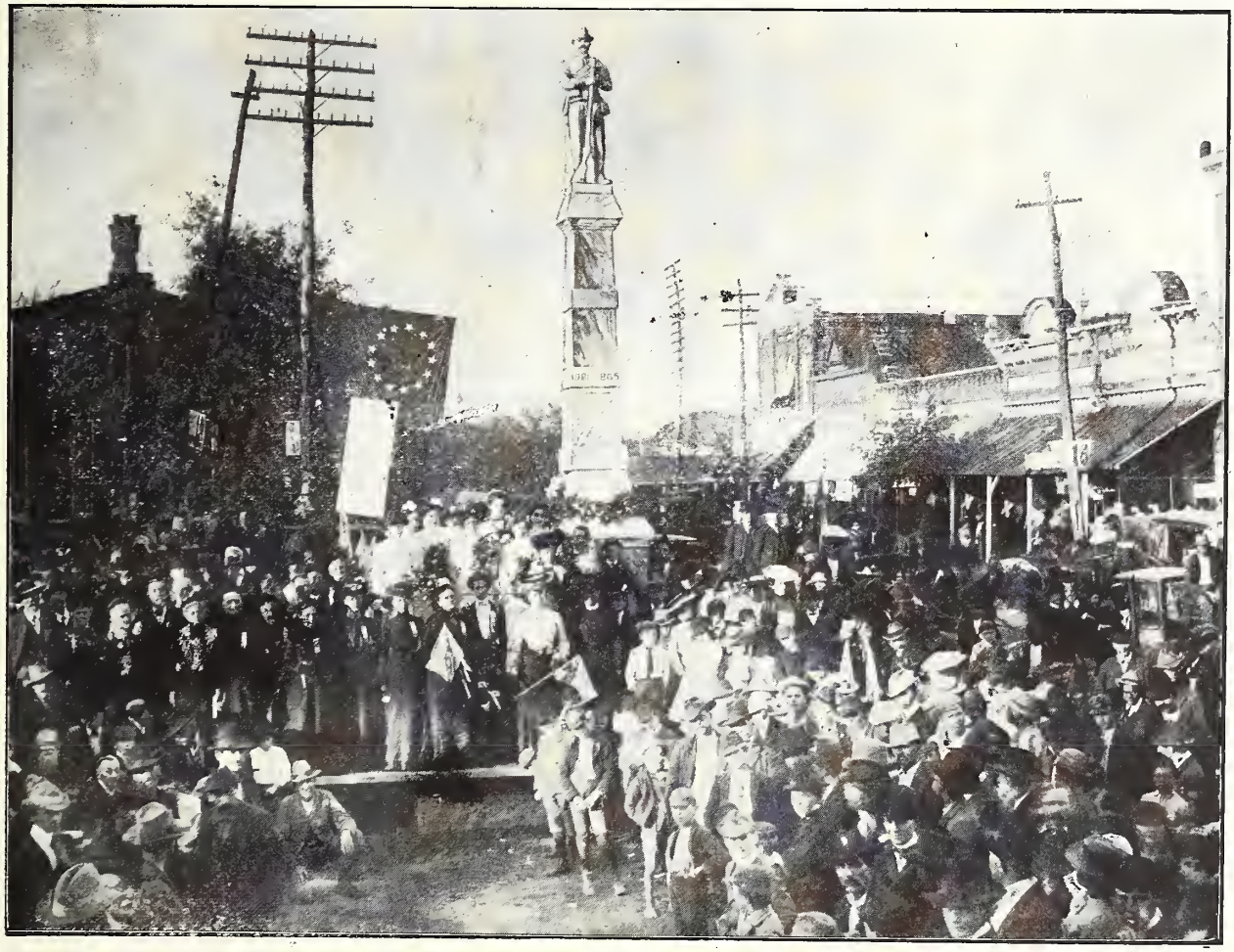
BECAUSE we want your patronage and promise, in return, the best of care and attention at moderate prices.

WRITE FOR RATES AND DIAGRAM OF ROOMS. ASK FOR GUIDEBOOKS AND GUIDES WHEN YOU GET THERE.

Ten Years—120 Numbers—1,927,968 Copies. See Pages 540-42.

Vol. 10 NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1902 No. 12

Confederate Veteran



UNVEILING OF CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, LAGRANGE, GA., GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP, LAGRANGE, GA., AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENT.

Your Doctor

May tell you that your case is incurable, that medical science is unable to help you, that all you can expect is temporary or slight **relief**, that no advertised article or remedy or prescription can do you any good. Well, let **him** think so. He is certainly entitled to **his opinion. You** need not think so **unless you wish to.** Do you wish to?

Many people whose testimony appears in the books and pamphlets issued by the Theo. Noel Company were told that their cases were hopeless, helpless, impossible, incurable, yet—**read their testimony.** Many were told that no advertised medicine could cure them, yet—**read their testimony.** Many were told that they had but a few short years—some but months—to live, yet—**read their testimony.** All we ask is your investigation and at our expense, regardless of what you may have been told or what your trouble may be. There are more things in **heaven and earth** than are dreamed of in the doctor's philosophy, and **Vitæ-Ore is one of them.** Its **composition** is one of nature's secrets—**not a trade secret**—its **formation** an enigma to the scientist, its **action** a puzzle to the medical student, its **power** a **boon** to the afflicted. **Read our special offer** to readers of this paper, and give nature's remedy a trial at our risk.

Make Nature Your Doctor.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has failed to improve upon or even equal the remedies found in a free state in **healing mineral springs.** Physicians, the oldest and best, the newest and learned, acknowledge this to be a fact, and when they encounter a disease which is not amenable to the action of drugs, they pack the patient off to **Carlsbad, Saratoga, Baden,** there to drink the waters which contain the essential properties for the restoration of health, and the patient returns—**fresh, healthy, in mind and body.** If the patients cannot afford the trip, and few but the wealthy can, they must continue to suffer, as the waters deterioriate rapidly, and when transported fail to produce the desired results.

A LETTER TO THE THEO. NOEL COMPANY, CHICAGO, will bring a healing spring to your door, to your own house, your chamber—will bring to you **VITÆ-ORE,** a mineral spring condensed and concentrated, a natural God-made remedy for the relief and cure of the ills with which man is afflicted. Why continue to suffer when this **natural curing and healing Ore,** nature's remedy, can be had for the asking, when you can have

A HEALING MINERAL SPRING AT YOUR DOOR?

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS. Vitæ-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine rocklike substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver, in the neighborhood of a once powerful but now extinct **mineral spring.** It requires about twenty years for oxidization by exposure to the air, when it slacks down like lime, and is then of medicinal value. It contains in part **free iron, free sulphur, and free magnesium,** three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package—one ounce—of the ORE, when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Dropsy, Stomach and Female Disorders, Malarial Fever, La Grippe, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, accepting this offer and writing for a package, will deny after using. **READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER:**

Personal to Veteran Subscribers and Readers.

We will send to every subscriber or reader of this paper, or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **postpaid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the reader can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We do not offer to send you a free sample to last three or four days, nor to send you a medicine which will cure you with four or five drops; but we do offer to send to you a regular **$1** package of the **most powerful natural medicine known to the civilized world,** without one cent of risk to you. We offer to give you thirty days to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you need pay us one cent, **and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results.** We leave it to your honesty to pay us. We know that when this month's treatment of **Vitæ-Ore** has put you on the road to a cure, you will be more than willing to pay. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced-incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach every case with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, treatment, or combination of medicines which it is possible to procure.

VITAE-ORE WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so, and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer. ☞This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

Send for a $1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose.

THEO. NOEL CO., VETERAN DEPT., Vitae-Ore Bldg., **Chicago, Ill.**

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

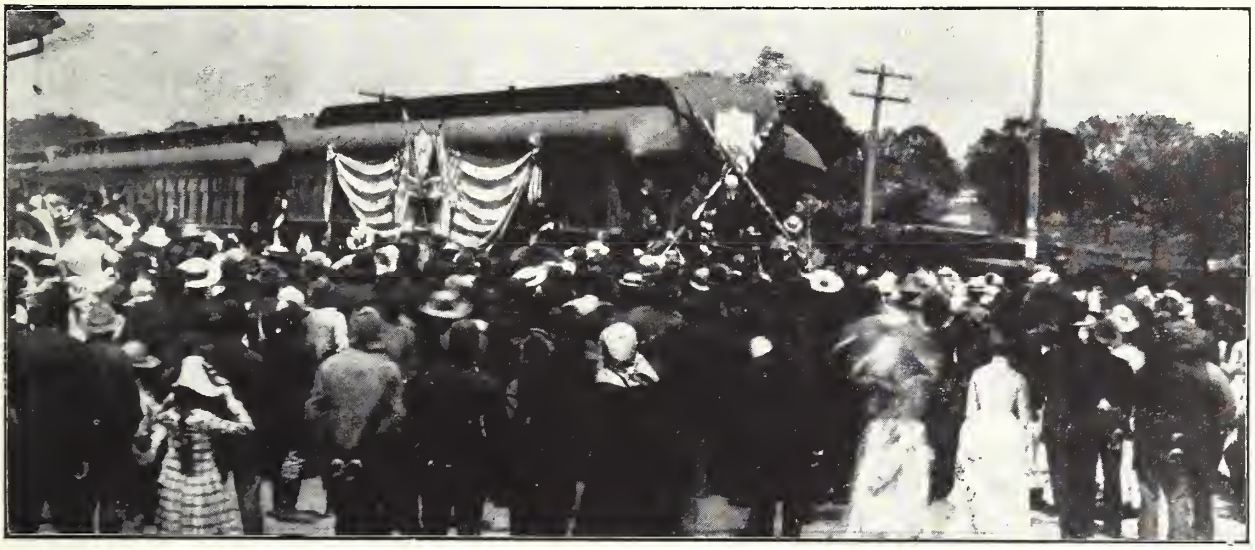
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. X. | NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1902. | NO. 12. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

MEMORABLE EVENT AT LAGRANGE, GA., IN HONOR OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



JEFFERSON DAVIS SPECIAL TRAIN AT LAGRANGE, EN ROUTE TO ATLANTA TO THE DEDICATION OF BEN HILL'S STATUE.

The most notable stop of the trip was that made at LaGrange. It was Mr. Hill's old home. It was a favorite spot with Mr. Davis in years gone by. The people had made such urgent and special appeals to Mr. Davis's heart that he insisted upon a detained stay.

When the train rolled in it found such a demonstration as brought tears to Mr. Davis's cheeks. The wealth of flowers, in all possible designs, was simply marvelous. Capt. E. P. Howell, calling the assemblage to order, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I desire to present to you our hero, the man who never committed a political sin. He was our scapegoat. We are responsible. We are his friends and neighbors. I present to you Hon. Jefferson Davis."

Mayor McFarlane, handing up an immense floral offering, addressed Mr. Davis, asking him to accept the offering and to place it upon the monument of Mr. Hill.

Mr. Davis answered: "Sir, it will give me great pleasure in any way to show my respect to the memory of that great man.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the name of the great Georgian brings me memories deep and tender, that lived in the past of that truly great and greatly true man, Benjamin H. Hill, the man who did not fail to repel the slander of the miserable Yankee who did not hesitate to lie for a purpose. This place was once the home of the great Georgian, and I love it for him. I love it also because it was the home of Hugh Haralson, who took me up when I first entered Congress. It also was the birthplace of the heroic wife of the heroic man, Gen. John B. Gordon. She was one of the noble women who sat up all night to make white badges for the arms of our men who went in the night charge at Petersburg, which was led by her chivalric husband. I am warned that I must not speak; perhaps it is well that I should not, for my heart is too full of memories too tender for utterance.

"Young ladies and gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and now I wish to present to you the lady to whom I referred as a native of LaGrange, Mrs. Gordon."

A wild and prolonged cheer greeted the lovely lady as she smiled upon her own and her husband's admirers. General Gordon, coming to the front, said:

"We forbade Mr. Davis to speak on this trip, but he would speak at the home of Ben Hill, and I ought to add his home, because the heart of every true man and woman in all this Southern land is the home of Jefferson Davis.

"Dr. Spalding, Southern friends, allow me the privilege of introducing to you the daughter of our chieftain, the leader of the South, Miss Davis."

The train moved out while Miss Winnie stood winsomely waving her handkerchief.—*An Old Atlanta Constitution.*

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

SOMETHING OF THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

The ninth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was formally opened November 11 at New Orleans by a beautiful ceremony in the presentation of badges to delegates. The session was held in Memorial Hall.

In that sacred shrine, with the faces of the dead and never-to-be-forgotten heroes of the Confederacy looking down, amid the tattered battle flags and souvenirs that stand in living testimony of a memory that cannot die, the old veterans of the Louisiana Camps gathered to extend on the part of the New Orleans Chapter the loyal welcome that filled their hearts.

From every Southern State, and from the North, where Southern women have taken up their abode and organized Chapters, the women assembled.

Memorial Hall was packed. The beautiful array of ladies in handsome toilets all wore pinned above their bosoms the red, white, and red of the Confederacy.

It is nigh forty years since that struggle closed, wherein Lee sheathed the most spotless sword that was ever wielded; but the memory of those days abides. In the shadow of a great sorrow and disaster the Southern women rose to the necessities of the times. It was the throbbing of a great memory that gave color and life to the proceedings.

Upon the platform were draped the historic flags that adorn the old hall; over the desk was thrown the patched and faded flag that was sent just a few days ago by the mother and sisters of Colonel Fiske, who was killed at Murfreesboro, and back of these memorable souvenirs rose the pictures of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. It was a beautiful sight, and touched many to tears.

Mrs. F. G. Freret, President of the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, United Daughters of the Confederacy, called the meeting to order. She introduced Gen. J. B. Levert, commanding the Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans.

General Levert said in his greeting and welcome:

"It is my proud privilege to bid the Daughters of the Confederacy a heartfelt welcome to New Orleans, the cypress-crowned queen of the South. Standing here, almost within the shadow of that noble shaft which the patriotism of the South has reared to the memory of the deathless hero, Robert E. Lee, with an array of faces before me which recalls the features of the dear dead heroes who, with stout hearts and unswerving purpose, marched beneath that flag which went down with disaster, but without disgrace, it is no wonder that I should feel at this moment an emotion which, though it fills the heart, paralyzes the tongue and renders me unable to express what I feel. We who wore the gray would be false to the impulse which called us from our homes in the hope-wasting years which passed between 1861 and 1865, we would be false to the chivalrous instinct and soldierly gallantry which we cherished as the legacy left us by our fallen comrades, were we to delay for one moment to extend to you the welcome of New Orleans, which, for boundless sociability and exuberant hospitality, has no superior in the Southland, which is saying much indeed."

The ladies applauded General Levert's very heartfelt speech of welcome. Mrs. Lettie Purvis, widow of a Confederate officer and daughter of that revered Confederate matron, Mrs. Theodore Shute, played the "Bonnie Blue Flag" on the historic piano that was famous in the Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, at Jackson, Miss., forty years ago.

Gen. J. A. Chalaron, Secretary of the Louisiana Historical Association, explained that, although the tones of that piano might sound antiquated, yet it was a precious relic of the Fifth Company, Washington Artillery. That piano was playing, at one time, forty years ago, during an attack by Union troops, and the Confederate boys marched out and drove the attacking party and killed and wounded 1,000 men and captured three stands of colors. After doing this the boys returned to the piano and played "O Let Us Be Joyful." So, if that piano was good enough forty years ago, in such strenuous times, it ought not now to grate the ears of true Southern women.

Capt. George A. Williams, President of the Louisiana Historical Association, welcomed the ladies to Memorial Hall. He gave a history of the hall, saying it was erected by a generous son of a veteran, whose pious idea was to raise a memorial to his father, and who wisely chose that it should be a museum of relics of the cause he loved. The founder thus secured the aid of hundreds of devoted survivors and sympathizers, who availed themselves of this secure repository for the keeping of treasured mementos, until there has been built up the largest collection yet procured of valued historical objects pertaining to the war between the States. There has been no fund for the purchase of these priceless relics; every one is a voluntary votive offering to heroes that have passed.

"Our friends at the North, and former foes, have no collection that approaches this in magnitude or interest. They, flushed with victory and blessed with prosperity, have not been driven by adversity to nourish the memory of a cause which, though unsuccessful, developed the highest traits of patriotism and virtues. It was for the Confederacy, the vanquished, to garner and cherish the relics of past glory, as the sorrowing mother hoards the belongings of her lost first-born.

"Such is the office and object of this memorial hall. Here look down upon you the departed leaders; here, draped above you, hang standards which marked the thin gray lines which they led victoriously for four fearful years against fivefold their numbers. Here all about you are relics which mutely tell the history of the scenes of which they were part.

"Here has been the meeting place, the rallying ground of all Confederate organizations in this city; here is the center and focus of Confederate sentiment, but never in its history has it been so honored as now in receiving you ladies, the daughters of those noble women who, in the darkest disaster, surpassed in the devotion and sacrifice made every record of history. Never before in a great war was woman's self-sacrifice so marked; never was her influence so great. And you participators and descendants of that heroic race have upheld the highest ideals of that period. You have dotted the South with monuments to soldiers; you have clothed and fed the maimed; you have honored the survivors. You have earned for yourselves a crown of glory which you have never claimed, but which is yours by the unanimous verdict of all Confederate veterans."

Gen. J. A. Chalaron was the next speaker. As Secretary of the Louisiana Historical Association, he said:

"After the felicitous and cordial greetings just addressed to the delegates of the United Daughters of the Confederacy by the distinguished officers of Confederate organizations of our State and city, superfluous might appear further expressions of the general sentiment of satisfaction and of delight that animates us on this occasion. And if I come to speak other joyous and heartfelt words, it is at the bidding of New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, to whose devotion to the Confederate cause I give my fullest admiration, and to whose requests I am ever happy to yield obedience.

"My intimate connection with this sacred temple of Confederate faith has led them to consider that a welcome to its hallowed precincts should also come from my lips, and most cheerfully do I now utter the feelings of a Confederate heart moved with pleasure and homage in the presence of so much

brilliant womanhood from our sister States of the South, banded together with Louisiana's daughters in the noble object of perpetuating Confederate memories, Confederate principles, Confederate vindication, and Confederate worship."

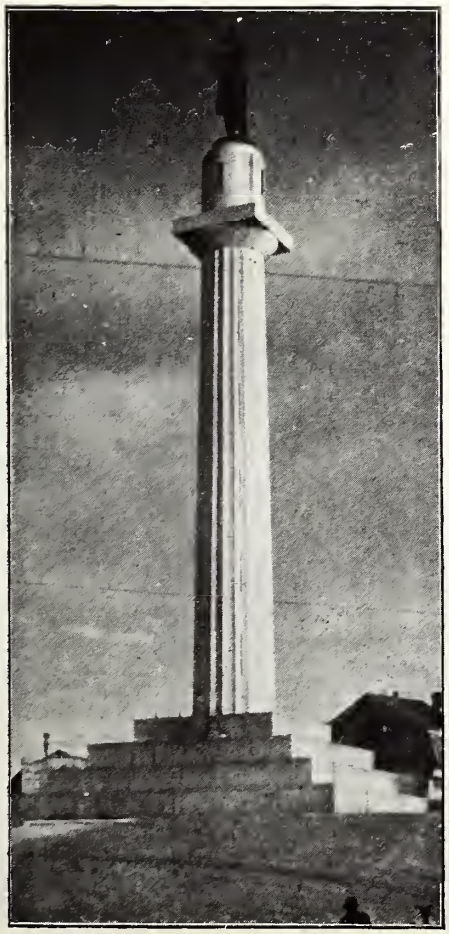
Washington Artillery Hall, where were the sittings of the convention, was transformed into a garden of Southern memories, in which the red and white roses and the immortelles of the Confederacy were artistically twined.

In its great armory the formal business meetings of the convention were held. Just above the entrance was a large flag with the typical "U. D. C." printed upon it. Upon many arches Confederate flags, the mottoes and insignias of all the States speaking from niche and column, were seen. Over in the rear hung the impressive painting of the "Last Meeting of Lee and Stonewall Jackson." It is a large and fine painting.

Leading to the banquet hall and reception room above stately palms and palmettos lined the walk and broad stairways.

All around, as in the armory below, the shields of the various Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy added to the character of the decorations. From the immense chandeliers were suspended small battle flags of the Confederacy, and above the music gallery the great shield of the organization was hung, draped with Confederate and American flags. The motto of the organization, "Think, Love, Dare, Pray, Live," was beautifully entwined in the shield above the central chandelier. The other shield was the magnolia, the flower of the New Orleans Chapter, and beneath it was the Chapter motto, "We Stand for Truth."

The reports of the Divisions are to appear later.



MONUMENT TO GEN. R. E. LEE, NEW ORLEANS.

Subscriptions to Jefferson Davis Monument.

The report of Mrs. Edgar G. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, is as follows, by States, from October 26, 1901, to November 1, 1902: Alabama, $483.45; Arkansas, $355; California, $215; District of Columbia, $27.75; Florida, $1,056.45; Georgia, $1,920.28; Illinois, $5; Indian Territory, $20; Indiana, $157; Kentucky, $572.05; Louisiana, $367; Maryland, $191; Mississippi, $827.35; Missouri, $728.45; North Carolina, $2,353.46; New York, $457; Ohio, $12.35; South Carolina, $1,402.15; Tennessee, $1,018.75; Texas, $1,623.20; First Division of Virginia, $898.18; Grand Division of Virginia, $1,569; West Virginia, $377; Confederate Camp, $1,435.66; U. D. C., $1,500; Confederate Memorial Association, $12,187.15; sales of buttons, $25.54; sales of calendars, $843.04; special collections, $697.47. Grand total, $45,836.47.

Mrs. Cantrill asked how much was still wanting to complete the movement, and Mrs. Taylor replied she understood that $5,000 more will be needed, besides proceeds of bazaars.

The Committee on Souvenir Pictures asked for $1,500 to prepare 9,000 pictures. The Committee expects to clear fifty per cent profit. The request was granted.

Subscriptions Raised in the Convention.

The continuation of the report of the Committee on Historical Souvenirs was continued until the next convention.

The Secretary announced as subscribed to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund on the floor of the convention $923 as follows: Wade Hampton Chapter, through Mrs. Waring, $10; Mrs. Cornelia B. Stone, of Texas, $10; Mrs. Rosenberg, $20; Mrs. Cardin, $5; Raymond Dibrell, $1; Mrs. Duke, of Kentucky, $10; Mrs. Voorhies, of California, $10; Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York, $10; Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, $5; Mrs. Martin, of New York, $5; Mrs. Carney, of Plaquemines, $5; William P. Rogers Chapter, Victoria, Tenn., $10; Mrs. E. B. Walker, of Arkansas, $5; Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Tennessee, $20; Mrs. Rapley, of Missouri, $10; Mrs. J. D. Beale, of Montgomery, $10; Mrs. Dugan, of California, personally, but in compliment to her Chapter, $5; Mrs. Hatcher, of Columbia, $5 from each of two Chapters; Mrs. Tarion, of Kentucky, $5, and for Aston Madeira Chapter, $5; Mrs. Halbert, personally, $5, and for a Texas Chapter, $5; the U. D. C. of Georgia, $64 cash and a pledge of $325, through Miss Benning; Margaret McClure Chapter, of St. Louis, pledged one-half of all proceeds of entertainments until the monument is finished; the Ladies' Memorial Association of New Orleans, which had already contributed $500, gives $25 more; Mrs. Rowe, of Beauvoir Chapter, $5; Mrs. Connors, of South Carolina, $10; Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York, one-half of proceeds of all entertainments of her Chapter and in addition $25 cash from the Chapter; Mrs. Worcester, of Ohio, a check of $75, also $5 in the name of her two children; Mrs. Arnold, of Kentucky, $5; Miss Mary Harrison, $10; Mrs. McSherry, for West Virginia, $25; Mrs. Frazier, of Tennessee, $5; Lucien C. Gauze Chapter, $10; Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Anderson, S. C., $1; Mrs. Winder, $5 for herself, and in the name of her two children, $5 each; R. E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, Ohio, $5; Sterling Price Chapter, of St. Louis, $5; Chapter No. 149, of Kansas City, Mo., $25; John H. Morgan Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Covington, Ky., $5; E. M. Bruce Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, $5; Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Houston, Tex., $5; Miss Durlin, of Denison, Tex., $10; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, of Alexandria, Va., $25; Virginia Division, $10; Mrs. O'Brien, for Bull Run Chapter, Alexandria, Va., $5, and Jefferson Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, $5; the Alabama delegation, $10; Mrs.

Pugh, personally, $5; Katie Cabell Currie Chapter, of Louisiana, $8; Mrs. White, for herself and her Chapter, $5; R. E. Lee Chapter, of Marshall, Mo., $10; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Los Angeles, Cal., $25; Francis M. Cottrell Chapter, of Warren, Mo., $5; Mrs. McCullough, of Virginia, $100; Mrs. S. H. Melone, of Atlanta, Ga., $5; Mrs. Aiken, for Barton Chapter, $5; Georgia Division, $10; Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, $5; Mrs. E. G. Weed, personally, $100; Mrs. Williams, of Louisville, $5; Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, $5; Mrs. M. R. Waller, of Okolona, Miss., $5; Mrs. C. M. Savey, $5; Mrs. Oscar Denton, of Okolona, Miss., $5; Mississippi Division, $150; Mrs. McDowell, $5; Colonel McPherson, of Texas, $5; total, $928.

Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Chairman of the Transportation Committee, submitted her report, stating that the several railroad companies have acted very courteously toward the Daughters of the Confederacy in the matter of rates. She moved that a rising vote of thanks be extended the railroad companies, and especially to Mr. George H. Smith, of the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad. The vote was given, and the convention next rose *en masse* in compliment to Mrs. Smith for her excellent work.

Mrs. Alexander, of Virginia, suggested that the Association of the U. D. C. be chartered, so that it might own property in its own name.

Mrs. Waring asked the privilege of the floor to move a rising vote of regret and sorrow in memory of Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, C. S. A., who died during the year. The citizens of South Carolina are raising a fund for a statue to his memory. She asked every Chapter to give one dollar to the Wade Hampton monument. Columbus (Miss.) Chapter has already given $5. Mrs. James H. Parker pledged $1 for her Chapter, and Mrs. Physioc, of New York, gave $5; Richmond Chapter, $1; New Orleans Chapter, $1; Mrs. Voorhies, six Chapters of California, $1 each; Mrs. F. G. Freret, $1; each State Division indorsed this subscription, and the calling of contributions ceased.

Mrs. Olds moved a vote of thanks be extended Colonel Knauss and Mr. Harrison for their patriotic services in the matter of the memorial at Camp Chase.

Mrs. Reynolds, of Kentucky, moved that in future conventions a representative of the Children of the Confederacy be allowed the courtesies of the floor, without, of course, having a voice in the deliberations of the convention. This is for the purpose of interesting the young people in the work of the older ones, so that they may keep up the work after the older people are gone. Also that this convention recommend that reports of such younger societies be received and read in State conventions.

Mrs. Parker said a few words about the inferior make and quality of badges, and moved that the Corresponding Secretary write to the contractor complaining of the insecurity of the badges and asking that they may be made stronger.

Mrs. Rounsaville called the meeting to order at the last night's session, and led in the Lord's Prayer.

Mrs. Dickson moved a rising vote of sympathy to Mrs. Braxton Bragg, who recently lost her brother, Mr. Elliott.

Mrs. T. J. Latham moved that a telegram of sympathy be also sent to Judge James H. Reagan, of Texas, who had recently met with an accident, adopted by rising vote.

In the January VETERAN reports from Divisions may be expected, and also accounts of outings by the delegates and the military mass that occurred in the cathedral on Sunday.

THE CHALMETTE MONUMENT.

From data furnished by Mrs. M. A. Bailey, of New Orleans, whose ancestors were active participants in patriotic deeds, the following sketch is procured:

The ground on which the half-finished shaft on the battle field of Chalmette—New Orleans—stands was the result of a compromise between the Whigs and Democrats in 1845. The Democrats desired to erect an equestrian statue to the exponent of Democracy as well as to the general who had so gloriously repulsed the English veterans flushed with their victories on the Peninsula. Ten thousand dollars was voted for the equestrian statue that now stands in Plaza de Annas, which since the erection of the statue has become Jackson Square. To obtain this sum, the Democrats pledged themselves to vote for a monument to those who fought on the plains of Chalmette.

GLIMPSE OF THE LOUISIANA CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME, NEW ORLEANS.

In furtherance of this plan, the land on which Jackson's redoubts had been placed was purchased from a Monsieur Bachellier for $5,000. A committee was appointed to accept the sale for the State. Of this committee Judge Gayarre, our honored historian, and Frank R. Richardson, the Whig leader in the Assembly, were the last survivors. An association of citizens was then formed, and fifty thousand dollars collected for the monument. In 1855 this sum was all expended and nothing further was done. The Civil War soon after that put all thoughts of it out of the minds of those who had to face almost as unequal odds as had faced Jackson in 1815. The monument was forgotten, became a cow pasture, and time and weather and vandals did the work of disintegration.

In 1888 the Legislature suddenly remembered the forlorn spot, and thought that, as every portion of the Union had been represented on the field of Chalmette, the United States would willingly finish the shaft which was begun to the honor of these heroes. The State deeded the unfinished monument and grounds (180 acres) to the national government on condition that within five years the government should finish the forty-five feet still lacking. In May, 1893, the five years had expired, and the shaft was only more deteriorated by the additional years of neglect.

It was at this time that Mrs. Mathilde A. Bailey, President of the U. S. Daughters 1775 and 1812, succeeded in interesting her little band of seven patriotic women in the monument. Governor Foster, Senator Estopinal (now Lieutenant Governor), and Attorney-General Cunningham willingly seconded the efforts of these ladies, and on June 10, 1894, a bill introduced in joint session by Senator Estopinal put the U. S. Daughters 1775 and 1812 in charge of the monument. Almost by magic the unsightly picket fence gave way for a neat iron one, the grounds were cleared, the unsightly little cottage that shut off the view of the monument from the main road and the river was moved to one side, and the ladies turned their attention to raising funds to complete the shaft. Mrs. Bailey proposed that the association should issue bonds of small fair value, redeemable yearly with funds raised by renting out the back portion of the one hundred and sixty acres. This qualification at first met the unqualified approval of the society, but it was an undertaking with which the ladies were unfamiliar, and they finally concluded not to accept the suggestion of their President.

Every effort to interest the public having failed, Mrs. Bailey and a committee visited the Legislature and induced the members to vote an appropriation of a thousand dollars toward repairing the monument. At this time Mrs. Bailey was succeeded as President by Mrs. John B. Richardson, the hostess on the occasion of the reception rendered by the U. S. D. 1775 and 1812 to the Daughters of the Confederacy on those historic grounds. The State having failed to renew the appropriation, Mrs. Richardson has once more pinned her faith to the patriotism of the general government, and at the last session of the General Assembly of Louisiana the U. S. Daughters of 1775 and 1812 were divested, at their own request, of their charge of the historic battlefield, and it was once more tendered to the United States. A bill is now pending, introduced by Representative Meyer, for an appropriation of $25,000 to complete the monument. It is to be hoped that this last effort will prove successful.

The monument as it now stands is 143 feet from the ground. To complete it according to original plans would require forty-five feet more. It will be in the shape of an obelisk with an observatory on the top, intended as a lookout in case of invasion by a foreign foe either by river or lake.

It is hard to conceive how much has been accomplished by that band of U. S. Daughters. The editor of the VETERAN visited that neglected place before they took it in charge—a weird, desolate place. It seemed dangerous to enter the door of the shaft because of the rotted inner work. Now all is changed. A terrace of Bermuda surrounds the monument, and a splendid iron staircase makes access to the top—the 143 feet—easy and safe. The shaft is very similar, but on a smaller scale, to the Washington monument at the capital. The United States could not do a more worthy thing than complete that monument to "Old Hickory" and his fellow-patriots.

MRS. ANNIE WASHINGTON RAPLEY,
President Missouri Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Annie Washington Rapley is of distinguished ancestry. She is the only child of Hon. William H. Washington, of Newbern, N. C. She is a great-grandniece of George Washington. Her mother, Caroline Blount, is the granddaughter of Sir James Blount, of England, who emigrated to America in 1750 and settled on Albemarle Sound. He espoused the cause of the colonies, equipped a company at his own expense in North Carolina, and fought throughout the revolutionary war. She is the widow of Maj. William Field Rapley, who was under Gen. William L. Cabell and Gen. James F. Fagan, and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department throughout the Confederate war.

Mrs. Rapley was one of the first organizers of the D. O. C. in Missouri. She was First Vice President for several years. Later she was a charter member of the first organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Missouri, and has always held a high position in the M. A. E. McLure Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Louis. She was elected President of the Missouri Division, U. D. C., and by her tact, good judgment, and fine executive ability won and maintains the confidence and admiration of the Missouri Division. Mrs. Rapley's home is in St. Louis.

SOUTHERN WOMEN DEMAND CORRECT HISTORY.

The most earnest consideration of the two addresses by Miss Benning, of Georgia, and Mrs. Willis, of Arkansas, is commended. If anything would move even dry bones in Dixie land, these representations of the real conditions should. As an after part, the latter, Mrs. Willis, said:

"On one occasion Sir Walter Scott was greeted with a toast: 'To the Wizard of the North, whose magic wand has rolled back the mists and fogs of bonny Scotland and has revealed to the world her blue lochs and snow-capped mountains clad in the eternal beauty of poetry and song.' When our poet of the South has come, we, the daughters of the South, will greet him as the magician of the South who has rolled away the clouds of misunderstanding, the fogs of prejudice and ignorance, showing us our peerless mother—the true South. I think he will see the mighty Titaness of the past, with her blue robe sweeping the waters of the Gulf and the Atlantic; proudly cherishing the memory of the army of dead heroes sleeping in her bosom, and crowned with eternal stars amid which blazes like a comet the most brilliant star of all—the star of a glorious defeat!

"How he shall behold our new South remains for us to decide! Shall she be the money-loving, money-grasping spirit that some of her children are striving to make her, careless of her records, her traditions, and her tombs, whose sweetest music is the clink of the dollar, whose highest ambition is to nurture her children in luxury and ease, without memory of or reverence for the past? Or shall she still present to us the splendid mother-spirit who molded the honor and patriotism of Carroll, of Washington, of Henry, of Robert Lee? Women of the South, you are the arbiters of the future of the South. Her past is irrevocable. Her future rests with you."

CONCERNING THE WINNIE DAVIS MEMORIAL.

Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, President U. D. C., said in an interview that she intended to draw the attention of the convention to another work which was not really a work of the United Association, but of the Georgia Chapters. She mentioned a singular and pathetic coincidence: that the first extensive travel of Winnie Davis, the beloved Daughter of the Confederacy, had been through Georgia, when the family made their memorable tour from Richmond, Va. The last place that Winnie Davis visited was in Georgia, and in commemoration of these two marked incidents, the one at the beginning of life, the other at the close, the ladies of the Georgia State Division had decided to erect a memorial to Winnie Davis, and that it should be a living memorial, one that could benefit the daughters of old veterans. And for this purpose they proposed to erect an annex to the State Normal School in Georgia, the annex to cost the sum of $20,000. Almost all this money is now in hand, and the corner stone of the building was laid two weeks ago with imposing ceremonies. The design is a Southern colonial home, and is very beautiful. When the Southern Educational Association met in Athens last year it was so impressed with this work of the Georgia Chapters that it voted the sum of $4,500 toward the erection of the building, on condition that the Chapters would raise the first half before January 1. Nearly all of the money is in hand, and the institution will be paid for by the women of Georgia in memory of the daughter of the immortal leader of the Confederacy.

W. F. Lee, Piedmont, S. C., desires help in tracing a hunting horn which had his name and "Company D, Hampton's Legion," engraved on it, with date, either August or September, 1864. He thinks there was also a shield and wreath engraved on it. He prized it very highly. It was lost by his brother when going home on furlough at the Wayside Home, in Columbia, S. C.

The U. C. V. Camp, Gatesville, Tex., claims the youngest Confederate in the South: Charles S. Brown, born October 21, 1849. He enlisted in 1862 in the Fifth Missouri Infantry, and served until the surrender.

MISSISSIPPI DELEGATION TO THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY CONVENTION, NEW ORLEANS.

FOURTH AND FOURTEENTH NORTH CAROLINA.

REMINISCENCES BY J. L. SCHAUB, LAGRANGE, GA.

[The VETERAN pays cordial tribute to the comrade herewith mentioned, as he has been its steadfast friend throughout the decade of its existence. Recently, at the convention of Georgia Daughters, his house being filled, he made the editor his guest at the hotel. He is a typical Confederate.—ED.]

Julius L. Schaub was born in Davidson County, N. C. January 9, 1843. His father was German of the Moravian stock in and about Old Salem; his mother was Amanda Lambeth, daughter of Dr. Shadrick Lambeth, of English ancestry. When about fifteen years of age he was sent to the Blair Academy at Thomasville, in his native county, and afterwards to Yadkin Institute. He was there when the great war commenced. With the fall of Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, the students, mostly young men, dispersed to their homes and volunteered.

(THEN.) J. L. SCHWAB. (NOW.)

Young Schaub hastened to Thomasville and joined an old volunteer company then being reorganized under Capt. Willis L. Miller. On April 25 this company, the Thomasville Rifles, was accepted by the governor, and ordered into camp of instruction at Raleigh for twelve months' service. In about three weeks it was ordered to Garysburg, and became part of the Fourth North Carolina Volunteers, with Junius Daniel as colonel. On June 6 the regiment was sent to Suffolk, Va. In August it marched across country to Stone House wharf, on James River, where it remained, doing picket duty there and at Smithfield, until March, 1862, when it was ordered across the James and into the trenches near Yorktown to face General McClellan's army. Here, without tents or other shelter, in sleet and snow, cold rains and mud, with less than half rations, the suffering may be imagined. Many were sent in consequence to the Richmond hospitals to die.

Owing to the enlistment of ten regiments as regulars, this (Fourth) was changed to the Fourteenth Regiment, and reenlisted for two years under a reorganization with new officers, and formed a part of R. E. Colston's Brigade in Longstreet's Division.

Although under fire and slightly wounded on picket at Yorktown, Corporal Schaub was in his first real battle at Williamsburg, May 5, on the retreat from Yorktown. The next battle of his regiment was at Seven Pines, near Richmond, June 1. Gen. R. E. Lee was then assigned to command this army, and reorganized it, forming brigades with regiments from same State. Then the Second, Fourth, Fourteenth, and Thirtieth regiments of North Carolina troops became Gen. George B. Anderson's Brigade and part of Maj. Gen. D. H. Hill's Division. It participated in the seven days' battles around Richmond, commencing June 26 at Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor on the 27th, at Gaines's Mill on the 28th, and Malvern Hill on July 1. They then marched to Maryland and fought in the battle of Boonesboro September 14, and Sharpsburg September 17, 18. Next marching to Fredericksburg, the command was in the battle of December 13 and 14. Brig. Gen. Anderson having died from wounds received at Sharpsburg, Brig. Gen. Stephen D. Ramseur took command in February, 1863, and Maj. Gen. Hill was succeeded by Maj. Gen. Robert E. Rodes in command of the division, and placed in Lieut. Gen. (Stonewall) Jackson's Corps.

After spending the winter in camp at Fredericksburg, Gen. Hooker opened the campaign by crossing over the river to Chancellorsville, and this corps made its famous march around Hooker's army, and struck his right flank on the evening of May 2, stampeding one corps and driving them back on the main body in confusion, but General Jackson was wounded after dark and died May 10. Gen. Jeb Stuart was placed temporarily in command of the corps, and on May 3 this brigade was first to charge; but, not being properly supported, suffered heavy losses in killed and wounded. The total loss being fifty-two per cent.

Comrade M. S. Simmons treasures a pillow made for him by Miss Belle Burks, of Notasulga, Ala., while he was in the hospital there, during the war. He carried his pillow to the Dallas reunion. An exchange reports that it has recently been re-covered with blue and gray silk, worked in crazy-quilt style.

A blue and gray cover! Why make the new cover "blue and gray?" The report gives the blue first, as quoted. Pity the sentiment that goes so far out of the way as to desecrate a pillow made by a loyal Confederate woman in the sixties for a hospital! Maybe some carpetbagger in reconstruction days rested his discontented head upon it. Do let us quit such twaddle. Our own disparagement is increased fourfold, if possible. by the loss of respect for us by the manly men who wore the blue.

TERMS BOYCOTTED BY THE VETERAN.—Will correspondents for the VETERAN please take notice that the two detestable terms, "*new* South" and "*lost* cause," will not be printed. Many a fairly good article is turned down by use of that last term. They both originated assuredly in the minds of prejudiced Northerners, and they both so reflect upon the Southern people that the VETERAN will not use articles where substitutes are not admissible.

SEEKING AID OF THE PRESS.—It may not occur to you that a friendly communication of the VETERAN in local papers throughout the South would do much good. Every friend is authorized to request a complimentary notice of the VETERAN in his home paper, and the volume of 1903 will be sent without asking an exchange. Ask the publisher to state that a sample copy will be sent to any person who requests it. Postal card will answer.

THE U. C. V. NOT A POLITICAL ORGANIZATION.—Gen. J. B. Gordon (through his Adjutant, Gen. George Moorman) sends out a warning to all Camps of U. C. V. that they shall not, and continue their membership in the great organization, take part, as an organization, in furthering the interests of candidates for political office. Religious controversies, as well, are prohibited in the organization.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Thomas P. Stone, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., accepts the cordial invitation of the VETERAN to coöperate in behalf of the organization, and writes:

"Some of your space will be very valuable to this cause and will arouse an interest and be mutually beneficial to both. I find it very helpful and beneficial to me, having been a subscriber for the last five years, and my mother is a subscriber, so in this way we have two copies each month; not that we need two, but our desire is to help as much as we can a grand and glorious publication, which in my judgment is doing more toward bettering the condition of the South in the way of perpetuating the truth of the Confederate soldier than any other one means by which the younger generations are reached. It is that which makes your journal so valuable to the cause of the Sons, and it is most important to reach them that they may read it. If you can increase your subscription among them, you will have the personal appreciation of the present Commander in Chief, and all in the future will thank you for the great help you will render them in arousing the young men to a realization of their sacred duty in this cause. My interest is so great in this work that I appreciate everything that will help to advance it. I can send you matters occasionally that would help us, but I think the best plan will be for the different Division Commanders to furnish the data, for then it would be more generally read and bring you more subscribers."

OFFICIALS UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN WEST VIGGINIA.

RECENT CONVENTION OF SONS IN VIRGINIA.

Division Commander E. Leslie Spence, Jr., who was elected for the third time as Commander of the Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, has issued the following General Order No. 15:

"1. By virtue of my election as Division Commander at the reunion of the Virginia Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, at Wytheville, Va., October 22-24, 1902, I hereby assume command of the Camps composing that Division.

"2. Commanders of Camps will report to me at once the number of members in good standing, with the names of their Adjutants.

"3. The Division Commander announces the appointment of the following comrades as members of his official staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly: L. W. Ryland, Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Richmond, Va.; Edwin H. Courtney, Division Quartermaster, Richmond, Va.; R. W. Peatross, Division Inspector, Norfolk, Va.; Dr. Clarence T. Lewis, Division Surgeon, Staunton, Va.; William H. Hurkamp, Division Commissary, Fredericksburg, Va.; Rev. Dr. H. W. Battle, Division Chaplain, Petersburg, Va.; Robert W. Blair, Division Judge Advocate, Wytheville, Va.; J. M. Kelly, Assistant Division Adjutant, Wytheville, Va.; Fleming G. Bailey, Assistant Division Inspector, Fredericksburg, Va.; Frank L. Crocker, Assistant Division Inspector, Portsmouth, Va.; Samuel L. Kelley, Assistant Division Inspector, Richmond, Va.; A. M. Orgain, Jr., Assistant Division Inspector, Dinwiddie, Va.; E. B. Glover, Assistant Division Inspector, Berryville, Va.; Joseph Berry, Assistant Division Inspector, Vienna, Va.; Alfred C. Moore, Assistant Division Inspector, Wytheville, Va.; J. Baldwin Ranson, Assistant Division Inspector, Staunton, Va.

"4. The staff officers can do much to build up our Confederation if each one of them will take an active interest in estab-

lishing new Camps in their respective localities. They are also expected to keep up the Camps already established, and see that they keep up with their *per capita* tax and are active in securing new members.

"5. For all information pertaining to the formation of new Camps address these headquarters. E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Division Commander; L. W. Ryland, Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff."

The *Richmond Times* states that the last meeting of the Sons at Wytheville was the largest and best meeting ever held by them. The Virginia Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, has grown under Commander Spence from thirteen Camps until there are now twenty Camps on the rolls, with ten other Camps being organized, which will soon apply for their charters. Owing to the increase of the number of Camps of Sons, the delegates at the Wytheville meeting determined to divide the Division into two Brigades, as follows:

Officers First Brigade.

The First Brigade contains all Camps in the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Congressional Districts; and the Second Brigade to contain all Camps in the Third, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Congressional Districts.

Comrade W. W. Sale, of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No., 9, of Norfolk, Va., was elected Commander. He has assumed command of the following Camps:

R. S. Chew, No. 2, Fredericksburg, Va.; Hampton, No. 11, Hampton, Va.; Pickett-Buchanan, No. 9, Norfolk, Va.; J. E. B. Stuart, No. 326, Newport News, Va.; Stonewall, No. 380, Portsmouth, Va.; J. E. B. Stuart, No. 395, Surry, Va.; Pickett-Stuart, No. 13, Nottoway, Va.; A. P. Hill, No. 167, Petersburg, Va.; Stuart-Epes, No. 218, Dinwiddie, Va.; C. I. Irving, No. 304, Amelia, Va., and Lunenburg, No. 391, Lunenburg, Va., belonging to the First Brigade. Commandants of these Camps will please report their officers and number of members to Comrade Sale, Commander First Brigade, at once.

Officers Second Brigade.

Comrade E. Lee Trinkle, of Charlie Crockett Camp, No. 388, of Wytheville, was elected Commander of the Second Brigade.

Camps R. E. Lee, No. 1, Richmond, Va.; J. R. Cooke, No. 14, West Point, Va.; J. E. B. Stuart, No. 8, Berryville, Va.; Turner-Ashby, No. 10, Harrisonburg, Va.; State-Sovereignty, No. 6, Louisa, Va.; Loudoun, No. 21, Leesburg, Va.; Charlie Crockett, No. 388, Wytheville, Va.; Stonewall Jackson, No. 161, Staunton, Va., and F. A. Daingerfield, No. 170, Hot Springs, Va., belong to the Second Brigade.

The following were appointed the Sponsors and their Maids of Honor to represent the Virginia Division U. S. C. V., at Wytheville in October:

Sponsor in Chief, Miss Sue Peyton Kent, Wytheville, Va.

Maid of Honor in Chief, Miss Mary Rogers, Roanoke, Va.

First District Sponsor, Miss Annie Osborne Ficklin, Fredericksburg; Maid of Honor, Miss Fannie Bruce Beale, Fredericksburg.

Second District Sponsor, Miss Margaret Wilson, Norfolk; Maid of Honor, Miss Alice Old, Norfolk.

Third District Sponsor, Miss Louise Walthall, Richmond; Maid of Honor, Miss Rosa Mayer, Richmond.

Fourth District Sponsor, Miss Annabelle Powell, Emporia; Maid of Honor, Miss Minnie Mallory Chambliss, Emporia.

Seventh District Sponsor, Miss Eliza Armistead Lippitt, Berryville; Maid of Honor, Miss Lila Washington Willis, Clark County.

Ninth District Sponsor, Miss Minnie B. Spiller, Wytheville; Maid of Honor, Miss Dora H. Williams, Georgel.

Tenth District Sponsor, Miss Margaret Young Timberlake, Staunton; Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth Burwell Jones, Staunton.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE VETERAN TEN YEARS OLD.

OVER NINETEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES PRINTED.

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace, good will to men."

A greeting to friends, and a report upon ten years of constant service in the greatest cause that concerns mankind induces solemn meditation. What an army of grand and noble women has "crossed over" during the eventful decade! Ten years ago one of the humblest of Confederates determined to start a periodical which would represent, to the best of his abilities, the cause of the Southern people in one of the most tragic periods known to any people. Awful as was the scourge and wicked as were the vampires who were bold at the front when all Confederate guns were surrendered, the results were more beneficial than casual thinkers conceive. The most heroic, unselfish, God-given attributes were developed, and the human race was elevated in the amazing conservatism and patriotism of Southern men—the women never surrendered, but continued an inspiration daily as they did during the carnage whenever they could be heard from. It is that universally accepted merit to the faithfulness of Confederate soldiers who wear the Cross of Honor—men faithful to the end—that makes reunions so joyous on all occasions. While the men love best those with whom they shared privation and peril and know intimately they know that any such Confederate is due all homage, and it is no wonder that wealth makes no difference, that bankers and other rich men, through all their long years of struggle for money have open purses and most intimate personal associations with the poorest men in the land. It is no wonder that such men as C. C. Hemming—to cite a single illustration in many—thoroughly identified with the great Texas, erected, away in Florida, with whose soldiers he fought, an enduring and magnificent monument to Confederate valor. The maintenance of such a spirit should be zealously guarded, so that the great cost of their discipline will be perpetuated while there is a progeny to such men. Such a spirit forms a link between earth and heaven. The glory of Sam Davis, for instance, will be an inspiration to all mankind while history shall be preserved.

In such connection it is fitting to refer to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and its work. It seems strange—and surely it is providential—that this little magazine, begun in such a humble way and by such a feeble member, should have been so established and maintained as to be accepted, indorsed, and reindorsed by all the great organizations of old and young men, by old and young women, through ten years of service. Its founder is more and more humbled in gratitude that such loyalty is maintained and that he has been blessed with the spirit to be just and fair (as he understands it) to every man and woman in every section, no matter where or in what department they served. This blessed spirit, however, would have long since gone for naught but for the zeal and constancy of those who have supported him, so he claims no other credit than for having performed a share, although he has done all he could all the time.

An important confession is herein made with sorrow: The growth and usefulness of the VETERAN threatens to decrease in the near future. The average annual increase from the beginning is so attractive that it is here given: For 1893, 7,683; 1894, 10,137; 1895, 12,916; 1896, 13,444; 1897, 16,175; 1898, 19,100; 1899, 20,166; 1900, 20,345; 1901, 20,365. For 1902 it will scarcely equal 1901. The patronage in renewals is better now than ever, at this season; but the cycle of death is sharper and more relentless, and new material *must* be added to avoid diminution to the number of patrons. This condition of affairs is made in all candor, and it is represented to every Confederate, man or woman, and to sympathizers. The remedy is easy, and it is in your power—viz., simply to enlist others.

What will *you* do? Will you speak to some persons and suggest their taking the VETERAN for 1903? or will you send names to this office, that specimen copies may be sent? Strange as it may seem, there are constantly new subscribers who seem never to have known of the VETERAN, and who seek to buy complete back numbers at any price. This important matter is in *your* hands.

In this Christmas period rejoice with the VETERAN that it has emerged, from more than three years of extraordinary persecution for its conscientious boldness in your behalf, vindicated. It was a worse period than the awful war and the bitter, prolonged years of reconstruction. Hereafter, in the great day of judgment, the perfectly proper motive of the VETERAN in all that it has done will appear.

CLOSE OF A BAD LIBEL SUIT.

A Nashville special of November 18 states of it:

"A decree dismissing the damage suit of John C. Underwood vs. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, has been filed for entry on the minutes of the United States Circuit Court. The document carries with it judgment for $144.88 against Underwood. This amount is to reimburse Mr. Cunningham for costs paid out when the case was appealed. This suit has been in the courts several years, and was twice tried in the Federal court. At the last trial the jury gave judgment against Mr. Cunningham for $15,000. The case was taken to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which tribunal reversed the judgment of the lower court and remanded the case. Under the ruling of the higher court, the plaintiff decided to dismiss; hence the decree. This suit, it will be remembered, grew out of certain cirticisms of Underwood's management as Agent of the Confederate Memorial Association by Mr. Cunningham in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

OFFICIAL ORGAN UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says concerning their action:

"One of the most important questions before this convention [referring to the U. D. C.] was that of a committee appointed two years ago at Montgomery, Ala., to consider applications of publishers for the official organ of the body. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville, having been diligent in the creation of the United Daughters, was made at once the organ; and while there was no objection to the VETERAN, the plea was pressed that a woman's publication would be more fitting. The committee's report yesterday set forth that, 'after a faithful looking into the matter, we find that the first organ not in any way having violated its part of the contract, there is no reason, cause, or advantage in a change. The only advantage afforded us is by the VETERAN.' The report was adopted without a dissenting vote. Introductory to the report of the committee, Mrs. Edwin H. O'Brien, of Alexandria, Va., said, addressing the President and the convention: 'I have in my possession some very able and argumentative letters on this subject, which I could read in your presence, making an

elaborate report; but we concluded it best to make this brief statement and save valuable time.' The Official Organ Committee was composed of Mrs. W. H. Overman, N. C., Chairman; Mrs. Edwin H. O'Brien, Va.; Mrs. Augustine Smythe, S. C.; Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, La.; Mrs. Beale, Ala.; and Mrs. Gary, Ky."

There is no disposition on the part of the VETERAN to exult in the actions reported above. Of course gratitude is inexpressible at the dawn of a bright sun to guide the VETERAN in its future course. Murky as were the clouds through much of the last few years, there was no moment when it was believed that the case would result disastrously in the end. The editor never violated what he believed to be his duty to his fellowman and to his comrades, and he has never regretted his course in connection with it.

ABOUT PERPETUATING THE VETERAN.

OUTLINE OF A PLAN CONSIDERED PRACTICABLE.

Post Office....., 1903.

The undersigned hereby agrees to subscribe for one share of stock in the United Confederate Press, a corporation formed for the perpetuation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, established in January, 1893, and such kindred publications as the stockholders may elect. The shares in the United Confederate Press are to be two thousand in number, at a par value of $10 each. The compliance with the terms of this subscription shall be to pay the $10 upon the death of S. A. Cunningham, the founder of the VETERAN, or his inability, from any cause, to continue its publication. The value of the VETERAN, with its ten years of growth, its subscription lists, its stock of photo-engravings, and all other assets properly a part of it, would belong to the stockholders. A condition of this subscription is herewith stipulated that upon the procurement of twenty new subscribers (at $1 each) they are to be accepted as payment in full for a share. Signed.....

Duplicate of this agreement is printed below, to be detached, signed in ink, and forwarded to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn. This obligation may be taken by individuals, Camps of Confederate Veterans, Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, or Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The plan is proposed as a protection of interest in the correct history of the Southern people during the great Confederate war of 1861-65, in which they made the greatest sacrifices known to mankind for principles of liberty and self-government consistent with inherited constitutional rights. Duplicates of the certificate printed below will be sent on application.

No remittance is requested, but if any persons should desire to remit for one or more shares—not exceeding ten—such funds would be invested in safe, interest-bearing securities and held for such emergency as may occur. The proposed plan for stock subscriptions does not contemplate any remittance.

A BRITON'S IDEA ABOUT PERPETUATING IT.

Albert Greenwood, writing from Upper Village, Hillsboro, N. H., on another subject, adds the following suggestions:

"I have given some thought to the subject of the perpetuation of the VETERAN. Of course, being a British subject, and intensely proud of the mighty empire of which I am but a grain of sand, I speak from an independent standpoint. It would seem to me that the magazine should live. I have shown numbers of mine to ex-Union soldiers, and, without a single exception, they have spoken approvingly of it. There is a side of every question upon which it is difficult to obtain accurate information, and in this case justice to the brave men who fought and lost demands that the reasons for their action, their hopes and aspirations, and in fact their whole statements of circumstances, should be before the court of public opinion for many years. It will give the man who was there a chance to refute any misstatements, thereby the better enabling the coming historian to write, with less doubt as to the accuracy of his work. Preserved by the children, it will, for generations,

CUT HERE

United Confederate Press.

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Signed.....

Post Office.....

.....*190*.....

prevent any attempt to poison the minds of the otherwise ignorant as to the loyalty of their ancestors. There is a work for the VETERAN, and there is a place for it in the hearts of many of the citizens, both of the North and of the South."

MONTHLY REMEMBRANCE IN A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—Patrons of the VETERAN know that they could not make better Christmas presents than to send the VETERAN to some friend who is not a subscriber, thereby being remembered each month in the year. In many instances it is bound and preserved, delighting their children and grandchildren with a true and accurate account of battles and happenings during the great war.

FAILING TO STOP THE VETERAN.—Let every reader take notice that the VETERAN is never sent intentionally to any one after notice to discontinue. It is sent to all alike after expiration of time expires without notice, on the presumption that such action is desired. It is sent to the poorest man as freely as the richest, upon the presumption that no one will enjoy it who does not intend to pay. Those who receive it and refuse to pay weaken it and cripple its usefulness. Don't forget this.

THE DATE BY NAME ADDRESSED.—Many intelligent persons —very busy men—write for a statement of what they owe on subscription. The date on the label indicates the time from which they owe, hence it is very easy for them to ascertain the exact sum. To do that and remit would save the office greatly and would be less trouble to the subscriber. In remitting direct to the VETERAN the cost of exchange may be deducted.

TWO BOOKS FREE.—There has never been procured a premium for the VETERAN for fifty cents equal to the Rand-McNally "Atlas of the World." It is a small book, but its 400 pages and more are filled with concise information and fine maps of practically every country in existence. It has the last United States census complete. The maps are clear and finely printed. Now please send your renewal and a new subscription and copies of this splendid work will be mailed to both of you.

CORRECTION OF ERRORS IN NOVEMBER ISSUE.

Through a determination to have the VETERAN for November before the noble women who attended the convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy at their memorable gathering in New Orleans, November 12-15, errors occurred that should be explained, since for ten years the endeavor has been constant to have every number absolutely correct.

In the make-up, page 495 should have been 512. The quotation cut off from the bottom of page 493 concerning "Zebulon B. Vance's tribute to home," was that he dictated that tribute from memory after many, many years, and that he contributed $1 each for his seven children to the Sam Davis monument fund, referring to Comrade George G. Bryson, Gallatin, Tenn.

On page 493, in regard to the work of Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith for the success of the New Orleans convention, the last line of the first column should have been the third line of the second, but the gifted and faithful woman apologized rather than complained for the error in the make-up.

In a sketch of "Innisfallen and Newry S. C." (of which every Southerner may be proud, and those who have not read it would do well to revert to page 514), the closing word, "made," at the end of the first paragraph was omitted. In notes of three "privately prepared volumes," the second contained a tribute by Gen. Lee to Gen. J. E. Johnston, used on the editorial page. The editor wishes the scenes of Innisfallen and all about Newry could be enjoyed by all Southerners.

Errors, much deplored, occurred in a complimentary sketch of gallant Comrade Andrew (not Albert) R. Blakely, in his many achievements for New Orleans. A break occurred at the end of the second paragraph, page 516, in expressing his desire to be helpful in entertaining the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Another break occurred at the end of the third paragraph, referring to his interest in all public enterprises of his charming city.

These errors are all assuredly excused, but the VETERAN wants all its errors corrected in letter as well as in spirit.

THOUGHTS ABOUT CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR—KIND WORDS ACKNOWLEDGED.

The writer is under sacred obligations to many, many sympathetic friends for tender words of condolence, when in the deepest depths of anguish a year and a half ago, that he could not possibly acknowledge as he desired. He has had the hope of being able to prepare a booklet setting forth pleasing, beautiful thoughts concerning the noble characteristics and the promise of future usefulness for the young man on whom he fondly hoped to be able to lean in later years. The strenuous days and months intervening have left so far no opportunity for performing such a labor of love and gratitude; and so it seems well to give herein a glimpse into the life of the mother in connection with a hitherto unpublished picture of the son. It is given without apology, for no Confederate has lived who was more faithful to every sentiment conveyed by that word than the noble woman who, as a young girl, defied a Federal soldier, after spoils, looking into the muzzle of a pointed gun. Her motherhood, as indicated by extracts from her writings, and her inspiration as a wife helped to prepare the editor of the VETERAN for what it is in the best sense. What follows is as prepared for the contemplated booklet by one whose kindly appreciative interest is manifest. It is given with the greater assurance of comfort to the reader because of the beautiful sentiments about Christmas and the appropriate resolves that befit us all in the approaching New Year:

"History has taught men, through its great philosophy, to take no single epoch and preach upon it without crediting to the antedating periods of multiform coloring the influences that made such an epoch possible. So great is the power of human influence that many lives find their dearest inspirations emanating from the faithful life of some beautiful saint in song or story, or, better still, from the silent angels of their own firesides, God's sentinels of the earthly home.

"In looking at the life of Paul Davis Cunningham, which was so full, so vigorous, so lofty, so gentle, so courteous, cheerful, manly, yet withal, so brief, the more thoughtful who contemplate his fair record at once seek knowledge of his early environment, and in doing so find that the hand which rocked his cradle ruled his world in childhood.

"Laura Davis, who was born February 24, 1848, married to Sumner A. Cunningham November 27, 1866, and fell asleep October 8, 1879, was an ideal woman, in that she was the 'valiant woman' of the Scripture.

"As wife, mother, friend, she was loyal, patient, joyous, grave; possessing a radiant faith in the deeper truths of religion, which illumined her sympathies with that rare quality of universal charity which made her presence a benediction to all who entered it.

"How this influence permeated the days of her son may best be learned from her diary, written for Paul when he was still a lad of eight years, and which he carried through all his travels, up to the time of his death, twenty-one years after she had entered the spirit land. The diary is filled with the sweet, simple incidents of pure home life, the boy being credited with good lessons and conduct, and tenderly admonished against misdemeanors.

"'Mamma wants Paul, should he live to be older, to overlook these leaves with charity and love; to remember the sacredness of a promise; to be punctual in all things, and never to leave an unfinished job, if possible to avoid it; to strive to do all the good in his power in a quiet way, dispensing sunshine in shadowy places, and trusting always in God.'

"July 4, 1877, she writes: 'Gradually quiet reigned, and the tired thousands sought their beds, to dream, perchance, of spilling blood for their country, whose natal day they had just celebrated. May we be a free people and have a just ruler to join the Southern and Northern heart in sacred reverence for a government based on the will of the people!'

"'Indian summer season has begun. The weather is redolent with life and with inspiration. From out this dying a beautiful spring will come, bringing, as now, a harvest to the weary laborer. May God tend that other spring and summer, so that the things sown in our weakness may bring a hundred fold.'

"'Bright day, and the last of 1877. May the Lord make the bad a final good and help us to do better for Him and ourselves another year! The year is nearly gone. God keep the woof we've woven, and bless us all!'

"'To-morrow, though, like all new years, made to grow old, should cause us to enter with new resolves and firm ones, to do all we can in every department in which we have to act. Mamma feels that many duties have been neglected this year, that the omissions and commissions have been many, and in view of the fact that this may be the last, or that some unseen providence may take the one or the other away, a solemn confession is made, of days wasted when no good seed was sown, no weeds uprooted, and when the blessing seemed far off. . . . That all the evil may be turned to naught, all bad desires purified, and the boy grow a goodly tree, despite the teaching and the bending, is the earnest wish and prayer of his mamma, Laura C.'"

PAUL DAVIS CUNNINGHAM.

To those who were not subscribers in July, 1901, a brief account is given. Determining to become a civil engineer, young Cunningham, without graduating in college, went to work and soon became so proficient that he was given a minor position under West Point régime, and was promoted rapidly, until he was made Chief Engineer in charge of the great sanitary revolution in Havana, with several thousand men under him, whereby America as well as Cuba was freed from yellow fever. Following this he was appointed consulting engineer for the International (Water) Boundary between the United States and Mexico, and while in charge of an expedition for both governments, to go the length of the Rio Grande boundary, he was drowned.

SENTIMENTS OF GOOD WILL OVER "THE CHASM."

In a letter to the VETERAN from Minneapolis, Minn., Ex-Commander-in-Chief Ell Torrance, writes as follows:

"I am indebted to you for several copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which I have examined with care and read with much interest. I was, of course, especially interested in your comments upon my "good will letter" of September 1, last.

"I herewith inclose a copy of my address as Commander in Chief, delivered before the Thirty-Sixth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which lately met in Washington, D. C., and call your attention especially to further considerations of that mater. I am deeply interested in the success of this movement, and trust you will coöperate with me so far as you can.

"I will thank you to send me any newspaper comments or public utterances bearing upon the subject, as I am anxious to be fully informed as to the views entertained by my fellow-citizens. [Will all friends coöperate in this?—ED. VETERAN.]

"I served four years in the Army of the Potomac, entering the service in June, 1861, when I was barely seventeen years of age, and later on I was followed by my two brothers, both younger, and by my father, who was over sixty years of age, and who served over eighteen months as chaplain of one of the regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserves. I can truthfully say that I never had a bitter feeling in my heart toward the South or any Confederate soldier, and while we were as a family devoted to the Union cause, I am just as earnestly committed to a reunited country and shall do all that I can, as long as my life is spared, toward healing the wounds caused by the Civil War."

HIS ADDRESS CONCERNING THE EX-CONFEDERATES.

On the first of September last I addressed to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic what might be termed a "letter of good will."

It was prompted solely by considerations of kindness and respect for those against whom we were once arrayed in battle and in the firm belief that such action would tend to bring still closer together all parts of the country in the bonds of a common citizenship. The results already reached have fully justified my expectations. Jeff Falkner Camp, No. 1382, United Confederate Veterans, which originated the plan to erect the Home for the needy comrades at Mountain Creek, Ala., at its first meeting after receipt of my letter, by a unanimous vote, passed resolutions expressing their warmest appreciation of the proffered help, and among other things said:

"To those whose contributions have come and are coming, in response to the call, we send our sincere thanks, assuring them that every dollar will go to comfort and sustain some old veteran whose days are lengthened and whose spirit is sweetened by this evidence of sympathy from men whose valor he once tested, whose patriotism he never doubted, and whose broad human fellowship is nobler and better than any charity."

Col. J. M. Falkner, chairman of the committee having in charge the building of the Home, wrote me that he has "heard nothing but praise and gratitude from the press and people of Alabama, and that it is the desire of his comrades to emphasize in every possible way their appreciation of this fraternal action on the part of the Grand Army of the Republic." With but two exceptions, so far as my knowledge extends, the entire press of the country, north, south, east, and west, have commended the spirit and purpose of the letter. I have also received personal letters from the respective Commanders of the Departments of Arkansas, Texas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee G. A. R., indorsing my action in the most hearty terms and as one highly calculated to promote the welfare of the Grand Army of the Republic especially in the South. A generous response has already been made to the appeal, and I again quote from a late letter received from Colonel Falkner, in which he states "that the opinion is universal throughout the South that, aside from any pecuniary benefit which may result to the Confederate Veterans' Home, the action taken will redound to the good of the whole country."

It is not expected that the Grand Army of the Republic as an organization will embark in the building of homes for soldiers, North and South, but in no possible way can the greatest fraternal organization in the world more becomingly crown its labors of love in behalf of its own membership than by extending the hand of helpfulness to their fellow-countrymen, against whom they were once arrayed in deadly strife. The most disastrous results of a civil war are the animosities and bitter feelings engendered thereby, and I am convinced that one of the most patriotic services we can render our country is to earnestly aid in removing every barrier that separates or estranges the people. The victory at Appomattox will yield imperfect fruit if we do not win the hearts as well as the flags of the men who wore the gray. A union of hearts as well as of hands is indispensable to an indissoluble union of indestructible States, and a people united in sympathy, friendship, and good will is not less important than that the rivers flow unvexed to the sea and that mountain ranges remain unbroken. The great heart of the immortal Lincoln never manifested a more sublime faith or uttered a grander prophecy than when, standing under the impenetrable clouds of impending war, he assured his countrymen that the time would come when the "mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the union when again touched, as surely they will be, by our better natures."

General Grant, American's greatest soldier—in war a warrior brave, magnanimous, and invincible; in peace a citizen modest, patient, gentle, just—never exhibited a grander spirit than when, even before the terms of surrender at Appomattox were completed, he directed that the half-famished Confederates should be fed and the cheers of victory died upon the morning air as his brave men, without a dissenting voice, hastened to minister to the necessities of their late foes.

During the year 8,299 of our comrades have crossed the ford. They are not dead, but "just away." Nevertheless we sorrow that we shall see their faces no more. Stout of heart as we may be, we realize that we no longer march with the vigor of youth, or in the strength of manhood, but with enfeebled steps and lengthening shadows toward the setting sun. The great majority of our comrades have already crossed the starlit line where the standards of our great commanders float high in glory. Our ranks continue to break like the waves of the sea. and the roll call once so familiar has become a roll call of the dead rather than the living and the time *must* come when there will be none to answer.

My comrades, do I not utter your truest thought when I say that "the fewer we are the more closely we are drawn together like the broken and decimated regiments of long ago, and like them also our chief glory and our strongest ties are our losses?"

Comrade J. W. Bush, of Birmingham, demurs to the third clause of the editorial in the September number of the VETERAN, and writes that Camp Hardee, No. 39, of which he is a member, is now building a beautiful cottage at Mountain Creek, upon the lands donated by Comrade Falkner, and concludes: "There are two Grand Army Camps here. Both of them have made good donations to the cottage."

MAJ. JOSEPH B. CUMMING'S ADDRESS.

The last expression from Major Cumming always seems to be his best. The following will be read with comfort by all patriots and especially by Southerners. May the younger people meditate long upon this address!

The Augusta *Chronicle* congratulates its readers on having secured from Maj. Joseph B. Cumming for publication his admirable address to Camp 435, U. C. V., April 26, 1902.

"*My Comrades:* It is forty-one years since the great war commenced. This day marks the thirty-seventh anniversary of its close. Of the thousands who survived its ravages, by far the greater part have, in the intervening years of peace, joined their comrades, who perished while it was still flagrant. Those who knew its realities and now preserve its memories, those who did their duty then and now enjoy that consciousness, those who made sacrifices and now feel a just pride in recalling them—these are a small minority of those who first and last mustered under the Confederate flag. During the war, death untimely on the field and in the hospital, and death during the long years of peace in the order of nature and in the fullness of years, has reaped the greater part of that mighty host. The remnant is relatively small, and its disappearance is proceeding with accelerated velocity.

"One of that fast diminishing remnant, addressing my comrades and fellows, I am not disposed to play the historian or chronicler. There is a great deal of that going on all the time. Do not for a moment, however, infer from the expression just used, that I would, if I could, discourage the work of the chronicler. . . . . But for myself, I prefer to devote a little time to the consideration of some of the vestiges of that momentous period as we find them in the thought and heart of the present. Some reflections on that line give satisfaction; others kindle a feeling of sadness, in which is mingled a degree of vexation. We old fellows look back upon that glowing period of our lives with so much emotion that it stands out in our thoughts and feelings as so different in quality from the life of common times; the present, with its commonplace pursuits and interests, seems so small in comparison with that heroic age that we feel disappointed—aye, vexed—at the lack, in the generation which has grown up since the war—our own children—of appreciation of the greatness, the solemn isolation of that tremendous epoch. This younger generation knows in a general way that forty years ago there was a war in the land. They know also that four years ago there was a war. They saw something of this last-mentioned war. It was not much of an affair they say, and justly. What difference, they say, between the war of forty years ago and four years ago? This younger generation is too busy with the struggles, the duties and the pleasures of the life of to-day to concern themselves with a dead-and-gone past. This is natural, and perhaps we should not cherish any resentment, but we cannot escape a feeling of disappointment.

"As those who did not live in that time, or who, if living then, were not old enough or receptive enough to receive a true impression of it, do not understand the then emotions of the actors therein, or the effect of its memories on its survivors, let me endeavor to recall feebly at least the spirit of an unprecedented era.

"What is man in the world's government but an instrument in the hand of its Ruler! How little we short-sighted mortals understand of his ways! How inscrutable to us his choice of methods to effect great changes here on his footstool! Shall we, gropers in the dark, presume to inquire whether the changes to be wrought out by war might not have been accomplished amid all the beatitudes of peace? Shall we impudently complain that the power which can order the hearts and minds of men as he wills did not ordain that his purpose in this instance should be effected in amity and brotherly love? It is sufficient for us to know that the time had arrived in the government of the world when a great change was in order. For reasons, which we cannot fathom, it was to come, like so many great mutations in the world's history, only through tears and blood. If tears and blood were to flow in rivers, then were it necessary that men should rise above the level of ordinary times. And thus it was ordered by the Supreme Ruler. A whole people was ennobled, elevated, sublimated. Human nature rose to its greatest heights. For the time its selfish and its sordid parts were purged away. Gain, wealth, office, pleasure, and the things generally for which men struggle and jostle each other in smaller times, were contemned by the spirit of the age, while it soared to nobler things. Self, whether asserted in self-seeking activity or manifested in self-indulgent ease, was for the time dethroned and the spirit of sacrifice reigned in its stead. We in the midst of a material and self-seeking age, whose atmosphere affects us all, scarcely recognize this as the same world or ourselves as those spiritually uplifted mortals of forty years ago. Is it strange, then, that we cherish tenderly and fondly the memory of days when we moved on a higher plane than now? At such times we are hearing the voice of our better nature, speaking to us out of that noble past, reminding us that we were not always engrossed in the selfish pursuits which absorb us now, and that there was a time when we were deaf to such things and hearkened only to the trumpet call of duty, summoning us to immeasurable sacrifices. At such times there rises before our eyes, not unapt to be dimmed with tears, the vision of a noble age, peopled with heroes, among whom we moved not wholly unworthy. Is it strange, then, I say, that when anniversaries like this lead us back to a nobler past, in which we were at home, we feel an exaltation which the commonplace present cannot give or take away?

"I fear that with all my laboring I cannot make those who were not dwellers in that period comprehend either its spirit or the effect which its memories have upon us who did live and move therein. They cannot understand us. Our language is strange to them. They marvel at the depth of our feelings. They regard us with a sort of patronizing pity. They are disposed to account charitably for our silly enthusiasm on the score of age. 'What more can be expected,' they say to themselves, 'of a lot of old fellows, who, conscious of their impotence in the affairs of the living present, dream about, and in their dreams magnify, a dead past, in which they played their little part?' We thank them for their amiable and charitable sentiments; but let us tell them with due modesty that, while we believe that they, who are of the same blood and lineage as ourselves, would under the same circumstances do as we did, strive as strenuously, suffer as cheerfully, be unselfish and self-denying as thoroughly, we have this advantage of them: We had the opportunity which they have not had, and which God forbid that they should. We have done what they would do. We have in our time risen to heights of devotion and conduct to which they would rise if the opportunity were given. And, incomprehensible and ridiculous as it may seem, we are very proud of it. We feel on such anniversaries as this uplifted, for they take us back to a period in which, whatever we may have done and been since, our soul-life was on a higher plane than it has ever been at any other time. Aye, as I have said more than once: 'That period of my life is the one with which I am the most nearly satisfied. A persistent, steady effort to do my duty—an effort persevered in in the midst

of privation, hardship, and danger. If ever I was unselfish, it was then. If ever I was capable of self-denial, it was then. If ever I was able to trample on self-indulgence, it was then. If ever I was strong to make sacrifices, even unto death, it was in those days; and if I were called upon to say on the peril of my soul, when it lived its highest life, when it was least faithless to true manhood, when it was most loyal to the best part of man's nature, I would answer in those days when I followed a battle-torn flag through its shifting fortune of victory and defeat.'

"And now, my comrades, how easy it is to name the word that characterizes and strikes the keynote of that time and should explain our pride to all the world—self-sacrifice—that spirit and that conduct which raise poor mortals nearest to divinity. O God in heaven, what sacrifices did we not make! How our very heartstrings were torn as we turned from our homes, parents, children—in some instances 'the bride was made the wedded wife yester-e'en!' How poor we were! How ragged! How hungry! When I recall the light-heartedness, the courage, the cheerfulness, the fidelity to duty which lived and flourished under such circumstances, from the bottom of my heart I thank God that for four long years I wore, if not brilliantly, at least faithfully and steadfastly, in camp and bivouac, in advance and retreat, on the march and on the battlefield, the uniform of a Confederate soldier!

"I am very glad to receive from a most competent helper timely assistance in my feeble efforts to portray the spirit of that age. In his recent noble oration in memory of McKinley, Secretary of State Hay has, with the gifts of a scholar and an orator, unfolded this subject. For we must, my comrades, recognize the truth that the same spirit prevailed among our foes. They, like ourselves, felt that they were fighting for their country. From our standpoint they were carrying on a war of conquest, which we were resisting with the indignation of patriots, defending our country against insolent and wicked invasion. Such was their spirit, and such was ours. Love of country was the source of both. Devotion to duty, as seen by each, was its life. And so Mr. Hay, in the oration to which I have referred, speaking of the young volunteer McKinley, uses language which applies to the youth of 1861 equally well, whether he donned the gray or the blue. He says: 'It is not easy to give those of a later generation any clear idea of that extraordinary spiritual awakening which passed over the country at the first red signal fires of the war between the States. . . . I do not mean that in the North alone there was this austere wrestling with conscience. In the South as well, below all the effervescence and excitement of a people, perhaps more given to eloquent speech than we were, there was the profound agony of question and answer, the summons to decide whether honor and freedom did not call them to revolution and war. . . . The men who are living to-day and who were young in 1860 will never forget the glory and glamour which filled the earth and sky when the long twilight of uncertainty and doubt was ended and the time for action had come. . . . The fluttering of the flag in the clear sky drew tears from the eyes of young men. Patriotism, which has been a rhetorical expression, became a passionate emotion, in which instinct, logic, and feeling were used. The country was worth saving; it could be saved only by fire. No sacrifice was too great; the young men of the country were ready for the sacrifice; come weal, come woe, they were ready.

"'At seventeen years of age William McKinley heard this summons of his country. He was the sort of youth to whom a military life in ordinary times would possess no attractions. His nature was far different from that of the ordinary soldier. He had other dreams of life, its prizes and pleasures, than its marches and battles. But to his mind there was no choice or question. The banner floating in the morning breeze was the beckoning gesture of his country. The thrilling notes of the trumpet called him—him and no other—into the ranks.'

"I have thus, with the help borrowed from Mr. Hay, attempted, with a view mainly to make our feelings understood, to reproduce the spirit in which we entered into the war. Let none of my hearers, whether old comrades or those others who honor us with their presence, have any apprehension that I intend to take up the war itself—and with such a theme extend this discourse to a deadly length. I have no purpose to play the historian and attempt to describe campaigns and battles. I prefer to the narrative of foughten fields, however proud we justly are of them, the consideration of the mental and spiritual features of those times. So I shall say only of the war itself that the same exaltation of spirit, the same elevation above the material interests which rule in ordinary times, the same victory of self-denial, the same reign of sacrifice, with which the war commenced, endured to the end. For different reasons I shall not dwell upon the next period—a period in which, from hatred or stupidity, or both, our conquerors undertook in our despite to reverse the order of civilization, to subordinate intelligence to ignorance, the superior race to the inferior, the Anglo-Saxon to the African. I refer, of course, to the hideous reconstruction period. Let us pass that by. Let us try to forget it, for its memory revives in our hearts a bitter hatred which four years of bloody war had not engendered. Let us think of this peaceful evening of our career, and take some account of some changes of view and of speech concerning the war. These changes, to which I refer, have all taken place among our former foes. We have not changed. We felt from the beginning that we were right. We feel the same way now. I have yet to meet the Confederate soldier who does not believe that the principle on which he fought was right. Whatever may be his view as to the wisdom of this great country remaining united under one government, and however unreservedly he may concede that the issue of the war settled for all time that it was to be so united, he accepts that conclusion as the decision of the sword, and not the logical outcome of the argument. Placing himself back in 1861, he knows that his State had the right to secede from one Confederacy and join in forming another. He knows that he was never a rebel. He is sure that while he did his part to the best of his ability

MRS. A. L. DOWDELL, OPELIKA, PRES'T ALABAMA DIV., U. D. C.

in a great war, he never took part in a rebellion. He knows that he did his best to repel the invasion of his country, but he is certain that he was never untrue to his allegiance. These were his sentiments then, they continue with him now, and they will accompany him to his grave. No change has come over us.

"But the views of our brethren of the North seem to have changed somewhat in this respect. They begin to see that great struggle in its true light. They begin to recognize the fact that great organized communities (sovereign States we regarded them), in population five times more numerous than the revolted colonists in revolutionary times, and in territorial extent a vast empire, were united with practical unanimity in upholding political doctrines, which history, tradition, and logic approved, though statesmanship and expediency might condemn. They begin to admit that we were not resisting lawful authority. We were not seeking to overturn any government. History, tradition, or logic never warranted the application of the term 'Rebellion,' to that great struggle; and the people of the North have begun, and more than begun, to see that truth. How the words 'rebel' and 'rebellion' are passing out of use! Here and there there may be some paltry creature, narrow, rancorous, with small brain and smaller soul, like that idiot of a Grand Army Camp Commander in Washington, I believe, who recently made a spectacle of his silly self by proclaiming that we 'were and everlastingly shall be rebels.' But generally you will find in the current speech and literature of the North, instead of the old nonsense 'rebel' and 'rebellion' the words 'Confederate' and 'Civil War.' This is of interest to us, not as marking the disuse of terms for which we cared not in the least, but as indicating gratifying progress in the North's true appreciation of that great struggle. But the phrase 'Civil War,' while marking an advance toward the truth, is still not correct. It was not a civil war. The true conception of a civil war is that of a war between opposing parties in the same state or kingdom—a conflict in which communities are disrupted, families divided, brother arrayed against brother. Our war had none of those features. There was no division in Georgia, for instance. There was no friction of the machinery of government. There was no suspension of civil law. There was no closing of courts. There was no resistance to the taxgatherer. No portion of the citizens of Georgia were fighting any other portion. The secession of the State had not changed the relations of its citizens to the State or to each other. All internal affairs remained in their normal condition. All things pertaining to government went on as if nothing had happened. What was true of Georgia was true of all the other States of the Confederacy. All that vast region between the Potomac and the Rio Grande was solid and undivided, and its population was united with practical unanimity. That wide empire and that great population, presided over by one organized government and living under the folds of one flag, was at war, not with parts of itself, but with a great outside power. Such a contest does not meet our understanding of Civil War. In the border States of Kentucky and Missouri, where the people were divided among themselves, that phrase could be used with more propriety; but as to the great struggle as a whole, 'Civil War' is a misuse of language and a perversion of history. The accurate and exact appellation of that war was given by Mr. Stephens, when in 1867 he wrote his book, 'The War between the States.' That was what it was; no 'rebellion,' no 'Civil War,' but a war between a majority of the States, united in a government retaining the name of United States, and a minority of the States, united in a government assuming the name of 'Confederate States.' The only objection to the name is its length. It is too long for a busy people, who are disposed to be as brief as possible in their speech and have no time, for instance, to say 'telephone' or 'telegram,' but must needs shorten them to 'phone' and 'wire.' They why not drop 'rebellion,' 'Civil War,' 'War between the States,' and call it simply 'The Great War?' There is no danger that any well-informed person will be misled or in doubt by reason of that designation. It was not only a great war, but 'The Great War.' When in the tide of time has there been one greater or so great? None of which we have any authentic history. We read, but not without distrust, of Xerxes's army of a million men; the North put in the field more than two million. The vast host of Xerxes was marshaled against a few score of Greeks—a mere handful to the armies which, though inferior in numbers to the armies of the North, marched by hundreds of thousands first and last under the Southern banner. Great as compared with all other wars in the numbers engaged, it was relatively greater in the area of its operations. Great in the size of its armies, greater in the vastness of its area, it was greater still in the number of its battles—an average of a battle for every week of the four years of its duration—battles, not skirmishes; many of them Shilohs and Gettysburgs, not San Juans and El Caneys. Greater still in its slain, its wounded, its rivers of blood. Greatest of all in the noble sentiments which actuated the combatants on either side. 'The Great War,' then, let it be in our speech and our schoolbooks as well as in our memories.

"My comrades, we are taking a long look backward to-day. When we face about and look the other way, there is but a little space to be swept by our mortal vision. We know not what those few remaining years may bring, but we do know what they cannot take away. They cannot take from us the recollection that we were good soldiers in 'The Great War.' They cannot rob us of our just pride in that fact. They cannot, while life lasts, stop the quickened rhythm of our hearts whenever we recall those days of duty and sacrifice."

[The editor of the VETERAN is all the more pleased to copy the extracts from Secretary Hay's address because he is in grateful possession of two commissions to his son, Paul Davis Cunningham, deceased, signed by President McKinley and Secretary Hay.]

REUNION OF VETERANS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

G. W. Harris, of St. Louis, suggests a reunion of the gray and blue at the World's Fair, St. Louis, in 1904. He wrote the editor of the *Post-Dispatch:*

"I was in a group of Civil War veterans a few days since, where both sides were represented, the gray and the blue, when the suggestion was made that the annual meeting of both organizations be held in St. Louis during the World's Fair in 1904. This suggestion met with unanimous consent and indorsement. The issues of the war were settled on the battlefield by the arbitrament of the sword, and the enmity has died out with those who did the fighting.

"A reunion of the blue and the gray would be desirable in many respects. A grand street parade of the best soldiers in history would attract the attention of the civilized world. A collection and exhibition of the arms and munitions of war would be an educational feature, especially in comparison with modern weapons. The old soldiers themselves desire to visit the World's Fair, and this would be a good opportunity to meet their comrades of forty years ago."

William T. Ivy, Weatherford, Tex., writes: "I should like to have the address of any commissioned officer of the Fifth Alabama Battalion who was engaged in the first day's battle at Gettysburg."

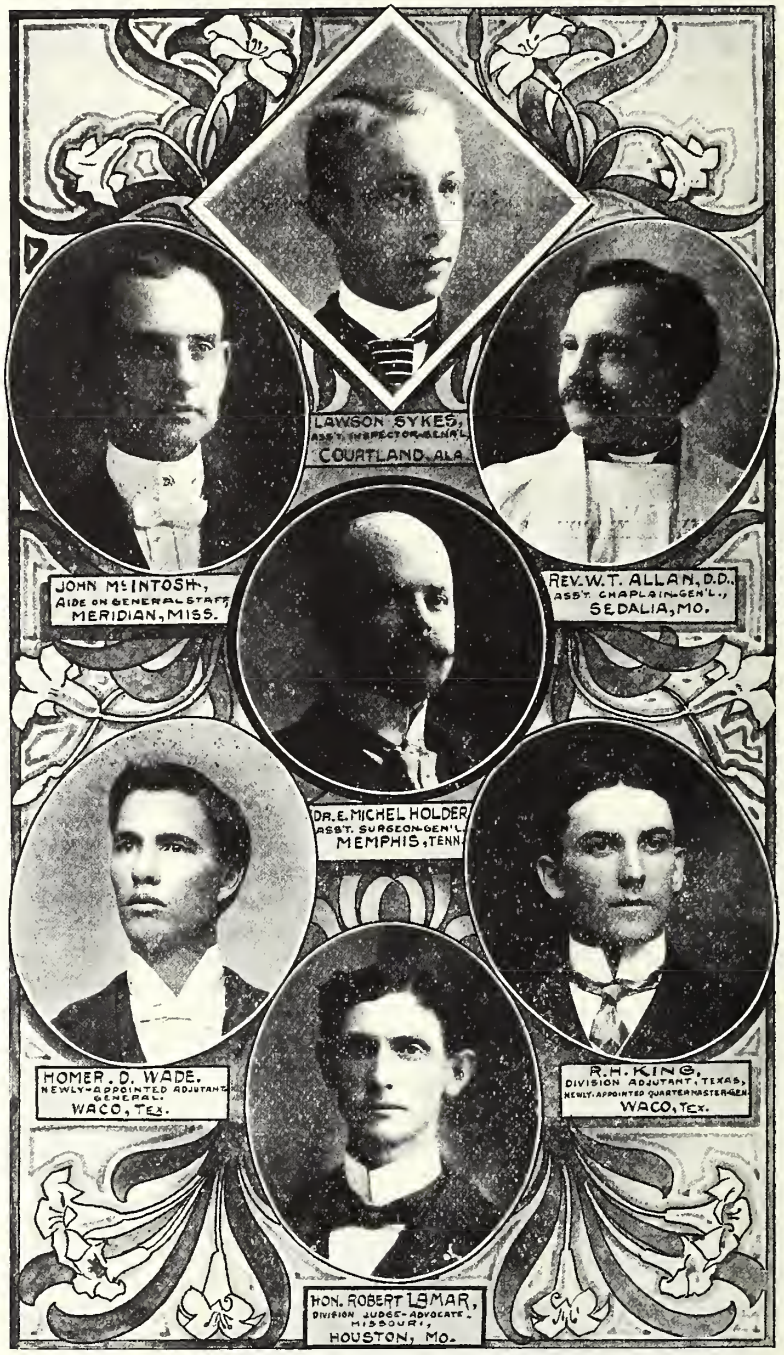
PRIZE DRILL IN THE ARMY.

Henry Ewell Hord, Company D, Third Kentucky Infantry, writes:

"In October VETERAN, in the article headed 'Heroism at Franklin,' page 457, occurs the following: 'You ask about the prize drill. It was between the Seventh Kentucky, Colonel Thompson, and the Fifteenth Mississippi. I think the challenge came from Colonel Thompson, and Colonel Farrell accepted it, and agreed that Colonel Thompson might pick his men from Buford's entire brigade, and he pledged himself to have not a man that did not belong to his regiment. Each was to carry three hundred men on the field. The result you remember—the Fifteenth won.'

"How fearfully these old veterans get things mixed! I was in that drill, and remember it as well as if it were yesterday, instead of forty years ago. In the first place, there were only three Kentucky regiments at Canton with General Buford. We were very much reduced there, and very anxious to be mounted and join General Morgan's command and go up into Kentucky, so that we could get some much-needed recruits. Of every new department commander we got we would petition to be mounted.

"One day our regiment, the Third Kentucky, Col. A. P. Thompson, as fine an officer as any in the Confederate army—killed at Paducah—were going through our regular regimental drill, near Canton, Miss. General Hardee had taken command of that department only a few days before. That morning he happened to be riding past where we were drilling, and stopped to watch us. As soon as Colonel Thompson noticed him, he halted the regiment and rode up to General Hardee. After saluting and talking a little, Colonel Thompson requested General Hardee to drill his regiment some to see how they performed. General Hardee declined at first. He looked as if he were afraid he would tangle us all up and make us feel like green conscripts. Colonel Thompson urged him, having such confidence in his men; besides he wanted to make a good impression on General Hardee, for later he intended to file our petition for transfer. Finally, General Hardee rode out in front of the regiment and gave a few simple orders without even drawing his sword. They were performed so well that he tried something harder. They were executed equally as well. Then the old boy got interested. He jumped off of his horse, threw the bridle to his orderly, drew his saber, and got in front of the regiment. He had an expression on his face as if he had made up his mind to tangle us up if it took all summer. We were equally determined he should not if we could help it. The way he made us hustle around that old field was a caution. It makes me hot yet to think of it. The perspiration came through General Hardee's uniform. After about an hour he gave it up. When he turned the regiment over to Colonel Thompson, he said: 'Colonel, you have a splendid regiment. I had no idea that any volunteers could become so nearly perfect. I have not seen anything to equal it since I left West Point.'



OFFICIALS UNITED SONS OF CONFEDRATE VETERANS.

Of course that made us feel pretty good. Compliments from Lieutenant General Hardee, whose military tactics were those used throughout our army, did not come our way every day. Colonel Thompson got up a petition to join General Morgan, starting the next day. It was approved by every one till it reached General Hardee, when he wrote, 'Disapproved,' remarking to one of his staff that what was needed in this department was more infantry like those. It is hardly necessary to mention how greatly disappointed we were. It seemed as if we had given ourselves away.

"Out of that drill grew the prize drill referred to in the VETERAN. The Fifteenth Mississippi was camped near Canton then. They had many friends in and around Canton, especially

UNITED SONS CONFEDERATE VETERANS, SPONSOR, AND MAID OF HONOR.

among the ladies. Nearly all of the girls had a friend, relative, or sweetheart in the Fifteenth. It was their pet regiment. They heard what General Hardee had said about our drilling. You can't bluff the girls. Many a man has found that out. They said they knew we could not drill any better than the Fifteenth, and did not care what General Hardee or any other general said. The upshot of it was that the dear girls sent to Memphis and bought the material and made a beautiful Confederate flag, and offered it as a prize for the best drilled regiment in General Loring's division. Colonel Thompson promptly entered the Third Kentucky, and Colonel Farrell entered the gallant old Fifteenth Mississippi.

"When the two colonels came to discuss the terms of drill, they found that the Fifteenth had nearly twice as many men as the Third, claiming, I think, a thousand men at that time. Colonel Farrell was not willing to drill a large regiment against a small one, so they finally agreed to let Colonel Farrell cut his regiment down to 800, and let Colonel Thompson receive volunteers from the Seventh and Eighth Kentucky to fill his up to 800. This arrangement was very favorable to the Fifteenth, for they could cull out all the green and awkward men. Every man in the Third that was present took part in the drill, and we received some volunteers from the other regiments. I forget now how many. The ladies advertised the show pretty well, and the railroad ran special trains. We had a great crowd, the largest I saw at any one time during the war. Besides, there were Featherstone's Adam's, and Buford's Brigades present.

"Everybody present was for the Fifteenth, except the regiments in Buford's brigade. Each regiment was to drill thirty minutes at a time and then rest—twice at maneuvers, and once in the manual of arms. Col. Farrell won first drill. The old Fifteenth made a gallant appearance as they marched into the square with bands playing and thousands cheering them. Generals Hardee, Adam, and Buford were judges. Colonel Farrell galloped around the square before commencing and requested the people not to cheer while the regiment was drilling, as it would drown his orders.

"The Fifteenth put up a pretty good drill. After they had completed their first thirty minutes the cheering was something dreadful to hear—such clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs! Things looked pretty blue for the Kentuckians. However, they were used to hard things, and took their turn in pretty good shape. After they had drilled their thirty minutes, they had the whole crowd of girls with them. The Kentucky boys of the Seventh and Eighth were almost crazy; throwing handsprings all over the drill ground, yelling, hugging each other, and throwing their caps up. The girls were a little more dignified, but equally as enthusiastic. After that we felt as if we had the Fifteenth beat.

"After the drill was over the judges took a long time to come to a decision. At last they gave the flag to the Fifteenth, very much to every one's surprise. Our war-time girls had seen so much drilling that they were pretty good judges. We were very well satisfied, for we knew we had captured the girls anyhow. The ladies were very much dissatisfied with the decision, said the judges did not know good drilling when they saw it. Two of them were West Point men. The Canton ladies then made another flag, much nicer than the prize flag, with point lace trimmings, or something, on it. One of them presented it to our regiment in a nice little speech, in which she said many kind things about us. Colonel Thompson received the flag for us Kentuckians.

"We were mounted not a great while after that by order of General Polk, and joined General Forrest in North Mississippi. From that to the end the history is known."

Review of Histories Used in Southern Schools and Southern Homes.

ADDRESS OF MISS ANNA CAROLINE BENNING.

Chairman of the Text-Book Committee, before the eighth annual convention of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in La Grange October 28 30, 1902.

Madam President and Daughters of the Confederacy: The Scriptures say, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Did you ever reflect that after the commandments as to our duty to God, as to our duty to man, this law is the first. It comes before those forbidding us to lie, or to steal, or to covet.

Georgia expended in 1901 more than a million and a half dollars on the education of her children. Yet she will receive scant honor from these children if they are to learn it from the text-books used in her schools. For example, in Eggleston's "A First Book in American History," colonial Georgia is not mentioned. The same is true of the Carolinas and Maryland, but we find eleven pages about Miles Standish, with illustrations galore. No Oglethorpe, no Habersham, no Jasper, no Georgia in fact, until incidentally as General Sherman marched.

The great disparity of numbers in the war betwen the States nowhere mentioned. The colonies everywhere treated as a nation from the time of independence. Four words devoted to Jefferson Davis, ten pages to Abraham Lincoln. No history from April 9, 1865, until the opening of the Spanish war, 1898, except the story of "Morse's Electric Telegraph," the "Atlantic Cable and the Telephone." No date from the death of Cyrus Fields, 1872 to 1898. A practical elimination of thirty-three years, and an actual one of twenty-six years from the calendar. All the reconstruction period. Among the heroes of the Spanish war no Bagley, no Hobson, no Blue, no Schley, no Wheeler, no Fitzhugh Lee—no Southern man.

The trend of most histories is to crowd the colonial and revolutionary periods in the Carolinas and Georgia into a few words, while the other colonies are commiserated for their suffering and glorified for their valor. It is all right about Miles Standish and "some of his men" surprising and killing four Indians shut up in a room with them; but Georgia children, at least, should know that Oglethorpe rode more than three hundred miles through the vast forest to meet and treat with the five great Indian nations at Coweta, that as long as he held the reins of government Georgia had no Indian wars and Spanish aggression was repulsed. Yet Mr. Eggleston dubs him a man of "impossible projects." Georgia's children should know of the daring of their Joseph Habersham, the intrepidity of their Jasper, of the battles of Savannah, the agony of Augusta, and the devastation of the entire colony; of the rice which Georgia sent to Boston, of the naval victory (the first of the Revolution) of Bowen and Habersham, and the powder sent to Boston.

One history (by a Southern man) disposes of the two battles at Savannah in six lines, and in those six lines kills Pulaski and Jasper—more than ten months before the British did. He forgets to state that the last battle of Savannah was second only to Bunker Hill in bloodshed and mortality.

In some of the histories four lines suffice for Georgia, in the Revolution, at other times three *whole* pages are given to Georgia and the Carolinas. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is usually conspicuous by its absence.

In most text-books the reader is impressed with the thought that the colonies were a compact nation at the time of the Revolution.

Richard Henry Lee's resolution to the Continental Congress of 1776 must be emphasized: "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." He did not say the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, an independent nation. Neither does the Declaration of Independence, which was passed a few days later. The last clause is as follows: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

(Substitute *the* for *these, nation* for *States, it* for *they, it* for *them, has* for *have,* and see how it reads.)

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by authority of the good people of the colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, a free and an independent nation, that it is absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between it and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as a free and independent nation, it has full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which an independent nation may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

The children should be taught that the Constitution was not adopted until nearly six years after the conclusion of the Revolution, and then only after months of much dissension and many concessions. That Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island signed with the proviso that they might withdraw when it was for their best good. That Massachusetts did in 1804 prepare to secede, and New England in 1814. That New England did not lend a helping hand in the war of 1812. That after the first Dutch importation, New and Old England imported slaves, and that the slave trade was continued twenty years because New England capital was invested in ships for the slave trade. That the North sold her domesticated slaves to the South, because slavery was not profitable, and after she sold them she thought slavery wicked. That John Brown was an anarchist. That the Southern States were forced to secede, and that in claiming the forts, they claimed only the return for securities which they had put into the pool of States. That the Northern army outnumbered the Southern nearly four to one. That the Confederates surrendered because they had not food to eat, clothes to wear, nor men to fight. They should know of Sheridan's order in the Valley, and Butler's in New Orleans. They should be told of the reconstruction period.

Leave the war betwen the States. The histories speak of the Northern schools and authors, but forget to mention the statesmen and jurists of the South. We should see the geographies

full of our fruits, our manufactories, our lumber, our harbors, and our mines and minerals.

A close study of the histories so far discloses the fact that those which better portray the colonial times are most unjust in the causes and accounts of the war between the States, and the years that have followed. Some may say they care not for that period so long as the war between the States, and the causes and consequences thereof, are well stated. They are mistaken. The colonial and revolutionary wars, and the war of 1812 are the title deeds to this republic.

Our State should have a catechism. No school should receive State money which uses the books that do not indoctrinate this catechism. Are the people to be taxed to teach the children to dishonor their fathers and mothers?

We will never get anything if we do not ask for it. Ask! Demand!

State money is the watchword. If State money be given only to those schools which use the books that the State stamps with her approval, all the schools will clamor for such books, and they will get them, for the manufacturer must cater to the market.

For the bravery, the devotion of the Confederates, and the fearful odds against which they fought, I am willing to rest the case on the testimony of General Buell, of the Federal army. He does not give them all they deserve, but if they go down in history as he bears witness,

They will teach glory herself how to be glorious.

Against Terrible Odds the Southrons Fought.

The following, although written by a Union officer, ought to be in every school history of the South, so that the children of the men who fought the South's battles should know the odds they contended against. In an article which appeared first in the *Century Magazine* and afterwards in the third volume of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," General Buell said:

"It required a naval fleet and 15,000 troops to advance against a weak fort, manned by less than 100 men, at Fort Henry; 35,000, with naval coöperation, to overcome 12,000 at Donelson; 60,000 to secure a victory over 40,000 at Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh); 120,000 to enforce the retreat of 65,000 intrenched, after a month's fighting and maneuvering at Corinth; 100,000 repelled by 80,000 in the first Peninsular campaign against Richmond; 70,000, with a powerful naval force, to inspire the campaign which lasted nine months, against 40,000 at Vicksburg; 90,000 to barely withstand the assault of 70,000 at Gettysburg; 115,000 sustaining a frightful repulse from 60,000 at Fredericksburg: 100,000 attacked and defeated by 50,000 at Chancellorsville; 85,000 held in check two days by 40,000 at Antietam; 43,000 retaining the field uncertainly against 38,000 at Stone River (Murfreesboro); 70,000 defeated at Chickamauga, and beleaguered by 70,000 at Chattanooga; 80,000 merely to break the investing line of 45,000 at Chattanooga, and 100,000 to press back 50,000 increased at last to 70,000 from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a distance of 120 miles, and then let go an operation which is commemorated at festive reunions by the standing toast of 'One hundred days under fire;' 50,000 to defeat the investing line of 30,000 at Nashville; and, finally, 120,000 to overcome 60,000 with exhaustion after a struggle of a year in Virginia."

In some of the battles thus enumerated by General Buell, the odds were even greater than he states them. To illustrate the implicit confidence with which the Southern soldiers followed their leaders, he draws the following comparison:

"At Cold Harbor the Northern troops, who had proven their indomitable qualities by losses nearly equal to the whole of their opponent, when ordered to another sacrifice, even under such a soldier as Hancock, answered the demand as one man—a silent and solid inertia. At Gettysburg Pickett, when waiting for the signal which Longstreet dreaded to repeat, for the hopeless but immortal charge against Cemetery Hill, saluted and said, as he turned to his ready column: 'I shall move forward, sir.'"

General Buell then speaks of another influence which nerved the hearts of the Confederate soldiers to valorous deeds:

ATLANTA MAIMED VETERANS.

"Nor must we give slight importance to the influence of the Southern women, who in agony of heart girded the sword upon their loved ones and bade them go. It was to be expected that these various influences would give a confidence to leadership that would lead to bold adventure and leave its mark upon the contest."

The writer of these words, which do so much honest justice to the soldiers of the South, was Maj. Gen. Don Carlos Buell, the man whose timely arrival at Shiloh saved General Grant's army from utter annihilation and capture of what remained. Grant's army was crouched under the banks of the Tennessee River, and would have been captured or killed had not Buell arrived as soon as he did. He is about the only Northern general who has had the honesty to tell the real truth in regard to the numbers engaged on each side during the war.

ANOTHER THRILLING APPEAL.

Mrs. R. B. Willis, of Arkansas, Turns on the Light.

The following address was delivered by Mrs. Richard B. Willis to the Arkansas Division, U. D. C.:

"A few days ago I was requested to make a few remarks to this notable assemblage of Confederate dames and damsels, and the Corresponding Secretary gave me *carte blanche* as to subject matter. I desire to present one thought and to drive it home: We, the Daughters of the Confederacy, are to be a permanent organization to keep alive the memory of the banner of stars and bars now forever furled into the silence of the grand past.

"In future ages our children's children will be prouder to belong to this order than is any colonial dame in whose veins run the blue blood of Byrd or Berkeley. But that this state of feeling, this pride of lineage should continue to exist presupposes a great degree of labor and effort on our part.

"It is true that we are doing much that tends to this end, but still there are some omissions which may be remedied. The children, the boys and girls, of the South are being trained in some measure to honor the prowess of our soldiers, but they know little of the literature of our land, past or present. In the school curriculum their studies from American literature are chosen from Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson. Not one word would we utter to detract from the fame of this great New England brotherhood of geniuses. Doubtless most of us realize that some of our happiest moments, both in youth and mature life, have been spent in perusing the artistic pages of Hawthorne or in letting mind and spirit glide along on the gentle flow of Longfellow's melody. But we are not loyal to our beautiful South when we imply that she too does not possess a gorgeous galaxy of poetry and song.

"The words 'Southern Literature' convey to most minds a suggestion of Father Ryan's 'Conquered Banner,' a few poems of Sidney Lanier, Paul Hayne, Edgar Allan Poe, with here and there a romance of Cable, Craddock, and Henry Timrod, James Lane Allen and the 'Tales of Uncle Remus.' These are characterized, respectively, as tender, graceful, weird, original, or humorous, and the subject is lightly abandoned.

"The splendid array of Southern talent, indicated by the names of Maury, Audubon, Timrod, William Wirt, Grigsby, Gilmore Simms, Pike, J. L. M. Curry, Gayarre, Lucas, Margaret Preston, and John R. Thompson, is ignored in an astounding manner. We seem to lack the enterprise necessary to push into publicity the genius produced by our country. An illustration may not be out of place. About twenty years ago Hugh Blair Grigsby, of Virginia, the author of a masterly work on the Virginia Convention of 1776, and also of other historical studies, passed to his reward. Some months after his death a scholarly gentleman from one of the New England states visited the son of the deceased author. 'Mr. Grigsby,' said he, 'when will the biographical sketch of your father be prepared, and when are his miscellanies to be collected and published?' 'Really,' answered young Mr. Grigsby, 'no steps have been taken in that direction, and, to speak truthfully, I suppose nothing of the kind will be done at all. We simply had not thought of it.' The Northern scholar exclaimed in astonishment and almost in indignation: 'When in my section of the country a man of your father's talent and personality dies, no time is lost in putting his life and writings in collected form before the public. It is thus that we build up our literature. You must not neglect to perpetuate your father's name and fame in this way.' Is it not probable that to this sloth, this indifference, this unnecessary modesty is attributable the fact that many students of literature think the South a barren, unproductive section? They admit that we have produced orators and statesmen, but deny that delicate and artistic writing has been indicated in any considerable number of our authors. *But this is not true.* Our land has produced poets who have dreamed the dreams of nature as did Burns and Keats. From the lips of Albert Pike and Paul Hayne we have heard the rapturous emotions awakened by the lilting music of the song of the mocking bird, voiced in the words as poetical and passionate as Shelley's odes to 'Skylark' and 'Westwind.' From the lips of O'Hara and Randall we hear the rush of martial music in the 'Bivouac of the Dead' and the song of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' poems as splendid in their thrilling war cry as Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade' and Macaulay's 'Battle of Ivry.' From the pen of Margaret Preston, a pen dipped in the fire of woman's genius and the blood of woman's heart, we have poems so startling in their vividness and intensity as to recall the heart throbs of the queen of English song, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. From the statesmanlike brains of Thomas H. Benton, Alexander Stephens, and Jefferson Davis have emanated such works as 'The History of the Thirty Years' Working of Our Government,' 'The History of the United States' and 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy,' massive monuments of literary ability and dignity of style, irrespective of any political trend. From the pen of William Wirt we have scenes of power and pathos; from John R. Thompson we have lyrics of the war that call up the sudden tear; and from Audubon, who spent nights and days dreaming at nature's breast, we learn the pure pulse throbs of Nature's heart.

"Time fails me to speak in detail of Tucker, Semmes, Kennedy, Legaré, and many other Southern men who have given thought and fancy to the world of letters. Perhaps you are thinking, 'My child knows nothing of those authors. He is studying at school "The Vision of Sir Launfal," or Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," or Emerson's "Essay on Art."' These ought ye to do and not leave the other undone. Our poets, historians, essayists are not unworthy to sit down in the great Valhalla of Letters with Keats, Burns, Shelley, Lowell, Carlyle, Hawthorne, and to drink with them the wassail of genius and power. Women of the Daughters of the Confederacy, let us build a new monument to our own authors, a stately temple of culture and reverence on whose lofty columns and spotless shrines shall be carved the names of the men and women who illustrate the genius of the South. Let this temple, whose penetralia are filled with incense of truth, harbor no shadow of falsehood. We have produced no Shakespeare, no Milton, no Dante; but we have produced men of splendid scholarship, like Maury, Audubon, and Brooks, men of statesmanship and eloquence like Henry, Toombs, Stephens, and men like Lanier, Hayne, Timrod, who are worthy to stand in its holy of holies.

"Father Ryan prophesied that one day a poet should be born

who would glorify the struggles of the South as did Homer the story of Troy.

We wait a grand-voiced bard,
  Who, when he sings, will send
Immortal songs' 'Imperial Guard'
  The cause to defend.

He has not come; he will.
  And when he chants, his song
Will stir the world to its depth and thrill
  The earth with its tale of wrong.

And when he comes he'll sweep
  A harp with tears all stringed,
And the very notes he strikes will weep
  As they come from his hand woe-winged.

Ah! grand shall be his strain
  And his song shall fill all climes,
And the rebels shall rise and march again
  Down the lines of his glorious rhymes.

Through his verses shall gleam
  The swords that flashed in vain,
And the men who wore the gray shall seem
  To be marshaling again.

"As each Jewish mother hoped that her son would be the Messiah and deliverer of her people, so let us who are mothers of sons train each son to be, as far as in him lies, the voice and mouthpiece of the grandeur of the South, the herald of her coming triumphs, and the healer of her woes. Perhaps some of us will have the shaping of the mind of the poet of the South! How grandly should he thrive upon the pabulum of our literature! Here he may sit at the feet of Calhoun, the close reasoner, who, disdaining the adornment of imagery and the flight of fancy, let the severe power of his logic be dissipated. There let him drink in the patriotism of Patrick Henry, whose words were winged chariots for the very fires of heaven. Let him celebrate the achievements of the men who followed the dash of Morgan's war horse, the ringing battle cry of Forrest, the white plume of Stuart, and the starry banner of Lee under the blue skies of old Virginia. Let him tell how the storm cloud of battle blazed with the splendor of the presence of soldiers upon whose like we shall never look again. Perhaps he may idealize and glorify our brief dream of a separate national existence and our terrible awakening to disaster and defeat. Daniel Lucas has already given us a powerful picture of their dream of forty years ago in

THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

Fair were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of fancy land;
Children were we in simple faith,
But Godlike children, whom nor death
Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
As violets our women pure and tender;
And when they spoke, their voices' thrill
At evening hushed the whip-poor-will,
At morn the mocking bird was mute and still,
In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory
Than ever taxed the lips of ancient story;
And in our dream we wove the thread
Of principles for which had bled
And suffered long our own immortal dead,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dreams grew wild;
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field,
Crimson the moon, between the Twins,
Barbed arrows flew in circling lanes
Of light, red comets tossed their fiery manes
O'er the land where we were dreaming.

A figure came among us as we slept—
At first he knelt, then slowly rose and wept;
Then, gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell, and walked among the stars,
From the land where we were dreaming.

KIND WORDS FROM MRS. DR. HILL.

Mrs. William A. Hill writes from Locust Dale, Madison County, Va., at the request of the VETERAN (see pages 158, April, and 225, June, issues), admitting that she is the lady who did the kindly services mentioned in the letter of R. C. McPhail, and afterwards mentioned by her son, J. Booten Hill:

"I am the lady whose privilege it was to minister to him in his weary convalescence, which was a dear pleasure to me whenever and wherever I might find time to give aid and com-

JIM PEARCE CAMP, FULTON, KY.

fort to the noble men who were bravely and grandly bearing every hardship—fighting even to death for the right which never was wrong. If an old lady who may now soon see the rounding of her eighty years (December 27) may speak the truth as she feels it in her heart, I believe I am very like the irrepressible old soldier who always said: 'I did not go with the boys to Appomattox.' [That is a new term to the VETERAN. It was an honor to be at Appomattox. The idea must be that he had not surrendered.]

"The name McPhail and the circumstances seemed familiar when sent to me to read, but how could I say positively after all these years, when so many were coming and going all the while? I remember sometimes my maid would say to me: 'Miss Frances, the soldiers who stayed here last night didn't sleep in the beds.' Sometimes they would try to sleep on the porches. So many came, so many went—to return no more—alas! If I ever attempted to keep a list, it soon gave place to hurried, helpful greeting—a 'God bless you!' in passing. How thankful to feel now that I never turned aside from any, but was ever glad to share with the Confederate soldier of the best I had. I very often had to share with the other side, too, but not with so great pleasure. Just here between Robinson [?] and Rapidan Rivers was often hotly contested ground, and we saw much of both armies. My home is in Madison County, though only a mile from the Culpeper line, not very far from Orange. This Locust Dale section is just in the narrow neck of country which runs between the two almost to Rapidan Station. Mr. McPhail may remember.

"My husband, Dr. William A. Hill, was a cousin of Gen. A. P. Hill. I perhaps said to Mr. McPhail that their fathers were brothers; General Hill was named for Dr. Hill's father, Ambrose Powell Hill. My husband was, up to that period, the only Dr. Hill in the family of Culpeper Hills, and, although not enlisted in active service, having two sons and a host of relatives and friends in the army, he was often with them and on not a few hard-fought battle grounds, often busy assisting in the field hospitals. I could tell some amusing and thrilling stories of encounters with and sometimes attack and capture of the enemy.

"I may be, I may not be, the lady whom you seek. Mr. McPhail's beautiful tribute is too rich for me to lay claim to. I love the cause and every arm that battled in its defense. I gave two sons, and wished I had twenty, for my country. But so did every true Virginia woman. I am the only 'Mrs. Dr. Hill' I know; and if it was my good fortune to be the friend of Mr. McPhail, I feel honored by his kindly remembrance and am grateful."

"A SOLDIER'S HONOR," BY HIS COMRADES.

Mrs. Lillian Rozzell Messenger, Washington, D. C.:

This is a work of interest to every lover of justice and history in America, especially so to the Southrons who were in the late Civil War, and the descendants of soldiers who love their native land and its heroes. This book is a history of the military career and life of Gen. Earl Van Dorn. Published by the Abbey Press, New York City. Cloth, 12mo, and fully illustrated. It is full of stirring interest from cover to cover. These contributions of the noblest and famed officers of both the United States and the Confederate States of America set forth in the pages of this volume vindicate one of the ablest soldiers and truest men the country has ever produced. "All seasons, all times for justice;" and many an ex-soldier, particularly of his own side, will be rejoiced to read this work, "A Soldier's Honor." It is verily a valuable contribution to history, and contains 369 pages, including the Appendix.

MISSISSIPPI HISTORIES—DICK WOOD.

J. B. Foster, known by old comrades as "Judge," writes from Enzor, Miss.:

"I learn that it is the desire of Mississippi's United Confederate Veterans to have the history of every Confederate regiment that our State furnished compiled; that each company shall have its tale told, and brief biographies of Mississippi soldiers will be published. I would suggest as the proper person to write of Company E, Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, Mr. E. Downs Estes, of Corning, Ark. He kept a diary which included the essential features of drills, marches, hungerings, picket duty, battles, etc., and he writes well. I would gladly furnish such recollections as I have; but if the historian wants any facts in my possession, he had better hurry up, for a little over six years will put me to three score and ten. Here is a sample of what I could send him:

"J. R. Wood, now over sixty years of age, was one of the original members of the McClung Rifles, Company E, Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry. He went to war with the company from Duck Hill, and remained in the Confederate service to the close, and is hardly reconstructed yet. There was not a braver man in the Confederate army. I saw him under fire for the first time at Rock Castle, or Camp Wild Cat, Ky., and I saw him in his first actual battle at Fishing Creek, Ky., Our company was skirmishing, bringing on the battle. Gus McMath fired the first shot of any one at the Yankees from the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, and Dick Wood blazed away a close second. Dick seemed angered and provoked at the Yankees, and is the only man I ever heard talk to them as he fought them. As he shot at them, he bawled: 'Go back home, you infernal Yankees! We don't want you down here; go back home, you blue-bellied devils you!'

"Dick Wood was as much at home in a battle as he would have been at a mill or a cotton gin. He was and is a stranger to fear. Like all truly brave men, he has a kind, friendly, and loving disposition, is true to his friends and forgiving to his enemies. He is strictly honest and just, and makes a first-class citizen.

"At Shiloh the Fifteenth Mississippi went into battle at a point from which the Yankees had been driven, and Company E's position was behind a long pile of corn, all strung along after the fashion of breastworks. Right there Joe Lott was killed on my right, and Basil Whitten was killed on my left, and I almost saw a bullet strike Dr. J. J. Gaze, of Company G, in the breast. I saw the blood gush from the wound. Near Company E—right at it on the Yankee side of the corn—was a Federal army medical chest, almost as large as a bureau, and its top was filled with jars and bottles, and the Yankees, firing at us as they would run up to the rim of a ravine, say a distance of twenty-five or thirty steps from us, would hit those bottles and jars, and shattered glass would fly in all directions. Several of the pieces flew into Dick's neck. Some of them are there yet. Dick got tired of it, and almost before one could say 'Scat!' that brave and fearless boy jumped over the corn pile, and in the midst of shot and shell and Minie bullets, he took his British rifled musket and with one big swipe he raked off every jar and bottle from the top of the chest."

Comrade Foster tells farther on in his narrative that Dick's son gave him a stovepipe hat, that they were together in the great crowd at the Memphis reunion. They were moving through the crowd, Foster following. He made a mistake in the high hat, and found that he had been following a negro for some time.

REUNION GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIA.

The Grand Camp, United Confederate Veterans of Virginia, convened at Wytheville October 22. The town presented a scene of animation and enjoyment unequaled in its history. Lavish decorations, gay costumes, beautiful women, inspiring music, and perfect weather contributed to the success of this fifteenth annual meeting. More than seven hundred veterans registered at the Terry Camp headquarters. The town was crowded with visitors.

The meeting was called to order by Grand Commander Thomas W. Smith. Prayer was led by Rev. Burt S. Highley, who was chaplain of the Fifty-First Virginia Regiment.

On the stage were many prominent Confederates of Virginia, including Senator John W. Daniel, the sponsors and maids of honor, and many Daughters of the Confederacy.

The address of welcome was delivered by Attorney Robert Sayers, Jr. It was brief but eloquent. He said:

"Of the five great wars in which the United States has been engaged, the State of Virginia has furnished the central figures in the military history of three. It sent Washington to the Revolution, it gave Scott and Taylor to the Mexican war, from her went Lee and Jackson to the Civil War; to all it sent its private soldier, but to none did it send a soldier who fought bloodier battles on shorter rations, less pay, or with less to look forward to than its soldier of the Civil War. If he conquered, he had what he started out with, no more.

Referring to the Confederate war, he declared it "was a time when the spirit of the private equaled the gallantry of the officer, and when the courage of the rank and file made immortal fame for their great leaders. In their great victories Cæsar made the Roman army, Napoleon made the army of France, and Wellington made that of England and her allies; but the Confederate sailor made Admiral Semmes, the Confederate cavalrymen made James E. B. Stuart, the Stonewall Brigade made Jackson, and the Confederate private made Lee."

This sentiment was enthusiastically applauded.

"These generals were the handiwork of you who hear me to-day. We now welcome you here to the blue mountains of Southwestern Virginia, where lives many a comrade who stood shoulder to shoulder with you in the long ago."

Grand Commander Smith responded. Continuing, he said of his old comrades that, while they were no longer young, while their limbs were feeble, their forms bent, and their hair white, still they had the consolation of knowing that the cause for which they fought was the most righteous of any that a people had ever fought for.

Judge J. H. Fulton welcomed the Camp on behalf of William Terry Camp. His speech thrilled his hearers.

Judge Fulton extended a hearty welcome, and gave an interesting history of the pioneers who settled the Southwest. He said:

"The great majority of the people of Southwest Virginia were not slaveholders, but their sympathy was with the Southern people, and they were intense believers in the doctrine of State rights. Their paramount allegiance, they regarded, was to their State. With them Virginia was first; all else was subservient to her wishes and demands.

"The Southwest Virginians who had been educated at West Point and were still officers in the Union army, resigned their commissions and offered their swords to their own States. Joseph E. Johnston joined Robert E. Lee and became general-in-chief and the great organizer of the Confederate forces. J. E. B. Stuart continued with his friend, Fitz Lee, and became the dashing leader of the Confederate cavalry. The silent Scotch-Irishman left his professor's chair at Lexington, and in less than four months' time the name of 'Stonewall' Jackson had become immortal. The judge left his bench, the preacher his pulpit, the physician his patients, the farmer his lands, the mechanic his tools, and all hied over the mountains to the standards of their clansmen, Johnston and Jackson and Stuart and Jones and Floyd, and committed their lives and their fortunes to the hands of that best beloved and most incomparable man of them all, the great cavalier chieftain, Robert E. Lee. Thenceforward we were one people, having but one thought, the service of our mother, and through her the establishment of the rights and independence of the Southern States.

"Thanks to God, we came out of that contest with our honor untarnished, and the reputations of our generals fixed among the great warriors of the world, and the bravery and devotion of the private soldiers became likened unto the Spartans of old.

"Calumny cannot stain the character of the Lees nor of the Johnstons, Jackson or Longstreet, the Hills, Hood, or Stuart, nor dim the luster of their followers. The narrow-minded call them rebels in vain. When they say the soil of this country is too pure to furnish a base to their monuments, not we alone, but the civilized world cries: 'Fools and bigots!' They, however, need no monument of stone to perpetuate their memories; their names will live as long as valor and personal worth have an admirer.

"The war and its incidents are fast becoming but a memory to us, and to a great majority they are only history. And now,

MRS. LOUISE FLETCHER GREEN,
Sponsor Seventh District of Virginia to Grand Camp Confederate Veterans of Virginia, held at Wytheville October 22, 1902.

[Mrs. Green is the daughter of the late Hamilton Fletcher, who was one of the most prominent and wealthy farmers of Rappahannock County, Va., and granddaughter of Col. O. R. Funston, who was colonel of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry. It is said of him that "no braver man or more gallant soldier ever lived."]

as we grow older, the heart softens, and when, in the silent hours of the evening, the memory wings its way back to those fields, it cannot return to us without the moistening of eyelids, and comrades cannot meet each other without awakening the kindliest feelings of brotherly love.

"The brotherly affection that was engendered of these scenes prompts us to extend to you the right hand of welcome."

Mr. Trinkle closed with these hearty words of welcome:

"So, Sons of Veterans, our town, our people, and more especially the Charlie Crockett Camp of Sons, welcome you, not as a matter of formality but as just tribute because of your ancestry, because of your mission, because of your valor, and, above all, because of your determination to keep forever in the memory of man the grandeur and greatness of our people and our country. To each and every one of you our gates are unlocked."

The address was responded to by E. H. Courtney, of R. E. Lee Camp of Sons, of Richmond.

The sponsors and maids of honor of the Sons were presented by Col. James Mann, of Pickett Camp, of Nottoway County, and the response to the presentation was by Hon. Robert W. Blair, who paid an eloquent tribute to Virginia beauty, and said:

"We are glad to be able to entertain, in a modest way, such a representation of old Virginia's fair daughters, as beautiful as Helen of Troy and as graceful as the nymphs of Diana, who sported upon the banks of the Eurotus.

"We are assembled to-night, my countrymen, as a younger generation of Americans, as Sons of Veterans, to commemorate the valor of our fathers, who fought for Dixie and who fought for home."

Circuit Judge Robert C. Jackson delivered the speech of the evening, a magnificent, beautiful, and eloquent address, from which these extracts are taken:

"There are some subjects that never grow old, never lose their charms. Like precious jewels, that may be set and reset, without marring their beauty or subtracting from their value, so there are subjects which, to serious men and women, are sources of perpetual and perennial interest. We of Virginia and the South can never forget the cause for which the men of the 'sixties' fought; still less can we forget the knightly achievements of our leaders, the unparalleled devotion and matchless endurance of the men who followed them on many a battlefield made glorious forever by their deeds.

"Whatever it may be to others, to us this chapter in our country's annals will always possess a charm irresistible. And should it not be so? Reverence is, indeed, a noble quality of human nature. Without it there can be no complete appropriation by the present of the things highest and best in the past, and, therefore, little or no growth in individual or State ideals. Let us, therefore, cherish the sacred memories of the past, and guard, as a priceless heritage, its noble deeds and thoughts."

Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, responded for the Grand Camp. He said that the orders at Petersburg last year were that the preliminary speeches this year were to be short.

He spoke in glowing terms of the valor, the sufferings, and the devotion to duty of the Confederate, and paid tribute to the women of the South. Judge Christian said that he never felt more like running, but, as he had not done any running since the war, it was impracticable. He was made a cripple then.

He referred to the statement that had been made that the time would come when the son of a soldier would be ashamed to point to his father's grave as the son of a Confederate, whereupon a voice from the audience ejaculated, "It was a lie, though," to which the speaker heartily assented.

Grand Commander Smith announced that he was going to show the audience the most beautiful sight they had ever witnessed, and suited the action to the word by introducing the sponsors and maids of honor in the order of the congressional districts they represented. Then he introduced Miss Lucy Lee Hill, the daughter of Gen. A. P. Hill, who was given a fine ovation.

Colonel and ex-United States Senator Robert E. Withers made the speech in response to the presentation. The aged soldier and statesman, who is eighty-one years old, paid a glowing tribute to the constancy and self-sacrifice of the women of the South.

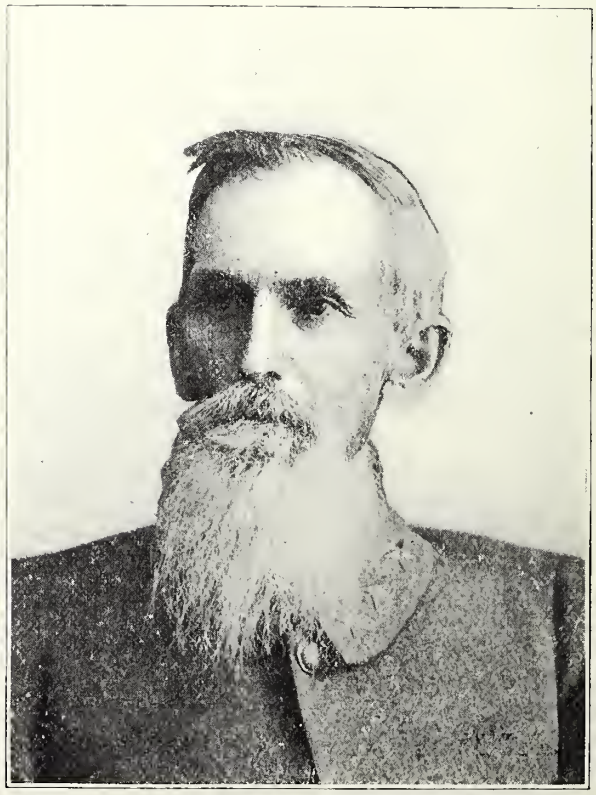
At the tent in the afternoon Senator John W. Daniel delighted his immense audience with one of his most eloquent addresses. He was followed by Revs. Dr. J. William Jones, Col. J. Rush Miller, and Congressman John Lamb, all of whose addresses were highly enjoyed.

A reception was tendered by Mrs. Emma Terry, Mrs. J. C. Green, and Mrs. H. Terry to the sponsors and maids of honor. It was a most attractive function, and was highly enjoyed by all present.

The Virginia Division of Sons of Veterans met at the Opera House at night. The hall was crowded.

E. Lee Trinkle welcomed the division in behalf of Charlie Crockett Camp of Sons, of Wytheville. His speech glowed with tributes to the beauty, purity, and grandeur of woman, and was warm in its biddings of welcome to fair sponsors and maids.

Col. R. D. Funkhouser, at present Commander of Storer Camp, C. V., No. 20, of Strasburg, Va., and under whose auspices the celebrated Fisher's Hill reunions are annually held—reunions of widespread interest—entered the Confeder-



COL. R. D. FUNKHOUSER.

ate army as a private in May, 1861, and belonged to the noted Forty-Ninth Virginia Infantry, of which "Extra Billy" Smith was commander. He participated in many great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, from First Manassas to Fort Steadman, or Hare's Hill, where he, with most of his command, was captured after they had charged and captured the second line of the enemy's strong entrenchments in front of Petersburg. For his gallantry on many fields he was breveted lieutenant colonel, and in that famous charge on Fort Steadman, or Hare's Hill, it was in the capacity of lieutenant colonel of his regiment. He was seriously wounded at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, but rejoined his regiment as soon as his wound would permit, and continued with it until all were captured, March 25, 1865, in the celebrated charge at Hare's Hill. It was Colonel Funkhouser who suggested that General Lee go to the rear on May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, when the General insisted on leading the charge to reëstablish his lines after (the Federal) General Hancock with 40,000 men had broken them and captured most of Johnston's division, and it was one of his old company—Mr. W. A. Compton—who led General Lee's horse to the rear. History tells us how promptly the Federals were driven back and the lines reëstablished. Colonel Funkhouser is greatly interested in Confederate matters, and, although largely engaged in agricultural pursuits, he is ever ready for the various duties assigned him by the Grand Camp of Virginia, as well as in keeping his own Camp up to a high state of proficiency.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AT ASHWOOD.

From "Life of Leonidas Polk," by Dr. W. M. Polk.

In Dr. William M. Polk's life of his father, Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, and Bishop of the Episcopal Church for Louisiana, an old record appears. It is as follows:

"In Maury County, about six miles from Columbia, on the road leading to Mt. Pleasant, in a grove of majestic and towering oaks, may be seen a neat brick church of simple gothic architecture; its interior plain and appropriate and capable of seating five hundred persons. It has just been completed, and is the result of the joint liberality of Bishop Polk and three of his brothers, who with a spirit worthy of commendation and imitation have thus devoted a portion of the wealth with which God has blessed them to his service. Without aid from abroad these gentlemen have erected and paid for this edifice, and presented it, together with a plot of six acres of land, to the diocese. The lot has been selected from an eligible portion of the Bishop's plantation, within a few hundred yards of whose mansion the church stands. It has been erected for the convenience of the few families in the neighborhood who, with a large number of negroes upon their plantations, will make quite a congregation. For this latter class the Bishop has been in the habit, for a long time past, of holding regular services in his own house. They will now have an opportunity of worshiping in a temple which they may almost call their own."

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ASHWOOD, TENN.

In the cemetery lot, near this church, of George W. Polk and family there is a grave of the "black mammy" in the midst, giving her name and stating that she assisted in rearing the eleven children in that family.

Prominence is given this church, however, especially because it was the burial place after the carnage at Franklin of so many officers and other gallant Confederates. Hardly a more beautiful spot of earth can be found than is in this vicinity.

FOREIGNERS IN OUR WAR OF THE SIXTIES.

Gen. Samuel G. French, whose "Two Wars" has put many people to thinking on important lines, is now and then criticised adversely. The *American Historical Review* complains of his figures as to the foreigners who fought in the Union armies that they are exaggerated ridiculously. General French writes the *Times-Democrat* that he has gone over the records again, and finds that he did make a mistake, but that the numbers are much greater than he had made them, and gives the following as the corrected figures:

"Enlistments from foreign countries, 494,000. Then he gives from Alabama, 2,556; Arkansas, 8,298; Delaware, 12,284; Florida, 1,290; Kentucky, 75,760; Louisiana, 5,224; Maryland, 46,638; North Carolina, 3,156; Mississippi, 545; Missouri, 109,111; Texas, 1,963; West Virginia, 32,068; New Mexico, 6,561; Tennessee, 31,092; Indian Territory, 3,560; Negroes, 178,975. Total, 1,013,975.

"These figures show that there were 1,013,975 enlisted men in the Union army not born in the free States, and that the slave States furnished 519,175 for that army. In other words, there were over a million of foreign-born men in the Union army.

"They also demonstrate that if we deduct from the whole number of foreigners (1,013,975) the entire strength of the Confederate army (600,000), we have an excess of 413,975 foreigners. So, here is an army of men enlisted outside the free States that outnumbered the Confederate army by 413,795. This statement is corroborated by the "World's Almanac," page 87, year 1900.

"I must, however, remark that some of the negro troops enumerated probably embrace Colonel Shaw's regiment of colored men enlisted in Boston or elsewhere. But as an offset to this I have credited 16,534 men furnished by the District of Columbia to the Union army. And thus the statement made in my autobiography is not 'ridiculous,' as stated by the distinguished reviewers."

In the face of these extraordinary facts there are many of the South and others of the North very friendly to the South who on some account dwell upon the "Americanism" of both armies. The claim is inconsistent, not only with these extraordinary figures, but Southern people and our soldiers who were occasionally captured remember well that regiments and regiments served in their sections not a man of whom could speak a word of English. Yet they were the patriots (?) who "saved the Union!"

"Dixie Book Shop" in New York.—Mr. Eugene H. Levy has recently established the "Dixie Book Shop" in the heart of "Yankee land"—No. 35 Nassau Street, New York City. He hopes to make it a rendezvous for Southerners. Call there for the Veteran.

THE KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE HOME.

In the September VETERAN there was an account of the Confederate Home for Kentucky Confederates. Its dedication was doubtless the most glorious Confederate event that ever occurred in that commonwealth. A property comprising the magnificent building and over forty acres of land was donated to the State by Confederate veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and other friends, the State agreeing to maintain the veterans assigned to it by an annual appropriation of $125 each.

There were about 10,000 persons present, and that large number was sumptuously entertained, even though Pewee is a mere "country town" sixteen miles from Louisville. There were several eminent speakers who participated in the event.

The formal presentation of that valuable property to the State was the most conspicuous event of like nature that ever occurred in this country. Although the location, Pewee, is about sixteen miles from the city of Louisville, there were perhaps ten thousand persons present.

The *Courier Journal* said of it: " . . . Since the Civil War itself, never before has there been a gathering of old Confederate soldiers, of their families and friends in Kentucky filled more with an enthusiasm for the South and all things Southern. And yet not a word of disloyalty was heard either from the speaker's stand or throughout that great throng."

All departments of Confederate service were represented. The beloved and venerable Judge Lewis, who was the last commander of the Orphan Brigade, made an address which was brief but well to the point. It was a pleasing, good will sort of talk, but loyal to Confederate principles. He said he always paid his respects to Union soldiers on suitable occasions. The gallant Colonel Bowles, sitting near General Lewis on the platform, interrupted him at this point: "General, did I understand you to say that you always paid your respects to them on all shootable occasions?"

"No, you did not," replied General Lewis, "you and I are too old for that sort of thing, and, besides, we know better."

"Why, comrades," continued General Lewis, "when I look around me upon such an occasion as this it makes a better man of me. It convinces me that man has more charity and love in his heart for his fellow-man than I had supposed. God bless the men and women, too, who have made the foundation of this Home possible. Its foundation teaches a lesson which should not be lost upon our young men. It shows that men who do their duty honestly and fearlessly are not forgotten in their old age."

Maj. William J. Davis, who is ever efficient in serving at Confederate gatherings, whether in behalf of the living or in honoring the memory of the dead, was called upon to read a letter from Mr. John G. Roach, one of Morgan's men, who could not attend. The letter gave an account of good will manifested by Mr. Frank W. Bonnie, who fought for the Union for Ohio, but now lives in Louisville. Besides expressing his sentiment of friendship, he inclosed $100 in gold; and that was supplemented by another Union veteran, Mr. Thomas Wilson, who contributed $10 in gold as an evidence of his sympathy for the Confederate Home movement.

CAPT. ELLIS'S SPEECH.

Capt. W. T. Ellis spoke as follows:

"It is evident that all the young Kentuckians who some forty years ago served in the Confederate army are not yet dead; and if we are to judge from present indications, they have no intention whatever of voluntarily capitulating as long as the rations hold out. . . .

"The young men Kentucky gave to the Confederate army rendered their State some service and are, as they and their friends believe, entitled to a respectable place on the pages of its history. The position of Kentucky ex-Confederates, as it is related to the history of the nation and the State, is unique in the fact that when the last of them has passed away succeeding generations will not see their like again.

"Since they are to have no successors, their appeal rests alone upon the verdict of imperial history; if that does not do them justice, then they

> "Will go down to the vile dust from whence they sprung,
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

"That Confederate soldiers who from Kentucky fought in the armies of the South may safely rely upon the impartial verdict of history for their vindication, there is, I believe, no room to doubt. That their deeds of heroism, their fidelity to duty as they understood it, will ultimately have a secure place in the annals of Kentucky, no one will pretend to deny. It is not a groundless faith which affirms that whoever in the future shall review Kentucky's history will find ample material

FRONT VIEW OF THE KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME AS WHEN PURCHASED.

upon which to approve and applaud the performances of the young men this State gave to the Confederate army. It is not the idle declarations of a vaunter to predict that in some far-away future year history will faithfully record the achievements of the young men who exiled themselves from the comforts of home and the society of kindred and friends to assist in the defense of a cause which they believed to be right. Nor will the title of Confederate soldiers from Kentucky to a place in history rest alone upon the judgment of those who sympathized with the cause they defended.

"Already the most accomplished historian the North has produced since the close of the Civil War, Professor Shaler, of Harvard College, has set down to the credit of the young men from Kentucky who served in the Confederate army the rarest compliment wherein he declares they 'constituted the finest body of soldiers and formed the most knightly array of battalions that any commonwealth ever contributed to the ranks of war.' To this highly complimentary record which the Northern historian has already written in honor of our comrades. living and dead, we come to-day to publicly call attention to the fact that, when the events that have transpired since the close of the Civil War are considered, it will be found that the young men from Kentucky who served in the armies of the South have, by the record they have made in times of peace, furnished material for a supplement to the record they made on fields of carnage which, when fairly written, will constitute as attractive a chapter as brightens the pages of the history of their native commonwealth.

"At the close of the Civil War the young men who had served in the Southern army, and who fortunately survived that tragic period, were yet young men. Though they had given four years to the turbulent events of that war, they came out of it standing "tiptoe on the misty mountain top" of vigorous young manhood. They asked no contributions at the hands of charity, they did not sit in the market place soliciting alms; they asked only the right to earn their bread by honest toil. How well they have executed those noble resolves a glance at the agricultural, commercial, industrial, and professional development of the State since 1865 will disclose. There has not been a minute in the lives of Kentucky Confederates, since they took off their ragged gray uniforms, when they were willing to admit that they or any of them were the objects of public charity. Relying on their own energy, industry, and intelligence, they have with unfaltering faith and unceasing toil fairly won the right to stand in the very forefront of the occupations and professions to which they severally belong.

"From the ranks of the young men who served in the Confederate army from this State agriculture has recruited some of its thriftiest farmers; from their ranks the trades have drawn some of their most skillful, enterprising, and thrifty mechanics; from their ranks commerce and trades have drawn their best leaders and most progressive representatives.

"To the pulpit ex-Confederates from Kentucky have attributed accomplished bishops and some of the most eloquent pulpit orators in the State; to the bench and the bar they have contributed some of the ablest judges and most accomplished lawyers who have adorned the bench and graced the bar of the State. But the sunset of life necessarily admonishes surviving Confederates that though

> 'Art is long and time is fleeing,
> And our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still like muffled drums are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave.'

"The sentiment embodied in this stanza has materialized into the purchase of the home we are here to-day to formally dedicate to those of our comrades who need its benefits.

"It must be remembered, however, that this home is not the offering of charity, not a dollar has been drawn from any public treasury to contribute to its purchase; it is, on the contrary, the free offering of those who are yet left of the depleted ranks of those Kentucky battalions who fought under the stars and bars and who did what they could to aid in the establishment of an independent Confederacy. Another curious feature about this home, when considered in the face of the law which authorized its purchase, is this: that it would not have been possible for ex-Confederates in this State to have provided their more unfortunate comrades with a comfortable home, except as it had been purchased by their comrades and friends; and, moreover, except as the title to this home was vested in the commonwealth of Kentucky. But ex-Confederates do not complain of this unusual limitation written in the law which authorized the establishment of this home; on the contrary, they announce with a spirit of pride and manliness that they themselves are the authors of the very terms which are written in the bond. It is conservative to say that no other home intended to shelter the brave men who had faithfully defended their country was ever purchased or held under the conditions or upon the terms this home was purchased and the title to it held.

No nation which pretends to maintain a system of civil government has, so far as I know, failed to provide for its disabled soldiers. Whoever has carried a battle flag in defense of his native or his adopted land, whether that flag represented an empire, kingdom, or republic, and whether it was carried to victory or defeat, has not failed to find that his government has secured him a home in his old age. But it is different down in "Old Kentucky." This home was purchased with no government funds, but with the cash earned by Confederates and their friends, it is the free offering of the men from Kentucky who, coming out of the army poverty-stricken, have by their industry and their enterprise added to the wealth of the State and to their own private fortunes. It is no charitable institution, and by the very terms of the law which created it can never be until the last Confederate soldier who may desire to occupy it has gone to the dreamless dust.

"It is not a mere sentiment to predict that when another century has ebbed and flowed against the foundations of this old commonwealth some enterprising journalist or student of history, searching among 'quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore' will resurrect the very act of the Kentucky Legislature which authorizes the purchase and maintenance of the home we are to-day dedicating. If the uncertain tenure of life should be so far extended as to carry any of our friends over to that period, they will have the gratification of knowing that the purchase of this home, the law under which the title to the property was acquired, the manner in which it is held, will go to the credit of ex-Confederate soldiers and furnish material for an additional appendix to their faultless record.

"The fact must be kept conspicuously in mind that this home is unlike any other ever established for disabled soldiers, in that the government contributed nothing to its purchase, but by the terms of the law takes a vested remainder in the title, so that when it ceases to be used by our comrades it goes over to the State to become one of its charitable institutions. But mark you, my comrades, this is not a charitable institution to-day, and cannot become one until the last of that unique band of men known as Kentucky ex-Confederate soldiers have all passed away. There should, therefore, be no hesitation on the part of any Confederate whose necessities suggest that he accept the hospitalities of this place, for

'Here the broken soldier is bade to stay,
Sit by the fire and talk the night away;
Or, if he be in gloomy temper, he may in this home
Weep o'er his wounds and deeds of sorrow done,
Shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won.'

"While the cause for which Confederates contended did not succeed, the men who made up its armies established a record for military prowess which won the admiration of its opponents and challenged the applause of mankind."

KEYS TO THE STATE FROM COLONEL YOUNG.

Col. Bennett H. Young formally presented the keys of the Home to the Governor, and in doing so said:

"*Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:* This is a notable day for Kentucky Confederates, and it witnesses the speedy consummation of the most important enterprise ever inaugurated by the Confederate soldiers of this commonwealth.

"It is less than a year since the State reunion of the U. C. V. Association, in response to an appeal from Gen. J. M. Poyntz, Commander of the Kentucky Division, declared its purpose and formulated plans to establish on a liberal scale and secure foundation a Kentucky Confederate Home.

"This splendid structure, which we to-day dedicate to this noble purpose, luxuriously and conveniently fitted with accommodations for one hundred and fifty disabled comrades, is a superb tribute to the energy, capacity, and zeal of those to whom the organization of the institution was committed.

"No Confederate Home ever projected was so quickly, so completely, so successfully inaugurated. In presenting this magnificent edifice to the State of Kentucky, through its Governor, it will not be improper to say that the conduct and service of the Kentucky Confederates has reflected upon the State nothing but credit and renown. The men she gave to defend Southern independence had no superior among the armies of any age or clime.

"They were worthy of the occasion and crisis which called for their courage and demanded their sacrifices.

"They fought neither for glory nor conquest. They battled for the liberty and homes of others, and not their own.

"They expatriated themselves to defend the rights of others, and cheerfully assumed the pains and penalties of treason in order that others might enjoy the benefits of the great political principle of self-government; and I do not hesitate to affirm that the valor of these men in war and their achievements in peace are in every way worthy of the commonwealth that gave them birth.

"Although few in number, with the return of peace and their restoration to their homes, they at once became political and social leaders, and the offices which the people of Kentucky bestowed upon them, and the confidence imposed in them, are unparalleled testimonials to their talents, to their integrity, to their attainments and their patriotism.

"More than half of all the State offices in Kentucky since 1870 have been filled by men who were either Confederate soldiers or who suffered by reason of their defense of Southern rights.

WAR TIME FORT JUST BACK OF POTTER COLLEGE, BOWLING GREEN, KY.

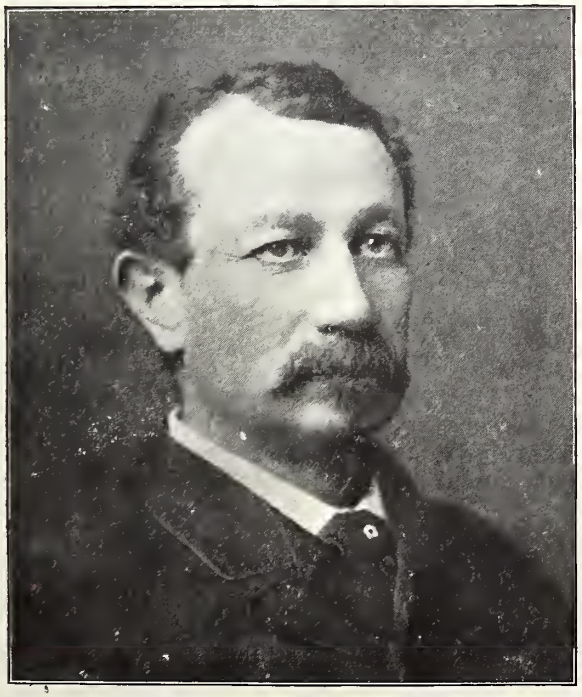
Somewhere on this gentle planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me. —*Timrod.*

R. L. Suggs, Adjutant, reports the death of three members of the Camp at Gatesville, Tex., recently: M. E. Dyson, Company H, Twenty-Second Mississippi Infantry; A. L. Hodges, Twenty-Fourth Texas Infantry; P. Kizer, Company I, Twenty-Third Cavalry.

A. A. Rudd.

In the death of Comrade A. A. Rudd, of Skinquarter, Va., on February 8, 1902, the community sustained a great loss. He was prominently identified with that section for a long series of years, and was highly respected as a man of sterling worth.

He was mustered into the Confederate service on May 24, 1861, as a member of Company K, Sixth Virginia Infantry, and followed the beautiful flag until it was furled at Appomattox C. H. He was a member of Capt. Wooldridge Camp of Confederate Veterans, and took a lively interest in everything that pertained to the welfare of his comrades. He was recognized by all who knew him as a true and valuable citizen, a devoted husband, an affectionate father, and a loyal Christian man.



Capt. R. K. Polk.

The late Capt. Rufus King Polk was descended from a long line of most worthy ancestors, men who distinguished themselves in every walk in life by their bright ideals and earnest efforts to maintain the same. Capt. Polk was the great-grandson of Col. Thomas Polk, an honored citizen of Mecklenburg County, N. C., who was chosen by his compatriots to read before the door of the courthouse at Charlotte the famous historic document known as the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, which he with others had drawn up and signed. He offered his services to Gen. Washington as soon as war with England was declared, and served gallantly to the end. His son, Col. William Polk, joined the army when a youth of seventeen, and served near his father; was severely wounded at the battle of Germantown, and afterwards endured the hardships of Valley Forge. For his services during the war for American freedom he was granted large tracts of land in Tennessee, where he established his sons, Col. Lucius J. Polk, Rev. Leonidas Polk (afterwards Bishop of Louisiana and general in the Confederate army), Mr. Rufus K. Polk, Andrew J. Polk, and George W. Polk, the father of Capt. R. K. Polk.

Among the family and friends, "Rufe" lived to man's estate, loved by all who knew him for his warm, generous heart, for truly "the milk of human kindness" poured through his veins. He enlisted very early in the war for Southern independence, serving in various perilous ways. He was staff officer to Gen. Gregg and Gen. Armstrong. After the war he married Miss Maggie Phillips, and afterwards resided at her ancestral home. Their union was blessed with a lovely daughter, Miss Mary Polk. He died at Asheville, N. C., August 27, 1902, and was buried at Ashwood. [A brief description of the church at Ashwood is published in this Veteran, page 557.] The survivors among his brothers and sisters are: James H. Polk, in Nashville; I. H. Polk and Mrs. Du Bose, in California; Mrs. Player, in St. Louis; Mrs. Joseph Horton and Miss Sallie Polk, in Asheville, N. C.

A. B. Chinn.

Addison B. Chinn was born February 21, 1833, and was murdered at his own residence on October 11, 1902.

His father, Dr. Joseph G. Chinn, was a soldier in the war of 1812, one of the youngest soldiers who enlisted in that war and one of the last survivors of that heroic army. Dr. Chinn, in the prime of life, moved to Missouri, though a Kentuckian by birth. He returned to Kentucky, and was one of the most conspicuous and respectable citizens of Lexington, deserving and commanding the confidence and affection of the entire community. He was elected Mayor of the city.

He was a citizen of Missouri when the war broke out, and was originally a soldier under the command of Gen. Joe Shelby. Returning to Kentucky, however, in 1862, he enlisted in Company A, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, and was elected lieutenant in a regiment commanded by Col. Roy Cluke and in which Col. Cicero Coleman and Robert S. Bullock were lieutenant colonel and major. In all respects this regiment was a fine body of men.

It is quite impossible to enumerate all the battles in which Addison Chinn participated, because that regiment was almost constantly under fire from the date of its enlistment, in September, 1862, until the date of its capture in Ohio. Among these battles were those at Danville, Glasgow, Nolen's Bridge, Rolling Fork, Greasy Creek, Maribone, Green River Bridge, Mt. Sterling, and all the battles of the Ohio raid. Before these engagements he was in the battle of Lexington, Mo. Being captured with Morgan, he was among the prisoners who were sent to Johnson's Island, and to Point Lookout, Allegheny Penitentiary, and Fort Delaware. At Delaware he was one of the six hundred Confederate officers sent to Charleston and

placed under the fire of the Confederate batteries in retaliation for alleged cruelties inflicted upon the Federal prisoners at Andersonville. They were placed in a stockade on Morris Island in front of Battery Wagner, under the fire of the guns from the Confederate forts of Moultrie and Sumter. This prolonged danger continued for several months, when they were removed to Fort Pulaski, Ga. His imprisonment continued until the close of the war. Those who had experience in the hardest service during the war and in prison know how infinitely to be preferred was the service to the indescribable tortures of prison life.

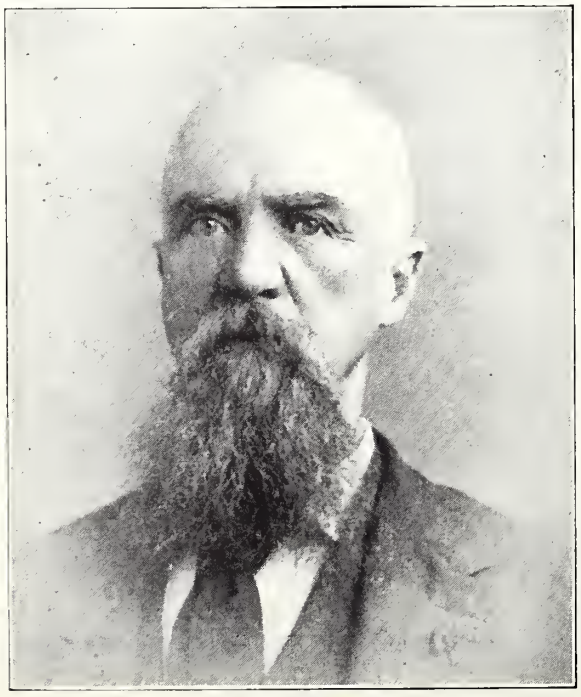
During those months of imprisonment he bore his sufferings with calmness and uncomplaining endurance. In the field he performed every duty imposed upon him as a soldier. He was a model private; he was an excellent and a high type of officer. In prison his example was of the very highest. In camp he won the love of his comrades, on the field he won their admiration, and in prison he increased this admiration and affection. He was a gentleman and a Christian—simple, unostentatious, dutiful, charitable, upright. In all the relations of life he was precisely the same man that he was during the four years of war, bearing with patience and courage whatever had to be borne, furnishing an example of what was best in life to those who came in contact with him.

On November 19, 1874, he married Fanny C. Runyon, and she and a son, Asa C. Chinn, and a daughter, Ella R. Chinn, survive him.

Lieut. John C. Crump.

D. A. Campbell writes from Memphis, Tenn., of him:

"Lieut. John Crump died at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. E. H. Crump, at Holly Springs, Miss., October 3, 1902, in his sixty-second year. I was a classmate with him at St. Thomas Hall, in Holly Springs. He was my playmate, and I learned to know and love him. At the first call for troops he enlisted in Company B, Ninth Mississippi; under Capt. Thomas W. Harris, serving his first year at Pensacola. When his term of service expired he enlisted in Capt. Webber's Company F, Second Kentucky Regiment, which was Gen. John H. Morgan's old regiment. Together we participated in a half hundred skirmishes and battles. I never knew a braver, kindlier, truer, and nobler spirit than that of Lieut. John Crump. He had the heart of a woman, with the courage of a lion. All through the trials and vicissitudes incident to the conflicts which made Morgan famous, and so often brought terror to the hearts of the invaders, he was always the same kindly spirit, shirking no responsibility, and ever ready to go where duty called. We were together in the Indiana and Ohio raids, and the many exciting incidents will always be remembered by the survivors. In our retreat we were forced to swim the Ohio River some seventeen miles from Parkersburg, W. Va.



JOHN CRUMP.

"He was not only a Confederate veteran, but he was a humble soldier of the cross, and when he came to die he bravely faced the foe, as he had the invaders of his country, having no doubts nor fears for a triumphant hereafter.

"Rev. B. C. Gray, under whose ministration Lieut. Crump was admitted into the M. E. Church, officiated at his funeral. He too had been one of his comrades in the dark days of the war, and his eulogy over his dead friend and comrade was most beautiful and pathetic. He exhorted the surviving comrades who were present to seek salvation, that they, like the departed friend, might be saved through the grace of Jesus Christ. With bowed heads they placed beautiful flowers on his grave as mementos of his pure life.

"John Crump never married. He was charitable, social, loving and forgiving in his nature, and left as a legacy the sweetest of memories. Farewell, comrade and friend! You have answered the last roll call, and your banner has been placed on heaven's eternal camping ground. You discharged to the utmost of your ability all of life's duties, and may the turf lie lightly over your breast!"

R. Z. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor was born in Gibson County, Tenn., and lived there all of his life. When a mere boy he joined Gay's company, Russell's Regiment, Bell's Brigade, and as a private soldier gallantly followed Gen. Bedford Forrest in his ceaseless and tireless efforts to defend and protect our Southland from invasion, and was with him in his long marches and fierce-fought battles, and in the dark and gloomy hours of the surrender. He laid down his arms at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

When the war was over, he came home and began his life work. He studied law, and while yet a young man obtained his license and began the practice of his profession. For more than thirty years he was a member of the Trenton bar, where he ranked among its first lawyers. He was actively identified with every movement that had for its purpose the advancement and upbuilding of his county, and he gave much of his time and means to this end. He was an active, working Democrat, and gave to his party the very best efforts of his life. As a man, as a private citizen, and as a Christian gentleman, his life and character were above reproach. He was by nature and culture a fine lawyer, and has all the elements that go to make up a just and upright judge.

Mr. Taylor was a candidate for Chancellor of the Ninth Chancery Division of Tennessee, and had a strong following all over the Division. Especially was he strong in his home county, where he is best known.

One of the strong elements in the character of Mr.

Taylor was his loyalty and fidelity to his friends and his willingness at all times to render help and make sacrifices for them. It was to this characteristic that was largely due his great popularity where he was known and among his own people and among the members of his own bar. It was this also that drew to his support so many people at home and abroad, and that caused such a large number of members of his own bar, ranging from its youngest member to the judge of the highest court, to be willing to render him help in his race for the Chancellorship.

Wife of Gen. Clement A. Evans.

The death of Mrs. Sarah Avery Evans, the gifted and patriotic wife of Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., which occurred last October, brought expressions of grief and sympathy to the bereaved family from all Georgia, and indeed from all parts of the South. The Veteran joins in this heartfelt sympathy and sorrow, recalling her unfailing consideration for its importance and the great responsibilities attending its service.

MRS. SARAH AVERY EVANS.

Mrs. Evans came in direct lineage from the best patriotic blood of Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. The Bacons, Carrs, Dabneys, Hopsons, and Averys were the people through whose distinguished services in the colonies and the Revolution she held her rightful place among the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution, while by the Confederate patriotism of their descendants and in her own right she was a true and enthusiastic Daughter of the Confederacy. She cherished her rich store of memories of the Confederate struggle for independence. Her recollections consisted in part of the eventful family life in the vicinity of Atlanta—the departure to the battlefield of her gallant young brother, scarcely sixteen years old; the attentions of her skillful father, Dr. James C. Avery, and her devoted mother to the sick and suffering soldiers and citizens; the departures of the gallant young soldiers to the front at the outset of the war; and all the stirring and pathetic scenes of those days; and especially the lining up of one of the earliest companies to leave Georgia for immediate service, the Gate City Guards, to receive from her girlish hand at the train the flags which the girls of the Institute had chosen her to present, and to hear from her the brief address that bade each of them be a hero in the strife for the honor of the State and the life of the Confederacy. Following these earliest scenes came the anxious years until the siege of Atlanta, the burnings, the desolations wrought by the invader until the end of the masterful Southern endeavor brought heartbreaking sorrow to the South. From these days of girlhood she passed into a womanhood that has truly illustrated the constancy and tenderness of Southern women to all our sacred Southern memories.

It was one of her joys to meet and talk with Gen. Lee when he came through Georgia after the surrender to visit the grave of his illustrious father. She knew and loved Mildred Lee, from whom she received a sacred gift of part of the gray hair of her noble father after his death. She enjoyed socially the presence of President Davis on the occasions of his visits to Georgia. She revered him with the most pathetic interest for his personal qualities and his faithful chieftainship of the Confederate cause. Mrs. Davis also inspired her with such admiration and affection that she often attributed to her the best characteristics of Queen Victoria.

Her course of life often brought her into the society of the noblest of our Confederate leaders, among whom was Gen. S. D. Lee, admired by her as a true paladin in courtesy, purity, chivalry, and intelligence. And even thousands of officers and brave privates became known to her, and every one of them received from her the most enthusiastic regard.

After the organization of the U. C. V. she went with her husband to many of its conventions, as well as to the reunions of the Georgia Division, thus meeting thousands in all parts of the South whom she esteemed above all other men, and who learned to know and love her for sincere devotion to them and their cause. With great pride she cherished a memorable occasion at the Louisville reunion, when a number of distinguished Confederates, led by Gen. S. D. Lee, honored her little daughter, Sarah Lee, then a nine-year-old sponsor from Georgia, with a public tribute. A feature of the reunion at Louisville was the Georgia battalion of maimed veterans. It was through her special personal efforts that this pathetic object lesson of the Confederate war was organized, and by her personal appeals the people of Atlanta raised promptly all the money necessary to pay the entire expenses of the battalion. Another occasion never forgotten by those who participated in it was the reception given by her at her home to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and Mrs. D. H. Hill, during which at least five thousand Confederates and their wives and children came to honor the wives of those two eminent Confederate leaders.

Her enthusiastic esteem for all gallant Confederate soldiers was almost boundless. She considered no honor too great for them, and when they were poor, or afflicted by wounds or disease, all sympathy and help were not enough. In fact, the brave, honorable Confederate soldier was her ideal of patriotic manhood. Actuated by all the emotions and great convictions which had been awakened in her youth and increased in strength every year, she entered promptly and efficiently into the work of the Ladies' Memorial Associations, and so much did she know of what the various Memorial Associations had done that in 1898 she addressed a public letter to all of them, advising their union in a general body, to preserve their history and continue their tender memorial work.

As soon as the Daughters of the Confederacy was organized she joined her home Chapter, with all her daughters, and was enthusiastic in all the varied purposes of that grand organization.

The untimely death of Winnie Davis, whom she knew personally, affected her deeply; and on meeting with her home Chapter in Atlanta she expressed most earnestly her wish that there should be erected to her "a living monument," as she termed it; not a shaft of cold marble, however grand, but an institution, a building, that would forever benefit some deserving daughters of the South.

She was a typical Southern woman, combining all the best of *ante-bellum* characteristics with the traits of glorious Southern womanhood of the present time. She possessed a musical voice, a rare grace of manner, very handsome form and face, and a radiant bearing that came from a cultured mind and a loving heart. It is needless to say that she was a lifelong, devout, and truly earnest Christian and was perfectly prepared for the sudden summons which called her beyond the skies. Her funeral was attended by all the four Camps of Confederate Veterans in Atlanta, the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Colonial Dames. Reposing in a very handsome gray casket, she bore on her breast the badge of the Georgia Division, of which her husband is Commander; in her right hand a tiny silk Confederate battle flag, the gift of the editor of the VETERAN; on her finger a ring of gold inscribed "The Gift of God"—and with these she was buried with Christian rites. The Camp named for her husband and the Agnes Lee Chapter of Daughters at Decatur, which she organized, united in holding a memorial service, and resolutions in her honor were passed by a large number of the Confederate Camps in Georgia, the Ladies' Memorial Associations, Chapters of Daughters, and by the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in convention at Lagrange.

DANIEL L. DURRETT.

Daniel Latimer Durrett, an honored Confederate veteran, who served under Stonewall Jackson, passed away May 26, 1902, in the city of New York, whither he had gone for a serious surgical operation, which resulted fatally.

Comrade Durrett was born in Robertson County, Tenn., on December 15, 1839. The Durretts were among the leading families of the county. In 1861, when the great war broke out, young Durrett, who was then about twenty-one years of age and at school, enlisted in Company I, of the Fourteenth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Colonel Forbes, and with that famous and historic regiment, together with the First and Seventh Tennessee, made up the Tennessee Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia, a brigade whose glorious record and splendid achievements in those terrible years from 1861 to 1865 added new luster and glory to the military record of the "Old Volunteer State." This brigade participated in all the battles fought by Stonewall Jackson in his celebrated campaign in the Shenandoah Valley and in nearly all the glorious victories of the Army of Northern Virginia. Comrade Durrett engaged in these battles, and was in the gallant charge of Archer's Brigade on Cemetery Heights at Gettysburg, on July 2, 1863, where he and his brave commander, General Archer, were captured.

DANIEL L. DURRETT.

After the war, he engaged in business pursuits, and accumulated a valuable estate. He was a large tobacconist, a capitalist, and had been for several years Vice President of the People's National Bank.

Comrade Durrett was a consistent member of the Baptist Church. He lived the life of a nobleman and a Christian. He leaves a devoted wife, Mrs. Lizzie Meguiar Durrett, and three daughters, Miss Ola Durrett, Mrs. H. G. True, and Mrs. James Couts, and two sons, R. T. and James M. Durrett.

The death of no citizen could have cast more gloom over our community. Beneath an embankment of flowers we laid him to rest in beautiful Elmwood Cemetery. COMRADE.

DR. E.A. BANKS.

Dr. Elbert Augustus Banks died early on the morning of September 9 at the residence of G. J. Peacock, Columbus, Ga., after a brief illness. He was the last of nine brothers, three of whom were killed in battle between Dalton and Atlanta. He died at the place of his birth, in Wynnton, an aristocratic suburb of Columbus, sixty-two years old. His father, Col. John Banks, owned several hundred slaves and the Phœnix Cotton Mills.

Dr. Banks joined the Nelson Rangers, who were escort for Gen. S. D. Lee. Dr. Banks studied medicine in New York, and practiced there until a few years before his death, treating specially the eye, ear, and throat. Two of three sisters who survive him are Mrs. E. E. Young and Mrs. G. J. Peacock. He was a member of Camp Burney. By his skill and experience he made many lives happier and better. His whole life was one good effort to better his fellow-man.

Rev. W. W. Pinson conducted the funeral services and comrades bore testimony to his excellence as a soldier.

Dr. Banks was a typical Southerner, modest, retiring, but courageous in doing duty to his country or his fellow-man and ever diligent for the success of the VETERAN. In his library he preserved it from the beginning—seven copies being bound, and all the others but one being arranged for the binding.

COL. M. L. STANSEL.

W. G. Robertson, Adjutant, Camp at Carrollton, Ala., writes of him: "Col. Martin Luther Stansel, the gentleman, scholar, jurist, statesman, soldier, and Christian, has passed from the walks of men. After an illness of more than a month, he died on June 25, 1902, eighty years and two months of age. He volunteered in 1861, was colonel of the Forty-First Alabama Infantry, served in the arduous campaigns under General Lee in Virginia, and surrendered with him at Appomattox C. H. He returned home and resumed the practice of law, which he continued to do with great success until about six weeks before his death. He was well preserved physically, and until a few months before his death was remarkably vigorous and energetic for one of his age. Colonel Stansel was one of the most prominent and influential citizens of the State. He was frequently called to represent his county in the State Legislature. He did not seek office, however, preferring the quietude of domestic life and practice of his profession. He was public-spirited, took an active part in all local matters, and was ever deeply interested in all that made for the public weal. He was active in Church affairs; was a member of the Baptist Church for nearly fifty years. He was profound in the law, a polished gentleman, courteous in his demeanor, and distinguished for his literary ability. He was the beloved Commander of Camp Pickens, No. 323, U. C. V., for many years, and, although on account of failing health he expressed a desire to retire from active participation in the affairs of the Camp, yet his fellow-comrades refused to allow him to do so, and unanimously declared that they would keep him in the lead as long as he lived."

MAJ. D. A. STEVENS.

Passed peacefully and painfully away, at his home on Edisto Island, S. C., November 15, 1900, Maj. D. A. Stevens, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Major Stevens answered to the call of his beloved Southland in 1861, and served faithfully during the entire war. Just before his last illness he said he would soon answer to the roll call, to join his comrades in the spirit world, and when stricken down he calmly remarked that his appointed time had come, and without a struggle yielded to his Father's will.

For where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

In the resolutions passed by the Vestry of Trinity Church, of which he was a communicant, it is stated that "in his death the State has lost a citizen who exemplified his devotion to, and love for her, by four years of active service during a strife that tried men's souls; and when all was lost save home and a consciousness of duty well done, he resumed his duties to home and family, with shattered fortune and impaired heauth, yet with the same indomitable will and deathless courage that won for the overpowered Confederacy the greatest victory of the nineteenth century."

ALEXANDER W. BRANDON.

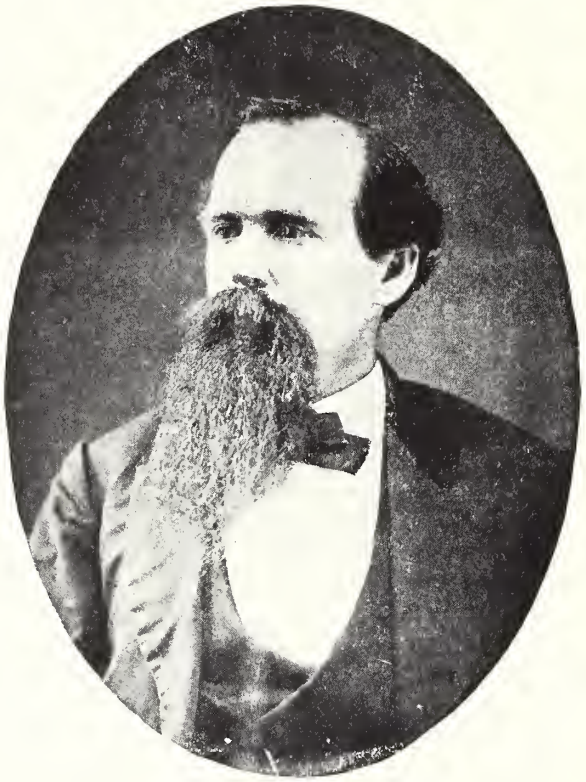
Alexander W. Brandon was born in Columbia, Tenn., December 19, 1838, and grew to manhood in that community. Although a Whig and opposed to the severance of the Union, when Fort Sumter was fired on by Federal soldiers, he, without hesitation, cast his fortune with that of his beloved State and with his brothers, James M., Edmond, and Charles L., left the parental roof on the night of May 1, 1861. The first three were members of the Maury Grays, a local company that became Company H, of Maney's First Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and Charles L. as a member of a Gallatin, Tenn., company, that was assigned to Hatton's Seventh Tennessee Regiment. This regiment served in the Army of Virginia, and Charles L. Brandon was captured at Gettysburg and kept in prison until the close of the war. The other brothers, members of the First Tennessee Regiment, after a few weeks' preliminary drilling at Camp Cheatham, near Springfield, Tenn., entered upon active service in the Army of Tennessee.

Fighting and marching with Cheatham and Cleburne and Polk, under the leadership of Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson and Hood and Bragg and Joe Johnston, Alex Brandon was in every battle in which his regiment engaged from Shiloh, being severely wounded at Perryville, until he and his brother Edmond (James having been killed at Dead Angle, Kennesaw Mountain), together with the little handful of their old company left, surrendered under Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro.

Returning to the vocations of peace, Mr. Brandon met and discharged his duties as a citizen with the same fidelity that characterized him as a soldier; and, dying at his home in Nashville, September 13, 1902, he possessed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. Next to his wife and children he held sacred the memory of the cause for which he gave the

flower of his life and of his comrades who had fallen around him in battle.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.



ALEXANDER WINBURN BRANDON.

Mr. Brandon married Miss Lou Smithson, the only sister of the late Capt. George Smithson, of Franklin, Tenn., February 14, 1878. His wife and three children, Alex W., George C., and Mary Louise Brandon, survive him.

THE HOME BUILDER, BY REV. LEWIS POWELL.

The author of this little book was Chaplain of the Tennessee State Senate at its last session. He made an address on "The Twentieth Century Woman." His studies of the theme induced the little volume. Price, twenty-five cents. It is commended by Christian scholars, and the author's personal life induces his friends to call for it promptly. "The little book is full of wholesome thought, pleasingly expressed, and will well profit the reader for the short time consumed in digesting it."—*The M. E. Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.*

Dr. Tigert, in the *Methodist Review,* says of it: "In this thoughtful and pleasing essay Mr. Powell has wrought a good work. Its wholesome and hopeful words are spoken in season. He has a definite purpose and has chosen a delightful form for its accomplishment. May the booklet enjoy a circulation commensurate with its merits, and bear its part in shaping the destinies of many a twentieth century home!"

THOUGHTS. BY BRUTUS.—Attention is called to the notice of "Thoughts," by Brutus, on page 495, November VETERAN. That would be a most appropriate holiday gift, and it would be of interest wherever the English language is read. The VETERAN and the book $2, plus postage, 16 cents.

DR. L. H. BLANTON FINDS HIS C. S. A. BADGE.

Doctor L. H. Blanton, Vice President of the Kentucky Central University, at Danville, has recovered through the VETERAN his handsome C. S. A. badge found in New York by W. J. Kiernan, Jr., of Newark, N. J. The senior Kiernan, an uncle, sent with the badge a kind letter in which he said: "The medallion portrait of that great and good man, General Lee, attracted my attention, and I examined the button more closely, and discovered your name upon it. I then wrote the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I am an ardent lover of the South and an admirer of Southerners, and I suppose it is that that made me think that the button meant something more than a mere piece of metal to its owner."

ADVERTISERS IN THE VETERAN.

WHAT THE PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF M'F'G CO. MAKE.

It will surprise many people to see the magnitude of one establishment that advertises in the VETERAN. The following account is copied from the Nashville *American:*

Sixty thousand stoves are made in Nashville per annum; $700 is paid daily in wages to the men who do the labor; the money goes to support 450 families; Nashville stoves are sold in 5,000 Southern cities. In Nashville is located the only completely equipped hollow-ware foundry in the South. These facts demonstrate that Nashville is a manufacturing point *par excellence.* The Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Company is the concern that does the business. It built its foundry in 1881; capital, $150,000. Present capital, $500,000. The gross sales of stoves and ranges amount to $1,250,000 per year. Between July 1, 1901, and July 1, 1902, it made over 60,000 stoves, and the ensuing year bids fair to increase the number, for in October the sales were 8,690. Dealers in over 5,000 cities and towns in the South handle its manufactured goods. Orders have been handled from England, Norway, Switzerland, Germany, France, and one catalogue, in response to request, was sent to Shanghai, China. Recently it sold four stoves in Seattle, Wash. The pay of the workmen engaged in the construction of stoves aggregates $700 per day. The total space under roof is more than twenty acres.

The company makes forty-two different lines of ranges, cooking stoves, and heating stoves, and these are subdivided into four hundred and three different combinations. It has one of the most efficient mail order departments in the South. Its freight movements, in and out, average eleven cars per day. Importations in line of china, queensware, foreign-made glassware, and toys aggregate forty cars per annum, and of domestic goods the tonnage is fully equal. It has on hand at times as many as 5,000 boxes of tin plate, approximating 100,000 pounds in weight. Its cupolas melt eighty tons of pig iron per day, and run, according to national statistics, double the average time of all other foundries in the United States.

There are in service to-day stoves made by the company in 1881, showing the durability of its designs of that time. All stoves made to-day are constructed on the same basic principles, with the addition of only such improvements as are genuinely meritorious.

Freight on foundry goods from Nashville to Texas, the Territories, and the Southwest is on a parity with St. Louis, which places the Nashville foundrymen in position to compete successfully for the trade in that section.

The concern operates the only completely equipped hollow-ware foundry south of Mason and Dixon's line, from which the bulk of the Southern trade is supplied, and from it an occasional solid carload wends its way over the Ohio River.

Nashville-made steel ranges are in service to-day in New England, and even in Austria, and in the leading hostelries and State institutions of the South. The concern has distributed over 30,000 stove catalogues among the tradesmen of the South, and this is but one of the seventeen kinds of catalogues required to represent its line, for the dissemination of which postage to the amount of about $10 daily is required.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

S. M. Bates, Hancock, Mich., would like to learn of his brother, J. R. Bates, who was in the South when the war broke out and entered the Twelfth Alabama Regiment as second lieutenant of Company C. He was a harness maker by trade.

WANTED—Live agents to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb, patented January 1, 1899. Cures dandruff, hair falling out, sick and nervous headaches, yet costs no more than ordinary comb. Sells on sight. Agents are wild with success. Send fifty cents for sample (half price). Write quick. The Dr. White Electric Comb Co., Decatur, Ill.

COLONIZING SOUTHWEST.

Railroad Companies Inducing Immigration to Arkansas and Texas.

Cheap Lands Whereon Cattle-Raising, Fruit and Truck Growing, are Highly Profitable.

An unusual effort is being made by the railroad companies with lines running into the Southwest to induce a greater immigration to that section than ever before. The opportunities offered the farmer, stock raiser, and truck and fruit grower in portions of Arkansas and Texas are perhaps not surpassed anywhere in the wide world.

Along the Cotton Belt Route in Southwest Arkansas are large tracts of land from which the timber has been cut by sawmill companies, which may be cleared and made into excellent farms. This land can be purchased for $2 to $5 per acre. It makes good pasture land for cattle and sheep, and much of it will produce an average crop of cotton or will grow immense crops of vegetables of all descriptions.

So prolific are the yields of potatoes, onions, cabbage, melons, tomatoes, pears, peaches, and, in fact, nearly every kind of vegetable and fruit, that truck growers' associations are forming at many points. The Cotton Belt is actively assisting these associations by granting special rates and otherwise aiding in securing a ready market for the products. It is a fact of much importance that wherever truck-growing has been entered into the prices of lands have immediately begun to advance.

In order to encourage this and kindred industries along their lines, the Southwestern railroads have put into effect very low round-trip Homeseekers' rates of one-way fare plus $2, and one-way Colonist rates of half the one-way fare plus $2, from such points as St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis to Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, enabling homeseekers to visit the country for the purpose of looking around or to locate.

The Cotton Belt Route, through its General Passenger Department at St. Louis, has taken a leading part in calling attention to the possibilites of this splendid country, and volunteers to assist any one in securing therein a home such as he desires.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A Home Cure for Cancer.

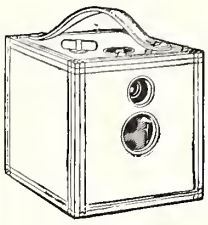
Thousands of dollars have been spent and years of labor exerted to discover the cause and perfect a cure for that terrible disease, Cancer. The cause is only interesting from a scientific standpoint, and from the fact that it might lead to discovery of a cure. The cure is a vital problem. Success has attended the efforts so far of but one concern, the Dr. D. M. Bye Co. These eminent specialists have perfected a Combination of Oils which have wonderful effects on diseased tissue, leaving unharmed the sound. The Oils are mild and safe, and can be used at home in most cases. Don't trifle with death; write at once for free books giving particulars. Address Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 505, Dallas, Tex.

MONEY MADE

Selling the "People's" Windmill.

I made $260 last month selling Windmills. I sell to almost every farmer. I build the mills myself. The material costs only $12. It is as good as a $150 mill. To the farmer who prefers building his own mill, I sell the plans and specifications. It is the easiest money I ever made. Any intelligent person can do as well. If you need money, write me. I will send plans and specifications prepaid, and all necessary information for success on receipt of $1. Address JEAN F. CASEY, Drawer No. 65, St. Louis, Mo.

URICSOL
THE GREAT CALIFORNIA REMEDY,
CURES RHEUMATISM. Send stamp for book of particulars. Uricsol Chemical Co., Los Angeles, Cal., or the Lamar & Rankin Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga., Distributing Agents. $1 per bottle. For by druggists.



THIS KODAK
For 20 Cents.

Makes picture 3½x3½ inches square. Loads in daylight. Inclose 2-cent stamp for full particulars.

Nashville Kodak Agency,
206 Union St.,
Nashville, Tenn.

WOULD YOU CARE

to be cured of stomach trouble, constipation, torpid or congested liver? Would you like to be sure your kidneys are always in perfect condition? Would you wish to be free from backache, rheumatism, and catarrh? The Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., will send you free and prepaid a trial bottle of their Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine, which makes all of the above troubles impossible. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and cures perfectly, to stay cured. There is no trouble, and but a trifle of expense to cure the most stubborn case.

Every reader of the Confederate Veteran who needs it may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion, constipation of bowels, and congestion and sluggish condition of liver and kidneys. For inflammation of bladder and prostate gland it is a wonder worker.

Russell's Big Ball Cotton Seed.

I have about 1,000 bushels selected Russell Cotton Seed, which I will sell at $1 per bushel in lots of 6 to 15 bushels, or 80 cents in lots of 50 bushels or more.

G. F. PARK, Alexander City, Ala.,
Introducer of Russell Cotton Seed.

BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND TEXAS AND MEXICO. THE I.&G.N. BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM, MERIDIAN AND TEXAS VIA SHREVEPORT.

The International and Great Northern Railroad Company

IS THE SHORT LINE.

Through Cars and Pullman Sleepers Daily. Superior Passenger Service. Fast Trains and Modern Equipment.

IF YOU ARE GOING ANYWHERE,

Ask I. and G. N. Agents for Complete Information, or Write

D. J. PRICE,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent;

L. PRICE,
2d Vice President and General Superintendent;

PALESTINE, TEX.

BETWEEN KANSAS CITY, TEXAS, AND MEXICO. THE I.&G.N. BETWEEN MEMPHIS AND TEXAS AND MEXICO.

JOHNSON GRASS

ABSOLUTELY EXTERMINATED in one season. At the same time and with the same labor a first-class cotton crop raised on the land. Write for testimonials and references. Address THE TEXAS JOHNSON GRASS EXTERMINATING COMPANY, Cleburne, Tex.

INTERCHANGEABLE

1,000-MILE TICKETS

SOLD BY THE

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY

are good over Railway and Steamer lines in the Southeast comprising more than

13,000 MILES

Rate $25.00. Limit one year. On sale at principal ticket offices.

W. L. DANLEY,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Ten Thousand Agents Wanted.

Old Confederate Veterans, disabled from any cause but able to ride in a buggy and traverse a township or county, can make good wages at an honorable business.

An article that gives universal satisfaction. Demand increases as sales are made. Becomes as much in demand as bread, when known. Costs you only one cent—a postal card—to learn all about it, and costs you nothing to test it. 100 to 150 per cent profit to the dealer. Address

REV. C. H. GREGORY, Conway, Ark.

Give name of Post-office, County, and State. Will assign special territory if desired. Write to-day. One of the old boys.

This is to certify that we have been acquainted with C. H. Gregory for several years, and we have ever found him reliable and of ublemished character.

T. J. Bullion, County Clerk;
J. H. Hartje, Deputy Clerk;
J. M. C. Vaughter, Circuit Clerk.

Conway, Faulkner County, Ark.

Any letter addressed to us, inclosing stamp, will be promptly answered.

C. BREYER,
Barber Shop, Russian and Turkish Bath Rooms.
315 and 317 CHURCH STREET.
Also Barber Shop at 325 Church Street.

Southern Railway.

7,269 Miles. One Management.

Penetrating Ten Southern States. Reaching Principal Cities of the South with Its Own Lines.

Solid Vestibuled Trains.
Unexcelled Equipment.
Fast Schedules.

DINING CARS are operated on Southern Railway trains.

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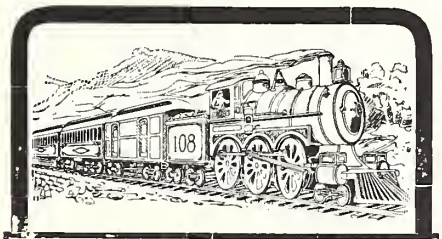

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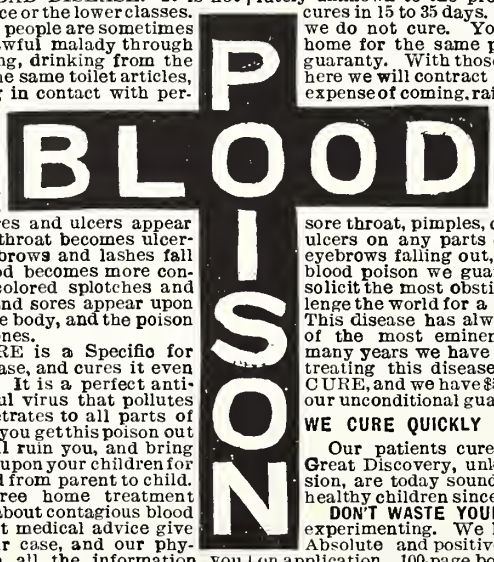

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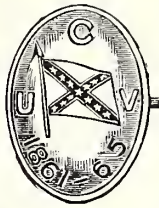

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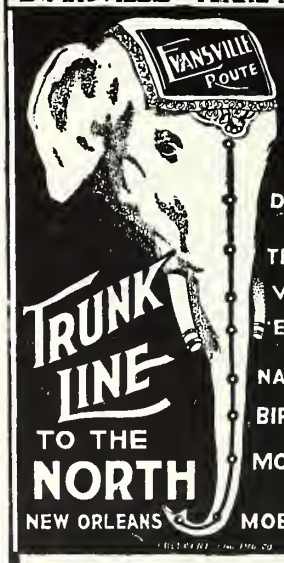

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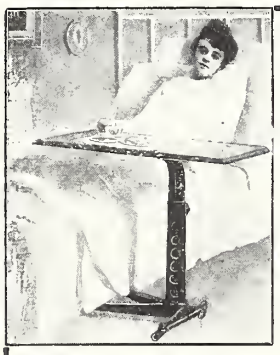

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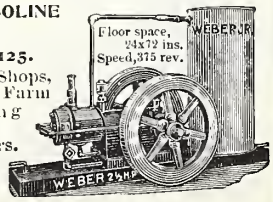

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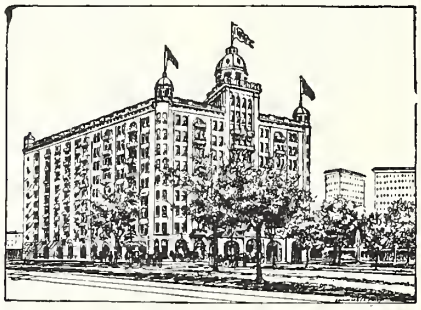

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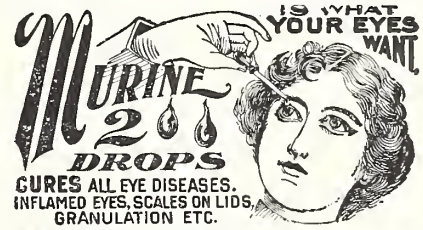

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Murine Co., 1023 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: After suffering for many months from distressingly weakened eyes and intolerably blurred vision, which made my work in the study extremely difficult and painful, and after diligently applying the prescriptions of a noted specialist in vain, I purchased a bottle of your MURINE in Chicago, and, to my very great but agreeable surprise, the evil entirely disappeared within six weeks after I began to apply it. Very respectfully,

G. W. MECHLING, D.D.

MURINE sold by leading Druggists and Opticians.

MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

If afflicted with SORE EYES USE Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

B. H. Stief Jewelry Company, Nashville, Tenn.

Fine Diamond Rings.

2984
$200.00 to $300.00.

2983
$125.00 to $175.00.

2981
$75.00 to $100.00.

2997
$50.00 to $65.00.

2980
$40.00 to $60.00.

We fully warrant our goods. Send the amount you wish to pay, and we will make a good selection for you. The difference in price is regulated by the weight and quality of the diamond.

2995
$75.00 to $100.00.

2994
$20.00 to $30.00.

3002
$18.00 to $25.00.

2998
$20.00 to $30.00.

3001
$7.50 to $15.00.

If goods are not satisfactory, we will exchange or promptly refund the money.

Fine Plain Gold Wedding and Engagement Rings.

2950
18 Karat, $10.00.

2951
18 Karat, $8.75.

2952
18 Karat, $7.50.

2953
18 Karat, $5.00

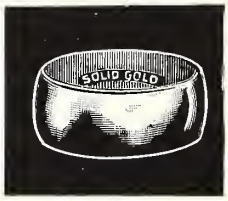
2955
18 Karat, $4.00.

2956
18 Karat, $5.00.

To get the correct size, measure the finger with a narrow piece of writing paper. No charge for engraving.

2958½
Solid Gold, $6.00.

2959
Solid Gold, $5.00.



2960
Solid Gold, $4.00.

2963
Solid Gold, $2.00 to $3.00.

All Goods Warranted as Represented. Money Refunded if not Satisfactory.

Fine Watches.

All Watches described on this page are stem wind and stem set. Fully warranted.

Gold Filled Ladies' Watches,
Warranted 20 to 25 years, $15.00 to $25.00

Gold Filled Gents' Watches,
Warranted 20 to 25 years, $16.50 to $30.00

Gold Filled Watches for Boys and Girls,
Will wear 10 to 15 years, $8.00 to $12.50

All orders intrusted to us will have the most prompt and careful attention.
Remember, we return your money if you want it.

14-K Solid Gold, $30.00

It is impossible to adequately describe our magnificent stock of watches, therefore we mention only a few prices.

Solid 14-K Gold Ladies' Watches,
.....$20.00 to $50.00

Solid 18-K Gold Ladies' Watches,
.....$35.00 to $65.00

Solid 18-K Gold Gents' Watches,
.....$75.00 to $150.00

The great success of our four page advertisement in the November Veteran encourages us to again ask for a share of your patronage.

The Confederate Mining Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF ARIZONA

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000 — PAR VALUE, $10 PER SHARE

THE Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis Reunion, June, 1901, by the Confederate soldiers, who alone will own and control its properties. The officers were selected from among the old soldiers who are capable, honest, and experienced business men. They are men who took some "life risks" in the war and who are not afraid to take some money risks in the Confederate Mining Company. The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you are left out.

The directors are prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of money in the treasury. No debts, liens, or incumbrances will be placed on the property. The stock is fully paid and nonassessable.

The board of directors have set aside 50,000 shares of the capital stock as treasury stock.

Property Owned by the Company

The Confederate Mining Company owns six valuable mineral claims and has two claims adjoining that are bonded to the company until developed. The property is located in the famous Reno Gulch, in the Reno Mountains, Gila County, Ariz. A miner's claim is twenty acres, and each claim must be named and known by that name, hence the Confederate Mining Company's claims are known as follows: "Reno Pass No. 1," "Reno Pass No. 2," "Sulphide," "Alabama," "Mill Site," "Sheep's Tail;" the two bonded are known as "Sunny Side" and "Canyon Springs." This group of claims lies just above old Fort Reno, where the Indians whipped the United States troops and burned the fort in 1869. These claims are said by mining experts to be the richest in mineral value of any in this famous mineral belt.

Our manager, Mr. Theodore Crandall is now driving a tunnel under the mountain. He selected the "Sunny Side" claim to found the mine upon, it being in the middle of this group. This property is situated fifty-five miles northeast of Globe, Ariz., and seventy-five miles east of Phœnix, Ariz. The new Gila Valley Railroad, from Flagstaff to Globe, will pass within two miles of the Confederate Mining Company's property. This road will be completed in 1903. There is plenty of wood and water within easy reach of this property. These are the things so necessary in mining. A large flow of splendid water was struck back in the company's mines, and it comes rushing out through pipes to a large reservoir in front, and then over the mountain side down to the gulch below. This stream of water is very valuable, as it can be harnessed up and sold to the placer miners along its route down the mountain's side.

The company's property is situated in the same mountain range and same mineral belt as that of Senator Clark's mines, which are just sixty miles above at Jerome. Senator Clark has been offered one hundred million dollars for his mines, and he said "No." The output of copper from his mines has paid him one-half of that amount in two years.

Why should not the Confederate Mining Company succeed? We have the property bearing the copper. We have the capital to develop this property. We have the manager who has experience in this work, and his success so far is just as favorable as was the Clark mines at their beginning.

The main object of the Confederate Mining Company is to help all the old soldiers who are willing to help themselves, each one to put into the treasury of the company whatever amount he can spare—not less than $10 nor more $200.

The history of the marvelous fortunes made in copper and gold in Arizona shows that the bulk of the money made has gone in dividends to the stockholders of the North and East, and but very little to the people of the South. So the Confederate Mining Company offers first to the old Confederate soldiers and their families, then to the public, a part of their treasury stock, which is sold for development purposes.

The wonderful growth of the Confederate Mining Company has been beyond the expectations of any one. The old soldiers from all over the South have responded liberally and promptly. They have created a fund that will be a substantial help for them in their older days, and leave something for their loved ones when they have answered the last roll call.

There are a great many Southern people who have become members of this stock company. For there has been no time in the past when men could with the same safety invest in mining stock as at the present time. Besides, they go into it with the confidence and assurance that the old soldiers will manage and control it honestly, ably, and businesslike.

The fourteen-inch gold streak recently discovered in the Confederate mines will pay $5 to $6 per ton, and will almost pay the running expenses of the copper output. This is considered by expert miners to be a valuable find, and it justifies the idea that the Directors will advance the price of the stock at their next meeting.

Stock will continue to be sold at $1 per share until the meeting of the Directors.

THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

COL. LEE CRANDALL, President, Globe, Ariz.
MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Sec. and Treas., Uniontown, Ky.
THEODORE CRANDALL, Manager, Globe, Ariz.
CAPT. J. I. WILKES, Director, Martin, Tenn.
DR. Z. T. BUNDY, Director, Milford, Tex.
R. W. WOLSEFER, Director, Frankfort, Ky.
JEAN CRANDALL, Director, Washington, D. C.

A Few Advantages

$5 to $6 per ton, gold streak, just discovered.

Property paid for in full.

Title absolutely genuine and perfect.

No debts or incumbrances of any kind.

$50,000 set aside as treasury stock.

Stock fully paid and nonassessable.

Plenty of wood and water, so necessary in mining.

New railroad coming within two miles of our door.

Not long to wait for dividends.

Copper enough in sight now to pension every old soldier member of the company.

The best mining experts say that our property is among the best in all the mineral belts of Arizona.

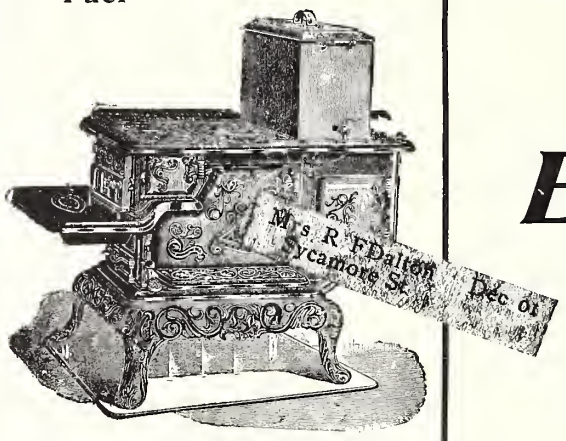
Fortunes are being made in mining in the great Southwest. Will you join us?

Address and make all remittances payable to MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Main Office, Uniontown, Ky.

THAT

"Old" Stove

Economical, because Flues Are Built Expressly for Southern Fuel



Made perfect 21 years ago, as evidenced by the continuous service of the first ever constructed. Kept "up-to-date" in dress and "good looks."

A Profit-Bearing Line of Universal Adaptability.

For the Best Goods in the Following Departments, Write Us.

Catalogue No. 120.
New Enterprise Stoves,
National Steel Ranges,
Stove and Country Hollow Ware,
Dog Irons,
Ventilators,
Air Grates,
Lawn Vases,
Settees and Chairs.

Catalogue No. 102.
Cornice, Finials,
Gutter and Pipe,
Sheet-Metal Roofing.

Catalogue No. 106.
Fine China,
Art Pottery,
Glassware,
Queen's Ware,
Crockery, Lamps,
Chandeliers.

Catalogue No. 108.
B & B. Blue Flame Oil Stoves.

Catalogue No. 109.
Electric Oil Stoves.

Catalogue No. 101.
Pieced, Stamped, and Japanned Tinware,
Table Cutlery,
Enameled Ware,
Woodenware,
House Furnishings,
Tinners' Supplies.

Catalogue No. 110.
Alaska Refrigerators.

Catalogue No. 107.
Toys, Holiday Goods.

Catalogue No. 112.
Reliable Gasoline Stoves,

Catalogue No. 113.
Clocks.*

Catalogue No. 116.
Hammocks.

Catalogue No. 121.
National Steel Ranges.

Catalogue No. 122.
Grates.

Catalogue No. 123.
Iron and Wood Mantels and Grates.

Catalogue No. 124.
White China for Decorating.

Catalogue No. 125.
(Supplementary to No. 120.)
New Lines Heating Stoves and Hotel Equipments.

Catalogue No. 126.
Sewing Machines.

Catalogues Sent On Application.

A STRONG HOLD ON A STRENUOUS LIFE

IS IMMEDIATELY ESTABLISHED BY PURCHASING A

New Enterprise Stove

SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA

GIVING SATISFACTION

IN 300,000 SOUTHERN HOMES

TO-DAY

SOME PLAIN TALK

Fire back guaranteed 15 years; strong castings for trying usage, light enough to prevent warping from expansion and contraction; cut long centers braced; rimmed covers; aluminum-lined oven doors; kickers—

All Conveniences of Proven Merit

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

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Nashville, Tennessee

STOVES, TINWARE, GLASSWARE, AND HOLIDAY GOODS